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# The Globe and Catholic Chronicle

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1907

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## Dr. EGAN IN FRANCE.

### No Evidence of Religious Loss in Paris.

(Special Correspondence to Milwaukee Catholic Citizen.)

Whatever may be the impression in regard to religion in France, there is no question that a Sunday spent in Paris convinces one that so far as attendance at Mass is concerned the French are church-going people. Americans make the mistake of taking one Mass as typical. For instance, at St. Roch, there are Masses from six until one o'clock, which gives everyone ample time to comply with the precept of the church. The high Mass at St. Roch is very splendid, with a fine orchestra and an excellent men's choir.

CAKE DISTRIBUTED AT MASS.

This is at ten o'clock. It was certainly well attended by persons evidently of the higher middle classes if one could judge by the dress worn by the assistants. Immediately after this High Mass, another Mass was begun in the chapel, at which there was congregational singing; and it seemed to be very largely attended by the people of the parish. And to judge by the volume of the voices, the religious sentiment of the congregation was at least vocally enthusiastic. The Americans were rather surprised when a large and beautiful broche, surrounded by other broches, all smelling freshly of the baker's, was carried in by the acolytes in state. This blessed bread was distributed and eaten as a matter of course. The French love the custom—each family, in country places, supplying the broche (cake) in turn.

### RELIGION IS ACTIVE.

If one expects to find any public evidence of religious loss in Paris, he will be very much disappointed. Priests, as usual, go about in their wide-brimmed hats, their hands and soutanes, and nobody seems to pay any special attention to them. In fact, the priest in uniform seems to be a very evident part of the population of Paris.

In the other churches there were large congregations at various hours, but when one considers that the methods in Catholic countries are different from ours, and that we judge things from our own point of view, it is only natural that Americans should be a rule report that there are few persons at the religious services. For instance, it would be absurd to assume that the number of communicants in our American churches is small if one should visit a church on Sunday only at the hour of High Mass. In fact, outside of the chaffering and marketing in the streets of Paris on Sunday morning, a visit to the various churches will give one the idea that the people of Paris are quite as religious as the people of any other city in which there is a large Catholic population.

It is, of course, absurd to speak of Paris as a Catholic city. Just as absurd as it is to speak of it as an infidel or an agnostic city. It does not imply that because a country is nominally Catholic, that the real spiritual life exists in the whole population. Before assuming the airs of tremendous superiority which we American Catholics do, at times, it would be well to inquire into the number of practical Catholics with which the United States is credited in certain statistical reports.

### IN THE PROVINCES.

In the provinces, if I may judge from the part of Normandy, which I am staying, the condition of the Church remains very much the same, though there seems to be at present the beginning of a closer union between the cures and the poorer people. Heretofore the support of the church, outside of the small stipend allowed by the state for the support of the inferior clergy, has depended very largely upon the chateaux, and the chateaux have been, very naturally, Royalist. It is very difficult for a man brought up in an American atmosphere to comprehend a deplorable condition in which religion is made the very essence of party politics. In Belgium one feels that, fortunately, new issues are developing, and that economic conditions, which certainly must be saner bases for party division than religion will soon make the Catholic or the Liberal war cry impossible.

In Antwerp—which seems to be one of the most splendid Catholic cities—there seemed to be only one impression among intelligent Catholic laymen, and that was that religion as a subject of political difference must be eliminated from party programmes, if the Catholic Church is to progress with that freedom which these other countries find so enviable in the United States.

### LAITY AND CLERGY.

One of the most important signs of the times in France is what is called "the intellectual crisis." Paul Bureau in his new book, "La Crise Morale," has made a great sensation. The volume has already run through eight or ten editions, and Paul Bureau himself, one of the most talented

Catholic professors in France, seems to be amazed at its success. There is a great deal of plain speaking in it, and plain speaking is as uncommon in France on certain important subjects as it is with us. In the provinces here it would seem as if the bishops have left all initiative to the laity, and as if the laity, unaccustomed to initiative of any kind, are trying to find their bearings and some definite plan of action. There is no question that, notwithstanding the shock which the breaking of the concordat has given the French Catholics, the result will be very much better for the progress of the real religion in France. Even an inexperienced observer, who looks at things in perspective, must see this. Already the cures, who were formerly so dependent on the chateaux, are looking to the people and the people having a new interest in religion—and in the provinces here, the farmer and the peasant have a very keen interest in what they pay for—are approaching the cures with something that looks very much like zeal. If the Royalists ever hoped that the present French government would provoke a revolution, that dream has dissolved itself with many other dreams of the past.

### RELIGION AND POLITICS.

One, even after a very brief visit to France, cannot help suspecting that there has been in the past, somewhat of a divorce,—not absolute, however,—between the priests and the body of the French people. It does not follow that this is the fault of the priests or entirely the fault of the people. One cause of it seems to be a condition which is very hard for an American to understand,—a condition in which religion seems sometimes to be merely a question of politics. Even during my short stay in France, I have met furious Catholics who have no more belief in the dogmas of the Church than they have in the Shintoism of the Japanese, but who by tradition and political affiliations are devoted to the utmost to the human side of the Church, and, while feeling everything they please, exclaim with horror if they find "Il Santo" on a bookstand.

### MODERNISM?

I noted with some distress that certain questions which involved the integrity of the Bible are discussed in intellectual circles in France in a way that would surprise many Catholic Americans who accept the syllabus very frankly and simply without any inquiries whatever concerning the principles involved. So far as I can see from the American papers, there is very little discussion of the syllabus. But in every circle in which I touch in France, I find it looked upon as a document of great moment, and the subject of a great heated discussion. There is no question that there is in France a great intellectual movement toward the Catholic Church, but this movement is largely on the part of men and women,—(the typical French educated woman is not the type that one finds in Bourget's novels or described by American writers on Paris or the provinces)—who for a generation or two have been largely affected by so-called scientific theories. These people are very sincere, and as far as I could make out, desire to have religion stated in new theological terms. "It does seem," a noted author said to me, "as if theological terms might be made to progress in accordance with usage without in any way destroying the spiritual, either of religious or theological."

### LAITY WITHOUT INITIATIVE.

La Crise Morale, by Paul Bureau, reflects in a measure the spirit of the French intellectual, but Bureau is much more conservative than others very prominent in this movement. The difficulties in France seem to arise from the fact that while Catholic laymen have had a theoretical position, practically, they have had no place at all. The position of Comte de Mun, and of the late Frederick Ozanam, would be as out of date to-day as the scientific lectures of Cardinal Wiseman are from the modern point of view. The French hierarchy are evidently depending on the laymen for an initiative which the laity are neither accustomed nor quite ready to take. It is plain that the old system in which the French laity depended almost entirely on the leadership of the bishops, has passed away. It is also plain that any Catholic movement in France against the government politically, is bound to fail.

### MONARCHY PLAYED OUT.

That anybody who had had the chance of reading French journals or of conversing with Frenchmen of intelligence and frankness can imagine that a monarchy can within the next hundred years be possible, seems absurd. The adherents of the monar-

chy are, to use a very expressive bit of American slang—"down and out." In fact, while the French people at large lack political education, they are much better educated economically than the average American. It seems difficult for a Frenchman of any class to realize a condition in which religion can be entirely separated from politics, or in which the dogmas and practices of the church can be part of a man's essential life without involving himself with the peculiar doctrines of some political party. For instance, in France, in Belgium, in Holland, the terms of Socialism seem to be synonymous with infidelity. In a word, Socialism becomes, in the sentiment of both liberals and conservatives, a cult rather than an economic movement, and this mingling of mere economic and political theories with religious principle or irreligious theories is quite characteristic of the continental point of view.

### A LAYMAN'S GOOD IDEA.

Not far from this little town of Mers, there is an establishment founded and conducted by a prominent Catholic layman, Monsieur de Fresno, who so far as his estate is concerned, seems to have solved all these economic problems that are vexing agricultural France. Around his chateau there are grouped various farms and grazing lands. The farms seem to be in an almost perfect state of intensive cultivation, and the management of the dairies would be a credit to Denmark. His well paid, and he holds that one of the reasons why the agricultural question is becoming an anxious one in France is because of the small earnings of the agricultural laborers.

—MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

## Father Campbell in Nova Scotia.

A week or two ago reference was made in our columns to the first of the Missions conducted in Nova Scotia by Father Campbell, S.J., of St. Joseph's Glasgow. About three months ago Father Campbell completed his sixth mission of the series in which he is engaged. This visit to Nova Scotia is no ordinary mission.—It is a great religious event in the history of Nova Scotia, the full significance and importance of which will, perhaps, only be recognized a generation or two hence. Some interesting extracts from a letter from Father Campbell to his brother Jesuits in Glasgow have been reprinted in St. Joseph's parish magazine, and these convey to the members of the congregation some idea of the warmth of the affection with which the Highlanders of Cape Breton Island regard the kinsman from Old Scotia. In all the missions he is conducting in the colony, Father Campbell is dealing with "virgin soil," as they never have had a mission in these parts. Of course, in the English-speaking parts missions have already been conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. Father Campbell is, therefore, the pioneer of Jesuit missionaries in the Gaelic-speaking parts of the colony—and when one remembers the vast field covered by the Jesuit Fathers in their missionary efforts, the singular importance of Father Campbell's mission is borne in upon one. His journey all along has had the resemblance of a royal progress. The second mission preached was at Creignish, where the church was crowded every day, three services being conducted daily, at each of which he preached. So eager were all to take part that the families arranged so that every member should be able, with confession and communion, to put in the number of attendances requisite to gain the indulgences and the Papal blessing. Twenty-five miles separated Creignish from Glendale, where the third mission was to be conducted. Twenty-five teams from Creignish conveyed the missionary ten miles of the way towards Glendale. At that stage the Highlanders from Glendale—fifty teams headed by priests and pipers met the Saccart Mor. The meeting was most affecting and inspiring. Exiles, and the children of exiles, gathered to give a royal Highland welcome to the priest who spoke their tongue, and who knew the people and their "places," and the pipes struck up merrily "The Campbells are Coming to Bonnie Glendale." The fifteen miles of the road were traversed by the missionary and his remarkable escort, and at the church door dense crowds waited eagerly to give their greetings. Without pause, the priests and people entered and filled the church, and joined in the recital of the Rosary in Gaelic, after which Father Campbell was conducted to the church door, where an address of welcome was read in Gaelic, after which Father Campbell replied, telling the people how pleased he was to find himself among the descendants of those who, though they had left the country of their ancestors, had stuck with such marvelous fidelity to their faith and the dear old Gaelic language. "Highland hospitality," remarked Father Campbell in his communication, "is not a name only—it is a virtue never lost sight of." What has made his visit to

Nova Scotia specially pleasing in a sense has been his knowledge of the Catholic Highlanders. He could tell the people of every nook and corner with which they had been familiar, and he tells with special pleasure of the delight of an old woman, who is nearly 100 years of age, and who left Moirdart nearly 70 years ago, when he could tell her about the old places she knew. It is not merely by intercourse of this kind that the mission has been pleasing. The people are equally zealous in the discharge of their religious duties of the mission. At himself heard nearly 600 confessions, and he had missions at at least six stations. His visit to Nova Scotia has been a great religious episode.—Glasgow Observer.

## Doctor Campbell's New Christian Doctrine.

The Protestant world is discussing at the present moment the Rev. Mr. Campbell's "New Theology," which asks for nothing less than a complete revision of the Christian Doctrine. The Rev. Mr. Campbell, it may be well to state, succeeded the Rev. Dr. Parker of the City Temple on Holborn Viaduct, London, on the death of the well-known preacher. The nomination or "call" of this young, Oxford-bred, nonconformist minister—he is now but 40—to so important a pulpit as that occupied for many years by Doctor Parker, caused much fluttering in the nonconformist dove-cotes of Great Britain. At least a score of experienced ministers expected to receive the appointment, and the nomination of the present incumbent was the cause of more private heartburnings and journalistic acrimonies than had heretofore been heard of in London church-circles.

Some said that the newly-chosen was of ambiguous orthodoxy—if English nonconformity can be said to possess orthodox views about anything; others said that his appointment was due more to boudoir influence (if English nonconformity can be said to be so mundane as to boast boudoirs) than to his own intrinsic merit or ability; and all the disappointed ministers who had been passed over, agreed that the chosen one was far too young and didn't possess in sufficient measure that general air of unctious provincialism that invariably characterizes the English nonconformist, to make his selection justifiable.

