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The Globe and Witness



Vol. LVIII., No. 181

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1908

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

Note and Comment

The national board of directors of the Knights of Columbus has definitely decided not to grant the petition received from Ireland to extend the order to that country. The directors felt that under present conditions in that country the order would not develop as much as might ever, looking to the introduction at once of the order into Cuba and Porto Rico. The enrollments in be desired. Action was taken, however, looking to the introduction at once of the order into Cuba and Porto Rico. The enrollments in those places, however, will be for the associate class only, it is stated, and will not be insured on account of the extra hazardous risks due to climatic conditions.

The King of Portugal has sent to His Eminence, Cardinal Merry del Val, the grand cross of the Order of the Tower and Sword, which is the highest Portuguese decoration.

While employed in a field on his own farm, located at Ballygawley County Tyrone, the owner unearthed a slab which contained to him mysterious letters. The find has been examined by the Irish Antiquarian Society, and it is believed by that association that the hieroglyphics were written on the slab 1000 years before the birth of the Saviour.

Senora de Costa, who caused the great peace movement, the "Christ of the Andes," to be erected on the boundary between Argentina and Chili, has finally completed the organization of the Society for Universal Peace.

Rev. F. X. Prefontaine, Seattle's pioneer priest, has been invested with the rank of prothonotary apostolic by Bishop O'Dea in St. James' Cathedral, Seattle, in the presence of many diocesan clergy and a large gathering of Catholics. The venerable priest recently celebrated his seventieth birthday.

The Jesuits of St. John's College Toledo, have purchased a Presbyterian church in Toledo, Ohio, which they are having remodelled for use as an academy.

There are one hundred and twenty thousand Catholic members in Total Abstinence Societies in America.

In London there are now about 140 Catholic churches, not counting the convent chapels. To very many of these there are elementary schools attached, some of them ranking with the best non-Catholic schools, both as to size and equipment. Of convents, monasteries and other religious houses the metropolis possesses over 170. Twenty-eight orders or congregations of men have one or more houses in London, and between sixty and seventy congregations of women. Several hundred priests are actively engaged in special works.

Mr. Burns, the Cattle King of Calgary, one of the most generous Catholics in Canada, has donated two hundred acres to Father LaCombe, O.M.I., for his projected Home for the Poor and Destitute.

Three thousand volumes written by Catholic authors are made available for free circulation through the publication of the "Catholic Finding List" (a list of books in English) by Catholic authors, in the Chicago Public Library. This list is compiled by a Committee of the Catholic Writers' Guild. It is published by the Knights of Columbus.

Churches of Cement.

The Rt. Rev. Msgr. George F. Houck officiated recently at the laying of the cornerstone of a new church being erected by the Slovenian Catholics of East Euclid, Ohio. A sermon in Slovenian was preached by Rev. Nicholas Gerstovic. The congregation consists of about sixty families and is under the patronage of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Most of these own their own homes, though the settlement is only two years old. They form a very thrifty and promising little community.

The new church is being built of cement blocks, and is the first one of its kind in that diocese. The effect is hardly distinguishable from that of cut stone, and the blocks are said to make an economical, durable and artistic building material.

Protestant Historian.

Dr. Charles C. Starbuck, the eminent Protestant theologian, writes as follows in the Sacred Heart Review: Professor Figgis, after having, for seven years, in his lectures, accused the Jesuits of authorizing their superiors at their discretion, to command their subordinates to commit sin, mortal or venial, as the superiors may please, has at last come to acknowledge he has all this while been propagating, or certainly entertaining, an infamous slander against the Society.

He now acknowledges himself to have discovered that the formula "obligare ad peccatum," or "obligationem ad peccatum inducere," "to bind up unto sin," has alike, in theological treatises and in monastic rules, one uniform sense, namely, to bind any one to something under such a stress of obligation that neglect of the injunction reaches the point of sin, involves a man in sin, leaves him "obstrictus ad peccatum," "bound up unto sin." He has doubtless also discovered that the formula "obligare ad peccatum" has precisely the same meaning with the formula "obligare sub peccato," "to bind to anything under pain of sin." We see this in the Jesuit Constitutions, which, speaking of the Pope's authority to require a Jesuit, if a priest, to accept a Bishopric, describes him in one place as "having power to bind a brother up unto mortal sin," if he declines, and in another as "having power to bind him up to acceptance under pain of mortal sin." Suarez also, we see, speaking of the authority of a civil ruler, in the publication of the first law, to bind people unto obedience under the highest stress of obligation, not only before man, but before God, uses interchangeably the phrases "obligare ad peccatum mortale" and "obligare sub peccato mortali."

This is all very well, and shows that Figgis is willing to receive the truth, when it is clearly pointed out to him. But how sad a humiliation for him, and for Anglican scholarship, that he should have labored so many years under this lamentable and calumnious delusion, involving the honor of so many thousands of Christian men and priests, whose former associate and present antagonist, the Rev. George Tyrrell, declares to be as worthy of confidence as any.

There is a not improbable mitigation of a Professor Figgis' offense, namely, that, although he had for seven years been laboring under this monstrous misconception of the formula "obligare ad peccatum," he had not expressed it in his lectures, so that his colleagues had not had the opportunity to set him right. Yet when he at last publishes his error in a letter to the Tablet, I do not learn that any Episcopalian sprang to correct him. It is by Catholics that he has finally been convinced of his odious misapprehension.

What should we suppose that an ecclesiastical scholar of this gentleman's presumable rank would do, in examining the Jesuit Constitutions?

He finds the superiors authorized on occasion "obligare fratres ad peccatum." Being, we may assume, an ignorant of Catholic terminology, as Protestant scholars almost invariably are, very nearly as ignorant as they are of Buddhist technicalities, he would naturally at first recoil in great astonishment.

Yet, if he were really a scholar, really a thinker, really an honest man, and really indisposed, as a Christian to impute to a Christian brotherhood the inconceivable shamelessness of claiming before all the world the right of commanding their members to sin, and that expressed in the name of Christ, the Fountain of Holiness, he would reflect in some such way as this: "Whatever this unaccustomed formula may mean (unaccustomed to me but doubtless familiar to Catholics) it is plain that it can not be a permission to command sin, since no one who is not of a disordered mind can possibly link together the two absolutely antagonistic ideas of Christ and sin, and command a subordinate in the name of God's son to do that which he himself recognizes that God and His Son detest.

"Are there any Protestant parallels to such an interpretation? "Further, it is true, declares that neither murder nor adultery, even though both are habitual, interfere with a man's justification, provided it does not overeat his confidence. Yet Luther does not represent murder and adultery as pleasing to God, or as some thing to be commanded. On the contrary he exhorts his followers to lead a blameless life, not as required for their salvation, nothing which he declares that it has nothing in it, so to speak, no more than a handsome compliment to them with no penitentiary reference to their manner of life.

"So also he exhorts his countrymen to go to Rome and cut the throats of the Pope and cardinals. Yet he does not enjoin this as a desirable sin, but as a holy service, which it will displease God if they

Catholics and Public Offices.

Addressing a notable gathering of Catholic prelates and citizens of St. Louis in the banquet hall of Hotel Jefferson, last Sunday evening, at a banquet following the laying of the corner stone of the new Cathedral, Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, declared that the Catholics of the United States should be more largely represented in the holding of public offices.

He ridiculed the idea, which he said some persons entertained, that no Catholic could ever be President of the United States, and said that if "ever again" a political party rejected a candidate for President because his wife was a Catholic the nominee of that party would be defeated.

"A man who presents himself for public office should first be considered as to his fitness. I urge all Catholics to make yourselves fit for all the highest offices in the country, according to your number. "There are now 17,000,000 Catholics in this country, and they are not represented in its great offices as they should be. Go to Washington and you will find perhaps two or three Catholics in responsible positions. Wherever you go you will not find Catholics well represented in public offices. What is the cause? Timidity and a foolish fancy that the country holds them down."

omit, not if they perform. "So also when Melancthon hopes for the murder of Henry VII., it is not as a useful sin, but as an acceptable sacrifice to God.

So also when John Knox glories in the death of Rizzio and of Cardinal Beaton, he does not extenuate them as necessary sins, but glories in them as 'just and necessary and godly deeds.'

"I see then, that the wildest aberrations of Protestantism (and some of its forms have been abominable and loathsome) have never professed to authorize a command to commit sin. What then am I to think of the central and settled authority of the Catholic Church?"

Reunion of Old Pupils at St. Patrick's School.

