

FATHER STRUBBE PASSES AWAY.

St. Ann's Parish Suffers Severe Loss in Death of its Pastor.

BRIEF SKETCH AND ACCOUNT OF THE OBSEQUIES.

Rev. Father Strubbe, C.S.S.R., the well known priest of St. Ann's Church, breathed his last at the Hotel Dieu on Thursday morning, October 26th, at 10.15. Though his death was expected for some days yet it came as a shock to the community at large, as the deceased priest was a prominent figure among the Montreal clergy. At the time of his demise Father Strubbe was in his 57th year.

The remains were removed to St. Ann's Presbytery of Thursday afternoon, and there lay in state until Sunday evening, thousands taking a last view of the devoted priest they knew so well. The countenance like marble, but wasted away, told of his sufferings, which, though short, must have been great. Young and old, rich and poor knelt at the bier of the loved priest and offered to God a prayer for his eternal rest. On Sunday afternoon, St. Ann's Young Men marched from the hall in a body to the presbytery and recited the bands for their best friend. As they gazed on that familiar face they recalled to mind his great life work for them, his struggles and sacrifices in their behalf, his fatherly admonitions. But all was now ended—that work which speaks volumes for his zeal and interest for the young generation of St. Ann's parish.

At seven o'clock Sunday evening the remains were removed to the church. St. Ann's brass band headed the mournful procession, playing the Dead March in Saul, followed by St. Ann's Young Men's Society, St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society, the Christian Brothers of St. Ann's school, the sanctuary boys and the Brothers and Fathers of the Redemptorist Order of Hochelaga and St. Ann's. The remains were placed outside the altar railing and the office of the dead recited, at which Very Rev. Father Lemieux, C.S.S.R., vice-provincial of the Order, presided. The chapters were Rev. Fathers Rioux, P.P., and Flynn, St. Ann's. In the sanctuary were Rev. Fathers Guillot, master of Novices, Hochelaga; Thout, Hochelaga; McPhail, Holland, Retivelde, Simard and Trudel, St. Ann's; Rev. Father Cullinan, St. Mary's, and a large number of Redemptorist students from Hochelaga novitiate. The church was heavily draped, while the high altar was illuminated with an electrical motto: "Dona eis requiem." Around the catafalque hundreds of tapers were burning, the church being crowded to the doors, while hundreds stood in the aisles gazing on that familiar but now silent figure, and uniting their prayers with those inside the sanctuary. The organ pealed forth its mournful sounds, the service was over, but the crowd kept coming and coming until a late hour at night.

Rev. Edward Strubbe was born in Bruges, Belgium, on the 22nd of September, 1848. After finishing his classical course, he entered the seminary of his native place and was ordained as a secular priest by His Lordship Right Rev. Dr. Faict. After his ordination he did parish work for a few years and was then appointed director of the College at Thelt. He became a great favorite with the students and his field of labor during his years of college work was vast and his work lasting. He seemed to have a great regard for the young, possessing special qualities which won their affections, and which stood out so prominently in his after career with the young men of St. Ann's parish. Feeling himself called to the religious life, he chose the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, and resigning the directorship of the college he entered the novitiate in September, 1882. At the close of the probationary term he made his solemn profession on the 15th of October,

1883. In 1884 Archbishop Fabre requested the Belgian Redemptorist Fathers to take charge of St. Ann's Church, and in September five Fathers arrived from Belgium, Fathers Castelle, Superior; Godts, Capelle, Caron and Strubbe. Father Caron, now at Ste. Anne de Beaupre, is the only surviving Redemptorist of the pioneer band who came to the city twenty-one years ago. Father Strubbe not being conversant with the English language, set to work and shortly mastered it. He soon became noted as a preacher in the French tongue, and his services were always in great demand. His work as a missionary bore abundant fruit. His name is known throughout the Provinces of Quebec, Ontario, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Nova Scotia, as well as in many parts of the United States, and his sermons preached in those places will long be treasured by the thousands who attended. Father Strubbe saw the need of the hour in St. Ann's parish. It was a Young Men's Society. He organized the present St. Ann's Young Men's Society, built St. Ann's Hall, which is one of the finest in the city, and he spared no pains nor trouble to make the young men of the parish a credit to themselves and to the whole city.

In the educational line Father Strubbe was not idle. He renovated St. Ann's Christian Brothers' School obtaining a large sum of money for that purpose from the Catholic School Commissioners, the balance being supplied by the parish. He was a director of the Catholic High School.

The deceased was a great temperance advocate, his sermons during the missions at St. Ann's Church and his work in the parish in stamping out the curse of liquor bore much fruit. If St. Ann's parish is a model one today in temperance and morality, a great part of it is due to Father Strubbe's indefatigable work, for he was a power for good and he wielded it in every direction to good advantage. He left no stone unturned to crush out evil. Being possessed of an indomitable spirit, he feared no foe, yet he followed the counsel of the Apostle of the Gentiles. "He made himself all to all, in order to gain all men to Christ." Father Strubbe was also a kind and loving father to the poor and a great administrator and wise counsellor. Today the parishioners of St. Ann's mourn his loss, for a great priest has yielded up his trust, and a noble warrior has fallen in the fight.

Father Strubbe's popularity was shown on several occasions. In 1899, when he was ordered to Belgium to rest for a few months, he was the recipient of a purse from the parishioners of St. Ann's. At the time of the silver jubilee of his priesthood in 1898, he was presented with a purse of money, which he used to defray the expense of decorating St. Ann's Church. When he was removed to Belgium in 1902 the love and reverence of the people for the zealous priest knew no bounds. The many gifts and farewell reception, when over three thousand people assembled to wish him God-speed and good-bye, spoke volumes for the life-work at St. Ann's of the priest who was the "Soggarth Aaron" among the people, and he bade them farewell amidst the tears and sobs of a grateful people, a people possessed of that old Irish faith which shows itself on all occasions for the priest of God. The last wish of Father Strubbe has been granted, it was that his bones would rest near the people he loved and labored with so long. After being a little more than a year back from his native place, the people of St. Ann's are called upon to mourn his loss. His remains will rest near Rev. Fathers Cote, Capelle, Savard and Scenles. In Father Strubbe's death the Church in Canada has lost a valiant war-

rior, the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer a true son, zealous in all things for its welfare, and a faithful imitator of the saintly Alphonsus, the Archdiocese a noble missionary, and the parishioners of St. Ann's a true and loving father. Truly the words of St. Paul may well be applied to him: "I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. There is laid up for me a crown of justice: which the Lord will render to me. (II. Tim., iv, 7.)"

The obsequies took place on Monday morning at nine o'clock. The church was thronged with representatives from all over the city.

The solemn requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Lemieux, vice-provincial of the Redemptorist Order, assisted by Father Corbell as

you eloquent exhortations and teaching. He was still a young man. Can it be that he has already accomplished his life-work?

"You are all grief-stricken at the loss of one whom you justly regarded as your spiritual guide and father, but I have also to regret the devoted and intimate personal friend. Others might to-day pay more eloquent tribute to his memory, but I wish to give public expression to my affection and my gratitude."

Referring to the return of Father Strubbe to his native land three years ago, he said: "Zeal is a noble and necessary qualification of the priest, but a still nobler and a still more necessary one is obedience. After seventeen years of labor in your midst, after he had grown to love



THE LATE REV. E. STRUBBE.

deacon, and Father Retivelde, of St. Ann's, as sub-deacon.

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi and His Lordship Bishop Racicot were present in the sanctuary, and the following members of the clergy: Rev. Dom. Antoine, mitred abbot of the Trappists at Oka; Fathers Rioux, director of the Redemptorists, Trudel, C.S.S.R.; Flynn, C.S.S.R.; McPhail, C.S.S.R.; Holland, C.S.S.R.; Simard, C.S.S.R.; Martin Callaghan, P.P. St. Patrick's; Donnelly, P.P. St. Anthony's; O'Meara, P.P. St. Gabriel's; Casey, P.P. St. Agnes; Kiernan, P. P. St. Michael's; Poucher, C.S.V., P. P. Outremont; Duchossois, O.P.; Fr. Cote, O.P.; Filiatrault, superior Jezuists College; Benoit, O.M.I.; Raymond, vicar Franciscan Friary; Christopher, director of Third Order; Doyle, S.J.; G. McShane, S.S.; Notre Dame; T. Heffernan, Shea, McDonald, Cullinan, O'Reilly, Singleton, Killoran, Belanger, Laforce, Parent, Jobin, McCrory, Eremont, P.P. Ste. Cunegonde; Brisset, P.P. St. Paul; P. A. Brunet, Ste. Theresse College; Majean, Corbell, Parreault, Cote des Neiges; Moulin, St. Laurent; Charrier, Forbes, Coughnawaga; Demers, Allard, Hochelaga, Fabey, St. Gabriel's, and the students of the Hochelaga Novitiate.

At the conclusion of the Mass Archbishop Bruchesi addressed the congregation. His Grace, who mourned in Father Strubbe not only a zealous assistant in the cause of religion, but also an intimate and personal friend, was much affected. Choosing as his text the words of St. Paul: "Thou art the man of God," he developed it as follows:

"These words seem to me to give a very perfect definition of the true priest, who is not a man of the world or of material things, not a man of riches, of honors or ambitions, but he is the man of God and of eternity. He must therefore devote himself to the work of saving souls. He must be the friend of the poor and humble. These words of St. Paul are the shortest and best description of the true priest, and as such they are most appropriate to be applied to the pious religious, whose loss has thrown the whole city of Montreal into mourning. Poor Father Strubbe, it seems almost impossible to realize that we shall never again see him in this church, at this altar, in this pulpit, from which he has so often addressed to

this country and the people under his charge, the order suddenly came that he should return to Belgium. Though it was a terrible blow to all his dearest hopes, Father Strubbe submitted. You all remember the grief caused by his return, and the many attempts made to have the decision revoked. I will tell you now what you have not known before, that your grief at losing Father Strubbe moved the superior of the order to veto his recall. But it was too late. He had already left for Belgium, where he has since told me he found himself a stranger in a strange land.

"Finally, he was permitted to return. You can all recall the joy of that happy occasion. But in spite of your hopes that he would be left to work in your midst for many years, it soon became apparent that he was in failing health. Although he kept bravely to his post, coming with me on my pastoral visit, and afterwards preaching the triduum of St. Gerard Majella, he finally had to give up and enter the Hotel Dieu. There he gradually failed, till it became evident that the end was at hand. It was I who had the sad duty of telling him so. He answered that he was resigned to the will of God, and throughout his tedious illness he always exhibited the same spirit of cheerful patience. When the end came, he died like the holy priest he was. Let us hope, my dear brethren, that in the heaven to which he has passed, we, too, may some day attain and there meet once more the devoted priest who has gone from this earth to his eternal reward."

After the singing of the Libera a procession was formed and the remains of Father Strubbe were borne through long lines of priests with lighted tapers into the sanctuary, down to the crypt of the church and finally to his last resting place. In the crypt the body was received by Archbishop Bruchesi and Bishop Racicot, who performed the last rites, after which the remains were deposited in the vault, according to the custom of the Redemptorist Order.

Among the laity who attended the services were Hon. Justice Curran, Ald. Gallery, Ald. Walsh, F. J. Curran, Dr. Dwyer, Dr. Guerin, Dr. Scenles, J. F. Scanlan, M. Scanlan, P. B. McCaffrey, F. J. Greene, C. Coughlin, J. Rogers, F. Casey, E. Langen, W. E. Doran, F. Donovan,

M. Doherty, P. T. O'Brien, R. Byrne, H. McLaughlin, Joseph McLaughlin, Jos. Walsh, B. Tansy, D. Tansy, O. Tansy, T. P. Slattery, P. Kanehan, M. Murphy, J. Whitty, J. Hughes, F. Hartford, J. Johnson, T. F. Sullivan, J. Gallery, R. Latimer, D. Shanahan, J. Shanahan, F. Clarke, E. M. McCarthy, J. Mahoney, B. E. Healy, A. Lynch, L. Mahoney, J. Ryan, J. Maiden, T. O'Connell, N. Power, A. Thompson, T. Dillon, H. McClure, J. Brown, F. Brown, R. Brown, P. Brennan, J. O'Brien, M. Roach, M. Scullion, J. Davins, T. O'Sullivan, P. J. Cooney, J. J. Gettings, J. Walsh, T. Lynott, J. Mins, P. Tucker, R. Hall, E. Quinn, E. Barney, J. Murray, J. McCaffrey, J. Tucker, J. Killoran, T. Jones, J. Power, M. Finn, Dr. Demers, Capt. M. Fennell, No. 7 station; A. Finn, Jos. Bruchesi, brother of the Archbishop; Jno. Killoran, Supt. Janin, Montreal Waterworks; Ald. Deserres, C. McCann, Saumarez Carmichael, E. Hotte, (Richelieu, Ont.), Jno. Slattery, Thos. Slattery, Barney Tansy, F. Curot, secretary of Laval University; R. McNow, W. Wall, S. T. Gould, J. Shafron, D. J. Byrnes, M. J. Doherty, Jos. Davin, J. M. McMahon.

L'Union Belge was represented by President Henry Iquist and Messrs. Borrowwals (Belgium), Fyon, Decouen, Cochez, Franck, Roy.

Rev. Martin Callaghan, pastor of St. Patrick's, paid the following tribute to the memory of Father Strubbe at high Mass on Sunday:

"I am grieved to announce the death of Father Strubbe. He is a serious loss to the people and clergy of Montreal. He was summoned from amongst us in the prime and strength of his manhood, and in the enjoyment of an influence far beyond the average power of pastors. He was an honor to the priesthood, to his own order, and his memory will ever be faithfully cherished by the people for whose welfare he labored so long and so well. Any words of mine at the best are only a human tribute, but I feel confident that they are borne out in the reward granted him by God who knows all things and will reward every man according to his works.

"May the perpetual light which knows no fading shine upon his soul, and may he have already received the eternal glory due to his vigorous faith, practical piety and indefatigable zeal."

YOUNG MEN'S TRIBUTE.

The following tribute to the late Father Strubbe, C.S.S.R., was offered on behalf of St. Ann's Young Men's Society, of which Father Strubbe had been the spiritual adviser since its organization. It was written by Mr. James Martin in connection with Monday's requiem services:

Great heart, now cold in silent death,
Stricken are all the hearts you stole;

But, ah! you gave your latest breath
To us, the children of your soul—
O God, we kneel in grief to Thee,
And bow to Thy divine decree!