Soon, however, the Doctor became a force that filled his temple to overflowing and among the preachers of the English metropolis he became a well known figure. Men and women were always, however questioning his orthodoxy, and it has yet to be shown that the publication of his new views may not have rendered him a most unpleasing, if not actually impossible person to his very influential congregation. That ablest of writers, Dr. J. J. O'Shea, in a contribution to the American Catholic Quarterly Review (Philadelphia), tells us very succinctly what Mr. Campbell's views really are. The "New Theology," he says, disclaims pantheism; but the disclaimer is useless. Mr. Campbell cannot place limitations on logical inference, no more than he can sweep away limitations, and then try to establish others. The doctrine he preaches as to sin and its punishment, sweeps away the whole Christian system resting on the doctrine of atonement. Heaven and Hell, says Mr. Campbell, are states of the soul; everlasting punishment is impossible; the true resurrection (the only) is spiritual not material; when a guilty soul awakens to the truth, hell begins.

As Mr. O'Shea points out, these theories are really very very old. In one form or another they go back to Luther, were touched upon by Spinoza, the greatest of all Pantheists, were ethically enunciated by Bishop Berkeley, and finally propounded anew by Renan. Nevertheless the Protestant world is being much influenced by the new work, and nothing published since the days of Cardinal Newman has had so great a vogue in church circles. Nevertheless the Anglican newspapers affect to make light of the new work. The London Morning Post, the organ of the Church and State party, declares that it is impossible to take the book seriously and that there is not enough brain work behind it to make it of the least value to philosophical discussion. Still, 20,000 copies of the "New Theology" were sold within ten days of its publication.

Everybody is discussing it in England, says Mr. O'Shea, including railway porters, salesmen, even cat-dealers. Again, says the reviewer in a pregnant passage: "There is nothing more striking in the moral phenomena of our age than the avidity with which the unreasoning world—the man in the street—snatches at novelties in the sphere of religion and particularly at such new ideas as tend to lessen its obligations as to the practical fulfillment and conscientious satisfaction. The argument from conscience once removed, all restraint must be cast to the winds by the many. Fear of future punishment vanishes in the contemplation of a deity who looks

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with equal complacency on sin and holiness. Mahomet, Davie, and Mrs. Eddy have demonstrated that the most successful theology is that which teaches that the easiest way is the best way."

There is no essential difference between the Hedonism of Aristippus and this modern Theology as propounded by Dr. Campbell.

Human nature, says the reviewer, divested of responsibilities, before God, irresistibly inclines toward unlawful pleasure and the desire of gain. The gratification of sensuality is looked upon as a mere foible. To maintain (as Doctor Campbell virtually does) that sin is part and parcel of the agencies by means of which the Lord of Holiness works out His mighty will, is to maintain that two things mutually destructive can meet and mingle in safety—to maintain that wisdom and madness, love and hatred, purity and lewdness are indistinguishable.

And it is precisely this ridiculous sort of proposition which the new school of homiletics has been started to maintain.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

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## It Makes Them Shiver.

The following amusing bit of satire was found in the editorial columns of the Baltimore Sun, under the caption—"Afraid of an Irish Maid's Profile."

"The late Augustus St. Gaudens designed certain coins for the United States. On these coins appears the profile of a woman. Because the woman was born in Ireland a patriotic society has solemnly protested against the use of her profile on an American coin, and its protest, it is announced in a Harrisburg despatch, will be sent to the United States Government. We cannot imagine what the government will do when it receives this reminder of the late Mr. St. Gaudens' treachery, except shut itself up in its executive departments and wonder what the world is coming to. Evidently there are some of us who take life too seriously. In respect to "patriotism" the Irishman has played an admirable part in this country, from Revolutionary days down. North and South, East and West, from 1776 to 1898 the sons of Ireland have been found wherever duty called. Is it possible that the face of an "Irish-born girl" really strikes terror to the patriots in this twentieth century? Are we so timid that the profile of an Irish maiden on an American coin makes strong men shiver? We know, of course, that the daughters of Erin are beautiful and fascinating and are to be avoided by all men who desire to be a life of single blessedness. It is a matter of record that many an Englishman and many a Scotchman

who have resisted the charms of the maidens of their native land have capitulated when the Irish girl brought her fascinations to bear upon them. It is conceded, therefore, that the daughters of Erin are a menace to the peace of mind of all men who are trying to keep single. But to attack them on the ground of patriotism, to invoke the aid of a government of 80,000,000 persons for protection from the profile of one Irish girl on certain American coins, is a manifestation of "nerves" utterly beyond comprehension. Really, this is a case for the neurologists. It is to be hoped that the Government has competent experts in its employment."

## Irish Goods in London.

During the three opening days of October an "Aonach" will be held in the Grand Hall of the Old Kent-road Baths, London, England. The affair has been promoted by the Irish Franciscan Fathers at Peckham, who were the first to open the London market to Irish goods. For the opening day Mr. John Boland, M.P., has been secured as president, while the Mayor of Camberwell will give a civic recognition to the enterprise by presiding on the second day.

## Attacked Cardinal Gibbons.

Cardinal Gibbons was attacked on Wednesday on the street in Baltimore by a ruffian, and it was with difficulty that the police took the man from the infuriated citizens who came to the Cardinal's rescue. The venerable churchman was out for his afternoon walk and was approached by a man who solicited alms. Recognizing him as an habitual beggar, the prelate refused him, with the above stated results.



# HOUSE AND HOME

Conducted by Helene.

Do not be too ready to take offense at a friend's letter. Remember that things written do not seem as if they were spoken. It is foolish to allow your feelings to be hurt over what your friend writes with a twinkle in her eye, the little joke you would laugh over if it had been spoken in your ear, instead of coming by mail.

### FOOLISH GIRLS.

It is enough to make one's heart ache the way foolish girls will pass by splendid, hard-working men and choose insignificant little nobodies for their life's partners, and all because they won't take the trouble to look below the veneer of fine dress.

The man who has an aim in life can't spend all his time in running after girls and going to dances. He has something better to do. He has to make a name and place for himself in the world.

Look around at the married women of your acquaintance. Some of them are happy honest, hardworking men. Others married loafers. Some of them are happy wives, other miserable wrecks.

### A VANISHING TYPE.

The real old-fashioned mother is becoming rarer and rarer as the many new-fashioned ones rise up to take her place. Sometimes one finds her in the midst of a group of grown-up daughters utterly unlike herself, taking a tender pride in talent and qualities which were unknown to herself and her contemporaries.

### BELTS OF SUEDE.

Each season brings forth something new in suede articles, either gloves, shoes, belts or handbags. Just now the belts attract considerable attention for they are deserving of it, since they are neatly made, not too wide, and are finished with beautiful oval buckles, rather flashy, it is true, yet nicely adapted as numerous, so one has no difficulty in selecting a shade to exactly match or nicely harmonize with the dress skirt.

### HOW TO SAVE LINING OF LADIES' JACKET.

To save lining under arm of ladies' jackets cut heart shaped piece of velvet, same color or harmonizing with lining, and sew under arm with fancy silk stitch (upper edge to fit into arm-hole) before sewing in sleeve lining. This saves re-lining.

### PLEASANT ERASURE FOR FRECKLES.

The summer girl is now frantically trying to get rid of her freckles, which the July and August sun brought forth in all their glory. One of the best and certainly the most harmless remedies for freckles is lemon juice strained and diluted with water.

### THE LAST HOPE.

One of the most charming pianists of this city having observed the ladies observe everything that Gottschalk never passes an evening without executing, with profound religious sentiment, his poetic reverie, "The Last Hope," asked of him his reason for doing so.

### THE VALUE OF PINS.

A very aggressive crusade in favor of temperance has recently been going on in a Scottish city, and a large philanthropist who had given large sums of money to help the cause, meeting a convert one day, inquired how he was getting along.

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### KEEPING IN TOUCH.

The district visitor went about her work with the same indiscriminating enthusiasm which carried her through her other social and philanthropic enterprises.

### TIMELY HINTS.

In making a crust of any kind do not melt the lard or butter into the flour or your crusts will be spoiled. Scrambled eggs will be made creamy if cooked in a double boiler instead of a spider frying pan.

### FUNNY SAYINGS.

A STINGING REBUKE. A certain physician living in the northern part of Nebraska recently sent a bill for services rendered, and a few days after received his bill back, indorsed as follows:

### EYEBROWS REQUIRE MUCH CARE.

The eyebrows should receive as much attention as any other part of the body. With a little cold cream on the finger tips rub the eyebrows gently, so as to remove any possible dandruff, since they often have a little in them. Then wash them with a solution made of water and a little alcohol.

### WORK AS A MEDICINE.

One of the most noticeable things among the unemployed is the rapidity with which they age. The more delicately adjusted a piece of machinery is the quicker it goes to ruin when not running.

### GENEROUS INSTINCTS.

During the latter part of his life Emerson seemed to live much in the world of souls, and came back with difficulty to take cognizance of physical affairs.

### CALLS IT A JOKE.

A prominent clergyman of this village is telling a good joke on himself. He frequently has business at Red Bank and appreciates the courtesy shown him by the colored waiter at the depot there.

"Cultivate a little more sentiment, indulge love and then in a whole some romance, open the window of your soul to the east and let the morning sun gild your ideas; it will not harm you, and it will make you an infinitely more pleasant companion than you now are."

"I have waited, not untried, For the Light has come in splendor, And the glory of the Presence Is my part."

Close the door and drop the latch, Light the log and mend the thatch, Look no more to see the shadow Of the beech tree on the meadow. Sit you by the hearth to-day; Come in, come in, for the swallow's away.

No more piping round the eaves, Housed are all the golden sheaves, Like to birds of brilliant feather Scarlet leaflets fly together; Drip and drop like hopes foregone; Come in, come in, for the swallow has flown.

Misty woods look far from home, Playful streams look quarrelsome, Now your eye will gladly follow Smokeweaths curling in the hollow, Strong of heart and sweet of mouth, Come!—and the swallow may stay in the South!

Then hide it not, the music of the soul, Dear sympathy, expressed with kindly voice, But let it like a shining river roll To deserts dry—to hearts that would rejoice.

Oh! let the sympathy of kindly words Sound for the poor, the friendless, and the weak; And He will bless you—He who struck these chords Will strike another when in turn you seek.

God does not send us strange flowers every year; When the Spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places The same dear things lift up the same fair faces: The violet is here.

It all comes back—the odor, grace, and hue— Each sweet relation of its life repeated; No blank is left, no looking for is checked; It is the think we knew.

So, after the death-winter, it must be, God will not put strange signs in the heavenly places; The same old love shall look out from the old faces—Veilchen! I shall have thee.

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# WITH THE POETS

### UNSPOKEN WORDS.

The kindly words that rise within the heart, And thrill it with their sympathetic tone, But die ere spoken, fail to play their part, And claim a merit that is not their own.

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## ICED BLUE RIBBON TEA

THE MOST DELICIOUS OF SUMMER DRINKS. BREW IT THE SAME AS IF YOU WERE GOING TO SERVE HOT TEA, THEN POUR IT OFF THE LEAVES INTO A PITCHER AND PLACE ON THE ICE. WHEN QUITE COLD SERVE WITH A SLICE OF LEMON (DO NOT USE MILK) AND ADD SUGAR ACCORDING TO TASTE. THE MOST REFRESHING AND WHOLESOME SUMMER BEVERAGE KNOWN

### A Familiar Face.

That of Mary Cunningham Will be on all New U.S. Coin.

"My model!" The great sculptor St. Gaudens sat back in his chair. He gazed enthusiastically at the wondrous serving maid who was bringing him his plate of vegetable soup.



### St. George's Baking Powder

"I tell you, Ma'am, you ought to use St. George's Baking Powder. It is whole-some and healthful."

JOHNNY. He can scamper a mile ball field. And he never feels the But, oh, it's so far— So far for his aching He can run to see the in. And stand and watch But the post office is far away. And there might come He can get up at 5 o'clock of July— It's really no trouble But it is too early on— And his mother may He can sit up all hours not Get sleepy or tired a do. He goes fast asleep Oh, Johnny, dear Johnny you are! And when will grow stand That hard things so easy ones hard, To youngsters all over YOUNG HER Seven-year-old Arn while playing in F Brooklyn, forgot all at ley cars, so eager was being tagged. One scr and the child was lost the crowded open car, The passengers poured panic. Strong hands the mangled form out the car, and Policeman ing, lifted him in his a had been cut off and th ed shapeless. "Please get a doctor boy, scarcely above a tell him to see my toe mamma comes, so she v and then he became un other foot was ampute hospital, where it was would probably die New York World.