On Wednesday evening at St. Patrick's Girls' School, St. Alexander Street, a very large number of former pupils gathered together to hold the first of what will become in the future regular meetings of the Alumnae Association. The chief feature of the inaugural gathering was the recital given by the Rev. M. J. McKenna, of Springfield, Mass., and who some six years ago spent a short while at St. Patrick's. The selection the speaker chose was the Graveyard scene from "Hamlet." Quite unnecessary is it to go into any details, for Father McKenna, has been heard often at St. Patrick's, and those who were privileged to be present at Wednesday evening's reunion were not disappointed. After the class of '09 presented their greetings, the pastor gave a splendid address in which he eulogised the good Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame and the noble work they are pursuing. He brought home to the minds of those who had the privilege of being trained by these Sisters, beauty of their sacrificial life, and he emphasized the blessedness of the influence they exerted all through the lives of those who had come under their direction. Vocal and instrumental selections made up the rest of a very entertaining programme. At the close, refreshments were served in the class rooms, which idea was commented upon most favorably by everyone, as for the time being it seemed as though the years which had intervened between the happy schooltime and then had vanished and that they were once more back within the dear old walls, where at time school tasks had seemed so irksome, and tasks so hard but in some cases new in comparison, so light.

Certainly the first gathering of old pupils, to judge by numbers, interest and enthusiasm bids fair for the forming of an association quite second to none.

The Church and the Negro.

Under the heading "The Catholic Church," the Enterprise, the organ of the colored people of Ontario, has this to say:

"For many years we have thought that the negro would be wise to come more and more under the jurisdiction of the Catholic Church. We have thought this because that church offers protection to the negro which he seems not to be able to get from other sources and organizations in this country.

"Throughout the southland this church has been a guide and a shield. In the capital of the nation, where the white colleges draw the color line, the Catholic University of America stands out as a glorious exception. And what is more, the followers of the church are true to their own. They have made it the special mission to minister to the weak and oppressed mankind, to throw around the unfortunate the strength of their culture and experience and lift them to planes of higher usefulness. That church has erected hospitals and nurseries for the care and maintenance of the poor, and when other such institutions have discriminated against people of color the Catholic Sisters have extended the hand of mercy.

"This beneficent practice has been most helpful to the negro, because he has stood more in need of help than other races in our land.

"The doors of this church are thrown wide for us today; their hospitals are open to us, and their schools are open to us. And while we are thinking of one way out of the wilderness of prejudice and hate, let us not forget the Catholic Church."

TOO BUSY TO BE HERETICS.

Among the reasons why there is little danger of "Modernism" among Catholics in this country, the Catholic Transcript notes with truth:

"The Catholics of this country are exceedingly practical. They are busy about many things. They have neither the time nor the inclination, nor the mental peculiarities essential for the making of successful heretics. They discover little inclination to engage in an industry so barren."

Mgr Falconio Gives Advice to Women.

"To be able to mind her own business and get busy," is the panacea, somewhat briefly and laconically expressed, for the restlessness and disquietude of American women, according to the opinion of his excellency, Mgr. Diomede Falconio, apostolic delegate to the United States.

"Do you think, your excellency was asked that the modern woman would be happier were she to become more of a factor, politically and publicly, in order that she may rear better statesmen and men of affairs? was asked.

"I think that she should attend to her husband's home and take care of her children and see that their dinner is well cooked. If she will see to her own business and be busy in her house, she will be happy."

"Isn't it true that American men do not make it interesting enough for their wives, do not take them into their lives sufficiently. Do they not keep them away from their public and business careers and only give them the benefit of a few minutes' personal attention at the close of the day's work?"

Rubbing his hands and laughing softly with a shrewd twinkle in his kindly, serious eyes, the papal delegate declared he saw no reason why the American husband should have his wife assist him in the administration of his business affairs. And, continuing, he expressed his belief in the home as a sacred and holy institution, whose altars should be kept undefiled by the courts, and declared his conviction that the highest type of womanhood is the mother and the wife, not the woman of public affairs.

Saying the Rosary.

Few Catholics know how to say the Rosary. Most of them imagine that if they pass the beads through their fingers and say the vocal prayers they have fully practiced the devotion. But the beads and the vocal prayers are the least part of it. The meditation on the fifteen mysteries of our redemption is the main thing.

The thing should be occupied with thoughts of the wonders wrought by God from the time when the Angel Gabriel saluted the Blessed Virgin as the Mother of the Messiah to the hour when she was crowned by her Son as Queen of Heaven.

The joyful mysteries and the glorious mysteries should have their turn for rumination and the remembrance of them in all their details should be accompanied with acts of faith and love, contrition and hope, and with the renewal of good resolutions. If there were the chief concern of the rosarian, how the wonders wrought by God would burst out thence into the bloom of pious action! The slipping of the beads through the hand would then only measure the time and the "Hail Mary's" would only occupy the lips to serve as music to the lovely thoughts within.

Think of the mysteries! Let memory, imagination and will be absorbed in them. Then will the devotion have its perfect fruit, in loving sentiments and practical conclusions.—Catholic Columbian.

A Duke's Burial Place.

The Duke de Doudeauville, who died recently at his chateau in France, was buried in the old cemetery of the Picpus at Paris—the most famous, most interesting and one of the saddest private cemeteries in the world.

When, soon after the 1340 victims, said to have perished there, had been thrown into a common foss, the death of Robespierre ended the Terror, the survivors of those interred there secured the land about this awful spot and, adding it to the property of the convent, confiding it to the perpetual care of the nuns, they laid out, between the garden of the convent and this common foss, a tiny little burial ground, destined as a final resting place for the relatives of those in the common foss beyond. There today such of the families as wish are still interred.

It is a sad place. The ground is gravelled. The three lines of tombs, some of which are the gothic stone structures familiar to all who know the French cemeteries, the rest of which are square affairs closed by heavy sloping stones, on which the inscriptions are cut, are gray and sombre. A high wall separates this in turn from the second cemetery, in which are the graves of the De Salm family, and at the extremity of which is the common foss. On the outer side of this wall there are commemorative tablets to Andre Chenier, to the nuns of Compelgne, whose names are all inscribed, to the De Salm family and to the victims of the guillotine buried in the common foss.

No grass, no touch of color livens the larger cemetery save the American flag flung at the head of Lafayette's tomb, which is close beside the entrance to the common foss.

Bethlehem Institute Changes.

Oct. 1, 1908.—The Rev. Doctor Peter Bondolfi, who for several years has been the Papal Delegate at the Bethlehem Institute, Immensee, Switzerland, has been elected Superior of the said institute, in place of the Rev. P. M. Barral, who has retired on account of ill health.

Mr. Louis Renaud, who has been connected with the Institute since its infancy (1895) and who is the seller of tons of cancelled postage stamps given to help the work, has returned to Philadelphia, to temporarily manage the office, and leave it in proper hands. His address is at the Bethlehem office, 220 So. 4th Street—the only office in the United States.

Cultivate a Taste.

The Catholic Fortnightly Review, has a letter from a Kentucky pastor, who writes:

"You are quite right when you say that our Catholic laity have no taste for sound Catholic reading. One of the causes of this deplorable lack of taste and interest, in my judgment, is criminal neglect on the part of those who should have recognized and insisted upon the value and necessity of good reading from the beginning.—I mean our bishops and priests. I have been engaged in the cure of souls for over forty years, but cannot remember during all this time ever having heard any bishop addressing a congregation specifically on this subject. Beyond a weak suggestion now and then in a pastoral letter, nothing has been done towards impressing our people with the necessity of cultivating the habit of reading Catholic books and periodicals."

The Saying of Prayers.

You ask how prayers said over and over again like the Rosary can be any good. I saw young Mrs. Martin last week with her little girl in her lap. She had her arms around her mother's neck and was being rocked to and fro, and every time she rocked she said—"Oh, mother." True, she was only a child, but "except to become as little children"—We are nothing more than children with God and His Blessed Mother. To say "Hail Mary, Hail Mary," is the best way of telling how much we love her. And then this string of beads is like Our Lady's girle and her children love to finger it and whisper to her. And we say our pater noster, too; and all the while we are talking she is showing us pictures of her dear Child, and we look at all the great things He did for us, one by one; and then we turn the page and begin again. How tender and simple it is! A great Mother whose girle is of beads strung together which angle into every Christian's hands; whose face bends down over every Christian's bed.—Robert Hugh Benson.

Don'ts For Penitent's.