Great heart, your love for us had won
What harsher soul could ne'er beguile—
The warmest love for Flanders' son
From exiles of green Erin's Isle—
O God, we kneel in grief to Thee,
And bow to Thy divine decree!

Great heart, your fluent, priestly tongue
Stirred countless souls whose faith was dim,
But 'twas not it alone that wrung
Their hearts, and led them back to Him!

'Twas your deep, wide humanity—
O God, we bow to Thy decree!

Great heart, too soon—ah, God, too soon!
Your children kneel beside your bier,
Scarce reached your noble manhood's noon,
While we are still to wander here—
God, Thou hast called him home to Thee,
We bow to Thy divine decree!

Great heart, no chiseled stone shall tell
Your name—'tis graven on our hearts;

You wrote it there, and wrote it well
While teaching us to play our parts,
O Soggarth dear, farewell to thee!
O God, we bow to Thy decree!

"FATHER PROUT" IN ROME.

The following interesting notes appear in the Rome correspondence of Mr. Connellan in the Dublin Freeman's Journal: The "well-known Irish historian" who contributed the very interesting particulars regarding Amelia Curran, "the eldest daughter of John Philpot Curran," has directed attention to the associations of Ireland with Rome, and especially with the Irish Franciscan Church of St. Isidore in this city.

The "historian" says that Miss Curran died here in August, 1847; and that her funeral oration was preached by Cardinal Newman. There is evidence that Cardinal—then Dr. Newman preached the funeral oration of an Irish lady, but it may be doubted that this was Miss Curran. Rev. Francis O'Mahony, better known in the literary world as Father Prout, was in Rome at this time, having been appointed by Charles Dickens special correspondent of the Daily News, which had been established by the novelist in the year 1846.

Early in December, 1846, Father Prout relates the death of a lovely daughter of Colonel Bryan, of Killenny. This was Catherine Octavia Bryan, of Jenkinstown, Co. Kilkenny; and he goes on to tell that "the solemn dirge and requiem held over the poor lady in the Church of the Irish Franciscans, St. Isidoro, was attended by several hundred British visitors, besides the young lady's kinsfolk, of the princely house of Doria Pamphili, the Borgese."

The most interesting part of Father Prout's letter, however, is the following: "Towards the termination of the sorrowful ceremony, at a pause in the liturgy, there arose in the body of the church a person in ecclesiastical costume, of pensive and careworn aspect, who, standing near the coffin, addressed himself to speak. His voice was low as first, so that few heard, till it gradually filled the church, and it was understood to be a simple recital of the unostentatious virtues of the deceased; but soon came words of more impressive import, and a whisper went round that the unexpected speaker on the occasion was the Rev. Mr. Newman, late of Oxford."

"To the thousands who have perused," says Prout, "his printed sermons delivered in Anglican pulpits, it would be difficult to convey a notion of his manner on the present occasion, it being the first time that he delivered himself of an extemporaneous unpremeditated discourse."

Father Prout in the following year (April 8th) mentioned incidentally Amelia Curran as being in Rome. He is telling of the expected arrival in Rome of Daniel O'Connell, and he writes:—"He (that is, O'Connell) will find here, in a state of bodily and mental debility equal to his own, at an advanced age, the only daughter of Curran, the sister of her of whom it is written, in pages that will never die, 'She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps.'"

But Prout makes no mention of the death of Amelia Curran, which, as the "historian" says, took place in the August of 1847.

The register of the College of St. Isidore records that on the 2nd of September, 1847, the body of Miss Curran was buried in the Franciscan Cemetery; but no mention is made of any sermon having been preached on the occasion.

Under the date of the 3th December, 1846, it is recorded in the same register of St. Isidore that on this day a solemn Mass was chanted and the Office recited for the soul of Catherine Octavia Bryan, and that on this occasion the funeral oration was made by the Rev. Dr. Newman. The same hand wrote the two entries in the register, and the probability is that if Dr. Newman had preached the funeral oration over Amelia Curran, the writer would have mentioned it as he did in the case of Catherine Octavia Bryan.

However, this does not exclude the possibility that Dr. Newman may have preached both sermons. There is double evidence for that over Miss Bryan—Father Prout's letter in the Daily News, and the register of St. Isidore; but I do not know any for that over Miss Curran.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

TRANQUILITY.

Who does not love a tranquil heart, a sweet-tempered, balanced life? It does not matter whether it rains or shines, or what misfortunes come to those possessing these blessings, for they are always sweet, serene, and calm.

That exquisite praise of character which we call serenity is the last lesson of culture; it is the flowering of life, the fruitage of the soul.

It is as precious as wisdom, more to be desired than gold. How contemptible mere money-wealth looks in comparison with a serene life, a life which dwells in the ocean of truth, beneath the waves, beyond the reach of tempests, in the eternal calm!

How many people we know who sour their lives, who ruin all that is sweet and beautiful by explosive tempers, who destroy their peace of character by bad blood! In fact, it is a question whether the great majority of people do not ruin their lives and mar their happiness by lack of self-control. How few people we meet in life who are well-balanced, who have the exquisite poise which is characteristic of the finished character.



THE MAID'S REFERENCE.

No matter how excellent is the written reference shown by the servant it should be verified by the prospective employer. In many cases the mistress of a departing maid will write for her an uncandid reference for the sake of saving herself an unpleasant scene or from a mistaken kindness. She does not wish to endanger the maid's chances of securing further employment, and she prefers to stretch the truth to being honest in the recommendation she bestows. A lamentable want of honor prevails among housekeepers in this regard. Too much stress can hardly be laid upon this necessity for honesty in the references given. It is the protection of the maid as well as of the mistress.—Harper's Bazar.



RILEY'S MANNER WITH CHILDREN.

James Whitcomb Riley, whose love for children is so great and who is almost invariably successful in making himself popular with them, has one unfeeling method of winning their confidence. According to Riley, anyone who employs it cannot fail, unless he is a most unnaturally disagreeable person indeed, of winning the shy interest of a child.

"Often," he says, "I have been sitting in a room when a child would enter while I was in conversation with some of its elders. My impulse would be to leave the elders incontinently and to turn to the child, but that never accomplishes anything. Indeed, I would go on talking and pay no attention in the world to the little intruder. There is enough human nature in a child to make him unconsciously resent this, perhaps being piqued by it. Gradually the child has come nearer, watching and listening, and wondering what manner of person this may be who pays it no deference. And at last I have known children to venture quite to my knee. Then I have put out a hand in a casual and absent-minded manner, perhaps absent-mindedly I have patted the hand, and at last, still talking with an assumption of absorbed interest to the grown people, I have even lifted the child to my knee and known it to sit there in content and confidence without my ever having addressed it.

"And one can do this. Instead, people usually frighten a child away by demonstrativeness and unreserve. A child is like a grown person, only more so. It wants the privilege of making some of the advances of friendship itself. And the confidence is so well worth winning, I wonder that everyone doesn't make it a study."—Tribune.



OLD WALNUT FURNITURE.

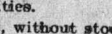
If you have any old walnut furniture keep it by all means. It is becoming rarer and more valuable all the time. Most of the pieces are ugly, because when walnut was in fashion taste was at a low ebb. An old bureau, table, or chest of drawers may be made a thing of beauty with a little expenditure. In the first place, the wood must be scraped of its disfiguring varnish and brass or glass knobs put on. Some pieces may have to be entirely remade, but this is frequently done with mahogany and other valuable woods.

SOUP PHILOSOPHY.

"Many people wonder," says an old-fashioned housekeeper, "why we begin a heavy dinner with soup. It is because the stomach is tired and needs a mild stimulant before being taxed. We find in soup, especially in clear soup, a tonic rather than a nutrient. This is the reason clear soups are served for heavy dinners and purees and cream soups for luncheon. The cream soups and purees with bread and butter make a fairly nutritious meal. There are two kinds of soups—those with stock and those without. Stock is the extract from meats; beef extract acts as a stimulant, bringing the digestive juices into play. In it we get only the flavor and the coloring, but no nutriment. "A dog fed on beef extract died of starvation. It is used in sickness as a conservator of energy, to keep up the vital forces. Bouillon is the clear soup made of beef extract, delicately seasoned. Brown soup is made from stock, which is two-thirds lean beef and one-third fat and bone. In the bone we find the gelatine and mineral matter.

"The best cut for stock is the mid-way cut of the shank, in which is found the round bone with the marrow. Brown soups are made of this stock clarified and seasoned with vegetables and herbs. White soups are made from stock of fish or of chicken. Consommé is made from two or three meats, and is clear. Mutton soup or broth is invaluable for invalids in convalescence, especially in fever cases, through its sustaining qualities.

"The soups, without stocks, are the creams, bisque and puree. The last named is seasoned with vegetables or fish and pressed through the puree sieve with tissues of the vegetables left in the soup. Bisque is made with shell fish or vegetables with bits of the fish or dice of the vegetables left in."—Indianapolis News.



TIMELY HINTS.

A point not to be forgotten is that potato peelings, well dried, are as useful as orange peel treated the same way for lighting a fire and making it burn up quickly. Both save fire-wood.

To mend a hole in an umbrella stick firmly on the inside a piece of black court plaster. This is not so noticeable as a darn.

Triangular shaped saucepans are new inventions and will no doubt become very popular. They are made to fit exactly into each other, so that a single burner of a gas stove serves to cook several pans.

To clean white feathers draw them gently through a warm soap lather several times, then pass them through tepid and finally through cold water to rinse them. Then hold them a short distance from the fire and curl the separate parts of the feather as it dries.

To keep milk sweet for several days add a teaspoonful of fine salt to every quart of milk.

To revive withered flowers which have been packed or carried for some distance is not always easy. The following plan has been found very satisfactory: Plunge the stalks into very hot water and allow them to stand till the water is cold. Then

"Weak Heart"

Palpitation and irregular action of the heart are due largely to a thin, watery condition of the blood. The heart and nerves refuse to perform their proper work for want of support. Pale, weak, or anemic people should use "PSYCHINE" and avoid heart troubles. "PSYCHINE" makes rich blood, tones the system, regulates the heart action and restores vitality. All weak people should have a bottle handy in case of sudden heart troubles.

GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

PSYCHINE

(PRONOUNCED SEE-KEN)
ALL DRUGGISTS—ONE DOLLAR—TRIAL FREE
DR. T. A. SLOOM, Limited
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The Bad Habit of To-day

cut off the ends of the stalks and arrange the flowers in cold water. Thus treated flowers will last wonderfully in vases.

An excellent wash for plants is tobacco water. Take a handful of tobacco stems and steep them by pouring boiling water over them until the water looks like strong tea. When the water has become cool, wipe off the leaves and stems with a sponge or soft cloth. Reduce the strength of the infusion with more water and thoroughly wet the earth around the roots. This will keep the plants healthy and remove all insects.

RECIPES.

Bohemian Cream—One pint of thick cream, one pint of grape juice jelly, stir together, put in cups and set on ice. Serve with ladyfingers.

Rice Jumblets—One cup of boiled cold rice, the rice being white and flaky; one and one-half cups wheat flour. Stir a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder in the flour. Beat two eggs and a cup of milk together with a half cup of butter. Add a little salt. Mix the ingredients. If the dough isn't quite stiff enough add a little more wheat flour. Bake in pat-ty tins. Serve hot or cold.

Baked Oysters and Macaroni—Break enough macaroni into two inch pieces to fill a cup. Throw it into rapidly boiling water containing a teaspoonful of salt and boil twenty minutes, drain and rinse in cold water to blanch. Drain and wash by pouring cold water over them in a colander two dozen oysters. Put a layer of macaroni in a baking dish, then a layer of oysters, dust with salt and pepper and dot with small bits of butter; then another layer of macaroni and oysters, and so on until all are used up; pour over them a cup of cream, cover the top with a layer of crumbs, and bake one-half hour in a moderately quick oven. Half a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper and a tablespoonful of butter will be the right proportion for seasoning.

Orange Meringue Pudding.—Peel and slice two oranges, and lay them in a pudding dish; sprinkle with sugar; make a custard of one-half pint of milk, the yolks of two eggs, one-fourth cup of sugar, and one tablespoonful of corn starch; when cold, pour it over the oranges; beat the whites of the eggs into a stiff froth, add one-third cupful of pulverized sugar, pour on the custard, and put it in an oven for a few minutes to brown.

Gravy Soup—Put one pound of beef and two ounces of ham into one pint of water; cover with water and simmer three hours, during which time it must not boil, as the pores of the meat will then be opened and the gravy drawn; put in three quarts of water (hot), with a quarter ounce each of pepper, allspice and salt, as well as sweet herbs; cloves, two or three carrots and turnips, together with a little celery, and boil slowly until the meat is done to shreds; strain well and serve hot.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

"How did you get that black eye, Willie?"

"I got 'dat," replied Willie, disgustedly, "by waitin' to count ten when I was angry, like you told me to."

The Editor—What have you written about the death of that bright young Jenkins?"

The Reporter—Something neat, sir, windin' up with these words: "He leaves a brilliant future behind him."

The class was having lessons in natural history and the teacher asked: "Now, is there any boy here who can tell me what a zebra is?"

Tommy—"Yes, sir, I can."

Teacher—"Well, Tommy, what is a zebra?"

Tommy—"A zebra is a donkey with a foot ball suit on."

The protest against vaccination in the schools at Kansas City recalls an actual occurrence at Topeka a few years ago, says the Kansas City Journal. It had been required by law that all school children in a certain school district be vaccinated. One day a small boy brought a note to his teacher from his mother, which read: "Miss Smith: I did not have Jack vaccinated. I will tell you the reason. When I was a child I was vaccinated, and it proved fatal."

THE GROWING MIND AT WORK.

A youngster of inquiring mind made a short trip on one of the ferry-boats lately, and those are a few of the questions he propounded to his long-suffering caretaker:—"Is the water down below there as

DR. WOODS NORWAY PINE SYRUP

contains all the long-acting virtues of the pine tree, and is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds and all Throat or Lung troubles. Mrs. E. Hutchison, 188 Argyle Street, Toronto, writes: "I have been a sufferer from Chronic Bronchitis for years and have found Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup far better than any of the hundreds of remedies I have used. Our whole family use it in cases of Coughs or Colds. We would not be without it."

Don't be humbugged into taking something "just as good," ask for Dr. Wood's and insist on getting it. Put up in yellow wrapper, three pine trees is the trade mark and price 25 cents.

MAY BE PNEUMONIA TO-MORROW.