### KING I

CHAPTER VIII.—CONT A NARROW ESCA

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### BURDOCK BLOOD BITTER

will cure the worst cas by regulating the bowels up the digestive organ. Mrs. Geo. H. Rice, of N.S., writes: "I suffer from dyspepsia and const until I started to use Burdock Blood Bitter. After I had bottles I was completely as anything else."



BOYS AND GIRLS - a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

JOHNNY. He can scamper a mile to a base-ball field. And he never feels the heat. But oh, it's so far to the corner store - So far for his aching feet. He can run to see the circus come in. And stand and watch by the hour; But the post office building is so far away. And there might come up a shower. He can get up at 5 on the Fourth of July - It's really no trouble at all; But it is too early on all other days. And his mother may call and call. He can sit up all hours to frolic and not Get sleepy or tired a bit; But if there's a lesson or problem to do, He goes fast asleep over it! Oh, Johnny, dear Johnny, how funny you are! And when will grown-ups understand That hard things seem easy, and easy ones hard, To youngsters all over the land? YOUNG HERO. Seven-year-old Arnold Koeppe, while playing in Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn, forgot all about the trolley cars, so eager was he to escape being tagged. One scream of terror and the child was lost to view under the crowded open car. The passengers poured out in a panic. Strong hands tenderly drew the mangled form out from beneath the car, and Policeman Schran, weeping, lifted him in his arms. One foot had been cut off and the other crushed shapeless. "Please get a doctor," said the boy, scarcely above a whisper, "and tell him to sew my foot on before mamma comes, so she won't worry." Then he became unconscious. The other foot was amputated at Seney hospital, where it was said the child would probably die from shock. - New York World.

THE STRENGTH OF TENDERNESS. A kind admonition, coming from an affectionate heart, is often more effective than scolding or punishment. Once a priest who was fond of a youth heard his confession, which acknowledged an act contrary to holy innocence, and he said slowly in a tone of grief: "O my dear boy, how could you do it? For God's sake, you will never do the like again, will you?" The sorrow of the priest affected the lad. It made a deep impression on him. Years afterwards, talking to an intimate friend, he said: "With God's help I never did it again, or anything like it." A father once appeared at the door of his room after midnight as his son was coming in after a night spent in the commission of sin. All he said was: "Tom, Tom, this will never do. You are breaking my heart." From that night Tom was a changed young man. His father's words haunted him. He gave up his evil ways. Harshness would only have enraged him and confirmed him in depravity. A tender reproach aroused his love and awoke his manhood. A BOY THAT NEVER STRIKES BACK. I wish it would stop raining, said a little boy, looking wistfully at the window. "Then the grasses would not have their drink," said his mother. "But I want to see Johnny Hastings before I go to bed to-night, mother." "Can you not keep from Johnny one afternoon?" "Oh," said the little boy, sorrowfully, "I struck Johnny this morning, and he's a boy that never strikes back. I want to tell him I am sorry I struck him, and never mean to do so again." A boy that never strikes back! There can be no quarreling, no fighting, no strife where that boy is. It is the striking back which makes a quarrel. It is paying an hospital, where it was said the child would probably die from shock. - New York World.

compared by a growling, tearing sound, as though some animal was trying to get at them through a cleft in the rocks under which they were seated. Both screamed, and Hilda, fully persuaded that one of the wild cats she had heard of was just launching itself for a spring at her, rose to her feet and flew off down the hill, not looking or even thinking where she was going, till she was brought to an abrupt stop by catching her foot in a rabbit hole and tumbling heavily to the ground. The suddenness of the fall almost stunned her for a moment, and well for her it did; for before she could rise a voice close by—Gordon's voice but strangely sharp and excited—shouted: "Lie still, Hilda! Don't move. Don't move at all!" Scarcely understanding what he said in her confusion, Hilda was still attempting to rise from the hollow under a clump of vetchinal bushes into which she had rolled, when, in lifting her head, she caught sight of her cousin, making signs to her with one hand over an occipital rock a little higher up on the hill-side, and with the other hand holding down Tiger, his little Scotch terrier, while he shouted: "Don't! Keep your head down, and they won't see you. You're quite safe." Safe from what? What did he mean? But in the same moment Hilda became aware of a heavy tramping sound, which seemed to shake the ground all around and even under her, and was mingled with snorting and an occasional bellow which almost froze her with terror. Too frightened to move, even if she had not been forbidden to do so, she peeped through the vetchinal bushes, which, growing on the edge of a bank, had fortunately prevented her from rolling farther, and saw, to her dismay, slowly filing by on the other side a drove of some forty or fifty of the half-wild cattle of those parts. Fortunately they did not see her, but kept steadily along the level ground at the bottom, though so close to the slope down which she had rolled that their sides almost brushed against her protecting bushes, and one or two of the younger and more unruly members of the herd showed a disposition to straggle up hill in her direction. They were driven back, however, by an unearthly yell from Gordon's perch among the rocks, which not only frightened them down again, but started the rest of the herd into a heavy shambling trot, that would have carried them out of sight in another moment if Gordon, excited by the success of his experiment, had not leaned forward to repeat it, and in doing so let go his hold of Tiger. The little dog, also full of excitement, and looking on his master's shouts as a signal of attack for him, dashed straightway at the retreating herd, and singling out a vicious-looking cow with very long curving horns, who, with her two calves, was in the rear of the rest, seized her by the tail and hung on to her. The cow, however, more enraged than frightened by the assault, swung round with such a jerk as to send her small enemy flying into the air a dozen yards off, and then charged him so quickly and in such a manner that Hilda shrieked aloud, expecting to see the poor little dog impaled on them, and herself run over and trampled on in the next moment. But Tiger was far too nimble to be so caught! Circling round the cow, he made a swift dash under her body and caught her by the nose, to which he clung like grim death, although she bellowed with pain, and striking her head against the ground did her best to both fling him off and grind him into powder. By this time the rest of the herd had come to a standstill, and there was a surging movement among them as if their savage-looking leader was trying to push his way through to the rescue, but fortunately, at the same moment, Gordon's shouts of "Come back, Tiger! Come back, sir!" succeeded in making themselves heard above the dog's excited barking and the snorting and bellowing of its enraged foe; and obedient, though reluctant, Tiger let go his hold, and, barely escaping a thrust from one of her sharp horns, dashed back up the hill as swiftly as he had come.

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KING PENGUIN LAND.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONFIDENCES.—A NARROW ESCAPE. The cause of the outcry was as follows: Hilda and Meta, left to themselves, had quickly become very friendly. Indeed it was difficult to be anything else with Meta, who had a way of saying pleasant little flattering things which I am afraid she did not always mean, except for the moment, but which made her seem particularly charming to sincere and rather shy girls, like Molly and Hilda, who often feel a kind of bashfulness about saying even what they feel most deeply. Meta, however, was so deeply communicative herself that she almost forced other people to be the same and so by the time she had told Hilda the names of the dozen or so of gentry people who made up the "society" of Stanley, and had pointed out which of the white dots across the harbor was the house owned by each, and had praised Hilda's hair, and had and mantle, and made herself very pleasant generally, Hilda had been drawn into talking in her turn, and into telling her new friend all about her home in England, and how much she disliked leaving it and coming out to the colonies. For "though Uncle Charles was, of course, papa's own brother, and English too, a colonial aunt, who was only an aunt-in-law, couldn't ever be the same as other aunts," an opinion in which Meta sympathized so warmly that Hilda was then drawn on to pour out all her foolish prejudices and grievances against colonial relations, not forgetting the hardships of having no maid to wait on her, and nothing but "nasty oatmeal porridge with milk and bread and butter for breakfast, instead of a poached egg, or a little piece of kidney on toast, or something of that sort from uncle's own dish, as she always had in London," and of being made to sleep with the children in a "horrid, bare, whitewashed nursery,

just like a hospital," while Molly had "a nice room all to herself, and had never even invited her into it"; with sundry other grievances of the same sort, the mere telling of which made her feel like Ellen Montgomery or any other ill-used heroine in a story-book; and for all of which she received no end of pity. Meta, indeed, was too much flattered at being chosen for her confidante to tell her (as she could so easily have done) that Molly had been very fond of the room she despised so much; and had only given up her own little bed to make her cousin comfortable and happy; while the room she had moved into was a tiny box-room with no fire or carpet, and all besides the bed and washing apparatus that she had felt shy of even showing it to Hilda after the grand way in which the latter spoke of the things she had been used to. Molly, as we know, had not grumbled at all at the sacrifice which Meta had then declared it was so generous of her to make; but Meta did not say so now, and attempt to defend "the dear darling friend" whom she always professed to love so much. She was too much afraid of offending the new one, who seemed so much finer and grander; and when Hilda said sadly that she was glad she knew her, for she knew she never "could like her cousin Molly, she was so rough and stupid-looking and common; and she always rushed about so and wanted to do everything as if she was the most important person in the house," Meta agreed that "poor Molly" was rather important, and that though she "meant to be good-natured and all that," she couldn't of course be anything like as nice as the friends Hilda had had in London: all of which was very gratifying to Hilda, and made her feel still more how superior she was to the cousin they were talking of. And yet, in spite of these confidences, she was not pleased with herself for having been led into them. She had been quite well enough taught to know that to speak ill of other people behind their backs, and try to weaken their friends' affection for them, never can be anything but wrong, mean and unkind; and if there was anything Hilda thought she disliked, it was mean-ness; besides which she had scarcely done speaking before she remembered that she had once heard her Uncle Herbert say that there is nothing more ungrateful and unsavory than to find fault with the food and household ways of people in whose house you are staying as a visitor, and who, though they may not be as well off as your own parents, are perhaps trying to show you every kindness in their power. He had spoken very strongly about it, and had refused to allow Hilda to become intimate with some little girls whom he had heard chattering in this vulgar and ungracious way; and as the thought of this flashed into her mind she began to feel decidedly ashamed of herself, and, breaking off in some further confidences, was just begging Meta not to repeat anything she had said when both girls were startled by a long and horrible "Maou-ou-ou!" at their back, ac-

Here's the Cure for Sick Kidneys

TEST THEM FREE. Perhaps you are skeptical about GIN PILLS. So was Mr. Brown. He had tried so many things for his kidneys, without getting any better, that he had just about made up his mind that he couldn't get well. When he first read about GIN PILLS he laughed. The second time, he thought. The third time, he said "he would write for a sample just to see if there was any chance of getting well." He was pretty nearly tickled to death over that box of GIN PILLS. They did him so much good that he would have paid \$5 a box for the second, if necessary. The dizziness, headaches, pains in hips and legs died away. Urine lost its high color. He slept through the night without being disturbed by bladder trouble. His appetite began to pick up and he felt better than he had been for years. Being a sufferer from Sick Kidneys and Diabetes in the Head, and could get nothing to help me, I saw in the paper about good GIN PILLS. I got a sample box, and they did me so much good, I bought three boxes and am taking them. They have worked wonders for me. I can recommend them to any similar sufferer. Don't be prejudiced. Give GIN PILLS a fair trial and they will cure you just as they cured Mr. Brown. Mention this paper and we will send you a free sample. The Sole Drug Co., Winnipeg, Man. 50c. a box—4 for \$2.00.

CHAPTER IX.—TWO VERY DIFFERENT HOUSEHOLDS.