- Don't crowd into the confessional ahead of some one else who was wait before you came.
- Don't tell any one's sins but your own.
- Don't mention another's name in telling your sins.
- Don't make the priest irritable by forcing him to repeat: "How many times?" for every mortal sin you confess.
- Don't forget it is a sin to accuse yourself wilfully of something you have not committed, just as well as it is to conceal a sin you have committed.
- Don't confess a doubtful sin as if it were not doubtful. Confess exactly as your conscience saw it.
- Don't fail to ask for special remedies against your habitual sins if the priest forgets to give them. Take an interest in your soul.
- Don't go to confession intending to use all the wiles and deceptions of present day worldly life to conceal and shade over and soften down sins and circumstances of sins necessary for the priest to know.
- Don't sit about from priest to priest to escape a little scolding for habitual faults.
- Don't think a confessor is naturally severe and stern because he is so with you. He may be the kindest of the kindly with the one that goes before or follows you.
- Don't go to confession merely to relieve your mind.
- Don't talk so low in confessing that the priest cannot hear.
- Don't talk so loud that everybody can hear you.
- Don't neglect to say your penance immediately after confession.
- Don't get the blues because your confessor is changed to another parish.
- Don't get the blues because he is not changed.—Victorian.

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

True Witness Beauty Patterns



A BECOMING MODE FOR THE LITTLE GIRL.

No. 5978. The illustration shows a smart frock for the little school girl, that is quite the simplest for home making, and adaptable to most of the season's fabrics.

PATTERN COUPON. Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

The bride of the autumn is going to wear a nightgown as did her great grandmother before her, but she is wearing it for a different reason than that of wishing to protect her head from draughts.

Girls who are filled with the economical idea of making over the sleeves of last year's gowns cannot do better than to adopt the type of sleeve which is merely a succession of wide folds extending from shoulder to wrist and fitting the arm almost tightly, for by so doing many small pieces of material may be employed that otherwise would be useless.

longer, and this she may do if the crown is of a character that it may either be cut off just above the inner side of the brim, or else covered with silk, veiled with net or lace.

Knickerbockers of natural color linen are made with circular tops and buckled below the knee. These are to be worn under short cloth skirts for all out-door work and pleasure.

Turnover collars and cuffs of polka dot brown and white and blue and white muslin, edged with a band of the plain color, are in style.

Yokes of Mechlin lace are made to match the gown in color, instead of the white lace ones which we have had with us for so long.

Paris says: Extreme Directoire modes for the autumn—the sheath skirt slashed at the sides, satin knickerbockers in place of petticoats, the highest of high collars and the slimmest of slim silhouettes.

New York says: Directoire modes? Yes, but first let us modify them. The American woman likes to take her fashions from France, but always subject to her own ideas.

To mend the knees of little boys' trousers so they will look as well and wear as well as when new rip the seams as far up as worn, cut away the worn part, take a piece of cloth like the garment, sew straight across the front, carefully matching goods, press the seam well then shape by the piece cut off, sew up the seams and hem across the front.

The twilight came in Judea. At the close of a sultry day, and the laborers turned them homeward.

And He lovingly clasped the wee ones, Feeling a kinship sweet, Master of earth and heaven— With the little ones at His feet.

The clear stars shone o'er the hill-tops As the children homeward sped, And the Master mused by the well-side,

And the sheep to the fold were led, And the years that have passed are many, But the Master's heart is the same And He blesses to-day the children Who whisper in love His name.

AUTUMN FASHIONS.

The Maple owned that she was tired of always wearing green; She knew that she had grown of late too shabby to be seen!

Muffs are going to be larger than ever this year, and, unfortunately, many of them are comparatively plain in cut, especially in the case of the more expensive furs, such as ermine and sable.

I went to Market yesterday, And it was like a Fair Of everything you like to see, But nothing Live is there.

And there were Fishes out in rows, Bright ones of every kind, And some were Pink, and Silver, too, But all of them were blind.

And hanging by it, very near, A beautiful great Bird, So I could smooth his feathers through, And kiss them (very softly), too, And, oh, he never stirred!

China silk of any shade makes a most pretentious-looking petticoat for a comparatively modest outlay of money. Such garments are made on the same principle as the sheath-fitting umbrella petticoats and are finished with knee flounces of either two bands of Valenciennes lace and silk, the lace being first stitched onto the material, which is then cut away from underneath.

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A collar that will almost take the place of a fur piece for the neck and one that will assuredly prove a comfort or the first cool days of autumn, is the directoire, a smart confection which almost anyone can fashion. It is simply a wide band of satin trimmed with closely set

Mr. L. R. Devitt, Berlin, Ont., better known, perhaps, as "Smallpox Ben," has used

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

He has also used them for his patients when nursing them, and it is a well-known fact that small-pox sufferers must keep the bowels well regulated.

The little old man was cross and cold, For the chimney smoked, that day, And never a thing would he do but scold.

Then she whacked her puggy-wug dog, she did, As asleep on the mat he lay; And the puggy-wug dog ran off, and hid.

Then Muffin, the kitten, said "Deary me! What a state of affairs is this! I must purr my very best purr, I see."

They went to look for the Sunday gown— For the coveted Sunday gown.

Perhaps it was because he was Scotch that his temper was quick, but whatever the reason, he lost it during a rush hour at the little country station where he was employed as porter, and he told one lady near by that she could go to—well, a place not down on the timetable.

Quite naturally, she complained to the station master, and it was he who sent Sandy into the waiting room to apologize for his long language. He found several ladies there, and, not being sure which was she with whom his business lay, he asked them all around whether he had told her to go—there. The very last one answered yes.

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Tucks appear on most of the sleeves of the new gowns intended strictly for house use, and their varying widths offer suggestions as to what may be done with the aid of energy and two kinds of material. If only just enough net is on hand to make a scanty-tucked, tight-fitting long sleeve, the tucking would best begin half way between the shoulder and the elbow, and the intervening space covered with a closely fitting cap of silk or satin, elaborately hand or soutache embroidered. Or there may be wide tucks entre deux with silk or satin bands, as such a scheme will admit of any amount of piecing.

By Mary V. Carruthers. The young man's vagrant fancies turn. To thoughts of love in spring— So the poets say, and probably they know of what they sing.

When the crickets chirp, ah, then I dream Of home and a hearth fire bright, And an inglenook that's built for the two.

Who sit there night by night! As the dark creeps on and the katydid, Begin their sing-song rhyme, Then it's, oh, for the glow of my own freestone.

The little old woman to town would go To buy her a Sunday gown, But a storm came up, and the wind did blow, And the rain came pouring down; And the little old woman, oh, sad to see!

Pater—My wife's learning the piano my daughter's learning the violin, and my son's learning the banjo. Slator—And you are learning nothing? Pater—Oh, yes, I'm learning to

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TRULY A STRUGGLING MISSION

In The Diocese of Northampton, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

This Mission of St. Anthony of Padua was started by me nearly three years ago by command of the late Bishop of Northampton.

I had then, and I have now, No Ohurch, no Presbytery, no Diocesan Grant, no Endowment (except Hope).

FATHER H. W. GRAY, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, Eng'd.

Dear Father Grey, You have duly accounted for the aims which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan Trustees.

"Fighting Bob" Evans, during his last stay in Washington, was one evening a guest at a house where he met a number of the younger set of the Capital.

"You say you would like more exercise," said the deathwatch to the condemned man. "What sort of exercise would you like?"

Franklin—Did you ever see a horse jump five feet over a fence? Mike—I've seen 'im jump four feet over. I didn't know that a horse had five feet.

Maude—"Vera married a dashing young man." Mable—"Some one told me he was kept busy dodging collectors."

Mr. Naggett—I don't feel like myself to-night. Mrs. Naggett—Then we ought to have a pleasant evening.—Illustrated Bits.

Without a postscript is not complete. "It's just like her," men jeeringly say, For once we will let them have their way.

She was created—an afterthought, And like the P. S. of her letter She is, therefore, so much the better —Emily L. Russell, Detroit, in Woman's Home Companion.

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For biliousness, constipation and kidney derangement Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills easily stand first.

Such diseases as Bright's disease, diabetes and appendicitis almost invariably arise from neglect to keep the liver, kidneys and bowels regular.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I have recommended these Pills to many of my friends and they have all been satisfied with the results.

Funny Sayings.

A woman's letter, however sweet, Without a postscript is not complete. "It's just like her," men jeeringly say, For once we will let them have their way.

Judge O'S

Judge O'Sullivan been in poor health, well again. He is Rome. Speaking with the Pope, he said "I had always had that day, and it met my expectations. I came into the room waiting we all we and Archbishop Furl with the rest, but ther, putting his archbishop's arm, the ground, and the sense of all, put one archbishop's shoulder warmly on the cheek ecclesiastical kiss of ther that of an elder of brotherly affection.



The Dramatic Section

OF

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OCTOBER 29, 1888.