How many men could be drowned in water as deep as that? "Did you ever stand with your head in the water till you couldn't breathe any more?" "If a father fish couldn't find any worms in the water for his little fish, would he think of going up on shore to dig for them?" "Is that big man with the gold buttons on his coat the father of all those men who do whatever he tells them?" "Oh, look!" was the gleeful comment as they passed a steamer towed by a little harbor tug, which whistled sharply every now and then, "that big boat's got the little boat by the tail, and the little boat's squealing!"

Then his attention was momentarily turned upon a collie of high degree whose silky tail swept the deck. When discovered simultaneously by the horrified owner of the canine as well as his own weary guardian he was actively engaged in trying the tip of the dog's tail upon its back to the ring in its collar.

"But 'deed I wasn't hurtin' it any," protested the small boy, dolefully, "Benson says dogs what trail their tails behind 'em is sneaks, and I was trying to help unsneak him!"

THE BELOVED.

They are gone out into the night, The young, the loved, the wise and gay; Here whence our joys so soon take flight Ah, who would stay?—would choose to stay?

Oh, who's in love with life to be, Life so alone when friends are gone? The last leaves on an empty tree Trembling alone, trembling alone.

Oh, who would fear to take the road— To stay were rather cause for fear— That the beloved fast have trod? But yesterday, but yester-year?

Beyond the night, beyond the waste, Where stars yet lift their diadem, Shall we not, if we go in haste, Come up with them, come up with them?

Oh, who would fear the night and frost, Beyond whose mirk their faces shine— The young, the loved, the early lost? Oh, yours and mine; Oh, yours and mine!

—Katharine Tynan Hinkson.

AT NIGHT.

At night The whiel of life grows still, The throbbing of the noisy mill, The pulsing brain and hand that till, At night grow still.

At night The stars come out and keep Their watch through all the hours of sleep. O'er dreaming land and solenn deep, And those who weep.

At night We rise above the care And pettiness that all must bear, And breathe the sweet and purer air That angels share. —Frank H. Sweet.

YESTERDAY.

Dear yesterday, glide not so fast; Oh, let me cling To thy white garments floating past, Even to shadows which they cast. I cling, I cling, Show me thy face Just once, once more, a single night Cannot have brought a loss, a blight Upon its grace.

Nor are they dead whom thou dost bear, Robed for the grave, See what a smile their red lips wear: To lay them living wilt thou dare Into a grave? I know, I know, I left thee first, now I repent I listen now; I never meant To have thee go.

Just once, once more, tell me the word. Thou hast for me!

The Poet's Corner.

IF WISHING WERE HAVING.

Hey, little lassies with eyes of blue, And brave little laddies with eyes of brown! What if a fairy should come to you And show you the way to Grow-up Town!

Now tell me truly, if I have guessed That this is the gift your heart holds best.

Would you drop your dolly and leave your ball, And quit your frolics in field and glen, For the sake of feeling yourselves grow tall, For the bliss of being real women and men?

Say, little lassies, and laddies too, Now isn't this just what you would do?

Tell me, oh women with wistful eyes, And men who grieve on life's tail-some way, What if kind fate, in some fairy guise Should grant the wish of your heart to-day!

Weighed in the balance of time's true cost, Which, of all gifts, would you count the best?

Would you leave the crowded city mart, The glitter of gold, the crown of fame, To sport as a child with care-free heart, And eyes unclouded by grief or shame?

Tell me, oh world-tried women and men, Would you be, if you could, a child again? —Ida Goldsmith Morris.

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Alas, although my heart was stirred, I never knew or heard It was for me, O yesterday, My yesterday, thy sorrest pain Were joy shouldst thou but come again— Sweet yesterday. —Helen Hunt Jackson.

MY NUT-BROWN MAID.

My heart is far from Liffey's tide And Dublin town, It strays beyond the southern side Of (not-Maol-Doua), Where Cappoquin hath woodlands green, Where Own-mor's waters flow, Where dwells unsung, unsought, unseen, Mo Chraoibhin Cno, Low clustering in her leafy screen, Mo Chraoibhin Cno,

The high-bred dames of Dublin town Are rich and fair, With wavy plumes and aiken gown And stately air; Can plumes compare thy dark-brown hair? Can silks thy neck of snow? Or measured pace thine artless grace, Mo Chraoibhin Cno, When harebells scarcely show thy trace, Mo Chraoibhin Cno,

I've heard the songs by Liffey's wave That maidens sung— They sung their land, the Saxon's slave, In Saxon tongue— Oh! bring me here that Gaelic dear Which cursed the Saxon foe, When thou didst charm my raptured ear, Mo Chraoibhin Cno, And none but God's good angels near Mo Chraoibhin Cno,

I've wandered by the rolling Lee, And Lene's green bowers— I've seen the Shannon's wide-spread sea, And Limerick's towers— And Liffey's tide, where halls of pride Frown o'er the flood below; My wild heart strays to Own-mor's side, Mo Chraoibhin Cno, With love and thee for aye to bide, Mo Chraoibhin Cno, —Edward Walsh.

*A liberal translation of "Mo Chraoibhin Cno" (pronounced "Mo Crao-in-O") literally "Cluster of Nuts."

THE SPINNER.

The spinner twisted her slender thread As she sat and spun; The earth and the heavens are mine," she said, "And the moon and sun; Into my web the sunlight goes, And the breath of May— And the crimson life of the new-born rose That was born to-day."

The spinner sat in the hush of noon, And her song was low; "Ah, morning, you pass away too soon, You are swift to go; My heart o'erflows like a brimming cup, With its hopes and fears— Love, come and drink the sweetness up, Ere it turns to tears."

The spinner looked at the falling sun, "Is it time to rest? My hands are weary—my work is done; I have wrought my best; I have spun and woven with patient eyes And with fingers fleet. Lo! Where the toll of a lifetime lies In a winding sheet!" —Mary Anne de Vere.

IN THE LATE AFTERGLOW.

Low in the east a misty orange moon And in the west the last faint tinge of red Moonlight and twilight mingling overhead In tender beauty that will fade too soon. O God of Earth and Heaven, grant me this boon— That often at this hour, when I am dead, My spirit may return and, raptured, tread This winding hill-path where the cedars crouch; That I may feel, as I feel now, the spell, The ecstasy, the longing and the thrill Of mute companionship with stream and dell, And trees, and stars, and every heavenward hill; And dream the dreams no mortal tongue can tell, And speak thy deeps that ever more are still. —Ingram Crockett.

Bear Girls and Boys I am just imagining must have had hallow looking forward to letters telling me who played, and who time you had. Well little friends this week Your loving AU

MOTHER'S KISS. A kiss when I wake in the morning, A kiss when I go to bed, A kiss when I burn my fingers, A kiss when I hurt my head, A kiss when my bath is cold, A kiss when my bath is hot, My mother is full of kisses, As nurse is full of pinches, A kiss when I play with my dolls, A kiss when I pull her hair, She covered me over the day I fell from the chair, A kiss when I give her a kiss, A kiss when I give her a kiss, There's nothing like my mother's kiss, For her own little baby.

NUMBER SEVEN. "Mercy, it's hot!" stout woman, waiting in a city department store, "But it's nice and comfortable," smiled the cash returned with a check. The customer looked moist, shiny face—and white little face it sure, but cheerful as a shine—and the woman, herself, smiled back as a "You don't seem very 'That's because I'm running more checks than an morning," the girl said of to answer another customer. "You'd think Number Seven interest in the concern, glad when she's busy," marked, handing the change. "She's a good you up a day like this."

The clerk who had sum cash girl handed her a change as she did so to the her: "I wish I had a drink 'I'll bring you one t'bac," Number Seven insponded. The clerk nodded and thanks, and when the y had passed out of hearing her fellow-worker: "She's the most willing basement. I always like my checks."

The day grew hotter, the grew harder to please, I grew more tired, but t spirit of Number Seven ged nor failed, though o her step did, and her face grow smaller. But the s and went quite as frequ had come earlier in the day girl said gravely to her: "I don't see how you ke grumbling."

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"Say, isn't it fine here!" raising her little smiling face "You mightn't think so if to stand here all day," he s "But the wind is so cool Oh, it's just fine!" she cri ing in deep breaths of the r air until her narrow shoul ed to broaden and her ey with the contentment of gre "If the motorman exceed gulation speed of the car then and the next stop, i cause of Number Seven's evl preciation of her position though it must have been to the fact that had kept on rum day.

When Number Seven reach and home was three rooms rear of a tall building—the small kitchen crying eag "I've come, mother, and s I've brought you!" The woman standing at th turned and said gently: "I'm glad you have come, d Number Seven nodded her removed her sailor hat. "And busy one, and lots of nice happening," she supplemented customer gave me a kiss!

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

I am just imagining what fun you must have had hallowe'en and I am looking forward to ever so many letters telling me what games you played, and what a general good time you had. Where are all my little friends this week?

Your loving friend, AUNT BECKY.

MOTHER'S KISSES.

A kiss when I wake in the morning, A kiss when I go to bed, A kiss when I burn my finger, A kiss when I hurt my head.

A kiss when my bath is over, A kiss when my bath begins, My mother is full of kisses As nurse is full of pins.

A kiss when I play with my rattle, A kiss when I pull her hair; She covered me over with kisses The day I fell from the chair.

A kiss when I give her trouble, A kiss when I give her joy; There's nothing like mother's kisses For her own little baby boy.

NUMBER SEVEN.

"Mercy, it's hot!" exclaimed the stout woman, waiting for her change in a city department store.

"But it's nice and cool in the basement," smiled the cash girl, who had returned with a check and change.

The customer looked at the girl's moist, shiny face—and what a pinched, white little face it was, to be sure, but cheerful as a day of sunshine—and the woman, in spite of herself, smiled back as she remarked: "You don't seem very cool."

"That's because I'm so busy. I've run more checks than any of 'em this morning," the girl said, as she ran off to answer another call.

"You'd think Number Seven had an interest in the concern, she's so glad when she's busy," the clerk remarked, handing the woman her change. "She's a good one to brace you up a day like this."

The clerk who had summoned the cash girl handed her a check, observing as she did so to the clerk beside her: "I wish I had a drink of water."

"I'll bring you one as I come back," Number Seven instantly responded.

The clerk nodded and smiled her thanks, and when the younger girl had passed out of hearing added to her fellow-worker: "She's the most willing cash in the basement. I always like her to run my checks."

The day grew hotter, the customers grew harder to please, the clerks grew more tired, but the cheerful spirit of Number Seven neither flagged nor failed, though occasionally her step did, and her face seemed to grow smaller. But the smile came and went quite as frequently as it had done earlier in the day, and one girl said gravely to her: "I don't see how you keep from grumbling."

"What's the use? Grumbling don't make you any cooler and take the tired out of your feet," Number Seven answered.

On the way home the overtaxed seating capacity of the car forced Number Seven to a standing position beside the motorman.

"Say, isn't it fine here!" she cried, raising her little smiling face to his. "You mightn't think so if you had to stand here all day," he answered.

"But the wind is so cool and nice. Oh, it's just fine!" she cried, drawing in deep breaths of the refreshing air until her narrow shoulders seemed to broaden and her eyes shone with the contentment of great riches.

"If the motorman exceeded the regulation speed of the car between then and the next stop, it was because of Number Seven's evident appreciation of her position, firing though it must have been to the little feet that had kept on running all day.

When Number Seven reached home—and home was three rooms in the rear of a tall building—she entered the small kitchen crying eagerly: "I've come, mother, and see what I've brought you!"

The woman standing at the stove turned and said gently: "I'm glad you have come, dear. It has been a hot day, hasn't it?"

Number Seven nodded her head and removed her sailor hat. "And what a hay one, and lots of nice things happening," she supplemented. "A customer gave me a nickel to buy a

soda, and I saved it and bought you a box of berries instead. See? Aren't they beauties?—for only five cents. And a young lady from the country gave me these pansies. She said they'd freshen right up if I put them into water. And mother, I've kept the best till the last. Mr. Walker is going to put me behind the counter, beginning Monday—the cake-tin counter, you know—and that means two dollars more every week."

"Why, that is sooner than you expected to be promoted, dear," said her mother gladly.

"Yes, Mr. Walker says I've learned the ways of the store so fast, I'm ready to be a saleslady," and Number Seven made her mother a sweeping bow and added in the same breath: "I'm hungry as can be. Let's eat our supper, mother, and you tell me all the nice things that have happened to you."

"The very nicest thing happened when my little daughter came home to me cheerful and having only pleasant things to tell me," the mother answered gratefully.

"The others aren't worth remembering, and I forgot them as soon as I can," came the reply, as the wise little speaker helped herself to bread.

JAMIE'S PRIZE.

Jamie Norris was a little Scotch lad, who came all the way from his far-away home—beyond the great ocean—to his uncle's home in America alone. He was only eight years old when a low fever carried off both father and mother in a single week.

After they were buried, neighbors wrote to Jamie's uncle and asked what was to be done with the orphan boy. "Tag him for Baxter, Ill., U.S. A., and ship him by express to me," was the reply. So, after a fortnight's journey he reached the station to which he had been shipped and was taken in charge by his uncle who was waiting for his arrival.

Jamie was homesick and tired after his long trip, but he was a brave little fellow and winked back the tears when his aunt kissed him and welcomed him to the prairie home. There were three children in the Norris home—Bruce, aged eleven; Frank, ten, and little Jean, just Jamie's age.

It was on Saturday that he completed his long journey, and on Monday he went with his cousins to the village school. The boys laughed at his Scotch plaid, and mimicked his Highland brogue, but he walked off, knowing very well that he was too small to defend himself from their rudeness, and that it was better to endure their taunts quietly than be worsted in a fight.

In the evening when the roll was called, Jamie observed that most of the scholars answered "merit"; a few said "demerit" when their names were called, but not understanding what they meant by the answers, when it came to "Jamie Norris," he simply replied, "Here," as he had been accustomed to do in the school across the big waters.

"Are you 'merit' or 'demerit'?" asked the teacher, glancing up from her day-book; and when Jamie said he did not know what was meant by these answers she explained: "If you haven't whispered one word during the study hours, answer 'merit,' but if you have 'demerit.'"

"Then I'm 'demerit,'" answered Jamie, "for I whispered several times."

"How often?" questioned the teacher.

"I don't know," Jamie returned quietly.

"As many as two?" urged the teacher.

"More than that," said Jamie.

"Three, four or five?" asked Miss Ray.

"More than that," was the answer.

"Six, eight or ten times, I suspect?"

"I didn't know the rule, so I didn't keep count."

"Then I'll have to give you zero," said the teacher, sternly. "You ought to know not to whisper in school, even if you were not told."

"You're a gilly to tell," said Jamie on the way home in the evening.