Hilda had arrived at the Island on a Tuesday, and Mrs. Burnett had kindly granted freedom from all lessons till the end of the week, so that she might have time to become thoroughly familiar with her relations before settling down into the usual routine of life and work. It must not be supposed, however, that there were no lessons usually, or that life at Malvina Cottage was all play and holiday-making. On the contrary, Hilda soon found out that it was a very busy and active life; for though Mr. Burnett's salary as manager was not small, he had a large family, and was, for other reasons, which she did not then know, by no means well off. Her aunt, therefore, only kept three servants, which, in a household containing seven children, and in which all the bread was baked, and the fresh butter made at home (for there were no bakers' or buttermen's shops in the Falklands), certainly left no time for the elder children to be waited on, dressed, and run after as Hilda so foolishly expected to be; but rather gave them each a share in such household duties as would lighten the servants' work a little, and help them to become useful and notable men and women them-

selves. Mrs. Burnett had trained them, therefore to do everything for themselves as far as possible, and help one another in addition; and besides this, each had his or her special household duty for which they were responsible; every hour was expected to be done at its right hour, and the consequence was that there was no confusion or disorder; the house was as well kept and regulated as any English one. Uncle Charles often said that no man ever had a more cosy comfortable home than his, and each member of the family felt that they had their rightful share in the credit of such praise, and took pride and pleasure in it accordingly. As for Mrs. Burnett, Hilda often wondered how she could get through all she had to do in a place where, as she soon found, nothing like a skilled English servant was to be got. Her cook was one of the soldiers' wives, her nurse the kindly but ignorant widow of a sealer, drowned one stormy winter; her housemaid a young Irish girl, and she not only taught and trained and supervised them in each of their respective duties, but made all the cakes and more delicate puddings and pastry herself, "ironed and 'got up" all the laces and muslins which were beyond the powers of the untaught and very unskilful washerwoman, and instructed Molly in both arts; cut out and arranged all the needlework, and did a great part of it; and yet, with all this, never failed to make her appearance in the school-room every morning at half-past ten, her housekeeping apron gone, her soft hair as smooth under its pretty cap, and her face as gentle and serene as though she had never known any other care or anxiety than the education of the three young people, Molly, Katie, and Charlie—Hilda now making a fourth—to whom she proceeded to devote herself. With great success, too. For Hilda, who was at first almost as much disgusted as offended to find that her colonial aunt was in future to be her only governess, soon discovered that Molly, on whom she so much looked down, was actually beyond her in many things, general reading and information in particular; and that Aunt Mary not only talked French and German much more fluently than Miss Jones, Hilda's old teacher, but seemed to expect a higher and more thorough standard from her pupils in every way than that lady ever did. (To be continued.)

"WHAT IS DYSPEPSIA?"

There is no form of disease more prevalent than dyspepsia, and none so peculiar to the high living and rapid eating of the present day mode of life. Among the many symptoms are: Variable appetite, faint, gnawing feeling at the pit of the stomach, with unsatisfied craving for food; heartburn, feeling of weight and wind in the stomach, bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, low spirits, headache and constipation. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS will cure the worst cases of dyspepsia, by regulating the bowels, and toning up the digestive organs. Mrs. Geo. H. Riley, West Longmeadow, N.S., writes: "I suffered for years from dyspepsia and could get no relief until I started to use Burdock Blood Bitters. After I had taken three bottles I was completely cured and was eating anything again."

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1907.

Episcopal Approbation.

If the English Speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the TRUE WITNESS one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country.

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal

MONTH OF THE HOLY ROSARY.

It is almost twenty-five years since the exercises of the month of the Holy Rosary were prescribed, and as year follows year they are repeated in all the churches during October in common with the pious throngs gathered there to do honor to the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary.

It is edifying to see the goodly numbers who avail themselves of this pious devotion, and, after all, what a few moments it takes to recite a simple five decades.

How pleasing, too, it must be to the Queen Mother to behold her faithful children gathered round her shrine, their united invocations rising like sweet incense, their simple faith speaking an inborn trust in her powerful intercession.

The Holy Angels, also, are specially invoked during this month. Devotions to the Angels is devotion to the Heart of Christ, under another form, says The Messenger.

From beginning to end, those blessed spirits ministered unto Him in the work for which His Sacred Human Heart was moulded, developed, and at last was pierced upon the cross.

Long before He came upon earth they foretold His coming to the prophet, and in time it was one of their number who whispered to the sinless maid of Galilee the sweetest message that the world has ever known.

About the cave of Bethlehem they sang their hymns of welcome and shortly after they foiled the tyrant of his evil purpose.

In Nazareth itself we cannot but fancy them following Him in His command. They ministered unto Him when He had vanquished the tempter and strengthened Him in the shadows of Gethsemane.

At the sepulchre they are the first to tell the world that "He is risen," and on Mt. Olivet they come to usher Him back to the right of the Father Who had sent Him.

to make them some return, what will the answer be? God grant that we may all increase in devotion to them, and bring others to appreciate them, as they so well deserve. To do so cannot be difficult.

THE EXTENSION SOCIETY IN THE STATES.

The great growth of the Catholic Church Extension Society in the United States during the short period of its existence has few parallels.

Simple and humble in its origin, it has developed wisdom and great strength and now has the attention of all Church societies in the United States. We are informed that there is no commercial enterprise in the country conducted upon a more scientific basis.

Our readers will remember an article, with illustrations, in a recent issue, explaining the workings of the society and the chapel car auxiliary. The Society moved to more commodious quarters in Chicago last week, having outgrown the offices which it occupied since its inauguration.

Success has been already assured. The work increases in complexity every week. But the system has been so perfected and so carefully adapted to future growth that it adjusts itself almost automatically to every new development.

Mr. Petrie, of New York, and Mr. Deane, of Chicago, have stood sponsor for the commercial life of the organization, and the Archbishop of Chicago has given it high ecclesiastical approval from the start.

OPPORTUNITY IN CANADA.
We have 100 children fit to be emigrated to Canada. It will cost only £12 each to make them self-supporting.

JUST KEEP COOL.
Mr. Borden is, we think, unduly alarmed over the so-called Japanese invasion on the Pacific Coast.

OUR CATHOLIC PRESS.
The subject of our worthy Catholic press is always an important one. France suffers to-day from its neglect of a strong Catholic press.

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FISHLEY JOINS TRAPPISTS.

George Fishley, one of the best known general newspaper men of the West, has entered a Trappist Monastery in Iowa. Mr. Fishley recently entered the order of the Trappists at Gethsemane, Ky., but was transferred to the house at Dubuque, where he will go through his novitiate.

It is a lamentable feature of the caricature of religion that the victims of the delusion become blind to the wickedness of tampering with human life. To allow persons to die without medical help differs in no degree from the active violence of those hardened creatures who tortured their poor parent under the influence of rank superstition.

YELLOW NEWSPAPERS AND YELLOW SCHOOLS.

The United States has a surfeit of yellow newspapers, and a goodly representation of yellow universities. The existence of these yellow papers is to be deplored, but what must we say about the colleges and universities? Here we have Professor Zueblin, of the University of Chicago, advocating trial marriages and ex-Professor Oscar Lovel Triggs preaching free love.

These institutions should be building up civilization, not killing it. Is it much wonder that we have yellow newspapers? They have a good ally in the above cases of authorized representatives of some of the leading United States institutions of learning.

Priests should make more use of their Church paper for promulgating news of the services and doings of their parish. Then people would soon come to look for the paper, and it would be a constant reminder and a ready reference for all parish matters.

BISHOP HOBAN'S CRITICISM.

One cannot help but admire Bishop Hoban's courage as expressed in a Pennsylvania daily paper of recent date. Perhaps no place in the world is child labor so prevalent as in the coal mining districts of his state.

It is good to know that his strictures have not the same force in our Canadian commonwealths as they do in many of those in the United States. They are, however, worthy of consideration.

THE RAILROAD WRECKS.
The railroad juggernaut continues to destroy lives and crush the limbs of travellers and employes both in Canada and the United States.

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But this overwork and inadequate help are to be traced back, in part, to the greed for dividends which gets possession of the corporations, and this greed in turn is stimulated by the necessities of watered stock and the schemes of promoters.

ECHOES OF DOWEISM.

Another dastardly outcome of the Dowie craziness comes from Zion City. Five members of the Dowie sect are charged with the murder of an old woman under circumstances such as one reads of as occurring in the middle Ages.

RECONSCIENCE OF BEQUESTS.
The Paris Temps has never been noted for its partiality to Catholics, but in the appended quotation it exhibits a sense of justice in criticizing a recent governmental decree ordering judges to suspend lawsuits until the government can obtain the passage of a bill making null the claims for damages on account of the confiscation of money bequeathed for Masses.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

At a recent convention, in Winnipeg, of the Royal Templars of Temperance, a non-Catholic organization of temperance advocates, Father Drummond, who had been invited to address the assembly, insisted on the efficacy of the Men's League of the Sacred Heart as a temperance promoter.

During the last hundred years Catholic missionaries have spread the faith among 300,000,000 pagans in Asia. The Catholics in the Chinese Empire now number 2,250,000, as against 500,000 in 1800.

THE FRANCISCANS IN ROME.
The Franciscans in Rome have received a report from Morocco of the pillage of their monastery at Casablanca by the natives.

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But this overwork and inadequate help are to be traced back, in part, to the greed for dividends which gets possession of the corporations, and this greed in turn is stimulated by the necessities of watered stock and the schemes of promoters.

THE SECOND CAUSE OF THIS SWIFT destruction is the defective rail. The peril of the broken rail was revealed in a startling manner by the recently published report of the New York Railroad Commission.

THE GOVERNMENT SHOULD COMPEL railway corporations who are entrusted with the lives of so many persons yearly to adopt the most advanced systems for safety.

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Louise Michel

Murderer of Thirteen and Died a Martyr

The subject of this sketch, Louise Michel, was born in 1817; her life was a life of sacrifice and heroism.

Under the Commune she was named Captain Pigeon, and she was the first to be shot.

On May 26 she again met the death of Pigeon, reserving to herself the honor of firing the first shot.

Arrested in arms on the 24th, she was condemned to death, and she died a martyr.

At the beginning of Louise's life she was a simple girl, but she became a great worker.

She was imprisoned in 1849, and she was released in 1850.

During her imprisonment she wrote many books, and she was a great worker.

She was imprisoned in 1871, and she was released in 1872.

She was imprisoned in 1873, and she was released in 1874.

She was imprisoned in 1875, and she was released in 1876.

She was imprisoned in 1877, and she was released in 1878.

She was imprisoned in 1879, and she was released in 1880.

She was imprisoned in 1881, and she was released in 1882.

She was imprisoned in 1883, and she was released in 1884.



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**Louise Michel,**  
 Murderer of Thirteen, Prisoner Repented  
 and Died a Sincere Death.

The subject of this sketch, Louise Gimet (Michel), was one of the worst among the Paris Communists in 1871; her life was compiled by Dr. Boisserie from facts given to him by Sister de la Gardie, of St. Joseph's Convent, Montreal, who was instrumental in her marvelous change and conversion in this remarkable penitent who was 38 years of age at the time of the Commune.

Tall, strong, energetic, her expression of face was stern, yet now and then softened by gleams of brightness and sweetness, heart and soul she joined in the Revolution, and, being a friend of Garibaldi, she held a high position among the Freemasons, and developed a strong taste for military tactics which she quickly acquired.

Under the Commune she took the name "Captain Figeat" and wore the uniform of a captain with a red sash; usually attending at the head of her company at the deaths of condemned prisoners, thus gratifying her bloodthirsty nature. She presided at the shooting of Monsignor Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, on May 24, 1871. After the third round was fired, he still breathed, she went forward and despatched him with a brutal kick in the head, then savagely trampled upon his dead body. Four or five days later, when the Archbishop's remains were brought home, Abbe Schaeffer and other witnesses were surprised at finding the face disfigured and unrecognizable; the effects of Louise's maltreatment, no ball having struck his head.

On May 26 she again headed her men at the death of Pere Alivaint, S. J., reserving to herself the right of firing the first shot. At this moment Pere Alivaint, noticing the disguise, said, "Madame, this costume is not becoming." As time went on, if holy Pere Olivaint's name were mentioned in her hearing she trembled and could not conceal her remorseful expression. Later on the unhappy woman, among the many crimes and scandals of her past life, confessed to having murdered thirteen priests.

Arrested in arms on the barricades, Figeat was tried by court-martial and condemned to death. The superiors of St. Lazare, anxious to save this sinful soul, begged for a reprieve, which was granted. This delay saved Louise's life; her name, doubtless, being overlooked, was not again called.

She was imprisoned in St. Lazare, which was ultimately the happy cause of her conversion, as the nun who had saved her life now became the guide of this fierce nature. She often said: "I want and I will have a soul."

At the beginning of Louise's conversion in trying moments of mental struggle, her best solace was to pray at Pere Olivaint's tomb, whose last words were: "I am praying for you, while kneeling there, at 38 Rue de Sevres, the pious penitent was miraculously cured of a painful wound in her knee.

During her imprisonment she had only one book in her cell—a volume of Pere Olivaint's sermons, which so touched her heart that she observed to the superiors: "Strange that a priest whose name I could not formerly utter without fear, is now instrumental in bringing me to God."