STRUGGLING

of Northampton, Norfolk, England.

of St. Anthony of ... ed by me, nearly three ... and of the late Bishop

and I have now, No ... esbytery, no Dio ... no Endowment

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L. W. GRAY, ... nham, Norfolk, Eng'd. ... efully and promptly ... allest donation, and ... nouncement a beau ... e Sacred Heart and

AUTHORIZATION)

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ENEMIES.

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ALL.

many a joke, ... a poke, ... ing ill ... until ... our pill.

Judge O'Sullivan.

Judge O'Sullivan of New York has been in poor health, but is now quite well again. He is at present in Rome. Speaking of his audience with the Pope, he said: "I had always looked forward to that day, and it more than realized my expectations. When the Pope came into the room where we were waiting we all went on our knees and Archbishop Farley went down with the rest, but the Holy Father, putting his hand under the archbishop's arm, raised him from the ground, and then, in the presence of all, put one arm over the archbishop's shoulder and kissed him warmly on the cheek—not the formal ecclesiastical kiss of peace, but rather that of an elder brother, full of brotherly affection.

"What did I feel? Well, I tell you that it thrilled me all over to see the successor of St. Peter standing there giving that brotherly kiss to the clerical head of the great metropolis of the west, who is our own spiritual father. I simply could not resist the impulse to tell Pius X. how deep were my affection and veneration for him, and how he had no more loyal or devoted sons than the Catholics of America. "The Pope was kindness itself to all members of my party; he gave us all medals and his blessing. When I go back to America, I hope to go back a better American and a better Catholic after this visit. Yes, it was certainly the event of my life."

Turner and the Doctor.

When Turner, the famous painter, was dying at Chelsea, he sent in despair for a Rausgate doctor who had done him some good during his recent stay at that place and who, he hoped, might take a different view of his case from that which the London physicians had expressed. The doctor arrived and confirmed the opinion that the artist had very little time longer to live. "Wait a bit," said Turner to the doctor. "You have had nothing to eat and drink yet, have you?" "No, but that's no consequence." "But it is," replied the painter. "Go downstairs and you will find some refreshment, and there is some fine brown sherry—don't spare it—and then come up and see me again." The doctor refreshed himself and then came back to the patient. "Now, then," said Turner, "what is it? Do you still think so badly of my case?" The doctor regretfully said he could not alter his former opinion. The artist shook his shoulders, turned his face to the wall and never spoke again!—Dundee Advertiser.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

The Catholic Citizen thinks that something should be said of Godless homes as well as Godless schools. Thousands of Catholics reside in what may be termed Godless homes—homes in which religious practices, Catholic books and papers and Catholic family devotions are lacking. "At what a slight cost of time and money," says our contemporary, "might not such homes be converted into Christian homes! A few dol-

lars would buy some choice religious pictures. Five or ten dollars a year would provide a few readable books and one or two attractive Catholic papers or magazines. A few moments for family devotions during the evenings of October, would give a Christian aspect to the household. We mention particularly Catholic books and papers, for these influence the thought of home, cultivate an interest in things religious and insure a certain Catholic public spirit among the children. It is putting a low appraisal on the value of your soul and the souls of your family if you grudge the expenditure of five or ten dollars a year for Catholic books and papers.—Catholic Universe.

The Venerable Oliver Plunket.

In his delightful "Recollections," now being published in "St. Andrew's Magazine" (Barnet), the Venerable Canon Vere writes in the September number as follows: "Speaking of the devoted dead reminds one of a custom which Father Barge taught me of raising my hat when I passed St. Giles Churchyard (London) in reverence of the saintly Catholics whose remains are interred therein. Most of our holy martyrs who suffered at Tyburn were buried in this churchyard.

"The last holy martyr to shed his blood in England for the ancient faith was the heroic Irishman, the Venerable Oliver Plunket. Before his martyrdom the holy Archbishop had obtained permission to be buried with the five Jesuit Fathers who had suffered death for the Catholic Faith four years previously. Accordingly by their side he was interred under the north wall in the churchyard of St. Giles. A copper plate was placed on the coffin by some English Catholics bearing the following inscription:

"In this tomb resteth the body of the Most Reverend Oliver Plunket, late Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland, who, when accused of high treason, through hatred of the Faith, by false brethren, and condemned to death, being hanged at Tyburn, and his bowels being taken out and cast into the fire, suffered martyrdom with constancy, in the reign of Charles the Second, King July, 1681.

For some two years the remains of the saintly successor of St. Patrick in the Primatial See of Ireland rested in the old burial ground. The body was then removed to the Benedictine Monastery at Lamspring, in Germany. In 1883 it was translated to the Monastery of the English Benedictine Fathers at Downside, near Bath. Here at present it rests in a simple tomb at the end of the north aisle of the church. The head of the holy martyr is in the Dominican Convent at Drogheda.

HEADACHE.



What Medical Skill Could Not Do Was Accomplished With Burdock Blood Bitters.

If you are troubled with Headache do not hesitate to use B.B.B. It is no new product, of unknown value, but has an established reputation.

MISS MURIEL WRIGHT, Muniac, N.B., writes: "I was sick and run down, would have Headaches, a bitter taste in my mouth, floating specks before my eyes and pains in my back. I was not able to do any house work at all and could not sleep at night. Several doctors doctored me but I saw I was getting no help, and on the advice of a friend I got three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters and they effected a complete cure."

SOULD NOT WORK.

A Scientist's Impression.

In an article in the "Outlook," under the heading "Letters of Vagabond," we read a non-Catholic scientist's impression of the Cathedral of Cologne:

"We went inside and stood, perhaps, five minutes, spell-bound by the great nave. The evening hour gave it the dim religious aid a church interior needs. At last Baldwin found his voice, and his rather prosaic American broke into a rapture which pose only in words, 'I am a scientist,' he said, 'a rationalist. But I never knew what religion was before. How these men must have believed in God when they dreamed this thing into existence! There was something in this old faith which passed out of our life. With all the advantages of steam and engineering skill, we couldn't build a thing like this to-day. There was a great light shining in those days which has long gone out. And yet we call them 'The Dark Ages.' 'Yes,' he went on, 'the men who built this Cathedral believed that God was watching them. They thought of Him personally, with great, kind, loving eyes, leaning over the battlements of His high heaven, smiling down on their labors—almost within reach of their endeavors. I suppose

TO LOVERS OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

Dear Reader.—Be patient with me for telling you again how much I need your help. How can I help it? or what else can I do? For without that help this Mission must cease to exist, and the poor Catholics already here remain without a Church.

I am still obliged to say Mass and give Benediction in a Mean Upper-room. Yet such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the county of Norfolk measuring 35 by 20 miles.

And to add to my many anxieties, I have no Diocesan Grant, No Endowment (except Hope)

We must have outside help for the present, or haul down the flag.

The generosity of the Catholic Public has enabled us to secure a valuable site for Church and Parochy. We have money in hand towards the cost of building, but the Bishop will not allow us to go into debt.

I am most grateful to those who have helped us and trust they will continue their charity.

To those who have not helped I would say:—For the sake of the Cause give something, if only a "little." It is easier and more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent Home for the Blessed Sacrament.

Address—

Father Gray, Catholic Mission, 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 and St. Anthony.

Letter from Our New Bishop.

Dear Father Gray.—You have duly accounted for the aims which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan Trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham, I authorize you to continue to solicit alms for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained.

Yours faithfully in Christ, F. W. KEATING, Bishop of Northampton.

the men who put up the capstones on the towers felt themselves consciously nearer God than the unfortunate ones who only worked down here on earth."

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All Local Talent invited. The finest in the City pay us a visit. MASS at 9.30 a.m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Sunday evening. Open week days from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. On Sundays from 1 p. m. to 10 p. m. St. Peter & Common Sts.

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Use Surprise the ordinary way if you wish but we recommend a trial the Surprise way.

Read the directions on the wrapper.

Surprise is a pure hard Soap.

His Last Refuge.

(By Ben Hurst.)

It was one of those inconstant March days when a sudden sun-ray brightened the atmosphere for a moment, herald of another shower. The weather only to be effaced by one of those had more effect on Reginald's spirits than he himself suspected, he would have scoffed at the idea of being influenced by atmospheric changes, but the brief ray cheered his soul with a vague hope, as the dreariness of the nature, during these eclipses, augmented its darkness and forebodings.

He walked as in a dream, and once found himself sighing aloud, so that the attention of the passers-by was attracted. On this occasion he stopped short in confusion, drew out his handkerchief and rounded the sigh into a cough. Then he went on again, disheartened at his lack of self-control. "What have I come out for?" he asked himself. "Am I going mad? What shall I gain by laying bare my wound?" He continued his walk, nevertheless, with that blind adherence to a foregone resolution born of the consciousness that no other course offered a chance of deliverance from the impending catastrophe.