"But I did talk over so much," insisted Jamie. "What else could I do but talk?"

"Why not answer 'merit' like the rest of us, of course? The teacher didn't see you, and it'll spoil your report tomorrow. Just think of it—zero the first day! Father will think it's awful. He always wishes us to get good marks."

WEAK TIRED WOMEN

How many women there are that get no refreshment from sleep. They wake in the morning and feel tired than when they went to bed. They have a dizzy sensation in the head, the heart palpitates; they are irritable and nervous, weak and worn out, and the lightest household duties during the day seem to be a drag and a burden.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are the very remedy that weak, nervous, tired out, sickly women need to restore them the blessings of good health.

They give sound, restful sleep, tone up the nerves, strengthen the heart, and make rich blood. Mrs. C. McDonald, Portage la Prairie, Man., writes: "I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and weak spells. I got four boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after taking them I was completely cured."

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or the The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"Not if you don't deserve it," Jamie returned. "And I can't see what difference it makes whether the teacher saw me or not. I saw myself, and that's the same."

"No, it isn't," contradicted Bruce. "That sort of whispering doesn't count. Why we all do that kind of talking. Making signs and writing notes aren't talking."

"But they are breaking the rule, and that's the same," persisted Jamie. "I'll try to keep from breaking the rules, but if I forget, I'll not answer 'merit.'"

And he held to his Scottish resolution despite the twitting and big "demerits." If he whispered or did things against the rules, he did not call them by some other names, or try to sneak out of them, and yet, despite his poor report, the teacher said he was one of the quietest, most obedient pupils in the school. His lessons were always well prepared, though it was a matter of regret that no honors went his way.

A series of prizes for high standing in classes and best reports in conduct were to be distributed on the closing day of the term, and, as usual, much interest was felt in the outcome of the contest.

In the award, Jamie's name was not mentioned at all, but after the result of the winter's contest had been announced, and the prizes distributed, the president of the board, who had been spokesman on the occasion, said: "I have another prize to bestow to-night; one not mentioned in the list of honors. It is a gold medal, and goes to Jamie Norris, the boy who always prefers 'demerits' to untruths, and in consequence carries away a report below the average, though according to the teacher's estimation, in both work and conduct, he stands higher than any other pupil in the school."

MARGERY LANE'S BIRTHDAY.

It was such a pale, wistful face peering out from between the shabby curtains that Kathleen Thompson stopped for a moment to smile as she passed by the little brown house on her way to school. The sweet was face smiled back at her, and blue eyes filled with suffering looked into brown ones sparkling with health and happiness. Another moment and Kathleen had reached the door and turned the knob; but the story is best told in her own words as she related it to her mother after school.

"You see, mamma, it happened this way: I was in a hurry, and so I took the short cut across Juniper street, and all of a sudden I saw a sick-looking little girl at a window. I smiled at her and she smiled at me, and then I tried the door, and she said 'Come,' and oh, mamma, she was sitting there all alone with a little dog curled upon her lap. She told me that Fido is all the company she has, for her mamma is away from morning till night working to get her little girl food and medicine."

And then Kathleen, who was a member of the Sunshine society, put numerous questions to her mamma, with the result that the next day all the members of the society met at Kathleen's home, where the story of Margery Lane was retold, while wise little heads nodded approval as Kathleen unfolded her plan.

One day about a week after Kathleen's visit to Margery Lane, the postman left a tiny white envelope at the little brown house. Margery's fingers fairly trembled as she opened it, and when her mother returned that night from her day's labors a pair of little arms were clasped about her neck, and a quivering voice told of the invitation to spend next day at Kathleen's beautiful home on the hill. "And, mamma," added the child, "they will send the carriage for me, and I may go but as I want all the long."

They knew the secret back of it, she gave no outward token, yet long after Margery had fallen to sleep Mrs. Lane sat thinking of the joy that was to come to her little girl next day through the kindness of her new friends.

"Hush, girls!" Kathleen held up a warning finger as Margery's voice was heard, and softly the members of the Sunshine society slipped from the room, but from their hiding place they caught a glimpse of Margery's face as, with outstretched arms, she sobbed, "Oh, mamma, how pretty!"

For the bare little room of the early morning had taken on a new garb. From the dainty rose strewn paper on the wall to the pretty matting and rugs and pictures, the happy eyes of Margery wandered to the softly-cushioned wheel-chair, across which lay a red eiderdown wrapper.

As suddenly the sweet thrill of a canary was heard, Margery's eyes filled with tears. Again the little arms were placed about her mother's neck, while a tremulous voice whispered: "Dear God, bless all the little girls of the Sunshine society."—New York Observer.

THE MOLE'S NOSE.

A correspondent of the London Spectator writes: "It may not be generally known that a slight tap with the finger on the end of the nose of the mole kills it at once. I once had ocular demonstration of this by a mole-catcher, and it was most remarkable. Here the tap on a highly specialized organ causes a reflex shock through the highly sensitive nerves of touch and sent to the brain centre that presides over the heart, which at once causes paralysis of that organ. The mole, unlike the pig, does not use his nose for rooting in the ground, but forces his way on entirely by means of his adaptive legs and feet, which scrape the soil to either side."

BABY'S AWAKENING.

It ought to be a pleasure to look forward to Baby's awakening. He should awaken bright, smiling and full of fun, refreshed by sleep and ready for a good time. How many parents dread their child's voice, because they know when he awakes he will cry and fret and keep everyone on the move until he falls asleep again from pure exhaustion. These crying fits make the life of the inexperienced mother a torment. And yet baby is not crying for the fun of the thing—there is something wrong, though the mother may not see anything ails the child. Try Baby's Own Tablets in cases of this kind, and we venture to say baby will wake up happy and smiling—an altogether different child. Here is proof from Mrs. John S.utherland, Blissfield, N. S., who says:—"My baby was terribly cross, and often kept me awake half the night before I got Baby's Own Tablets for her. Since I began giving her the Tablets, she is perfectly well, sleeps soundly all night, and wakes up bright and fresh in the morning." Baby's Own Tablets are a safe medicine for children of all ages. They cannot do anything but good. You can get them from your druggist, or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Bridgewater, Ont.

HORACE GREELY'S ERR OR

John I. Davenport, day editor of the New York Tribune when Amos J. Cummings was night editor, and Greeley was in his editorial prime, was, like Cummings, a rare raconteur of Greeley stories. One that Davenport loved to tell was about an error for which Greeley himself was responsible. Greeley, an authority on election figures, one day went into the Tribune office, overjoyed that the Republicans had carried Westchester county in the local election. He wrote an editorial on the subject and put a comparative table, taken from the Tribune Almanac, in the article. When the paper appeared the figures were misplaced, the Republican vote appearing in the Democratic column and vice versa. Greeley was in an awful temper and vowed, after much blankety-blanking, that he would kick the proofreader out of the place. He would not be made a fool of in that way, etc. This in the editorial room. Upstairs he told the proofreader that he ought to be kicked from one end of the composing room to the other. The man thus berated hurried up the copy and held it before Greeley with but one remark: "Read that, sir." Greeley read it; and then his face assumed a look of mingled contempt and disgust. The error was Greeley's. Then he turned his back to the proofreader, lifted his coat-tails, and said loudly: "There Sam, kick me, and kick me till I'm hollow."

Fruit-a-tives OR "FRUIT LIVER TABLETS" Fruit with tonics make them. The natural remedy for constipation, biliousness, headaches, kidney and skin diseases. I am taking Fruit-a-tives and must say they are the best remedy I ever used for Stomach and Liver Trouble. I would not be without them at any price. Mrs. FRANK BUSH; Essex, N.B. At druggists—50c. a box. Manufactured by FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, Ottawa.

MONUMENT TO PIUS X.

Home Village Honors Him—National Flags Conspicuous.

A monument to Pope Pius X., subscribed for by Catholics all over the world, was unveiled Sunday morning at Trieste, the village in the Venetian provinces where the Pope was born.

The village was decorated and national flags were conspicuous everywhere. The walls were covered with inscriptions, one of which read "Long live Pope Pius X., the first citizen of the world." The authorities formed a procession, headed by the patriarch of Venice and six Bishops of the neighboring dioceses to the house where the Pope was born.

The eldest sister of the Pope and other relatives, who own an inn called "The Two Swords," where they themselves serve the customers, were the recipients of much attention.

A rumor spread through Rome in the morning that the Pope was ill. Dr. Laponi, his physician, stated that the Pope merely had a cold so slight that it can scarcely be called an indisposition. Since his last attack of gout in January His Holiness, the doctor says, has enjoyed perfect health.

The Pope received over 200 persons. The fact that these audiences have not been suspended is the best evidence of the Pope's good health.

The Perugian clericals here recently had the sculptor, Rodriguez Villar, design a statue of Pope Pius IX., which represented him at the dramatic moment when he uttered the famous words "Non Possimus!" at the time he refused consent to the union of Rome with Italy.

It was intended to erect this statue in a square in Singalia, the birthplace of Pius IX., which would result in disorders.

Villar went to Pope Pius X. for advice. His Holiness greeted him dryly, saying, "Saints should be in churches. As Pius IX. may be canonized, put your statue in the cathedral."

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY OF IRELAND.

That the Catholic Truth Society has a special and practical work cut out for it in Ireland, was shown by Cardinal Logue to the annual conference of that body in Dublin last week. His Eminence said: "The most precious inheritance which Almighty God has given us is a good Catholic youth in Ireland, and one of the chief objects of the Catholic Truth Society is to watch over them and guard them, and, above all, preserve them from the evils that come to young people in every country through the press at the present day. Well, that was the highest object, but there was another object also; they wish to make real Irishmen and real Irishwomen of the young boys and the young girls of Ireland (applause). I need not tell you, my dear friends, that our system of education in this country is very imperfect. I say nothing of the higher education of the country, which is one of the scandals that has become manifest to the whole world. I say nothing of the intermediate education of the country for which a great deal is done, but I speak of the primary education that the great body of our young boys and girls receive, and that has been made, not perhaps, anti-Catholic, but indifferent; it has been made as anti-Irish as it was possible for those who devised it to make it (applause). Our young people were put in a position in which they could know nothing of the magnificent past of our own country, no-

AN IRISH BISHOP ON ATHLETICS.

Bishop O'Donnell, of Raphoe, in a letter to Senus MacManus, gives his opinion as to the part Gaelic athletics should play in the development of the manhood of the young Irishman to-day. The Bishop says: "Irish games in Irish terms are the games for Irish people. If the youth of the country were again masters of the athletic exercises that gave strength and agility to our ancestors, there should be a free field for any other games of a suitable character, no matter of what origin. But as things are, no sports are so good for the people as those of native growth; and it is doubtful whether the future need add anything to them that has not some native characteristic within it.

"The gymnasium is common property. So, too, I suppose, cycling is some substitute for the riding, and motoring for the driving, that have come down to us with so much charm even from the heroic age; but, unless Irish football, a more manly game than canaan for all classes of Irishmen it would be difficult to find; and surely it would be well if all our young people, men and women, had learned drill as children at school, and if those living near the sea know how to swim, and row, and sail a boat. Such exercises could readily be practised with perfect regard for the reserve that so much becomes Irish Christian womanhood.

"There could not be a better earnest for the future than that the clubs already formed for canaan and football not only discountenance drink, but cultivate temperance in its fuller range by exercising, as is worthy of strong men, forbearance and gentleness and good-will towards one another. These will be noble features in the county organization you contemplate. I venture indeed to think that, to save the constitutions of the people, if for no higher motive, we are hearing the time when tea and whisky will be largely banned by public opinion, and a return to the simpler and sounder liking of those who went before us, deemed a patriotic duty. Hence it is most gratifying to hear that our young athletes are fully conscious that stimulants are the very worst preparation for success in the games.

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—When ordering change of address it is necessary to send old as well as new address.

NOTICE. Subscribers will please take notice that when their year is due, and should they wish to discontinue their paper, they are requested to notify this office, otherwise we will understand they wish to renew, in which case they will be liable for entire year.



THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1905.

DEATH OF FATHER STRUBBE.

In presence of the great sorrow which has fallen on St. Ann's parish words of sympathy seem so useless. Father Strubbe was called away whilst just enjoying his full prime, and to those who met him daily long years of usefulness seemed to be his portion; but God, in designs which we cannot comprehend, saw fit to remove him, so he resignedly lay down the life work so dear to him and fell asleep after passing through intense suffering borne with edifying patience.

TEMPERANCE REFORM.

A practical, steady advance appears to be under way all over the world in the cause of temperance. One definite reason for this probably is to be found in the growth of popular education and the spread of current knowledge by newspapers and scientific journals.

following resolution was adopted by a vast meeting in Dublin last week, following a resolution passed upon the same subject by the Hierarchy of the country assembled at Maynooth: "That we hail with delight the announcement of the effective steps taken by our revered Hierarchy for the preaching of a great crusade against intemperance, and that we heartily and respectfully tender to His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin our warmest thanks for his prompt action in inaugurating the movement in this city to-day, thus swelling the dimensions and enhancing the importance of this great gathering of the workmen of Dublin."

WAS THIS A MIRACLE.

Catholics are sometimes told that they are too much disposed to seeing the miraculous in the influence of their faith upon the things of this world. In the following incident, the suggestion of the supernatural comes not from Catholics but from Protestants who believe that they had the aid of the prayers of Catholics. The Universities (Church of England) Missionaries, whose station is at Masasi in German East Africa, were attacked by natives in August last. Canon Porter was ill in bed when the alarm was given. Three of the party were ladies, and they all walked 100 miles in about three days to safety on the coast. The news was first brought to the station by German Benedictine Missionaries from Chickenzi, eight miles to the North. The natives burned down their station and killed the Europeans. Canon Porter, in the course of his letter, says:

"A remarkable experience befell the Benedictine Mission which, in other times, would have been attributed to miraculous agency. They were taken completely by surprise, and almost before they realized what had happened, a brother had been killed and a father and brother wounded. In their terrible plight they all solemnly knelt while Father Leo gave absolution. On seeing the sign of the Cross the raiders fled."

THE COLLEGE PROFESSOR ABROAD.

Mr. Barton McGuckin, the well-known grand opera singer, delivers an interesting opinion regarding popular taste in music in the course of a letter addressed to the Dublin Freeman's Journal. Professor Mahaffy of Trinity College, who also appears to have but little faith in Irishmen other than himself, lately told a Dublin audience that people who would listen with pleasure to Balfe's "Bohemian Girl" have a debased musical taste. Balfe's one sin appears to have been that which Prof. Mahaffy himself shares, viz., his citizenship. Balfe was a Dublin man. Prof. Mahaffy assumes that Dublin audiences only are capable of discerning the merit of pleasing in his work, Barton McGuckin, in reply, says:

"Strange as the coincidence may seem, I can assure Professor Mahaffy that the same may be said of London and all the principal cities of England and Scotland—such, certainly has been my experience when with the Carl Rosa Opera Company. It was also the experience of the late Colonel Mapleson."