At Montpelier the Sisters of St. Joseph conducted an orphanage as well as a separate community, consisting of a hundred young girls and women who, having more or less erred, wished to redeem the past, and gave solemn promise of lasting reform. Under the name, and wearing the habit of "Children of Mary," they are truly spiritual and are partly recruited by liberated prisoners. (But, alas! can we still speak thus in the Commune?)

After the defeat of the Commune two hundred of these women, variously accused, were distributed among the different houses established in France, and at the termination of their sentence some begged to be allowed to remain under the care of the nuns, and proved models of piety and self-denial.

Such was Louise Gimet, who henceforth for the remaining eighteen or twenty years of her life was devoted to prayer and penance; surely this noble self-abnegation redeemed her former sinful life. The change was complete, no murmur, no uncharitable or critical remark ever passed her lips, and her greatest happiness was to help the dying. Thus Louise spent her last years. On her dying bed, being asked if she were tormented by fear, she replied: "What can I fear? I have thrown myself completely on God's mercy."

A former companion, also penitent, in some degree accounted for the grace granted to Louise, who, she said, always preserved devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and besides was most charitable to the poor. During her youthful wanderings, going along the street, at the foot of Fourviers hill, Lyons, she heard a passing youth blaspheme the name of our Blessed Lady; she turned back and struck him. About this time—1858—she visited the Cure d'Arce, who propheticly predicted her: "My daughter, unhappily you will do great evil, but in due time our merciful God in His goodness will grant you the grace to repent, in reward for your devotion to His Divine Mother."

The Sisters of St. Joseph at Montpelier being dispersed by the government, Louise returned to her native place, Marseille, where she died a peaceful, saintly death in March, 1904.

Thus a depraved, profligate, meeting in the path of the two holy souls—the Blessed Cure d'Arce and Venerable Pere Olivaint's—salvation came in the consoling mystery of God's mercy, an encouraging lesson to

**Two Protestant Writers' Views on Pius.**

Personally and outside of his august office, writes a London Times foreign correspondent to that organ, Pius X. has already become the most fascinating figure of the present day. His humility has perhaps no parallel in history and humility is a virtue so rare in our days, even among the best of us, that it alone would suffice to crown him with the nimbus of a saint. But his originality does not stop there.

Unless one recognizes the tranquillity, the sincerity and even the naïveté that carry him forward towards the future, with an assurance perhaps unparalleled in the history of the Papacy, there is some risk of falling into serious error both as to his personality and as to his Pontificate.

There is no ambiguity, writes the Times correspondent in effect, in the mind of Pope Pius as to the nature or scope of his exalted office. Doubt never touches his soul—he is no longer Giuseppe Sarto, he is only Pius X., the channel of divine revelation. At all times such a character would have been original and interesting. On the threshold of the twentieth century it is marvelous and unique.

The fact, the correspondent goes on to say, that the first four years of the Pontificate have been witness of unfeigned, by no means significant that the life of the Church is stricken and its organism moribund. With him the Church passes through a redoubtable crisis, but the crisis once over, the Church will resume her place at the head of civilization.

Meanwhile the Pius X. of tomorrow will continue the Pius X. of to-day. In him there is nothing unforeseen or contemplated; the integrity and simplicity with which he lives his own life, is an admirable spectacle to the whole world.

"The restoration of all things in Christ," is, says a non-Catholic writer, in the Tribuna (Rome), the lofty motto adopted, and in every phase lived up to, by Pope Pius X. He is a man who will compromise on no point of dogma, however open it may be to an easy explanation which may render transience with the modern critic as well as the elimination of a solution of the difficulties at issue. His profound piety and unassailable belief in the truth of the Church, render it impossible that he should give way even on the smallest point that impinges on the realm of Catholic truth. In the opinion of the Head of the Church, all the governments of the world at the present day are encouraging among the sects a species of humanism in religion which has its sanction in the merely finite, which reckons not at all of the Divine, which is akin to the religion that underlies municipal or state benevolence and good works and which, in fine, is gradually driving the peoples into atheism and killing men's consciousness of a supernatural life.

Whatever betide, the mind of this Pontiff militant is fixed. What the modernists term progress, Pius calls trifling with the faith. And the result of such trifling, says the Pope, are visible on every hand in the social sphere and in the industrial. In the one, divorce is gaining ground and growing to such an extent that young couples, in entering into marriage, have in their minds the idea that after all there is a legal remedy open to them, if their union does not prove a domestic success. In the other, the welfare of the employer is looked upon by the province and is solely governed by the virtues or vices of the cast-iron individualism of the worker himself. Detraction, misrepresentation, poverty, imprisonment and all the world's scorn will not move the Pope to abate one iota of the attitude he has taken, provided only the Catholic nations shall preserve untainted by heresy, the deposit of the Faith that was originally given them by Christ.

**The Stomach on Strike.**  
 The Tonic Treatment for Indigestions, the Most Successful.

Loss of appetite, coated tongue, bad taste in the mouth, heavy, dull headache and a dull sluggish feeling—these are the symptoms of stomach troubles. They indicate that the stomach is on strike, that it is no longer furnishing to the blood its full quota of nourishment that the body demands, hence every organ suffers. There are two methods of treatment, the old one by which the stomach is humored by the use of pre-digested foods and artificial ferments, and the new one—The Dr. Williams' Pink Pills method—by which the stomach is toned up to do the work nature intended of it. A recent cure by the tonic treatment is that of Mrs. Jas. W. Haskell, Port Maitland, N.S. She says: "For years I enjoyed perfect health, but suddenly headaches seized me. I had a bad taste in my mouth; my tongue was coated; I grew tired and oppressed; my appetite left me, and such foods as I did eat only caused distress. I had severe pains in my chest. I lost all strength and was often seized with vomiting. At different times I was treated by some of our best doctors, but although I followed their treatment, carefully I did not get any better. One day while reading a paper I came across a case similar to mine which had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I immediately purchased a supply and it was not long before they began to help me. I grew stronger day by day till now I am as healthy as I ever was. I have a good appetite, am strong and active and can attend to my household duties without fatigue. I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all sufferers from indigestion."

Rheumatism, kidney trouble, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, headache and backache, palpitation, general weakness, and a host of other troubles, find their root in bad blood, just as in the case of stomach trouble. That is why the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills treatment is always a success—they are a powerful blood builder and nerve tonic. Sold by all druggists, or direct from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

**Institution of Little Sisters of the Poor.**  
 New Wing to be Blessed on Sunday Next.

The blessing of the new wing of the institution of the Little Sisters of the Poor on Seigneurs street will take place on Sunday afternoon next at 3 o'clock. His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, who takes a special interest in the good work done by the Sisters, will officiate.

Coming to Montreal in 1887, the Little Sisters of the Poor, whose work in various cities in the United States has attracted such attention and favor, began their work in a small house on Forfar street. In 1890 they purchased the property they now occupy, and started building operations. The chapel and east wing were erected at that period, and by 1892 the Sisters moved in and began taking the needy. The rule is that no person can be admitted to the home under sixty years of age, and unless the applicant is too poor to pay his or her way. The food and supplies to feed the inmates are secured from the contributions of the public, and the reason of the Little Sisters of the Poor has become a familiar sight in the streets of Montreal. The sisters themselves go from door to door to obtain alms of all kinds to help them in their work of caring for the aged and penniless.

By 1905 the portion of the building occupied in 1892 became too small for the demands made upon it. Mr. W. A. Doran, the architect, has planned the west wing in solid stone, instead of the mansard construction, and as soon as the sisters can collect the necessary funds to begin the undertaking they will alter the older portions. Improvements are being made in the sanitary arrangements and fire escapes. Two hundred inmates will be accommodated in the new wing, many applications already being received for entrance. While the rules of their order do not exclude the accommodation of a few paying inmates, the Sisters are unable to accommodate all the applicants who come to their home eligible under the age and poverty rule, and until they can do this, they must not provide for any source of revenue, but trust to God's help for the necessary food and money to carry on their work.

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 IMPORTERS OF  
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Special this week. Vicuna cloth, serges, black and indigo blue, mens' wear, 35 per cent discount.

Tweeds and costume cloths, ladies' wear, 35 per cent. dis. Brocade for opera cloaks, worth \$4.50. Sale price, \$1.75; colors, shaded brown and silver grey.

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 533 & 535 Notre Dame St. E.

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 ALL SAILORS WELCOME  
 Concert every Wednesday Evening

All Local Talent invited. The finest in the City pay us a visit. MASS at 9.30 a.m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Sunday evening.

Open week days from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.  
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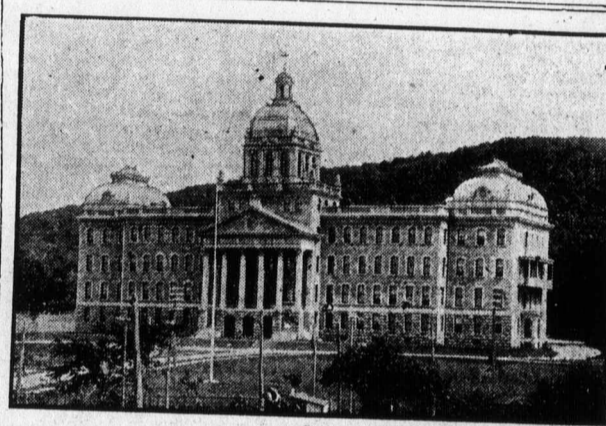
**St Peter and Common Sts.**

**The Misses McDonnell**  
 42 Prince Arthur St.; will re-open their classes Monday, Sept. 2nd.  
 Junior Class for boys.

**Villa Maria (Notre Dame) de Graces.**  
 Congregation de Notre Dame.

A Boarding School situated two miles from Montreal. Beautiful location. Complete equipment. Thorough Course of Studies in English and in French. Exceptional advantages for Music and Art. Classes re-open September 5th. Day pupils admitted in the Primary Classes only. For specific information apply to

MOTHER SUPERIOR,  
 Villa Maria,  
 Notre Dame de Grâce, Montreal.



**Convent of the Holy Name of Mary,**  
 Outremont, St. Catherine Road.

A Boarding School for young Ladies, conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Name. One of the best equipped and most modern institutions of the Dominion.

The Course of Study is divided into Academic, Grammar and Elementary departments. Special advantages afforded for the study of French and Music. Terms moderate. For prospectus apply to Sister Superior.

Classes re-open September 3rd, 1907.

**Hotel Marlborough**  
 Broadway, 36th and 37th Sts., Herald Square, New York

Most Centrally Located Hotel on Broadway. Only ten minutes walk to 25 leading theatres. Completely renovated and transformed in every department. Up-to-date in all respects. Telephone in each room. Four Beautiful Dining Rooms with Capacity of 1200.

**The Famous German Restaurant**  
 Broadway's chief attraction for Special Food Dishes and Popular Music. European Plan. 400 Rooms. 200 Baths.

Rates for Rooms \$1.50 and upward. \$2.00 and upward with bath. Parlor, Bedroom and Bath \$3.00 and upward. \$1.00 extra when two persons occupy a single room.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET.  
**SWEENEY-TIERNEY HOTEL COMPANY**  
 E. M. TIERNEY, Manager

**Mind This.**  
 Rheumatism  
 St. Jacobs Oil

Not one of the Catholic papers of this country gets the advertising patronage that would be justified by its circulation. Yet Catholics are at least as good buyers as others. The advertiser wants their trade, but he believes he will get that anyway by advertising in secular papers; so he leaves out the Catholic papers and spends thousands of dollars every year advertising in the daily papers.

Advertising agencies that place millions of dollars for advertising each year never give a line to Catholic papers. And still some people wonder why the Catholic press is not in a more flourishing financial condition.

Our Catholic people and our Catholic institutions have it in their power to remedy this condition of affairs if they will only use the means. The manufacturer and the merchant want their patronage. If other things being equal, they would give the preference to those who ask for their patronage through the Catholic press, and let the reason of their preference be understood, there would be a great change in the attitude of advertising towards Catholic papers.—The True Voice.

**Death of Rev Bernard Cullen.**

Rev. Bernard Cullen, of the Mission Church, Roxbury, well known for mission work in the United States and Canada, is dead of heart failure. He was born in County Cavan, Ireland, in 1860. Coming to America in his early youth, he made his novitiate at Annapolis, Md., and entered the Redemptorist Order. He was ordained a priest by Cardinal Gibbons. His first work was performed at the Mission Church, Brooklyn, N.Y. Afterwards he was located at Saratoga Springs, and while there he came to Canada and gave missions in the provinces. His health failed a year ago, and he went back to Boston.