A flood of sunlight burst upon him as the door opened to his ring. All at once he found himself face to face with the master of the house, who was drawing on his gloves preparatory to leaving it. In answer to his look of surprise which preceded the friendly greeting, the caller explained hastily:

"I have chosen a wrong moment, I see. But I also want to find Mrs. Whittaker. Is she at home? I need not detain you more than a few minutes."

"Half an hour, if you like," was the answer. "I was only strolling down to the bank, as usual. I am in no hurry, and my wife is not going out." He threw open the door and, laying down his hat, followed his visitor.

Reginald mechanically took the proffered cigar. He was confronting one of the hardest moments of his life. He felt that he was weak, and longed to put his arms on the table, rest his head on them, and groan; so he almost overdid the air of jaunty with which he said: "You expect me, no doubt, to ask for a loan? No, it is a greater favor that I have come to beg from Mrs. Whittaker. I darsay you are aware I was one of the many ardent admirers she possessed before you married her?"

Whittaker laughed a hearty laugh that rang cheerily through the room. "I know it very well," he said, "and I can guarantee that she has a strong liking for you still. We were sorry to see so little of you since your marriage, and I can answer for it that she will be glad to do anything she can for you. Have a glass of wine?"

Reginald made a gesture of refusal. Had the dryness of his lips and his haggard mien prompted the invitation? Once more he made a fierce effort to throw off the lethargy that was threatening to overwhelm him. "Then you will not mind?—You will ask?" he said. "With the greatest pleasure in life," answered Whittaker. "My dear Barton, sit still. I shall ask Agnes to come here to you, and as I am going out you will be undisturbed."

Reginald rose as the door closed and began walking around the room. A little statue in a niche attracted his notice, and with the recollection of the "Supernatural" power which its presence evoked, he addressed a prayer to the Deity. Wilder of his destiny, the deity, Wilder of his destiny. "Why should I suffer?" he asked. "I am not a bad man."

He turned to encounter a tall vision of grace and elegance combined—clad in a soft creamy gown that seemed to make the sheen of her eyes more blue. Again he realized the difficulty of his task. Was it not profane, incongruous? They had been playmates and then intimate acquaintances; now they belonged to different sets, and saw little of each other.

She came forward with outstretched hand. "It is too long since we have met," she said cordially. "How people drift apart in this busy world. What are you doing? How is Mrs. Barton?"

"The answer to that question," he said slowly, "will be the explanation of my visit. Lilla is going to leave me." The blue of her eyes darkened to a deep violet and she kept them fixed on him but spoke no word.

"Yes," he went on, painfully. "As a last resource I come to you, to ask your help, remembering what you were—and are. I have nobody to turn to, of my own,—in this huge city. Thank God, my mother is too far off to hear the rumor of my disgrace, for such she would consider it. We are old-fashioned people out there—but"—he stood up—"there shall be no rumor. I am determined, cost what it may, to have no divorce court proceedings. And—besides,—it can still be warded off, our separation. Lilla is not bad, at heart. You know her, thoughtful, perhaps, but straightforward all the same. Will you forgive my bringing all this to you? And will you help me?"

Mrs. Whittaker motioned to him to sit down. "You take things too tragically," she said. "Do not imagine that matrimonial disputes are your exclusive property. As we are here in confidence I may tell you that George and I have awful rows."

She nodded. "You must not let Lilla even think," she resumed eagerly, "that you would ever consent to a separation. How can she dream of it, or mention such a thing?"

"She actually believes it her duty," he said brokenly. "It is not, as you fancy, a mere quarrel. In fact, we don't quarrel,—not more than other people."

Mrs. Whittaker looked incredulous. "What is it, then?" she asked. Again he stood up. "My wife believes she has developed a 'grande passion,'" he said with a pitiful attempt at a smile. "She tells me frankly, after mature consideration, that she never really loved me, and that now she has found the one great love of her life! She wishes to divorce and re-marry."

Mrs. Whittaker sank back in her chair. "Reginald," she gasped, using the old familiar name in forgetfulness of all else save his disaster. "Reginald, this must not be!"

"No," he said, "it will not be. You will help me to bring her to her right mind. Let your poor alone for a time, and devote your charity to the rich who are as much in need of it. You have not asked the man's name?"

She made a gesture of disgust. "It does not matter," she said, "what shape the serpent takes. I am only thinking of Lilla."

"Remark," he insisted, "that neither of them is, as yet, to blame. He keeps away, and she has been quite open with me. Perhaps another man would release her at once, but—I love Lilla, and I know him for a fickle fool. I shall not give her up."

"I think I can," was the unexpected reply. "His wife has gone mad on the singer, Martini. Why do you look so shocked, Agnes? Isn't it that?"

"How crudely you put it," she said. "Is all the town talking of it, then? I didn't anticipate this."

"Oh, well, it isn't quite so bad," he said reassuringly. "I happened to hear a lot of gossip lately."

"Men are always full of gossip," she said. "Well, we hear more of the world's news in our clubs than you in yours. Confidences, which is natural," he laughed. "But why are you so concerned? Are you going to take her up?"

"If I may," she answered dubiously. "If it is not too late?"

George whistled a few bars of a popular air. "No," he said at last. "It is certainly not too late, and who can overrate the influence of a good woman?"

"Mrs. Whittaker? Of course show her up at once," and the dainty apparition, shaking out her silk and lace, advanced to the drawing-room door to meet her visitor.

"What a rare distinction is this!" she cried, not quite sure how to address her visitor.

But Mrs. Whittaker decided the question by at once adopting the familiar tone that had existed between them at school.

"Whose fault is it, Lilla, mine or yours?" she asked. "But on this iniquitous globe, my dear, nothing is done without a selfish motive. Both you and I have as long a visiting list as we can well manage, but if you wanted me very badly you would find your way to my house as I have to yours."

"Such a great lady to want little me for anything!" exclaimed Lilla. "I feel very flattered. Quick! Tell me all about it."

"You," continued Agnes, "but the interests of the Home come before social amenities. You'll bring me in a pile of money, you wish! I'll walk to Jordan's, and when you have got on your hat, get in to my carriage which is at the door and call for me will you? Bye-bye!"

She was gone in a whirl, and Lilla in a mixed mood of amusement, contrariety, and gratified vanity, found herself obeying orders.

Half an hour later they were driving through the park, chatting frolics, commenting on others and being commented upon.

"See that creature!" exclaimed Agnes as a magnificent equipage dashed past. "She's divorced, and what's more,—she has married again. But fancy her impudence! She expects people to bow to her as before!"

"And why not?" asked Lilla, a deep flush mantling her face. "There is no scandal connected with her."

"Oh, but she can't expect to be treated as if she had not a couple of husbands living, you know, at least not in refined circles," went on Agnes. "Oh, you would feel the same, Lilla."

"No, indeed," said Lilla. "Decidedly not. I am more tolerant, more broad-minded than you, Agnes. Divorce is honest, than continuance in a loveless marriage."

"What funny things you say!" laughed Agnes. "As if love were the only tie in marriage. Duty, which means stability, is the first obligation and love is secondary. But don't get me talking on such serious subjects, I beg. Until my bazaar is over I refuse to discuss anything else. By the way, how thoughtless I am! Have I wounded you by my wholesale condemnation of divorce? You have no divorced relatives, have you. Ah, I forgot not. You look much too fastidious ma chere, to be connected with anything of the sort."

Lilla laughed nervously. "You are always the same, Agnes," she said. "With your hard and fast Roman Catholic rules you cannot be charitable."

"I have President Roosevelt on my side," smiled Agnes. "I do not see that the President is inflexible," rejoined Lilla. "He is, sometimes," said Agnes. "When he sides with the Pope."

At which both laughed and dismissed the subject.

"Well," asked George, after a month's continuous intercourse between the Barton and Whittaker families, "how is your mission succeeding, Agnes?"

"Oh, pretty well," said Agnes emphatically. "Only pretty well? So you have not brought her quite to her senses?"

"No, not quite. I am less clever than I thought," she confessed. "You see, at first I played to her vanity, her social ambition, her innate dislike to anything irregular or wrong. Then I tried to lessen that snake in her eyes; we met him—you know—at the fancy ball—and George—I told her I found him horribly vulgar. One can't deny he is handsome nor depreciate his voice,—but I tried to make him appear ridiculous. This seemed easy, for he is inflated and self-opinioned, but somehow she seems to forget all that when he sings, and what is strange, the fascination lasts after the song is over."