We once heard a notable Bohemian scholar and musician declare that Balfe, an Irishman, had in the "Bohemian Girl," given Europe its most popular opera. But modern musical taste despises the popular; and Prof. Mahaffy offers "The Meistersingers" of Wagner as the standard test of cultivated musical sympathy. Barton McGuckin, though he does not say so in exact terms, shows that Prof. Mahaffy's position is that of a prig. In the first place it took a long time even for the most eclectic music lovers to discover the merit of "The Meistersingers." Barton McGuckin goes further and asks:

THE WITNESS PREACHES.

In a long editorial that reads like a Plymouth tract, The Witness of this city weeps over The Globe of Toronto. A little while ago The Globe scored the Baptists mildly enough on account of the absurdity of their proselytizing missions to the French-Canadians. The Witness, more in sorrow than in anger, doubts that such an article could have been written by a Protestant. In this way our local organ reveals its own peculiar attitude. According to the ideas of the editor of the Witness, the entire English press of Canada should be a proselytizing agency of the Protestant denominations. The editor of The Globe being a Presbyterian minister, should therefore be a missionary of the Presbyterian sect. It would be treason for one of these papers to employ a Catholic on editorial work. Why? Let The Witness explain in its own luck way:

"The Roman Catholic holds that being in the Church is being in Christ, which is true if the real church is meant, for that is the spiritual body of Christ; but it is singularly untrue of any outward organization."

The mission of the English press in Canada, therefore, according to The Witness, is to frustrate the organization of the Catholic Church, and no Catholic who believes in the Creed is fit to write editorials for these publications. As a matter of fact the preaching of The Witness is practiced by its contemporaries to the extent that Catholics are unknown in the editorial offices of the English press of Montreal, and on the newspapers of Ontario. Let Catholic readers take due account of this fact, which is, after all, the strongest argument for the need of a Catholic daily paper in Canada that could be found.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

By an Imperial manifesto Emperor Nicholas of Russia has ended his absolute sovereignty. Though the act was by no means voluntary, it is, nevertheless, a charter of freedom worthy of the 20th century. Since the inferiority of Russia in her struggle with Japan was made manifest to the world, revolution has been seething within the bounds of the Czar's empire. The army, the navy, the professional classes, the workers and the agriculturists have all become saturated with the revolutionary spirit. Only the aristocracy and the Cossacks stood rigid beside the sovereign or urged him to stay in the breach.

The manifesto issued on Monday was like a bolt from the blue. The Emperor, in his own words, "effaces himself," and extends to all his people "civil liberty based on the real inviolability of person, freedom of conscience, speech, union, and association."

The State church is ended, for the Imperial word must be carried out to its logical conclusion. Representative and responsible government will immediately take the place of the autocracy. The figurehead sovereign wants to have the co-operation of his people in effecting the change peacefully. Behind the Imperial manifesto is a constitution, the terms of which will quickly become known.

To say that there is not danger in the future situation still is to overlook the fact that the fires of revolution are blazing in St. Petersburg and throughout the provinces. The leaders in this movement may not consent to be robbed of the fruits of the landed and rich classes. But the world may well wish to see the personal sacrifice of the Czar crowned with peace. Time will surely develop all the lessons of the new charter. There are many institutions outside of Russia that will be shaken by the surrender of the Romanoffs. It is almost certain to give occasion for an attack upon the Established Church in England, and upon the powers reserved to the German Emperor. In the long run the peaceful revolution must accomplish most. France is no further ahead to-day as a result of revolution wrought by violence. It is not possible to see Russia imitate

the institutions of America under the protection of a monarchy limited according to modern ideas of liberty and justice?

ENGLISH PILGRIMS IN ROME.

The following is the text of the address presented to the Pope by the Pilgrimage of the British Catholic Association:

Most Holy Father—Humbly prostrated at your feet, we, your children in the Faith of Great Britain and Ireland, offer to your Holiness our deep homage and veneration.

Five years ago upon the occasion of the celebration of the Jubilee of your illustrious predecessor we came in large numbers to Rome to present ourselves at the feet of the successor to St. Peter and to gain in the Eternal City itself the Jubilee Indulgence. We now come as representatives of our countrymen, who have signed this address and whose voices unite with ours in praying that we may receive your paternal love and blessing.

Full well we know the great affection which your Holiness bears for our countries and how solicitous you are for the Faith. Through all our trials, even in the time of greatest persecution, the Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland have ever been most devoted to the Holy See, and we owe more wish to express to you, Holy Father, our deep loyalty and affection.

Our earnest prayer is that your Holiness may be granted many years to guide the Holy Catholic Church and to spread God's truth among the people of the world. In this prayer all Catholics will join, but none more than we, your children of the northern isles, who now most humbly ask the Apostolic Blessing on ourselves, on all our friends and countrymen, and on the Bishops, clergy and laity of our dear fatherland.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is not generally known that the late Sir Henry Irving was married to a Dublin lady, who survives him. She was the daughter of Surgeon-General O'Callaghan and the niece of a famous Irish man of letters, John Cornelius O'Callaghan. Mr. O'Callaghan was the author of "The Irish Brigade" and "The Green Book."

Whistler, the American painter, wrote the following tribute to the beauty of Irish girls: "Irish girls have the most beautiful hands, with long, slender fingers, and delightful articulations. American girls' hands come next; they are a little narrow and thin. The hands of English girls are red and coarse. The German hand is broad and flat. The Spanish hand is full of big veins. I always use Irish models for the hands; and I think that Irish eyes are also the most beautiful."

A letter of the Pope to Cardinal Richard is published in Paris on the eve of the resumption of the discussions on Disestablishment in the French Senate. "We shall make known in due place and season," writes the Holy Father, "all our thought, and we shall give to the clergy and faithful of France the instructions demanded by an unhappy situation, which is not of our doing, and for which we (as all honest and enlightened minds recognize) are not responsible." Meantime Pope Plus exhorts the Catholics of France to place their trust on high, and by prayer and penance to appeal to Divine protection for the fatherland and the Church. The letter shows that Pius X. faces the future in France, with anxiety indeed, but undismayed. He applies the words of the Parable: "Fear not, nor tremble at this multitude; for the battle is not yours, but God's." The priests of France are making ready for the future in this spirit. The clergy of the fifty cantons of the diocese of Autun have just addressed their Cardinal Bishop. "Eminence," says the address, "you can count upon us. We are ready to obey as one man your directions, or those which you may transmit from the Pope. We are solely troubled for the honor of the Church and of religion; we are not disturbed by the distress to which we may be reduced. Men do not die of hunger in France, and 'twere far better to die of hunger than to permit the Church to be put in bondage."

MR. MORLEY ON HOME RULE.

Below we publish the only report that has seen the light in this country of Mr. John Morley's recent meeting with his constituents at Forfar. The meeting, which was held in the Reid Hall, was presided over by Provost Adamson.

Mr. Morley, who was received with cheers, said: At the beginning of the last century Pitt was the Minister of George III. The great question of Catholic Emancipation had arrived at a certain stage, and Pitt assured the King that never again would he raise it. Some years after Mr. Fox gave a similar assurance. But no party could give such an assurance with regard to the Irish question now. The Irish question existed for both parties. The MacDonnell episode showed that the Lord Lieutenant and the chief Secretary were as much alive to the necessity of amending and altering the Irish system as the most Liberal representative in the land. Last session the whole Liberal Party in the House of Commons voted in favor of Mr. Redmond's amendment, which stated that the present system of government in Ireland was in opposition to the will of the Irish people, and gave them no voice in the management of their affairs, was extremely costly, and did not enjoy the confidence of any section of the population, was productive of universal discontent and unrest, and had been proved to be incapable of satisfactorily promoting the material and intellectual progress of the people. Surely then it was incredible that a party which supported an indictment so damaging should have a policy for dealing with such a state of affairs. He did not believe he said this entirely on his own individual responsibility, having no right to pledge anybody else except the electors of the Montrose Burghs—he could not believe that the new Parliament, if it had the full duration of life, such as he anticipated, would run its course without any attempt to remedy so monstrous a state of affairs (cheers). He would recall the fact that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the leader of the Liberal party, who had struck to his guns, and had saved his party (cheers), said, speaking on that very subject, "What was the principal at the root of this policy? It was the right of the Irish people to the management of their own domestic affairs. The successive plans by which this was to be given to them failed to satisfy the country, but the principle of self-government, the principle of an elective element that shall be the governing element in Irish affairs that still remains." Mr. Morley, proceeding, said—I defy the wit of man to give to Ireland, to Irishmen, any control, any effective voice, in the management of their own affairs, whether in respect to saving money or anything else, unless there is an executive responsible to a body in which the elective element shall have the decisive voice, whether that body sits in College Green or wherever it sits. Gentlemen, that is what I say (cheers), but I want to be perfectly clear, because if you do not approve you will not desire me to be your candidate, and I will heckle myself (laughter), and will save someone else the trouble when the time comes. "Are you for Home Rule?" I answer, "If you mean the creation by Parliament of the local legislature under the paramount authority of the Imperial Parliament, yes, I am." (cheers). "Is that what you understand, my heckler says to me, to be the spirit of the Gladstonian policy?" I say that I can imagine no other intelligible interpretation or application of that spirit. "Thirdly, my heckler says, 'Do you expect to see reform of the Irish Government the first measure of the new Parliament?'" I answer—No, I do not. I do not know what the first measure will be. It will not be the question of Irish government. Remember that in 1856, when Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues brought forward their first Home Rule bill it was an urgent question of social order in Ireland. Ireland was in such a state of disorder that you had to choose between two policies for remedying that state of disorder. We chose one course, and the Government of that day chose another. I

do not say which was right or which was wrong, but I do say this, that there is a difference as to the question of priority of Irish reform between the state of matters in 1856 and that which prevails to-day. Gentlemen, I am not quite done, but very nearly. "Would you promise to submit the question of reformed government in Ireland to the electors of the United Kingdom at a special election?" No; I say I would not. I am jealous, and I hope you are, of the principle of what is known as the referendum, and so long as the House of Commons has the confidence of those who made it I do not approve for my own humble part—I am speaking for nobody but myself—I do not approve of barring out before that Parliament exists, barring out a particular piece of business. To me that seems just as unconstitutional as a Government clinging to office when they know very well that everybody else knows that they have utterly lost the confidence of the country (cheers). Another word and I release you from this dangerous and thorny topic. I am not captivated by any promise either from Liberals or Tories of what I call Unionism and water (laughter). If I am to have Unionism I will swallow it neat (loud cheers and laughter). If the next Parliament will not look at the Irish question I and the majority of the Liberal party won't have it, which is perfectly possible. If they won't allow a people who were good enough for you to lend 112 millions of money to them, if you won't allow them to manage their own affairs, then, of course, a very humble individual like me, like all other Ministers, except the present Government, will have to wait, to acquiesce for the time, and wait for a further prosecution. The Irish meantime will go on, and the reduction of the number of Irish members will make no difference, and whilst people like me are waiting the Irish go on confounding and interrupting our management of our affairs because we won't let them carry on and manage their own affairs (cheers).

DEATH OF THE VERY REV. DEAN FLANAGAN.

An Irish news item announces the death of Very Rev. Dean Flanagan, P.P., at the Presbytery, Adare, at an advanced age. For some years past he had been in failing health. He had labored for forty years in Adare, and was an intimate friend of the Earl of Dunraven. His early studies were at the College of St. Sulpice, Paris, and his ordination took place in 1852. He joined the Oratorian Order under Cardinal Newman at Birmingham, and accompanied the Cardinal to Dublin in 1854, when the Catholic University was founded. He was afterwards head of the secular mission at Smithwick, in the Birmingham diocese. A year after he became chaplain to the late Earl of Dunraven, and accompanied him to Adare, where he was subsequently appointed administrator and parish priest by the late Bishop Butler. Ten years ago he was raised to the Deanship by Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, with the approval of the Holy See. Deceased was cousin to the late Judge Wolfe Flanagan, and belonged to one of the most respected families in Roscommon.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

FEASTS OF ALL SAINTS AND ALL SOULS.

Yesterday we honored with pomp and splendor the Roman ritual the Saints and All Souls. The solemnity of the feast was enhanced by the presence of the Holy Father, who was accompanied by the Cardinals and Bishops. The ceremony was held in the Vatican, and was attended by a vast number of the faithful. The Pope's address was full of encouragement and hope for the future of the Church.

The Forty Hours' devotion.

The Forty Hours' devotion at St. Joseph's Church of morning and closed on Tuesday. The eucharist held at St. Hall on Monday evening was successful and the ladies of the society were to be congratulated.

Next Sunday, immediate High Mass, the St. Gabriel and B. Society will hold a monthly meeting.

The appointment of a priest to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. J. Leitch, of the Murphy School, will be made at the next meeting of the Catholic Missionaries Board.

ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE TO DES NEIGES.

Next Sunday afternoon pilgrimage takes place to Des Neiges. The sermons will be given by Rev. Fathers W. O'Malley, St. Gabriel's, and Rev. Father Clair, P.P., St. Jean Baptiste.

CONSECRATION OF BIANCHE.

The consecration of the statue of the Virgin, in the Cathedral of Chicoutimi, was a grand affair. The ceremony was presided over by the Bishop, and was attended by a large number of the clergy and the faithful. The statue is a beautiful work of art, and is a source of pride to the community.

THANKSGIVING FOR MARY.

The Thanksgiving service at the Chapel of Notre Dame was a most successful one. The church was filled with the faithful, and the service was conducted with great solemnity. The choir gave a beautiful performance, and the prayers were answered.

CHAPEL OF REPARATION BURNED.

The Chapel of Reparation, a beautiful structure, was unfortunately destroyed by fire. The cause of the fire is still under investigation. The loss is a great one, and the community is mourning the loss of this beautiful place of worship.

ANNUAL PEDAGOGICAL CONFERENCE.

The annual pedagogical conference for the Catholic teachers of the district was held at the Hotel. The conference was a most successful one, and the teachers present were able to discuss the latest methods of teaching. The conference was presided over by the Bishop, and was attended by a large number of the teachers.

BLESSING OF NEW CHURCH.