**Donegal Memories.**

The town of Stranorlar, Donegal, Ireland, which closely adjoins Ballybofey, the scene of the recent great Nationalist demonstration, is investigated with associations dear to the heart of the Irish race. The father of Mr. Isaac Butt, the Rev. Robert Butt, M.A., a distinguished scholar of Trinity College, was rector of the Protestant church of Stranorlar, and in the rectory, which is practically unchanged, Isaac Butt's childhood and boyhood were passed. His father was promoted to the Rectory of Ballylin, in Donegal, where Isaac Butt was born, when the future illustrious statesman, orator and patriot was a very little child, and all Mr. Butt's earliest recollections were centered in Stranorlar. Mr. Butt, who died in May, 1879, is buried in the churchyard of Stranorlar. He gave special directions in his will that his grave should be in an angle of the churchyard which he particularly described, saying that he was fond, when a child, of learning his lessons there, and these directions have been religiously obeyed. Mr. Butt's love for Donegal was to the last day of his life intense. The scenery of Donegal impressed his imagination, and largely contributed to the romantic element in his character. One of his earliest works—a novel—is entitled, "The Gap of Barrowmore," and in his "Chapters of College Romance," written in the forties of the last century, and published in the Dublin University Magazine, there is a description of a churchyard, of which the churchyard of Stranorlar was, without doubt, the original.

**Trees Drowning in Churches.**

The parish church of Ross, Herefordshire, possesses some singular ecclesiastical "ornaments" in two fine elm trees flourishing one on each side of the pew where once sat the famous "Man of Ross," John Kyrie. They are fabled locally to have sprung up as a token of Divine wrath against a profane rector who had had cut down some trees which Kyrie had planted in the churchyard.

Trees in or on churches are not uncommon. At Kempey, in the adjoining county of Worcester, a large horse chestnut tree has grown in the chancel from the tomb of Sir Edmund Wyde, who died about 1629. On the tower of Fishlake Church, near Boston, grows a lusty beech, and a similar tree may be seen on the tower of Cullinstock, in Devonshire. Apart from intrinsic beauty the parish church of Crick, in Northamptonshire, is or was recently remarkable for two trees growing out of the masonry about fifty feet from the ground.—London Daily News.

**Painless Teething.**

There is no period in baby's life that mothers dread more than teething time. The little gums are tender and inflamed; the child suffers and is sleepless and cross, and the mother is usually worn out caring for the child. The use of Baby's Own Tablets alleviates the inflammation which the swollen gums, and brings the teeth through painlessly. Mrs. M. Saura, St. Rosa de Lima, Que., says: "When my baby was cutting his teeth he was feverish, cross and did not take nourishment. After giving him Baby's Own Tablets he cut six teeth without the least trouble. I have never used any medicine for children I prize so highly as the Tablets." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

those whose great mission is to instruct the ignorant and to reform sinners.—M. M., in the Irish Monthly.



A Marriage
St. Lawrence, "Tales
Longworthy," "Songs
CHAPTER VIII.—Biddy
Katharine's life at this

Good Hope Mission.

Adventures of Missionaries in North West, Published From Time to Time, Continued.

On or about January 3rd, 1872, Bishop Clut and I, having said our Mass long before daylight...

It was, indeed, a very consoling and edifying spectacle to see the faithful Hare-skins filling every corner of the church...

The shepherds at Bethlehem did not have to travel far to the cribs; they watched their flocks in the neighborhood.

Most of our Indians, women and children not excepted, had to face cold and fatigue, walking during two or three days...

From four o'clock in the morning until midnight, even to the very beginning of the solemn high Mass, we had to stay in the church to hear confessions.

How glorious it was in the mysterious silence of midnight to hear the joyous ringing of the little bells, which had not been heard for centuries before in those wild regions.

The Christmas canticles were sung in the strange accents of a savage language, but so full of a lively faith and hope sweet to God, Who loves men of good will.

Above all, that general Communion of some of the most miserable of the world, invited to the table of their Creator and Redeemer, Who has said: "Come to Me, all ye who labor and are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you."

There were women, too poor to cover their old deer-skin dresses with a decent shawl. Charity came to the rescue, and the fortunate owners of a shawl loaned it to the unfortunate, to do honor to the King of Kings.

After the three Masses were offered and the divine services were ended for the day, many of our Indians remained in the church, grouped around the manger, singing canticles and reciting the Rosary aloud, until the break of day.

These poor Indians loved to contemplate the image of their Saviour, humble and poor like unto themselves.

A week after came New Year's day, with its volleys of musketry. Our dear friend, Mr. Gaudet, the clerk of the Hudson's Bay Co.'s post, always on this occasion gave to the Indian chiefs a keg of powder, and they set to awakening missionaries and traders with the hurddred reports of guns, as a sign of honor and friendship.

When the shooting is over we welcome the noisy troop inside the house, shake hands with them all and present each one of them with a bit of tobacco and give them an encouraging word. On this day, also, our church is crowded with our faithful Indians.

There would not be again such an assemblage until the next Easter. Bishop Clut was to return to Providence Mission, his residence, and it required 26 days of marching before he could reach it.

I was sent to visit and convert the "Hare-skin" Indians of Great Bear Lake, distant about 200 miles. Three years before, Father Grollier, of holy memory, had visited the few families there. Two young Hare-skins of Good Hope were engaged to accompany us and to trace out the road through the snow, going ahead of the dogs. Our two sleighs were heavily loaded.

On account of the long distance we were going, we had to carry our supplies, which consisted mostly of dried reindeer meat, over eighty fishes for food for our dogs, our blankets, our chapel for divine services, axes and other implements, all necessary for a long journey. We had no other prospect than to walk on snowshoes all the way, following behind the dogs, in the deep snow. The dogs belonging to the Bishop were young and strong, but mine were old and wasted from long hard trips. Would they be able to go the long journey? That was an anxious and doubtful question.

We started, however, after our Mass, at day-break. The thermometer reached away below zero, and we had to face the lashing of the north wind. We had to fight hard against the cold, rubbing continually our chins, ears and noses to keep them from freezing. It was impossible for us to run, owing to the heavy loads and the deep snow, which we could not beat down enough for the sleds to slide through, although we walked before them. But we managed, anyhow, to travel thirty miles a day.

As usual, we halted towards noon, to take our dinner and to allow the dogs to rest a little while. There is much less work about getting a dinner than there is about preparing for a night's encampment; a little excavation in the snow, some branches to sit upon, and a good fire in front, that is all. But let the inexperienced traveller beware that he gets on the right side away from the wind, otherwise he will be suffocated by the smoke. He may take his spruce branches to carry them to a better spot; while he is doing so, another surprise awaits him. The fire, blazing up

rapidly, burns away the support on which the tea-kettle has been poised, down it goes, with all the water upset on the ashes. Worse still, the dogs looked so tired that one would fancy they would lie down and rest. But lo, when you look for the dogs, you find the traces cut through and the dogs at liberty, roaming around.

Here you are, more perplexed than a traveller in the moor. Dinner is over, the fire dying out on its snowy bed and the little mappies hopping about, waiting for us to go away so that they might pick up a few crumbs left from the meal.

Forward again till dark. "March, Caesar, Spring, Sport!" and the poor animals stretch themselves, yawn, and seem to complain that their dinner was a very light one for the night.

As night comes on the traveller looks for a place well supplied with dry and green timber; such a place was not easy to find in those great marshes which we had to cross many times on our journey. To overcome the intense cold of 60 degrees we built an immense fire of trees which we had to chop down and carry on our shoulders a long distance to the place where we cleared away the snow from the spot where we were to camp for the night.

For eight or ten hours we lay down by the side of the fire to get a little rest from the fatigues of the day. If the blaze of this camp fire were sufficient for a photographer, what a striking picture this winter camp would furnish. Look at the missionary sitting on the spruce branches, as near as possible to the fire, trying to thaw out from his beard and eyebrows the troublesome icicles clinging to them. Look at the little army of dogs, sitting around the camp on their hind paws and watching with strict attention the fishes placed on a piece of wood before the fire to thaw out a little. Oh, they feel so hungry, poor animals, after hauling all day long. "Come, now, Caesar, Doggy," each one hears the call, snaps fiercely his fish, and goes away to enjoy it and soon comes back to get another one which he well knows is due him.

But woe to the slow cook, for a rush of the dogs, and a conflict between them to see which would get the fish, would soon disable some of the combatants and put us to a great inconvenience, if we did not use our whips to prevent them from biting one another.

After the supper of the dogs comes the supper of the men; a cup of tea and a piece of dry meat.

About the tea, you might suppose that you had the most immaculate of snow with which to fill your tea-kettle. (I, myself, have thought so a hundred times). When the water is boiled you will be astonished and grieved to find in it what you could not stomach. As to the dry meat, it is better not to boil it, for the few bits of grease left by the worms would disappear in the kettle and leave the meat as dry as parchment.

The meal being over, we cannot spend any time in chatting and smoking, because the supply of chopped wood disappears rapidly, and we must save some of it for the next morning.

We knelt down for our evening prayers. Having said them we put the sleighs, like a rampart, behind our heads, so that we may be able to hear any movement of the dogs, should they try to do mischief during our sleep. We bury ourselves from head to foot in our blankets. We watch in turn and keep the fire burning to scare away the wolves. But wolves or no wolves, when the cold exceeds 50 degrees, there is not a civilized person who can sleep long in it; even under a bunch of blankets. A person would rise and rise again to try to warm himself.

How many such nights have been to me hours of suffering instead of rest!

With the Indians it is different. I never could understand how they can sleep, hours and hours long, covered with only a ragged blanket and the thermometer down to 50 degrees below zero. We would shiver in such a covering.

From such evidence we must conclude that their blood is much warmer than ours. So soundly do they sleep that it takes a good shaking to arouse them.

Our dogs are still heavier sleepers, for they are deaf to all our calls and will not move from their beds of snow. We have to find them in the dark, to catch them by the neck and to drag them to their harness. My poor Caesar, a dog 14 years old, and hairless, found it hard to part with the old coat which I wrapped around him every night to keep him from freezing.

To my readers I believe I will not have to apologize for this description of our winter's camp, for it will be novel to most, if not to all of them.

After five days of travel across woods and marshes, we entered narrow passages which are the reservoirs of beautiful deep lakes. The winds rushing into those passages, between high walls of rock, had swept nearly all the snow from the surface of the lakes, and made walking upon the ice almost impossible, as it was very slippery. The waters are so limpid that we could see through the ice to a great depth. Our dogs hesitated at first and seemed afraid to walk upon the sleighs, which were not yet set out. The ice was more than six feet thick

and would have upheld a whole artillery of the world upon its surface, without a break.

Bishop Clut and I took advantage of this part of the passage to sit on the top of our sleigh loads and to run a few miles without fatigue.

On the evening of the sixth day we reached Lake Koylion, where His Lordship had to part with me and to make for St. Theresa Mission on the south-west side, so that it was the last encampment that we made together; and as his supply of dry meat seemed too short for the two days he still had to travel, I gave him a few pieces of my own.

My holy Bishop Clut had tears in his eyes and his voice was trembling when he gave me his blessing. The next morning and took his leave.

"Oh, dear Father," said he, "I feel anxious and worried to part with you and to leave you with such a young companion. (The young Indian, Hare-skin, was only fifteen years old.) You will have immense steps to cross which require four days of travel, and in which there is great danger of your being lost. God bless you, Father, and lead you safe and sound to those poor souls who wait for their eternal salvation."

"Should His Lordship have foreseen the trials and sufferings which were in wait for us in that last part of our journey, how heavily would his kind heart have been oppressed.

(To be continued.)

Dear reader, think of our school of St. Michael, where we have the poor little Indian children, who inherit only poverty from their parents and come to our help by sending us some alms, either of money or of clothing. Clothing should be sent by freight only. My address for letters is: Rev. Father A. Lecorre, O.M.I., St. Michael's School, Duck Lake, Sask., Canada.

Irishman's Invention Enables Record Trip.

The following letter to the Boston Pilot throws light on the recent record breaking trip of the new ocean steamship Lusitania. It shows the record was broken by turbine engines, invented by an Irishman.

During the past week, a leading source of discussion was afforded the civilized world by the splendid performance of that newest marvel of marine engineering and ship building, the Lusitania.

It may be well to state some facts of history in connection with the family of Hon. Charles Algernon Parsons, the inventor of the system of turbine engines known as the "Lusitania" which has enabled the Lusitania to make her record trip.