"Has she acknowledged it to you, then?" asked George eagerly. "Yes," admitted Agnes in a low tone. "I tried to escape her confidence as long as I could; but, always together as we were lately, it was impossible to put it off forever. Oh, George, I hate this continuation as much as you do, but it was part of the programme we agreed upon. And then speaking openly at last, I could appeal to her sense of honor, her obligations to Reginald, so loving and so faithful,—her duty to God, her vow given before a minister of her creed,—all that should keep a woman in the straight path."

"And here it was that you most lamentably failed," put in George, grimly. "Her vow is not binding either by her creed or the law of the land."

Agnes remained silent for a time. Then she stood up, went over softly to the toilet table where George was fumbling impatiently with his tie; removed it deftly from behind, and substituted a fresh one from the drawer.

"My dear," she said, when she arranged the tie to her satisfaction. "I fear I am a bad apostle."

IV. The first act was over, the lights still darkened in the house; softly mellowed on the stage, lit up the figure of the man who lifting up his voice, sang to Reginald Barton's wife.

The words were his own, the aria too, and, under cover of the sacred name of Love which they profaned,—they dealt with passion—violent and ephemeral passion. His eyes were fixed on the box where Agnes, Lilla, and George sat in front, with Reginald behind in the shadow.

When he had finished, Agnes rose abruptly, complained that the piece was tiresome and proposed to return home.

But Lilla refused to stir and sat gazing at the fallen curtain, as if hypnotized. All through the representation Agnes watched in agony the empire exercised by the tempter on her unhappy friend, and saw with despair that others had observed it too.

The glimpse of Reginald's face, impassible and stern as it was faintly outlined in the shadow, which met her gaze whenever she turned her head, was added torture.

When the last notes had died away Lilla still made no move.

"Come Lilla! Mrs. Whittaker is tired," her husband said sharply. Lilla rose as if in a trance and mechanically took the arm which George had somewhat imperiously offered. Before leaving the box, however, she leaned over to Reginald and said something in a low voice. George overheard, but without relinquishing her arm, he led her to a cab, helped her in and took his place beside her without a word.

"It is all no use," said Lilla. "This must end, and knowing you and your wife's tenets, Mr. Whittaker, I feel out of place to thrust myself on your hospitality."

"You cannot expect me, Mrs. Barton to conduct you to the green-room," said her companion sarcastically. "That is an unwarranted insinuation," said Lilla, loftily. "I do not need to seek out Mr. Martini who leaves here this evening, and will not return until I am free to become his wife. I have just told Reginald that I will not again enter his house. Please allow me to drive straight to my aunt's."

"No, because it would fret my wife," said George coolly. "And will you really forget yourself so far, Mrs. Barton?"

"I shall follow the dictates of my conscience," announced Lilla. "My demand for divorce will be made to-morrow."

George Whittaker made a bow. "I respect me to forget it for this evening," he said, "and to show you all the respect due to Mrs. Reginald Barton."

In a cab following them Agnes sat silent. The sound of the horses' hoofs above the faint rumbling of the wheels was, to her, lugubrious. Never since has she remarked the same sound and watched the light flashing on the wet pavement without recalling the depression of that mournful drive.

"It is so late," Reginald remarked at last. "I had better leave you at your door and take Lilla straight home."

Agnes made no reply, for she, too, had overheard.

"We are all rather moody," he went on, "and we have trespassed too much on your good nature of late. Thank you, Agnes, for having so long warded off the blow. There is no use in our intruding again to-night. Lilla's mind is made up."

"You must come in, supper will be waiting," said Agnes absently. "Beside," George and Lilla are already there."

The supper was a ghastly failure although Whittaker kept up a running commentary on the audience and the actors.

Barton tasted nothing, but drank off one glass of champagne.

"Good-night, Lilla," said Agnes, with forced composure, as Lilla, pale and determined, rose to go.

"Good-by, Agnes," was the answer. "I know it is good-bye to you, as well as to Reginald."

"No, Lilla," said Agnes retaining her hand and drawing her down beside her on the sofa.

"Think of your marriage vow," she murmured faintly.

"I have never forgotten it," answered Lilla haughtily. "I have been a true and faithful wife. Let Reginald speak. I could not live a lie. That's all."

"It is really not Lilla's fault," asserted Reginald. "It is all owing to the convenience of the law and that too fascinating Martini."

"Neither is it to blame," cried Lilla hotly. "He has behaved so nobly throughout, never approaching me since he knew I did not wish to upset my life. We only met by accident as Agnes knows. Our mutual inclination was due to fatality. And we have struggled against it."

Reginald laughed, and the laugh sounded genuine.

"Fancy a husband sitting down and listening to his wife commenting on her affection for another man!" he said to George. "Thank Heaven, I am a man of the world."

"There is no slur on your name," said Lilla majestically. "And neither is there on the name of Martini."

"What about the Ninth Commandment?" asked George roughly. "Oh, Mr. Whittaker would have all men celibates or saints," said Lilla sarcastically. "But where is the use of prolonging this discussion? I am sorry, Agnes, that you disapprove of my honesty in the whole affair."

"Yes," said Reginald. "One should look at things from a modern and rational point of view.—My wife thinks she is right in—taking steps to enter on a second union,—it is curious," he turned to Agnes with an apologetic smile, "what a disinclination I have to pronounce the ominous word Divorce!—I will no longer try to alter her decision. So there is no need to shock or trouble our friends any further. You may go, Lilla, and you may file your petition to-morrow."

"It is acting for the best, Reginald," exclaimed Lilla with exaltation. "You will also meet the happiness you deserve one day. At last, at last you recognize the truth that there is no greater immorality than the continuance of a loveless union!"

"You yield, Reginald, you!" cried Agnes indignantly. "Ah, you are all the same, and the good among you can down the bad."

"What can I do?" asked Reginald. "There is no use in my trying to oust a man like Martini who has all the charms and virtues that Heaven has denied to me. You are witness that I did my best, Mrs. Whittaker, and that only when I realized the impossibility of making a stand did I throw it all up."

"Good-bye, Agnes," said Lilla holding out her hand.

"Good-bye," replied Agnes, putting her hands behind her back. "May God forgive you!"

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SYNOPSIS OF LAND AND WEST
HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS
ANY even numbered section of Dominion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 5 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.
Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:
(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land is each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming lands owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements as to residence upon said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.
W. W. CORY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

SPECIAL OFFER
During the Month of September, 1908, or until our stock is exhausted.

FREE: Along with the regular premium we will give one Class Fruit Bowl on Stand to every one returning more than 3 Dozen 6 lb. empty XXX Self-Raising Flour Bags, and for less than 3 Dozen 6lb. Bags one medallion (picture).

Brodie & Harvie
14 and 16 Bleury St., Montreal

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1908

THE BABY'S
Before our Lady—
She bowed her head
Our little blue-eyed
Eawreath'd about
Was many a gold
And in her dimple
A rosy of pearl

A baby quite—of
She bowed her head
And as she told the
With lips of cherry
Her only prayer—
smiled,
And "Haily Mar,

Again, again, and
The baby breathe
Her face outshining
From clouds of f
The while she p
peads
With meek and ro

Her azure eyes on
A look of rapture
Such as the eyes of
The great Archang
When first he hailed
in Nazareth of you

"Twas 'Haily Mary
(God bless the lit
(And on the Pater N
A chant that glow
On Aves and on Gl
'Twas always: 'H

"Come hither, May
cried,
(And learn to say
No one could under
ers!
You blunder, darlin
The baby answers
—Eleanor C. Donn
Watchman.

MY BABY
I take up a little can
Trimmed with ruff
with lace,
And a dainty cap with
But where is the b

And there is a pretty
Embroider'd flannel,
And a blue worsted
Auntie knit,
But where is the b

There's a big rough t
panta,
With blue eyes ready
And a patch of dirt,
cheek—
A study in Indian in
His strong young arm
my neck,
He kisses mother wit
And I lay down 'my
with a smile,
For he is my baby's
—Exchange.

DON'TS FOR WORK
Don't go to public d
Don't go to Saturda
Don't miss your pra
morning.
Don't read yellow jou
and coming from wo
them at any time. I
mind—don't help its d
Don't be late for wo
Don't give less labor
for what you receive.
Don't give your emp
to be a benefactor. Ra
bread. Take a favor f
and you are on most
ground.

Don't permit the leas
liarity from your emp
be married or un
life is worthless if yo
them to work, not to s
moon.
Don't "live to eat,
live." You cannot eat
creation of eating noth
and ice cream and tea
Don't break into a
It's far better to be p
than rich and impolit
Don't miss your Sund
class or monthly conf
the money in creation.