The new church at Carleton Place was blessed on Sunday last by the Bishop. The ceremony was a grand one, and the church was filled with the faithful. The Bishop's address was full of encouragement and hope for the future of the Church.

HIERARCHY OF IRELAND.

Important Resolutions on the Education Question.

At the annual meeting of the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland last week the following resolutions were adopted:

I.—Earnestly as the Bishops desire to encourage and develop the teaching of Irish in the College of Maynooth and in the Diocesan Seminaries, they have to regard it as to a large extent impossible to have effect given to the resolutions frequently passed by them in reference to this matter, so long as the language is not generally taught in the National Schools throughout the country.

"The Managers, therefore, are earnestly exhorted to have their teachers trained for the teaching of Irish, and to see that it is taught in their schools."

"II.—Entirely sympathizing, as we do, with the members of the Gaelic League in their efforts to maintain and to extend the teaching of Irish in the National Schools, we join with them in deploring the declared intention of the Treasury to withdraw the fees which, for some time, have been paid for the teaching of this subject."

"III.—We believe that certain recent proceedings of the National Board afford evidence of the absolute necessity, in the interests of Irish education, of the appointment of Commissioners of whom the majority, and not, as at present, a small minority, will understand the educational needs of the country, and be in sympathy with the principles and sentiments of the mass of the population."

"IV.—We desire to associate ourselves with our brethren the Archbishop and Bishops of the Province of Westminster, in the warning which they have deemed it necessary to issue against the frequentation by Catholics of non-Catholic schools."

"We do not, indeed, believe that this evil exists to any considerable extent amongst the Catholics of Ireland. Their spirit of faith and their religious instincts, without any special instruction of ours, have been sufficient to protect the great body of our people from so un-Catholic and perilous a course of action."

"Yet there may be cases which, if left unrebuked, might lead to ruinous consequences for the children, boys or girls, immediately concerned, and become a cause of scandal to others. As things now are in Ireland, there is an ample supply of good secondary Catholic schools, and nothing but an utter indifference to the interests of religion can explain the conduct of parents who, for some imaginary social or educational advantage, expose the faith of their children to the imminent dangers by which they must be surrounded whilst being educated in non-Catholic Catholic schools."

"V.—For many years past, the saddest aspect of Irish affairs has been reflected in the stream of emigration from every part of the country. Hence, on more than one occasion, we have publicly appealed to our young people not to allow themselves to be allured by the enticements with which letters from America are so frequently filled, to rush into the dangers of life in foreign cities where too often the measure of success falls far short of the high expectations of the emigrant, and a considerable proportion of those who leave us do not succeed at all."

"In this earnest advice the best friends of our people on the other side of the Atlantic have not failed to express their complete concurrence. But still the process of national exhaustion continues almost unabated, and whilst it is not our present purpose to dwell on the pressing need of utilizing the land and the resources of the country so as to employ the people at home, or to insist on the extent to which capable Irishmen, charged with responsibility and fortified with means and authority to open up the native sources of wealth, could find a remedy for this ruinous depletion, in the existing state of things the duty devolves upon us of warning youthful emigrants against certain perils, which, though not inherent in emigration, have been only too frequently associated with it in the past."

"We need only give a brief summary of them here, leaving it to the zeal and wisdom of our priests to set them forth becomingly at greater length, and in a way that their flocks will readily be able to follow—

(1) While gifts from kind neighbors are an appropriate expression of friendly feeling, gatherings at night that would interfere with the sleep of a person going on board, and, much more, drinking assemblies, are

not only cruel, but entirely out of place in the circumstances.

(2) Girl emigrants should be most careful not to form acquaintances with men on board who are strangers, whether they be passengers or ship-hand, and they ought to be far too self-respecting to accept treats of any kind from them.

(3) On landing at Ellis Island, Irish girls should look to the officers of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary for guidance, and never trust themselves independently to the direction of persons who offer to befriend them as relatives or acquaintances from the same neighborhood in Ireland.

(4) Apart from the danger of deception, which is a very real one, parents at home should recollect that not every relative or neighbor or friend of theirs in America is qualified in himself and his surroundings for the responsibility of safe-guarding the unsuspecting innocence of youthful emigrants. Hence in every instance the decision of the Ellis Island authorities should be final for Irish girls, as regards destination, overland journey, and travelling companionship.

These are the chief dangers attending emigration to which we wish the clergy to direct the earnest attention of their flocks; and the better to give effect to the purpose which all have so much at heart, we direct that until further notice this short statement be read from the altar at the principal Mass in all churches on the first Sunday of the months of February, March and September each year.

MICHAEL CARDINAL LOGUE, Chairman.

RICHARD ALPHONSUS, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore.

JOHN, Bishop of Elphin, Secretaries to the Meeting.

A FAMILY OF SERVANTS.

St. Mary's Church, San Antonio, Texas, was the scene some days ago of a most interesting and edifying ceremony when Mr. Thompkins J. Newton, of that city, his wife and their three children were all solemnly baptized and received into the communion of the Catholic Church.

The ceremony was performed by Very Rev. Dr. Antoine, O.M.I., superior of the San Antonio Theological Seminary, in presence of a gathering of relatives and friends.

Mr. Newton is one of the most prominent lawyers of San Antonio, and formerly filled the position of Assistant City Attorney. He and Mrs. Newton were first led to study the claims of the Catholic Church through experiencing the pious and devoted care of the Sisters of Charity, Rosa Infirmary during an illness of Mrs. Newton. Upon investigation they decided to place themselves and their children under instruction, with the happy result above announced.

There is no courage equal to that which faces the most common and uninteresting duties with a cheerful heart and a soul full of faith.—Margaret Scollard.

It is the lives like the stars, which simply pour down on us the calm light of their bright and faithful being, up to which we look and out of which we gather the deepest calm and courage.—Phillips Brooks.

BLOOD HUMORS

PIMPLES Many an otherwise beautiful and attractive face is sadly marred by unsightly eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions, Fleshworms and Humors, and various other blood diseases.

Their presence is a source of embarrassment to those afflicted, as well as pain and regret to their friends.

Many a cheek and brow—cast in the mould of grace and beauty—have been sadly defaced, their attractiveness lost, and their possessor rendered unhappy for years.

Why, then, consent to rest under this cloud of embarrassment?

There is an effectual remedy for all these defects, it is,

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS This remedy will drive out all the impurities from the blood and leave the complexion healthy and clear.



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THE LOUVRE.

Dr. Arthur Mahler's Useful Handbook on Italian and Spanish Art.

A handbook of pictorial art that combines simplicity with real intelligence should always find a ready welcome both with the public and reviewers. For there is perhaps no subject on which, even among persons of more than average cultivation, so little knowledge and insight is to be found. We all have a decent appreciation of music and literature, but every one will have meagre scores of educated people, who, in their heart of hearts, really preferred Guido Reni's sentimental Mary Magdalene to the Monna Lisa, and Raphael's Madonnas to the wistful beauty of Botticelli's women, or (of a later period) the Salome and Virgin of Luini.

Dr. Arthur Mahler has classified the Italian paintings in the Louvre according to accepted periods, and discusses the works of each school in some detail. He assumes on the part of the reader little or no information, but points out elementary aspects of each picture, and shows progressively the evolution of art. The only charge to be brought against his text is the overstudious avoidance of anything like emphasis.

A single example of this extreme quiet of manner will suffice. The subject is the "Old Man and Child" of Ghirlandajo. Dr. Mahler says: "The picture is a symphony in red. The old man, with all his ugliness, is carefully treated, and there is so much love in his eyes, and such affectionate confidence in the look of the child, that we must believe the little one to be his grandson." Here, surely, moderation defeats its own end. The ignorant reader will glance at the picture and pass on. Yet this picture of Ghirlandajo is a rare and beautiful masterpiece. True, the old man is ugly, but with no ignoble ugliness. The great sweep of his arched forehead and his firm though sensitive mouth, show thoughtfulness and character and rich emotion. Merely to say, furthermore, that there is love in his eyes is quite lame and inadequate. There is the concentrated regret of old age in that downward glance, large hope for the future of the little boy, and sadness, too, in the foresight of these coming years.

The child's head, and his wonderful, clinging little hand have a poignant and yearning beauty. Outside of the window beside which the two sit we catch a glimpse of spacious landscape, of winding streams, and terraced hill into the distance. Still, Dr. Mahler is not at all times so unemphatic as here, and the other extreme, so often found in books on art, of gush or strident admiration, would have done far more to impair the usefulness of his work.

The first chapter deals with the painters in the conventional Byzantine manner, with glimpses and hopes of gradual disenchantment from Cimabue to Fra Angelico. Here Dr. Mahler is thoroughly intelligent and instructive. The next chapter deals with that extraordinarily fascinating group of artists from Fra Angelico to Messias. Here came almost at a stride the liberation of art with light, grace, and, above all, imaginative power. The very first masterpiece of the new school, "The Beheading of St. John the Baptist," by Fra Angelico though still with traces of conventional stiffness, has in the background a vision of rolling hill and radiant sky. From Angelico, Dr. Mahler passes on to Fra Filippo Lippi, and then to the greatest of these, Sandro Botticelli. Those dreams of ineffable spiritual beauty, "The Virgin Writing the Magnificat" and "The Virgin, the Infant Jesus and St. John" are exceedingly well reproduced and discussed with generous sympathy and appreciation. In the discussion of Perugino's "St. Sabas-

tian," Dr. Mahler might again have profitably struck a fuller note.

The succeeding period from Messias to Leonardo offers few points of interest. There was progress in technical accomplishment, coincident, of course, with the introduction into Italy of painting in oils, but not, it seems, a proportionate advance in vision or beauty. Then came Leonardo, Dr. Mahler's treatment of him is broad and full. More stress might, however, have been laid on the "Portrait of Lucrezia Crivelli," not as great, of course, as the Monna Lisa, but magnificent and of more immediate appeal. In regard to the Monna Lisa, Dr. Mahler wisely quotes Pater at length, to whose golden sentences of interpretation it were hopeless to attempt to add a syllable. Two very interesting men come next, Solaris and Luini. The greatness of the latter, especially, should never be overlooked. In the eyes of his Salome ("Salome Receiving the Head of John the Baptist") the fires of all strange passions lie adream.

Dr. Mahler's treatment of Raphael is conservative. He brings out fully the great painter's charming humanity and perfection, and lays no undue stress on his excessive mildness. Here, naturally, one misses a discussion of Michael Angelo, but the arrangement of that book precluded criticism of pictures not in the Louvre.

Then come the great Venetian colorists, with their apotheosis in golden lustre of exquisite human forms; Giorgione, and Titian, and Tintoretto, and lastly, Correggio. The great portraits of this group are also dealt with, but Dr. Mahler does not bring out quite clearly enough the difference of the Venetians from their predecessors, nor would one suspect from his pages the full greatness of Titian or Veronese—the richness, boldness, and perfection of that art which mirrored so perfectly the pomp and splendor of the great age of the Venetian Republic.

On the painters of the decline of the Renaissance Dr. Mahler is severe. One can easily understand his impatience. The worst works of Guido Reni, false and sentimental, are the most popular, and are found in nearly every drawing room. That fact should not blind us to the very genuine beauty of his mythological pictures. There is also a good deal more to be said for the landscapes of Carracci than Dr. Mahler has seen fit to say.

The final chapter of Spanish paintings shares the merits of the others—clearness, simplicity, intelligence. It deals mainly, of course, with Velasquez and Murillo, their marvelous portraits, beggars and Madonnas—portraits, beggars and Madonnas—L. L., in N.Y. Saturday Review.

There had been a brilliant company at the home of a society lady, a woman whose husband, while a very worthy man, was noted rather for his wealth than for his mental attainments.

"Well, John," she said, after the last visitor had gone and they had sat down to talk it over, "it was a complete success, wasn't it?"

"That's so," replied her husband, with a satisfied shake of his head. "Did you notice Professor Muchman?" she inquired, after a pause.

"He was the man with the handkerchief round his neck, wasn't he?"

"Yes. You heard him talk, didn't you?"

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CUPID-CASHI Winifred and Jackson followed conspicuous waiter between row of snowy tables and animated couples were seated group of palms, in the center which a fountain sparkled, cond room also plentiful with palms, and were above little table set for two. table in a slender vase to carnations reflected the high and narrow mirror and carvations, pink, white, mon, were mirrored elsewhere in the room. The waiter, with a bow flourish, proffered a chair, took it, and Jackson seated opposite her. "It is lovely, isn't it?" drawing off her gloves and about her with a pleasant "Flowers, lights and music." For at that moment unobtrusively burst into a familiar air from Cavalleria Rusticana. Winifred listened eagerly. "I like it," she murmured she laughed. "Anybody would that I was from the country." added. "Wouldn't they?" Jackson did not reply, scanning the bill of fare. "What do you want?" he asked. She reached her hand across the table. "Give it to me," and I will see." He watched her as she casually down the list which waiter filled their glasses with poured into them water from necked carafe, laid immense at their plates and patiently their order. "I think," said Winifred slowly on her lip, "that I should some canvas-backed duck waiter took out a little table wrote rapidly—"canvas back "Some terrapin, some paste gras." The waiter's pencil scribbled over the page de food. "And some whitebait. B whitebait comes first, does it? Well, I will order what I want it can be sorted afterwards, studied for an absorbed moment. "There are a lot of things I want," she went on for under lip while the waiter veiled into one broad and sive smile as he hung upon words, "but that will do a sent. I will be studying a next course while you are that." she concluded. Jackson smiled pale. "Winifred!" he gasped. The templated marriage in the spring warranted the familiar given name. "Hand me of fare. Do you know how are from home? I don't want to have to walk." Winifred looked up in surprise. "What's the matter?" she asked. "Oh, nothing," said he. "You go on ordering like that, you break me. I haven't got a in stocks. I'm no multi-million no blotted bond-holder, roll wealth. I'm living on a Hand me that bill of fare." She passed it to him and smiling at him with wondering eyes he bent frowningly over it. The waiter, with an almost ceptible shrug of his broad ers, scratched out the items down on his tablet, and, pen hand, courteously contemplated calling. Finally Jackson looked up. "Is the table d'hotel dinner" he enquired. "It is," answered the waiter. Jackson once more scrutinized bill of fare. "Then we shall be obliged der," he said, disconsolately. would you like a little consolation begin on, Winifred?" Winifred was busily engaged membership. Small facts were inconsequent at the time now et giant proportions. For instance, Jackson that evening had brought her a bouquet and pinned them on jacket. She remembered that had said to her. "I got them in the pin. Anywhere else I have to pay three times as much those violets." At another time, on their walk in the park, he had said, "Shall walk? It will save car-fare, side it is only fifteen blocks." occurred to her now, that no standing the pleasure of his so it had been a very long walk and had been exceedingly tired when got back home again. In the sudden glare of these other revelations her eyes, with a premonitory stare as they

EMBER 2, 1905.
DIRECTOR
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cretary, W. J.
Secretary, T. E.