Charles Algernon Parsons, the inventor of the Parsons Turbine Engine, is the son of the Earl of Rosse, who, some years ago, built on his estate in Parsonstown, Kings county, Ireland, an observatory in which he placed a telescope at a cost of over £20,000. This Earl of Rosse was a member of many scientific societies in Ireland. But perhaps of all the relations, the connection of Sir Lawrence Parsons, his grandfather, who was a member of Parliament, and sat in the Irish Parliament at various times for Dublin university and for Kings county, in the last years of that Parliament, is of most interest to readers of The Pilot.

Theobald Wolfe Tone, in his memoirs, tells us that his first instructor in Irish national principles was Sir Lawrence Parsons, whom he (Wolfe Tone) considered the most honorable member in the Irish Parliament.

Sir Lawrence Parsons, in his actions and work for Ireland, came as near to being a United Irishman as could a man who was not one. And Irishmen are proud to honor his memory as being a man who sought the best interest of Ireland.

The family of Parsons first settled in Ireland about the year 1600 and have had some very stirring episodes to narrate. But for my purpose the foregoing narrative is sufficient—as a set-off for the self-laudation which is sure to follow upon the victory of a product of "Anglo-Saxon" brains.

My authorities are: Burke and Lodge, Peerage of United Kingdom. "Who is Who," Lecky, "History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century," Vol. 3, pages, 6, 7, 8 and foot notes.

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

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(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon said land.

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A Marriage of Reason

By Maurice Francis Egan, Author of 'The Land of St. Lawrence,' 'Tales of Sexton Maginnis,' 'The Fate of John Longworthy,' 'Songs and Sonnets,' 'The Ghost in Hamlet,' Etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—Biddy Singen.

Katharine's life at this time was full of trouble. She often wondered whether St. Theresa's maxim, "let nothing disturb you," was intended for people in the world. Her great difficulty was that she was never sure whether she was doing right or wrong. What seemed right to her was sure to be wrong in Mrs. Sherwood's eyes. And then she grew weary of the constant "nagging" about her manner of speech. Mrs. Sherwood, like many other Americans who had had a glimpse of life in England, modelled herself and her belongings on what she fondly imagined was the best English plan; she could tolerate special files by the dozen, but she looked on an "Amoricanism" on the tongue of others with horror. If it had not been for the refugees from outward tribulations with which the convent had supplied her, she would have been disheartened by the sense that she was not only ignorant, but ill-bred—a sense that Mrs. Sherwood did all in her power to cultivate. But she had her devotions, and her dear Rosary was the truest friend in need.

Katharine admired the beautiful things around her, she could see that it was delightful to be rich, but she felt, too, that it was more delightful to be poor. Evening after evening she sat in the softly-lighted and flower-scented drawing-room, surrounded by a hundred luxurious marks of good taste and wealth, she longed earnestly for the simplicity of the convent. There, in spite of rules, she was free to be herself—to show the best that was in her. Her uncle was exceedingly kind, but Mrs. Sherwood protested that she would not have Katharine petted and over-indulged. She had little time to spend with him, because her aunt kept her busy with dressmakers and milliners, and a master of deportment, who came to teach her the method of Delors just before dinner when her uncle was at leisure. Mrs. Sherwood resolved that her husband should not interfere with her plans, and in her heart, she was just a little jealous of the love her husband had for his dead sister. Mr. Sherwood, too, was inclined to whom let himself fall back from the high social ideals his wife had laboriously built up for him; he had absolutely no social perspective; he would shake hands with his own servant, and he had been known to take off his hat to the cook one day when he met her in the street. Mrs. Sherwood recalled this episode with a shudder. What might not happen if he discovered that Katharine was capable of taking the place of a shop-girl and of acting as if people in a lower station of life were to be considered in the light of equals! Mrs. Sherwood, in that event, might be compelled to face a combination which might destroy the symmetry of her social arrangements. She had little hope of ever entering that sublime circle where the Percivals and others dwelt happily, like Buddha on his golden lotus, and she had less hope since Katharine had come to be a burden on her hands. And yet there was the chance of the girl making a marriage of reason, and for this Mrs. Sherwood felt it her duty to struggle. In fact, she was as much a martyr to her social duties as many a poor woman is to those of her household. Her life was as laborious as that of many a washerwoman. The luncheon and the afternoon tea and the calls she made were as sacred to her as the Decalogue, and she worked like a slave in order to pay off the only social debts she recognized. When Katharine began to understand this she was terrified. It seemed such a terrible waste of time, and she recalled an old legend she had heard of the rich man invited to a great king's feast, who, opening his arms which should have been filled with a splendid burden of gifts, displayed only a few withered leaves. Her aunt's anxiety to be "in the swim" reminded her of the rich man of the legend. To what end was all this thought, this weariness, this constant succession of gaiety that had become a matter of routine? It made nobody happier—it meant envy and heart-burning and heartless calculation. And life must mean all this to Katharine, if she did not strive with all her might to resist the influence her aunt was bringing to bear on

her. The ease of the material part of life had its fascinations for her; but so artificial was the whole system by which her aunt lived and breathed, that Katharine, with her training, had no real difficulty in resistance. But, to make matters worse in her estimation, Mother Ursula counselled submission in all those small social details in which most small social details were involved. Mrs. Sherwood believed that her lot was most unhappy. If Katharine was not positively ugly, she was without the distinction that comes from culture; she had no prominent accomplishments; she spoke seldom, except when Mr. Sherwood made some of his inane jokes, borrowed, his wife insisted, from the humorous column of his favorite afternoon paper. Then her face brightened, and Mr. Sherwood showed almost childish pleasure in her appreciation. If the girl had only been striking in some way, she might, although she was a nobody in Philadelphia, have become the rage and helped her aunt to force her way into society. As it was, the best must be made of what Mrs. Sherwood had come to consider the worst. Mrs. Sherwood was compelled to admit that Katharine's voice was lovely, and that she spoke French well; but everybody in decent society spoke French, it had ceased to be a distinction.

The epoch for which Mrs. Sherwood had prepared Katharine came at last. The day was like many other days in Mrs. Sherwood's calendar, but it held the festival which was to give occasion for all Philadelphia's who could induce the patronesses of a certain exclusive charity to let them pay ten dollars for a card to drink tea, eat ices, listen to an orchestra, and look at a collection of flowers. But the initiated well understood that the ten dollars were not paid for charity or for the tea or the music or the flowers, but they were for the pleasure of being in the company of a few hundred of those exalted creatures that form society.

Mr. Sherwood was obliged to leave his office two hours earlier than usual and be ready to meet his wife and Katharine in the station at Philadelphia. Mrs. Sherwood's dressmaker had undoubtedly done her best for Katharine, and the arrangement of white cloth and silver braid, with a hat loaded with peach blossoms, was probably the perfection of art, but at first Katharine did not appreciate it. Looking into her glass, she was startled, however, by the difference it made in her appearance. She blushed with pleasure as she saw the reflection of the graceful lines and the soft combination of color in the mirror. Even the severe Mrs. Sherwood was pleased, and this gave Katharine a feeling of pleasure she had not had for many a day. When her uncle saw her at the station, his face lit up with genuine delight.

"You are more and more like Katie," he said, "I never thought you could be so pretty. Your mother was a beautiful woman, my dear."

Once in the carriage, warm in a white feather wrap, Katharine began to enjoy herself. After all, the world was not such a bad place—she began to gather up the remnants of confidence in herself so rudely shattered by her aunt. "She could not be so stupid as her aunt imagined; for Mother Ursula was as fine a gentlewoman as anybody in Mrs. Sherwood's set—and Mother Ursula had spared no pains with her. Yes, she would have confidence; for the sake of Our Lady of the Rosary, the dear old school, she would hold her own."

Long strings of carriages stood in front of the large building on Broad street, in which the supreme function was to take place. Mrs. Sherwood sighed, as their carriage drew up to the curb, for there was Mrs. Percival just ahead of her, surrounded by a group of unapproachable. Oh! if Katharine were only somebody—somebody who would make these people stare and ask for introductions. If she were even like that bold-looking creature with the Wiltonstons, who was really a nobody from Iowa, but who had written the most shocking book of the season. Mr. Sherwood might not like to appear in society with the author of "Passionate Wallings"—but Mrs. Sherwood said to herself that she could tolerate anything that would make her a personage. In spite of all her luxuries, Mrs. Sherwood, attired like Solomon, was most unhappy. It seems strange to the young that luxury and the command of money do not make happiness. It would seem almost impossible that any sane person should look on the world in such an artificial light and suffer because certain people did not see fit to bow to her. But, nevertheless, the feeling of being outside the sacred circle made poor Mrs. Sherwood really unhappy. Her husband was pleased with Katharine's evident enjoyment. The music, the air of brightness, above all, the flowers placed in great masses around the room delighted and rhododendrons, and pansies, the roses—especially magnificent specimens of La France, whose soft pink was exquisite—were marvels to her.

The hall had begun to be crowded. Mrs. Sherwood spoke to many people, but unhappily they were not of the set in which she longed to mingle. She kept her eyes aloof from many others—generally creatures who had helped her at charity fairs or something of the kind—and who had no other claim to recognition. A other concert was in progress as they reached the part of

the room reserved for the roses. And Katharine could not tell which pleased her more—those lovely La France buds or the music, which was new to her. If Mother Ursula could only have some of those exquisite pink roses for the altar! The two players on the zither had just finished an old-fashioned Tyrolean air and began the Schwegler's "Heimweil," and as the sympathetic notes were drawn out under the skilful fingers, Katharine's eyes filled with tears. Mrs. Sherwood looked at her with ill-concealed irritation. Would that girl never know that it was "bad form" to show one's feelings in public? The Worths passed with bows and an inquiring look at Katharine. Mrs. Sherwood did not present Katharine to them—she was ashamed of her, and then O'Connor was such a vulgar name.

A few minutes afterwards Mrs. Sherwood was shocked by the sight of Katharine pursuing the Worths, mother and daughter, across the floor.

"Stop," she cried, "stop—what on earth does that idiot mean, Marcus?" she said, turning to her husband. Katharine returned hastily, all blushes, to the care of her indignant chaperon.

"I thought the girl with those people was Biddy," she said, apologetically. Mr. Sherwood could not discompose himself at his wife's evident displeasure.

"She thought the girl with those people was Biddy," repeated Mrs. Sherwood, in bitter accents. "Oh! let us go home—she'll certainly disgrace us!"

"But I really thought it was Biddy—Biddy Singen, you know," said Katharine, feebly.

"And so it was—and so it is," said a clear, rich voice at her elbow. "I am so glad you are as much like your last photograph as I am like mine. Yes, I'm Biddy, and you're Kitty O'Connor."

Mrs. Sherwood turned. Here was a tall, fresh-looking girl, in a dark gown, kissing Katharine. Not far off were the Worths, Mr. and Mrs. Percival, with their nephew, and Ferdinand Carey.

"Why, there's our girl," said Wirt. "Your girl," echoed Mr. Percival, "she's our girl—and how sweet she looks!"

"Don't speak to her—she's with that horrid Mrs. Sherwood," whispered his wife.

"I will, I'm sure I may speak to anybody that the ineffable Lady Alicia favors with so many kisses. Why, even you are dying to know Lady Alicia."

Mr. Percival pressed forward and shook hands warmly with Katharine, and his wife had to follow his example. She was hoping that she might avoid an introduction to the Sherwoods, when Katharine said:

"No doubt, you know my aunt and uncle, Mrs. Percival—aunt, this is Biddy Singen."

"Lady Alicia Bridget St. John," said Mrs. Worth, primly.

"No, only Biddy to Katharine O'Connor," said Lady Alicia. "I had no idea you Americans were so fond of titles." Wirt and Ferdinand Carey pressed forward to be presented to "that girl," and at once Mrs. Sherwood, by a sudden turn of the wheel, founder dreams realized. She was on view—on public view—as the best centre of the "best people" in the best set in Philadelphia; but Katharine had eyes only for Biddy!

(To be continued.)

Jesuit Wins Protestant Scholarship at Oxford.

Cyril Martindale, S.J., of Pope's Hall, Oxford, has lately crowned an academic career of almost of no less a prize than the Ellerton theological scholarship! Mr. Martindale is a member of the Society of Jesus, which established a hall at Oxford, as the Benedictines also have done, a few years ago. The Ellerton prize was founded by a clergyman of extreme evangelical views, who wrote a famous, but now forgotten, invective against Tractarianism in 1845, and it is a curious sign of the times that a young Jesuit should now win a prize which its founder suggested should be awarded for an essay on some such theme as "the difference between the Protestant and Romish Churches."—The Living Church, Episcopal.