AUNT LOU'S S
Esther was cross. S
toothache, but mothe
did not ache very much.
The truth was that
was considering Aunt
marks, and they did n
happy.

"Seven dolls!" that
Esther had ejaculated.
You never get that child,
the little girl who lives
she hasn't even one doll
Doesn't get the dolls,
Esther did get the dolls,
not like to be reminded
pleasant truth.

Aunt Lou, who was
saw and heard the who
she did not say anything
When Aunt Ann had gone
and to the forlorn little
"Father," she said, "do
me to tell you another

PI
as they are for the
you have to get up the
urine is hot and sea
They cure the kidne
6 for \$2.50. At all d
Sample free DEPT. T.W.
if you mention this
paper.

PI
as they are for the
you have to get up the
urine is hot and sea
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Parish News of the Week

Subscriptions to the Father Holland Birthday Fund.

- F. Madermott \$100.00
Kosa Archer 50.00
James Duggan, Quebec 20.00
Donation Bridge Co. 15.00
B. Bickardie 10.00
P. Kenna 10.00
G. J. Mathewson 10.00
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Rev. Fr. Provincial, C.S.S.R. 10.00
Mr. P. A. Milloy 10.00
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And. J. O'Neill 10.00
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P. O'Connell, Toronto 10.00
G. F. Magan, Bherbrooks 7.00
Mrs. J. Redmond, Bherbrooks 5.00
Miss May Milloy 5.00
Miss Wall 5.00
Mrs. Cunningham 5.00
Mr. P. J. Gallagher 5.00
Miss Helen Gleason 5.00
Thomas A. Kenna 5.00
Rose Ward, for employees 5.50
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Miss Josephine O'Connor 5.00
Sherbrooke 5.00
J. Shea 5.00
D. J. Tobin, Sherbrooke 5.00
Mr. P. S. Doyle 5.00
Mr. Murray, Sherbrooke 5.00
Daniel O'Neill 5.00
Charles Mahoney, Richmond, Vt. 3.00
Father Pujos 3.00
Mrs. Lawrence 3.00
Dr. Quirk, Aylmer, P.Q. 2.00
Mrs. A. McCarthy 2.00
Rev. Father McCrory 2.00
James Gribbin 2.00
Mrs. D. Keefe 2.00
Miss Johanna Weiss 2.00
New Hamburg, Ont. 2.00
Lieut. O'Donnell 2.00
James Murphy 2.00
A Friend, Huntingdon 2.00
Mrs. Ryan, Quebec 2.00
Michael Sullivan 2.00
An Old Friend 2.00
Bertha C. Woods 2.00
Woodville, Mass 2.00
Mrs. J. Gallagher 2.00
Mrs. Edward Duffy 2.00
F. H. Stoughton, Wallingford, Conn. 2.00
Mr. Stepe, Sherbrooke 1.00
Rev. Father Cavanagh, Corkery, Ont. 1.00
Miss A. Burt 1.00
Miss Tobin 1.00
A Friend 1.00
M. O'Donnell 1.00
R. O'Meara 1.00
G. Maybury 1.00
Professor Fowler 1.00
W. J. Hayes 1.00
Mrs. Kearns 1.00
Mr. Burns 1.00
Michael J. Ryan 1.00
Rev. T. McDonough 1.00
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A Friend, Huntingdon 1.00
J. Cartwell 1.00
Mrs. Swomey 1.00
Mr. Milten 1.00
J. Keegan 50
Mrs. Kelly 50
Mrs. Sloan 50
Mrs. Welsh 50
\$455.00

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

Despite the unfavorable weather, a fairly large and most appreciative audience graced the concert hall of our friends the sailors, last evening.

The entertainment was in the hands of Mrs. S. M. O'Brien, and nothing was left undone to make it one of the most successful of its kind yet given in favor of the institution.

On opening Dr. Atherston, Ph. D., of Loyolla College, and managing director of the club, in an neat and well worded address, welcomed those present, and paid a tribute to the patroness of the evening, and then introduced Dr. McGovern, who had kindly consented to act as chairman.

Those who contributed were Mrs. O'Brien and Misses Lynch, McVey, Quaine, Kelly and Roache, and Dr. Atherston and Messrs. Quaine, Greenhall, the members of the Male Quartette, Costigan and Prof. J. I. McGaffery.

ST. PATRICK'S A. A. A.'S EUCHERE AND SOCIAL.

To-morrow, Friday, evening the St. Patrick A.A.A.'s will hold their euchere and social in Stanley Hall, and from the lively way tickets have been going it is sure to be a success. Arrangements are completed by the committee, Messrs. Ryan, Burns, McMahon, Roach and Singleton, and a very good time is promised those who will attend. Valuable prizes will be competed for.

EDUCATION OF CATHOLIC GIRLS IN MONTREAL.

An important decision was reached on Thursday evening by the Catholic School Commissioners of Montreal, when it was resolved to put education of girls practically on the same basis as that of boys. It was also decided to adopt the kindergarten principle where this could be done with advantage.

DEATH OF MR. JOHN COLEMAN.

The death occurred on Sunday of Mr. John Coleman, son of the late Mr. Michael Coleman. The funeral took place from his late residence, 256 Richmond street, on Tuesday morning to St. Anthony's Church, the celebrant being Rev. Father Donnelly, assisted by Rev. Father Martin Callaghan and Rev. Father Heffernan. The interment took place in Cote des Neiges.

SUDDEN DEATH OF MR. JAMES COLEMAN.

Very sudden death came to Mr. James Coleman, furrier, of 463 Bleury street, on Tuesday, while on his way to his brother's funeral, and whose funeral will take place at St. Patrick's Church on Friday morning. Much sympathy is expressed for the family, who have been so sorely bereaved within a few days.

Death of a Convent Pupil.

"Precious in the sight of God is the death of His saints."

The death occurred Saturday, Oct. 17, of Gertrude Mary Agnes Driscoll. The deceased, who was but 18, and a graduate of St. Agnes Academy, had been ailing about a year.

Her health was seriously affected by a cold; the physician who was at once called pronounced it a pulmonary attack. She was obliged to discontinue her studies in October of last year, but was still well enough to go around, having been confined to her bed but three weeks.

The last sacraments were administered Saturday, Oct. 5, at which impressive ceremony several religious including her own sister, S.S. M. Agnes, were present. Her death, although expected, came as a great shock to her many friends.

It was about 5.10 p.m. Saturday, October 17, when her beautiful soul took flight on the wings of divine love for the regions of the heavenly Jerusalem, there to drink deeply of the torrents of delight with which God rewards His chosen ones.

A few moments before breathing her last her countenance assumed a celestial expression and she whispered to her loved ones kneeling around her bedside "I am dying." No doubt our Lord had come to welcome His faithful child, or had deputed as He has sometimes done to other holy souls, a heavenly ambassador to meet her and take her into His presence.

After her death an angelic smile still appeared to hover round her lips; her forehead, pure as alabaster, presented a symbol of purity and innocence to all who saw her, while a voice seemed to say to her sorrow-stricken ones, "Weep not for her; she is not dead but sleeping."

The solemn requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Fortier, assisted by Fathers Dufresne and Jacomini as deacon and sub-deacon. In the church were noticed the pupils of St. Agnes, St. Ann's and St. Leon's Academies, who attended in a body.

A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

The Trouble Yields to the Rich Red Blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make.

Ask any doctor and he will tell you that rheumatism is rooted in the blood; that nothing can cure it that does not reach the blood. It is sheer waste of money and time to try to cure rheumatism with liniments and lotions, that only go to the skin deep. You can speedily cure rheumatism with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which enrich the blood, drive out the poisonous acid and loosen the stiffened, aching joints. Among the thousands of rheumatic sufferers cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Mr. W. A. Taylor, Newcastle, N. B., who says:—For a number of years I was a great sufferer from rheumatism which was seated in my shoulders and knee joints. I tried liniments and lotions, but with no effect. In fact the trouble was getting worse, and my knee joints grew so stiff that they would snap if I stooped, and I could scarcely straighten up. Altogether I was a terrible sufferer, and nothing I did or took gave me any relief until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I took the Pills steadily for a couple of months and every vestige of the trouble disappeared. That was two years ago, and as I have had no return of the trouble I feel safe in assuming that the cure is permanent.

Nine-tenths of the common ailments that afflict humanity are due to bad blood, and as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood that is the reason they cure so many different troubles, such as anaemia, indigestion, rheumatism, eczema, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, paralysis and the ailments of girlhood and womanhood with all their distressing headaches, backaches and irregularities. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Meantime the masons, all of whom belong to an ancient guild of cathedral builders, are still working to complete the Dom in accordance with the original plans just as their forefathers worked, and just as their descendants for generations probably will continue to work.