CUPID-CASHER.

Winifred and Jackson followed an
obsequious waiter between a long
row of snowy tables about which
animated couples were seated, past a
group of palms, in the center of
which a fountain sparkled, to a se-
cond room also plentifully decked
with palms, and were shown to a
little table set for two. On the
table in a slender vase long-stemmed
carnations reflected themselves in a
high and narrow mirror. Other vases
and cardrations, pink, white and le-
mon, were mirrored elsewhere about
the room.
The waiter, with a bow and a
flourish, proffered a chair. Winifred
took it, and Jackson seated himself
opposite her.
'It is lovely, isn't it?' said she,
drawing off her gloves and glancing
about her with a pleased smile.
'Flowers, lights and music.'
For at that moment unseen violins
burst into a familiar air from the
Cavalleria Rusticana.
Winifred listened eagerly.
'I like it,' she murmured. Then
she laughed. 'Anybody would know
that I was from the country,' she
added. 'Wouldn't they?'
Jackson did not reply. He was
scanning the bill of fare.
'What do you want?' he asked.
She reached her hand across the
table. 'Give it to me,' said she,
'and I will see.'
He watched her as she glanced
casually down the list while the
waiter filled their glasses with ice,
poured into them water from a long-
necked carafe, laid immense napkins
at their plates and patiently awaited
their order.
'I think,' said Winifred slowly, her
finger on her lip, 'that I should like
some canvas-backed duck.' The
waiter took out a little tablet and
wrote rapidly—'canvas back duck.'
'Some terrapin, some pate de foie
gras.' The waiter's pencil skimmed
dotted over the pate de foie gras.
'And some whitebait. But the
whitebait comes first, doesn't it?
Well, I will order what I want and
it can be sorted afterwards.' She
studied for an absorbed moment or
two. 'There are a lot of other
things I want,' she went on, biting
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have to walk.'
Winifred looked up in surprise.
'What's the matter?' she cried.
'Oh, nothing,' said he. 'Only if
you go on ordering like that you will
break me. I haven't got a fortune
in stocks. I'm no multi-millionaire,
no bloated bond-holder, rolling in
wealth. I'm living on a salary.
Hand me that bill of fare.'
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ed giant proportions.
For instance, Jackson that very
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violets and pinned them on her
jacket. She remembered that he
had said to her, 'I got them on the
corner, and I made the man throw
in the pin. Anywhere else I would
have to pay three times as much for
those violets.'
At another time, on their way to
the park, he had said, 'Shall we
walk? It will save car-fare.' Be-
sides it is only fifteen blocks. It
occurred to her now, that notwith-
standing the pleasure of his society,
it had been a very long walk and she
had been exceedingly tired when she
got back home again.
In the sudden glare of them and
other revelations her eyes widened in
a promontory stare as they rested

upon Jackson. He was fast appear-
ing to her in a new and formidable
light. Absorbed in her own thoughts
his question penetrated to her ears,
but the drift of it was lost.
'What did you say?' she asked.
'Will you have some consomme?'
'Anything,' she answered wearily.
'I don't care.'
The waiter disappeared, returning
by and by with the consomme which
Winifred sipped daintily. Somehow
she had lost her appetite.
Presently, laying down her spoon,
she looked across the room at a girl
in a pink waist, who showed two
rows of small white teeth as she
laughed and talked with the young
man opposite her. By the side of
their table were tall candlesticks of
silver, in which burned rose-colored
candles, flanking the flare of the flow-
ers. These carnations were delicate-
ly pink, and matched the shade of
the girl's silk waist.
But Winifred was not thinking of
the girl, nor of the candles, nor of
the pink blossoms. The room and
its occupants faded before her, and
she saw instead a frugal fitchen with
one large window, the panes of which
were very bright and clean. At this
window hung a snowy curtain, be-
neath which was a table spotlessly
scrubbed. Before the table stood a
fragile woman in a dark-blue calico
dress, a gingham apron tied about
her waist, the starched strings hang-
ing to the hem of her skirt. The
woman was her Aunt Clorinda, en-
gaged in the humble occupation of
peeling potatoes.
As she stood there, in her attitude
appeared an air of such repression,
of so resigned and profound a sad-
ness, that, accompanied as the re-
membrance of it was with the wails
of the violins, it served to bring a
rush of sudden tears to Winifred's
eyes.
She blinked them back and forced a
smile to her lips as Jackson asked:
'Shall we have quail on toast?'
Examining the price list more minu-
tely, he added: 'It isn't very ex-
pensive.'
'By all means, then,' said Winifred,
'have quail on toast.'
The waiter bent his head attentively.
'Two?' he inquired.
'One will be enough for us both,
won't it?' asked Jackson, looking
interrogatively and appealingly at
Winifred.
At the same time he cautiously
touched the toe of her shoe under the
table.
'Plenty,' said she. She laughed a
trifle hysterically. 'Plenty,' she re-
peated.
The waiter removed the soup plates
and passed through the room toward
the kitchen. At the door he nudged
another waiter and jerked his thumb
over his shoulder in the direction of
Jackson. It was impossible for
Winifred to hear what he said, but
her face flushed scarlet at the ges-
ture.
While they waited for the quail,
Winifred's mind again drew a picture
for her. This time it was a room
in her own home that she saw. Her
mother sat in a low rocking chair
before the grate fire, knitting and
talking. 'Clorinda was one of the
brightest and prettiest girls I ever
saw,' she was saying, 'and now
look at her. Don't talk to me.
There is nothing that so warps a
woman's life as stinginess in her hus-
band. Do you know that, on her
wedding trip, when she wanted to
bring back some little presents to
her friends, he wouldn't let her?
'Save your money,' he said, 'don't
throw it away on foolishness.' And
that has been the cry ever since.
'Save your money, save your money.'
That poor thing hasn't a decent dress
to her name. I wouldn't be seen on
the street in the things she wears;
and work she slaves from morning
till night to save his money. The
change in her is pitiful. It hurts me.
From a bright, happy woman she
has become a machine set going for
the performance of endless tasks—a
hopeless drudge. Sometimes I wake
in the middle of the night and can-
not sleep, thinking of her.'
Jackson broke in upon her reverie.
'I suppose they had to go out and
shoot that quail,' said he, 'from the
length of time they are taking to
bring it in.'
Winifred laughed faintly.
'Maybe we can make him deduct
something from the price of it,' said
she, 'since he has taken so long.'
'What?'
'Oh, nothing.'
'What else will you have after the
quail, Winifred?'
'Let's stop at the quail,' she im-
plored. 'Really, I am not hungry;
that is, not any more.'
'But you must have a little des-
sert. Have some ice cream. It isn't
expensive.'
By this time the waiter had brought
the quail. Jackson portioned it out,
reserving for himself the larger piece.
'You said you were not hungry, I



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CHAS. DESJARDINS ET CIE.

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believe," he observed, by way of
apology, "and I am. Bring us some
cream," to the waiter, who, raising
his eyebrows the fraction of an inch,
once more left them.
Winifred nibbled absent-mindedly
at her quail. Once more she was
lost to her surroundings, to the hum
of the crowd, the pacing of the soft-
footed waiters, and to the music of
the violins, and there appeared before
her mental vision a small room, half
dark, the curtains carefully drawn.
Against the wall in the room was a
narrow white bed, upon which her
Aunt Clorinda lay, her worn hands
clasped upon her breast. Her sister,
Winifred's mother, wept in an adjoining
room. Her tears fell on a long,
straight garment, black and sombre,
which she was stitching. 'We had to
make it,' she faltered, between her
sobs. 'She hadn't a decent dress
to her back. There wasn't a thing
fit for her to be buried in, not a
single thing! A servant would have
had more than she had, for she
would have had wages with which
to buy clothes. I'm not grieving for
her, Winifred; that is, I won't after
I get over the first shock of it—here,
thread this needle, I can't see to
thread it—she is better off dead, a
thousand times better off. At least,
she can rest.'
But for all that, she had lain her
head down on the black garment and
sobbed and sobbed.
The dinner was over. Winifred had
consumed a morsel of cream, played
with her cheese, drunk half a cup of
black coffee, and the change had been
placed before them. In addition to
several crisp bills, a half dollar lay
at the bottom of the silver plate. It
appeared to have been glued there.
Jackson gathered up the bills. He
also pocketed the half dollar.
'I won't fee him,' he told Winifred
in a low tone. 'We'll never come
back this way again, so what does
it matter?'
'That is one thing certain,' said
Winifred gravely. 'We'll never come
back this way again.'
She glanced across the room at the

girl in the pink waist, upon whom
multifarious attentions were being
lavished by her waiter, in whose
pocket reposed a snug fee, and ting-
led with mortification as she and
Jackson pushed back their chairs un-
assisted, walked the length of the
two rooms and down the carpeted
steps to the street, followed by the
glare of their waiter, who stood
aloof, his arms folded, indignantly
imparting his grievance to a fellow-
waiter.
Jackson tucked her hand under his
arm.
'It's so jolly to be together. We
shall be awfully happy in our little
flat,' he whispered. 'Shan't we?'
Winifred disengaged her hand, and,
putting it into her muff, walked apart
from him through the brilliantly-
lighted streets to the elevated.
'I have changed my mind,' said
she. 'I think we are unsuited. There
will be no 'little flat' for us.'
'Why?' he asked, wondering.
'Because.'
'Is that a reason, Winifred?' he
exclaimed. 'Because?'
'It is a woman's reason,' she re-
plied, 'and it must suffice.'—Zoe An-
derson Norris.

CULTURE AS A BY-PRODUCT.

(Providence Journal.)
A strange doctrine is set forth by
the President of Brown University
when he says, discussing the purpose
of education, that culture is not an
aim in itself, but a by-product. The
fallacy that technical training is all-
sufficient has been stated before, but
hardly with such bluntness as by Dr.
Faunce. If a liberal education has
meant anything in the past, it has
meant the development of the mind
—a development not achieved by the
mere acquisition of information. It
has meant not merely the possession
of facts, but the right way of looking
at facts. Dr. Faunce's theory is in
effect that of Mr. Gradgrind. The
youth of the land are so many pit-
chers, waiting to be filled to the
brim.
The value of technical training is
no doubt very great. But to confu-
se such training with education can
work only evil. It may be question-
ed whether the universities are call-

ed upon to conduct technical schools.
Certainly, if they undertake to do so
it should not be at the expense of
what our fathers called the humani-
ties. A knowledge of art and liter-
ature is not incidental to the work
of an analytical chemist. If he can
add such knowledge to his scientific
attainments he is a happier and
more useful man. But he can be a
competent analytical chemist without
it. On the other hand, science, ab-
stract or applied, cannot take the
place of the classics in the general
educational scheme. To say this is
not to decry scientific research. Such
research is, however, properly the
work of the specialist. Culture does
not imply more than an intelligent
passing familiarity with the import-
ant laws of nature. But it does im-
ply close familiarity, in Arnold's
phrase, with "the best that has been
taught and known in the world."
This best is found, not in the ma-
terial triumphs of man, important to
his welfare as they may be, but in
the operations of his mind. It is
the poetry and philosophy of the
world which creates the atmosphere
of sweetness and light where we
may use ideas freely. These con-
stitute culture—the armor of the
breast, as Horace calls it. No set
schemes of education, mapping out
the mind into distinct fields to be
ploughed and harrowed in turn, de-
riding everything that has not an
immediately utilitarian purpose, can
truly cultivate the mind. That is
one reason why a fresh and inquir-
ing intelligence often finds out for
itself what its teachers have denied
it. There have been many who
"needed not to go from home for
good instruction." The function of
teaching is strangely misapprehended
when culture is characterized as a by-
product. It is only so far as edu-
cation produces culture that it offers
a salutary equipment for the duties
and problems of life.

DOES YOUR HEAD

Feel As Though It Was Being Hammered? As Though It Would Crack Open? As Though a Million Sparks Were Flying Out of Your Eyes? Horrible Sickness of Your Stomach? Then You Have Sick Headache!

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will afford relief from headaches no matter whether sick, nervous, spasmodic, periodical or bilious. It cures by removing the cause. Mr. Samuel J. Hubbard, Belleville, Ont., writes: "Last spring I was very poorly, my appetite failed me, I felt weak and nervous, had sick headaches, was tired all the time and not able to work. I saw Burdock Blood Bitters recommended for just such a case as mine and I got two bottles of it, and found it to be an excellent blood medicine. You may say my name as I think that others should know of the wonderful merits of Burdock Blood Bitters."

The most loyal to duty are ever the simplest—the last to see their own glorious light.—Georgina Pell Curtis.

THE POPE ON ATHLETICS

The Rome correspondent of the New York Freeman's Journal, writing on Oct. 10, says:

Visitors to the Pope's private study these days, if they happen to be at all observant, cannot fail to observe on His Holiness' desk a large photograph of a somewhat unexpected kind. It represents a strapping young baseball athlete, with his bat still poised in the air—but with the ball which he has just struck in the catcher's hands. Cardinal Merry del Val brought it with him from America about a month ago, and with it a vivid description of a baseball game he had witnessed the day before between two rival teams of the American College. His Eminence had to explain for the Pope all the intricacies of baseball, and the Holy Father took such an interest in the game that he has kept the photograph on his desk ever since.

Perhaps the Cardinal's account had something to do with the extraordinary interest which Pius X. has displayed in athletics this week, and with the discourse he pronounced on Sunday. The little speech did not take more than ten minutes in delivery—yet it may be said to mark an epoch in the history of athletics. Italian boys until recently received little encouragement either from their parents or their college superiors to indulge in open air games. Their recreation has mostly consisted of a quiet walk under the observant eyes of a beadle or prefect. As a result Italian college and Italian boys have not been worthy of imitation in many respects. Some ten years ago an attempt was made in a small way to establish a federation of athletic clubs among them. This year they decided on holding a general meeting, and when Pius X. heard of it, he suggested that they should come here to Rome, and hold their contests and their games in the Vatican itself. He promised them that he would be present on one of the days, and that he would assign a large number of medals and other prizes. The Athletic Committee eagerly accepted the proposal. Then it was announced that Cardinal Merry del Val would offer a handsome prize of an oil-painting representing the lagoon of Venice; Cardinal Respighi, Vicar-General to His Holiness, next announced that he wished to offer a number of medals to victors in the contest; Cardinal Cavagnis did the same; Mgr. Della Chiesa, Vice-Secretary of State, did likewise; some of the principal officials of the Vatican asked permission to contribute prizes. In short, it seemed as if on a sudden Papal Rome had become full of the athletic spirit. Evidently it was clearly understood that Pius X. had set the seal of his approval on the movement for open-air exercise in Italy.