The great Cathedral in Milan, the most beautiful in the world, is many centuries old, too, and is not yet completed, but the climate of Milan is milder and has not worked such ravages as has this climate of Northern Germany, with its bitterly cold winters and biting winds.

Although the great Cologne Cathedral, the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in the world, is not finished, its magnificent facade is so old it is crumbling. Other parts of the exterior stone work are in a like state of decay from age, and it is estimated that proper repairs will cost \$2,500,000 and fifteen years of labor.

The stone from which the principal outside features, including the magnificent flying buttresses, are built is a volcanic rock called trachyte, and came from the quarries at Drachenfels, not far from Cologne. It is a light-colored stone, hard and fine for building purposes, but after nearly seven centuries of exposure to the weather it is disintegrating from the effects of wind, rain and frost with alarming rapidity.

The great Dom, as the Cathedral is called, was begun in the year 1248, but only a half century ago to complete it, and while the new portions are being constructed the old ones are going to ruin.

This is true only of the exterior, the ornamental shell of the splendid edifice, for the interior walls and pillars and the foundations are in the best of condition.

The present Cathedral architect, Herr Hertel, has made a report recently in which he expressed grave fears that unless the work of restoration is prosecuted with vigor the most beautiful portions of the structure will go to pieces. From all parts of the Cathedral huge slabs and smaller fragments of carved stone fall frequently, and some of the most characteristic of the medieval ornaments—gargoyles, finials, gables at the top of the spires and other stone ornaments—are so defaced as to be unrecognizable.

One splendid array of apostles and martyrs carved around an eastern window is rapidly becoming a shapeless mass. Some of the figures have lost their heads, while the faces of others are merely flat masks of rotted stone. This window dates from the sixteenth century, and the drawings of it, carefully preserved in the sacristy, show that at one time it must have been a marvellous piece of stone carving.

There is a large building fund in charge of the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne, but the interest on it is not sufficient to make the most necessary current repairs, and the money to restore the Cathedral, if it is to be restored, must come from other sources.

The Italian papers announce that within a few months all the bishops of the world will receive proofs of the new code of Canon Law with instructions to study it, and add such

MONTHLY CALENDAR

Table with columns for dates and feast days: October, 1908. Th. 1 St. Remigius, B. C. F. 2 Holy Guardian Angels. S. 3 St. Dionysius, B. M. Seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost. S. 4 Feast of the Holy Rosary. M. 5 St. Placid & Comp. M.M. T. 6 St. Bruno, C. W. 7 St. Mark, P. C. Th. 8 Bridges of Sweden, W. F. 9 St. Denis and Comp. M.M. S. 10 St. Francis Borgia, C. Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost. S. 11 St. Louis Bertrand, C. M. 12 St. Wilfrid, B. C. T. 13 St. Edward, A. C. W. 14 St. Callistus, P. M. Th. 15 St. Teresa, P. F. 16 St. Gall, A. C. S. 17 St. Hedwig, W. Nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost. S. 18 Maternity of the Bl. V. Mary M. 19 St. Fear of Alcantara, C. T. 20 St. John of Keny, C. W. 21 St. Ursula and Comp. P. M. S. 22 St. Melo, B. C. F. 23 St. John Capistran, C. S. 24 St. Raphael, Archangel. Twentieth Sunday after Pentecost. S. 25 SS. Chrysanth & Daria, M.M. M. 26 St. Evaristus, P. M. W. 27 St. Frumentius, B. C. W. 28 St. Simon and Jude, A.P. Th. 29 St. Jude, C. S. 30 St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, C. S. 31 St. Wolfgang, B. C.

Cologne's Cathedral Crumbling.

observations about it as may be justified by their experience. "A few months" is too short a time for the completion of the work, however, for in spite of the earnest labors of the Commission of Codification and most of all of the phenomenal activity of Cardinal Gasparri, whose people has not deprived him of the direction of the commission, the proofs will not be ready until the middle of next year. They will then be submitted for examination, directly to the bishops, and thus indirectly to all the best canonists of the whole world. Meanwhile the special commission appointed by the Holy Father to prepare the way for the introduction of the reformed curia by November 3 is very busy, but very silent—so silent that little or nothing is known as to the arrangements they have decided on; and of all the important appointments to be made, not a single one has yet become known with anything like certainty.

THANKSGIVING DAY

NOVEMBER 9th 1908. Round Trip Tickets will be sold at SINGLE FARE Good going 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th and returning until 10th November.

TRAIN SERVICE 7.30 A.M. St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec and Riv. du Loup. Buffet and Buffet Car Montreal to Levis. Except Sunday.

MARITIME EXPRESS. 12 NOON St. Hyacinthe, Levis, Quebec Riv. du Loup, Campbellton, Moncton, St. John, Halifax, Sydney. This train has direct connection to Newfoundland, Saturday to St. Flavia only.

4.00 P.M. St. Lambert, St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, St. Leonard and Nicolet. Except Sunday.

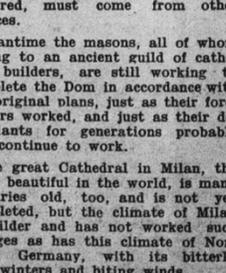
CITY TICKET OFFICE. 141 St. James street, Tel. Main 615. GEO. STRUBBE, City Pass & Tkt. Agent. H. A. PRICE, Assistant Gen. Pass. Agent.

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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

REDUCED FARES In effect until Oct. 31st, 1908, inclusive. Second class Colonist fares from Montreal to SEATTLE, VICTORIA, VANCOUVER and PORTLAND, \$52.70 SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES \$54.00 MEXICO CITY, Mex. \$59.50 Low rates to many other points.

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS. Leave Montreal Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 10.30 p.m. for the accommodation of passengers holding first or second class tickets to Chicago and west thereof as far as the Pacific Coast—nominal charge is made for berths, which may be reserved in advance.

CITY TICKET OFFICES 130 St. James Street, Telephone Main 466 & 461 or Bonaventure Station

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

Hunters Reduced Fares

TO ALL POINTS IN Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia. Good going October 6th to Nov. 3rd. Returning until December 5th, 1908.

THANKSGIVING DAY

NOVEMBER 9th 1908. Round Trip Tickets will be sold at SINGLE FARE Good going 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th and returning until 10th November.

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SHOWN FOR THE FIRST TIME MONDAY

\$25.00 to \$40.00 FIFTY ONLY FOR \$17.95

Ladies' Costumes

The "Big Store" will offer Monday for the first time this season only LADIES' VERY SMART AND UP-TO-DATE COSTUMES at a price that should see them all sold before noon. Montreal ladies cannot forget the splendid values in Costumes it was our good fortune to see for them last spring. The lady in search of a stylish costume at low price should avail herself of this unusual opportunity. Costumes are lined throughout with the best quality silk and satin. They are made in the newest styles and patterns, all of the finest quality stripe broadcloth, shadow stripes, Venetians and herringbone serge, black, navy, brown and green. We have bought them at our prices we are going to give our customers the benefit of getting a \$25.00 to \$50.00 costume for \$17.95.

Monday's Remarkable Values in

Men's Fall and Winter Clothing

MEN'S SAMPLE TWEED SUITS in good strong serviceable tweed, gray, browns and other fancy tweed mixtures, medium and heavy weight suitable for fall and winter wear, well made and trimmed, good and latest patterns. Special price. MEN'S FALL and SPRING OVEGCOATS in black Vienna and chevrot, silk to edge and lapels, made full length, a smart dressy garment for men and young men. Regular \$13.50 value, For \$10.00.

S. GARSLEY CO. LIMITED

St. Jacobs Oil

With the old surety, to cure Lumbago and Sciatica. There is no such word as fail. Price, 25c and 50c.

St. Joseph's Home Fund

The actual date of Father Holland's birthday has passed and we had hoped that a goodly sum would have been realized to present to him on Sept. 19th; but so many have been out of the city during the summer that our appeal failed to reach them and consequently nothing like the necessary amount came in. However, every day is a birthday—somebody's—so if each one contributed, his number of years either in dollars or cents, quite a comfortable sum in a little while would be realized. We thank those who answered our appeal and trust that those who have not already done so will send in their mite to help a worthy cause—To pay off the debt on the St. Joseph's Home for Working Boys. A cent will be as welcome as a dollar and will be acknowledged in issue following receipt.

FILL OUT THIS COUPON. FOR ST. JOSEPH'S HOME FUND. Name Address Amount