Then the young men, ranging from sixteen to twenty-five, began to pour into Rome from Italy. There were over two thousand of them—strapping young fellows that would have done great credit to any country, and they represented some fifty or sixty Catholic Clubs, the different groups being distinguished by some sign in their dress or their caps. Every morning they went to Mass in sections in one or other of the churches of the Eternal City; and twice every day met either in the Vatican Gardens or in the vast enclosed hall of Cavalierzo of the Noble Guard for their contests in running, jumping, bicycling, and gymnastic exercises of all kinds. But the apotheosis of the meeting came last Sunday. Early in the morning the athletic battalions gathered in the great Jesuit church of St. Ignatius to assist at the Mass celebrated for them by their friend and protector, Cardinal Cavagnis.

The sacred service over, they poured out into the side street, lined up in marching order, each club being separated from the other by bands or banners, and at the word of command started off for the Vatican. There were five bands, and sometimes two and even three of them were playing at the same time—and playing different airs. But that did not seem to matter either to the young men or to the large and sympathetic crowd that assembled to see them. Those young men should have asked permission from the civil authorities to march thus through the streets; but they remembered that the government schools and colleges are never required to ask for permission, and what is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander. Anybody who attempted to interfere with them as they stropped lightly down the Corso Vittorio Emanuele,

and over the Ponte Sant' Angelo, until they reached the first Loggia of the Vatican itself, where they ranged themselves in a long double line by the wall and windows. Shortly after, Pius X. appeared. All the world knows how that His Holiness very rarely uses any of the pomp and ceremonial of State in his receptions—he just moves among his visitors, attended by his Maestro di Camera or a private chamberlain, and makes everybody feel at home. This morning the order of things was greatly changed.

Before the Pope marched a picket of Swiss Guards with their halberds and striking uniform, and around him was a detachment of the Noble Guards, and he was attended not only by his Maestro di Camera but by the important functionaries known as the Major Domo, and by several other distinguished members of his court. But it was obvious at a glance that the Holy Father did not intend to overawe the young people by this display of majesty, for he went about among them, giving his hand to each of the two thousand to kiss, stopping here to congratulate a victor in the recent contests, there to ask some details about a club, and again to say a few kindly words to some of the losers. It was a long ceremony, but it was only the beginning of things, for the Pope and his suite then passed into the Sala Regia where a throne had been prepared for the occasion, and barricades had been erected to divide the vast hall into two spaces, one reserved for the Papal Court and the Committee, and the other for the young men, who thronged in behind the footstaps of the Papal party. A short address was then read by Comm. Pericoli, the President of the Committee, to which His Holiness listened attentively. Pius X. is a fluent and eloquent extempore speaker, but when he wishes to say something important he takes the precaution to write out his ideas and to read them to the gathering he is addressing. When the President ceased now he rose, and unfolded a piece of paper he held in his hand.

THE POPE'S REMARKS.

"I am greatly consoled," he began, "to find myself among you boys and young men, for you represent the age of generous aspirations, and of brilliant, lusty and manly victories. Representing Jesus Christ, who was wont to surround Himself with the young in whom He found His delight, I too, looking upon you, feel that I must tell you that I love you—that I love you greatly, that I want to be to you not only a father, but a brother and a dear friend; and as your friend I fully approve your pastimes, your gymnastics and bicycling, your running and walking races, your mountain climbing, swimming, target-shooting. I admire and bless all these noble and pleasant games of yours.

"Bodily exercises stimulate the mind and drive away that idleness which is the father of all vices, and they draw us nearer to the practice of virtue. I will always remember you with joy, and I wish to say this much to you before you go away from here to-day. Be strong in guarding and defending your faith, now especially when so many oppose it, and rise up in rebellion against it. Show yourselves to be devoted children of the Church, and keep alive within you the spirit of worship which so many have banished from their hearts. Be strong in conquering all obstacles that lie in your path. I do not wish to impose any great sacrifices on you in the practice of virtue. I do not wish at all to deny you these games in which you find your recreation—on the contrary I wish to see you flourish in your youth, so that you may be able to gather in, the autumn of life the fruit of the seed you have sown in your springtime. Let the foundation of your organizations be the fear of God and the practice of piety,—thus by your example you will exercise a real apostolate over your companions.

Precept is a long road—example a short one; a man who is good at preaching and poor at practice is a sorry fellow. Remember that piety is necessary for us to keep ourselves good Christians—and remember that it is a great happiness for anybody to deserve the title of a good Christian and a good man. I have no desire to pass a harsh judgment on the present time, for I freely admit that excellent citizens are to be found in all classes of society, but my heart bleeds to see so many young men on the wrong path, so much religious indifference, so much moral abasement which obscures the dignity of human nature, when now is the spirit of obedience even to a sacrifice of independent justice, or disinterested impartiality. How many are there who no longer respect the golden maxim. Do unto others as you would that they should do unto

you! O! my dear boys and young men, remember always that without a good religious foundation, even natural virtues soon fade away. Be therefore devout, and defend your religion, showing yourselves to be Catholics in deed as well as in word. Thus and thus only will your apostolate bear fruit, and you will conquer others—even those who would cast ridicule on you will be constrained to admire and do homage to your virtue. Their conversion will be your greatest triumph; and that your triumph may be complete I heartily give my blessing to you, your families, your studies, your games, and on all who interest themselves in your games."

Grown-up Italians are not much at cheering, but the rising generation filled with its new athletic spirit, have sound lungs and know how to use them, and a burst of cheering, such as has never before been heard in the Sala Regia, rang out when the two thousand rose to their feet after receiving the blessing of the Pope. That same afternoon they gathered again in the Cortile di San Damaso to receive the principal prizes from the hands of the Holy Father himself, who was this time attended not only with the solemn pomp of the morning, but surrounded by Cardinal Merry del Val, the Archbishop of Westminster, the Archbishop of Trebizond, and many other distinguished ecclesiastics.

Here in Italy it is felt that the Pontiff has given a tremendous impetus to athletic sports and open-air games of all kinds.

COLUMBUS MONUMENT

To Be Erected in the Vatican Next Year

Cardinal Richelmy, Archbishop of Turin, Italy, has accepted the presidency of an international committee which is being formed in Italy for the commemoration of the fourth centennial of the death of Christopher Columbus, on May 20, 1906, by the erection of a magnificent monument in the Vatican to the great discoverer of America. At the same time steps are being taken to recall to life the movement for his canonization.

It is not generally known that at the Vatican Council thirty-six years ago a large number of the Archbishops and Bishops present signed a petition urging Pope Pius IX. to admit the inauguration of the necessary steps to this end in the Congregation of Rites. And even after the council prelates in different parts of the world made individual appeals to the Holy See about the matter.

IRISH LADIES' CHOIR.

The Irish Ladies' choir of Dublin, twenty-six in membership, who are the prize winners of the Feis Ceoil, arrived on the Anchor Line steamship Austria, on Tuesday, and on Sunday afternoon and evening, Oct. 29, they were heard for the first time in America at the Academy of Music, New York. The following Monday and Tuesday Philadelphia heard them. From there the tour extends through New England for about seven weeks, opening in Boston, where the choir will give nine concerts, and play in all the important cities in that territory. After this the route is mapped through Pennsylvania, Maryland, New York and the West, extending to the Pacific Coast, and of course, all the large cities like Newark, Baltimore, Washington, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Chicago, Kansas City, Denver and San Francisco will hear Ireland's greatest singing club.

Ireland is very proud of this ladies' chorus, as they have made a tremendous success on their tours throughout the United Kingdom, including their engagement at Queen's Hall, London, and it took a good deal of influence to induce the conductress, Madame Cossett-Heller, to consent to an American tour. The soloists, Madame Cossett-Heller, prima donna soprano of Dublin, Miss Joan Holland, of Dublin, contralto, Miss Violet Kelly, of Dublin, harpist, Miss Madge Murphy of Cookestown, violinist and Miss Jamie Jellie of Carrickvaugh, pianist, are the leading artists of Ireland in vocal and instrumental music.

God is glorified, not by our groans, but by our thanksgivings; and all good thought and good action claim a natural alliance with good cheer.

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A MOMENTOUS CONVERSION

Diamond Jubilee of Cardinal Newman's Reception into Church Observed in England.

October 9 of this year was the diamond jubilee of the reception of Cardinal Newman into the Catholic Church—an anniversary of great interest for English Catholic converts, many of whom attribute their conversion, under God, to the example of the great Oratorian. As a writer on the subject in the English Catholic Times observes:

It was a great shock to the Church of England, a shock from which she can never recover. The heart of the nation was moved. Lord John Russell mourned over that secession; Lord Beaconsfield said the Anglican Church reeled under the shock; Mr. Gladstone went on regretting it even to his last days; Dr. Pusey has told us the tale of his grief, and so also has John Keble; and then men will go on to tell it, that remarkable event of October 9, 1845.

And now that Newman has led the way, "the kindly light, from amid the encircling gloom," with what pleasure do we read of the others who followed. Among the many we may mention Ambrose St. John, Frederick W. Faber, Hope Scott, Ward, the two Wilberforces, Frederick Oakley, Edward Caswell, William Palmer, Thomas Y. Allie Stantop and Bowles, of the London Oratory. Converts came in crowds, too thick and fast almost to allow of recognition, until, six years afterwards, in 1851, high above his fellows, rose the memorable figure of Henry Edward Manning; even for him Newman may be said to have cleared the path. The number who followed the great Tractarian was sufficiently large to produce a profound sensation. Never before had so large a body of English clergy seceded since the "Reformation." No wonder, then, that the 9th of October is a great day for us, our thoughts naturally turn with love and veneration towards him

THOMAS LIGGETT, 1783, NOVEMBER 2, 1905.

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ELECTRIC SEAL AND MOUFFLON CAPERINE, with storm collar. With storm collar down for fine weather it appears a beautiful blue mouflon; collar up gives handsome electric seal effect. Lined best gray satin. Special value at \$7.95

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A HANDSOME COSTUME OF NEW PLUM COLORED VENETIAN CLOTH, 50 inch coat, tight fitting, single breasted front, notched collar of black velvet, cloth revers, trimmed with black silk buttons. Pleated sleeves with turn over cuffs. Eleven gore skirt, stitched below knee, forming full pleats. Silk lined jacket, seams all bound. Special price... \$29.60

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who, like ourselves, has gone out "from among his people," along the narrow pathway which led him, as it has led us, through "pastures green," by "the waters of comfort," from the "City of Confusion" to the "City of God." But of converts, whether of Tractarian or of latter days, none so noble, none so great, as John Henry Newman. He had been the pioneer of that great army which, leaving behind them friends, homes and human ambitions, had resolutely shut their ears to the soft siren blandishments of "Anglo-Catholicism," to listen only to the wise and tender counsels of their true Mother, which lead to the rest and peace, and safety of the one true Fold. "The Pillar and Ground of Truth," which can neither deceive nor be deceived, because God is her infallible guide. He, the great leader, was home at last, to where "his soul would have its rest," and he has himself told us that his admission into the Catholic Church was like getting into the harbor after being tossed about on a stormy sea. "Consciously or unconsciously almost every convert, I suppose, from Anglicanism has been influenced by that great mind and that great example; and we, like our leader, have gone out from our father's home, from kith and kin, to "the haven where he would be," and as it was with him, so it has been with so many of us; the exodus has been attended with heart-searching parting and severance keener than those outside can think. The profound calm of these moments was like nothing else in life. The welcome stillness of the storm tossed ship coming into haven is but a feeble image of it, the rest of the body after long hours of pain but the material counterpart. No more doubt, no more fear, no more driving before the wind and waves, no more sick sinking of spirit, no more strife and struggle between things as they are and as things as one wished them to be.

"All journeys end in welcome to the weary."

So Father Faber, who himself had made the journey, sang, and so we can sing, too, now.

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101 LV., No. THE CATHOLIC TRUTH

The following letter to London Tablet:

Sir,—In the Tablet of last, under the heading "Ireland," reference is made to a quarterly meeting of the Society which had been held previous week. Since the annual conference of the Society held at the opening of Wednesday, the 11th inst. over by Cardinal Logue read from His Eminence Secretary of State, a Papal Benediction to the Society in the conference. I am glad to see that the meeting on Thursday, the 10th inst. under the presidency of bishop of Tuam, who was on the platform by Cardinal Logue and several Bishops, a number of clergymen, both secular, and a very representative of Catholic laymen of shades.

Amongst the papers read interesting and perfect one on "tree planting," meeting on this paper presented the Co. of Wickham as a National made the following observations reported in the Freeman's 14th inst. He said "The Catholic Truth Ireland is one for self-help not call on the English to publish and distribute tholic books, but we did ourselves (applause). It this Society to call on an enemy, the English Government plant forests. The Englishment hates the Irish nation of Egypt did hate the Jew and we must fight that with all the weapons that God has given us, as fought, the Egyptians (applause) we have no power to call the of Egypt on the English. God that we had that (applause and laughter). We ever, boycott her manufacture and boycott her army and do we not do so? If we the weapons God has put in we cannot blame the Alm leaving us as slaves of the England does not trouble on her to do anything does trouble when we buy manufactures, her army (applause). In the Old God personally came to the enslaved nationality. He merciful in the New Test Christian times God inspired of Arc to free France from English, and although she ed at the stake as a heretic the judgment passed by the Bishop of Beauvais, within five years this judgment was the Archbishop of Rheims Pope Calixtus had appointed it, and at the present canonization is going on. And with reference to us in land, Christ's Vicar on Earth several occasions granted indulgences formerly granted Crusaders to all Irishmen against England. Such were granted by Gregory X year 1280, and by Clement the year 1300 (applause). say that the Catholic Church an enslaved nation from for its liberty? I believe the way for us to do so no boycott England's manufacture and England's army and England's (applause).

Whether I regard the opportunity of his utterances or his representation of the tenets of the Catholic Church, he is a member, I regret to while his speech is stated been received with applause," there was no more pure or objective from speakers who subsequently in the deliberations of the Society for "the dissemination of sound Catholic literature, regular form, and to deliver immemorial publications based of the Irish people, which in the