KIDNEY The kidneys form a very important channel for the out-let of disease from the system, carrying out the COMPLAINMENTS.

The kidneys are often affected and cause serious disease when least suspected. When the back aches, specks float before the eyes, the urine contains a brick-dust sediment, or is thick and stringy, scanty, highly colored, in fact when there is anything wrong with the small of the back or the urinary organs then the kidneys are affected.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

will cure you. Mrs. Frank Fox, Woodside, N.B., writes: "I was a great sufferer with backache for over a year, and could get nothing to relieve me until I took two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, and now I do not feel any pain whatever and can eat and sleep well; something I could not do before."

Price 50 cents a box or 3 for \$1.25, at all dealers, or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

31 Miraculous Cures Reported From Lourdes.

This year, writes the Paris correspondent of the Dublin Irish Catholic, the miracles wrought at Lourdes were as numerous and as marvelous as ever. Of course the very large number of cures reported at the office of the basilica, where the cures are inscribed will, as is always the practice, be carefully investigated and followed up before they are proclaimed. But already the "Croix" has given the publicity bureau the facts as to thirty-one miraculous cures on the occasion of the grand national pilgrimage.

A notable event of the golden jubilee year of Lourdes is the "Homage of the Medical Body to Notre Dame at Lourdes." To the question "Should Lourdes be closed in the name of hygiene?" three thousand doctors distinctly answered over their signatures, "No"—that Lourdes gives great benefit to the sick, and that the laws of hygiene are perfectly safeguarded there. Among these doctors are fifteen doctors of the Academy of Medicine, forty professors of schools and medicine, 130 hospital surgeons and doctors and eighty former resident doctors of the Paris hospitals. Surely here is an array of expert testimony that unbelievers cannot dispose of by scoff!

The Jesuits in Canada.

Their Mission Stretches 5,000 Miles.

By a decree of the Very Rev. Francis Xavier Wernz, general of the Society of Jesus, dated August 15, the Canadian mission of the society is erected into a province, when all the rights, faculties and privileges of the other New World provinces of New York and Missouri, says the "Messenger." By the same decree the North Alaska mission of the society is detached from the province of Tunis and joined to the new province. Hitherto the Canadian Jesuits formed only an "independent" mission, and were without any direct representation in the general congregations, in which all the more important business of the order is transacted.

The new province, although with that of New Orleans the latest to attain its full development, has nevertheless a glorious history, extending back some 300 years, while its roster contains some of the most illustrious names in the annals of the Society of Jesus. The first Jesuits to set foot on Canadian soil were Fathers Biard and Masse, who landed at Port Royal in 1611. Then followed for the space of half a century an era of the most heroic labors for the conversion of the Indians. It is to this period that belong such men as Brebeuf, the Lalemants, Daniel, Jogues, Goupil, Dablon, Chaumonot, Ragueneau, Bressani, Le Moynes and many others; examples all of them, of the most exalted type of heroism, and some of them, we fondly trust, soon to be declared by the infallible voice of Christ's Vicar, martyrs of Holy Church. In 1635, in spite of the manifold difficulties of the times, they opened at Quebec the first college in North America, which continued its beneficent work until the suppression of their order in 1773.

The Society of Jesus was restored in 1814, and in 1842, at the earnest solicitation of the saintly Bishop Bourget, the Jesuits returned to Canada. Since then their growth and progress have been steady and sure. Whereas, at the time of the suppression of the society, there were in Canada only

WHEN YOU ASK FOR SURPRISE A PURE HARD SOAP. INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

Truly a Struggling Mission In the Diocese of Northampton, Fakenham, Norfolk.

HELP! HELP! HELP! the Love of the Sacred Heart and in Honor of St. Anthony of Padua, DO PLEASE send a mite for the erection of a more worthy Home for the Blessed Sacrament. True, the out-post at Fakenham is only a GARRET. But it is an out-post; it is the SOLE SIGN of the vitality of the Catholic Church in 35 x 20 miles of the County of Norfolk. Large donations are not sought (though they are not objected to). What is sought is the willing CO-OPERATION of all devout Clients of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the Colonies. Each Client is asked to send a small offering—to put a few bricks in the new Church. May I not hope for some little measure of your kind co-operation? The Church is sadly needed, for present I am obliged to SAY MASS and give Benediction in a Garret. My average weekly collection is only 3s 6d, and I have no endowment except HOPE.

Story of Real Life.

The Sacred Heart Review publishes the following account of two conversions at Tadousac, on the Saguenay River:

"The cure of this little Canadian village has just told me two stories of conversions, from his own experience, which have interested me so much that I obtained his permission to pass them on to the readers of the Sacred Heart Review. "They took place at Tadousac, on the Saguenay River, while he was in charge of the parish there. One day, several years ago, he was accosted in the road by a lady (a Bostonian and a Unitarian), who, asking him to excuse her, a stranger, for speaking to him, begged him to explain something to her. She said: 'I have just been visiting your church here. The impression made upon me is wholly unlike anything I have ever felt before. It makes my own church seem to me like a barn. Tell me wherein lies the difference.' "It was easy for the good cure to explain to her that the difference was a vital one, that in the Catholic churches we had our living Lord present in the Blessed Sacrament on the altar. He introduced the lady as soon as possible to a Jesuit priest who spoke English well, and in six months she was safe within the true fold. Most fortunate was it that her conversion came quickly, for in a few weeks after her reception into the Church, she died.

"The other account was of a Protestant sailor who came to the cure one day, saying, 'I have just been to a service in this church. It is the first time in my life that I have ever entered a Catholic church. I came out a better man than when I went in. What does it mean?' "In a very short time the good sailor was received into the Catholic Church.

"Two stories from life—and yet, there are no miracles in these days, and some poor souls, deluded enough to doubt all—past as well as present."

Ursuline Nuns Expelled.

The Ursuline nuns, who for many years have resided in a convent at Graveline, were expelled by a large force of gendarmes, who barred the approaches from early morning. A summons to open the gates was disregarded and the convent was then forcibly entered and the nuns ejected. It is understood that they will go to live in England.

Distinguished Irish Novelist.

Benjamin Hughes, who has been elected to a seat on the Wexford Harbor Board, is not only the doyen of Irish journalists, but is the last survivor of the Slaney Amateur Society that greeted Thomas Moore at Bannow, in August, 1835. He was a classmate of D'Arcy McGee, and was one of a Juvenile Temperance Society that assembled to do honor to Father Mathew at Wexford on April 8, 1840. His memoirs would make most interesting reading, and it is to be hoped that he will be induced to publish an autobiography. Mr. Hughes was Mayor of Wexford in 1897.

They Cleanse the System Thoroughly.—Farnelle's Vegetable Pills clear the stomach and bowels of bilious matter, cause the secretory vessels to throw off impurities from the blood into the bowels and expel the deleterious mass from the body. They do this without pain or inconvenience to the patient, who speedily realizes their good offices as soon as they begin to take effect. They have strong recommendations from all kinds of people.

IT RESTS WITH YOU

to say whether I am to succeed or fail. All my hopes of success are in your co-operation. Will you not then extend a co-operating hand? Surely you will not refuse? You may not be able to help much, indeed. But you can help a little, and a multitude of "littles" means a great deal. Don't Turn a Deaf Ear to My Urgent Appeal. "May God bless and prosper your endeavours in establishing a Mission at Fakenham." ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton. Address—

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

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

THE NEW MISSION IS DEDICATED TO ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA. Constant prayers and alms for Benefactors.

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES

Summer Complaint, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic and Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum AND All Fluxes of the Bowels.

It is without doubt the safest and most reliable remedy in existence. It has been a household remedy for sixty-two years. Its effects are instantaneous and it does not leave the bowels in a constipated condition. Do not be humbugged into taking something the unscrupulous druggist says is just as good. Mrs. Ed. Stringer, Hemmingford, Que., says: "I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry with excellent results. I always keep it in the house as it is the best cure for Diarrhoea that can be had."

Advertisement for 'The Land of St. Lawrence' and other literary works by Maurice Francis Egan.

Advertisement for 'A Marriage of Reason' and other literary works by Maurice Francis Egan.

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The thoroughly safe and mild purgative for family use.

Cure biliousness, sick headaches, constipation—they purify the blood and stimulate stomach, liver and bowels.

Purely vegetable, do not gripe or distress, a scientific compound of concentrated extract of Butternut and other potent vegetable principles.

Reliable in any climate, any time, for children, adults and the aged. Get a box, 25c, at dealers or by mail.

THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., Limited. MONTREAL, Canada.

PARISH NEWS OF THE WEEK

ST. ANTHONY'S.

It will be pleasing to the many friends of Rev. Father Shea to learn that after an absence of over three months, he has returned to the city and taken up his ministering work again.

As the vacations are at an end, the boys' T. A. & B. Society of the parish held its opening meeting of the season on Sunday afternoon, and arranged, as far as possible, a programme for the coming year.

The Young Men's Society held quite a representative meeting on last Sunday afternoon. A considerable amount of routine business was carried on and finally about thirty of those present volunteered to join the church choir.

ST. GABRIEL.

On the tenth of October a pleasant evening is anticipated by the St. Gabriel Young Men's Society and their friends. This gathering is to take the form of a euchre, and will be, no doubt, a repetition of the many grand social events for which that district has been so long and favorably known.

ST. ANN'S PARISH.

A successful euchre was held last Monday evening by the St. Ann's Young Men. During intermissions, some very fine songs were rendered under the direction of Prof. P. J. Shea. Prizes were drawn at the end of the contest, after which refreshments were served.

- 1. A fancy parlor clock, donated by Miss M. A. Kane; won by Mrs. J. P. Kennedy.
2. A dainty silver carving set, donated by Mrs. D. Doyle; won by Mrs. P. J. Brennan.

- 1. Carving set, donated by Ald. T. O'Connell, won by Mr. P. J. O'Brien.
2. An umbrella, donated by Ald. D. Gallery, won by Mr. Francis McDonald.

ST. PATRICK'S.

High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father P. Heffernan. At the prone, Rev. Father M. Callaghan, after making the usual weekly announcements, preached an impressive sermon on the fifth commandment of the Church, bringing out in bold relief the reciprocal duties of both priest and people regarding the point at issue and drawing clear, decisive and practical deductions therefrom.

FEAST OF ST. FRANCIS.

On Friday, October 4th, the Franciscan Fathers celebrate the feast of their seraphic founder. In accordance with a time-honored custom, the solemn High Mass at 10 o'clock will be sung by the Dominican Fathers. At 7.30, in the lower church, there will be recitation of the Franciscan crown, sermon and ceremony of the Transitus or Passing of St. Francis and Benediction. The preacher will be Rev. Father, Wolstan, O.F.M.

BLESSING OF CHURCH AND BELL.

At the village of Boulevard St. Paul on Sunday took place, the blessing of the new church and the bell for the parish. His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi officiated at the ceremony, which was attended by a large number, among whom were Messrs. F. D. Monk, M.P., and J. U. Emard, M.C., one of the largest proprietors in the new parish. Rev. Father Bouthiller delivered the sermon.

mon for the occasion, dwelling on the sanctity of the House of God and the role which the bell was called upon to play in calling the people to service.

ST. PATRICK'S BOYS' SCHOOL TO GIVE ENTERTAINMENT.

The boys of St. Patrick's School are going to give an entertainment at Stanley Hall at 8 o'clock on Friday evening, Oct. 18, in aid of the building fund. This will take the form of a physical culture drill and dramatic cantata, "William Tell." The boys are being well trained, and we have every reason to believe that they will give a good account of themselves.

SHAMROCK CONCERT TO-NIGHT.

Arrangements have been completed for the concert in Stanley Hall to-night in honor of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club. All the players have promised to be present, and a pleasant time is assured to those who patronize the concert. Among those who have offered their services are: Miss Belle Foley, Miss Gertrude O'Brien, Miss Nellie McIntosh, Mr. P. C. Dwyer, Messrs. Kitts and Gover, Mr. J. Asselin, Mr. Ed. Quinn, Mr. C. Killoran, Mr. H. W. Daly and Mr. W. E. Hennessy. Mr. P. Shea will be the accompanist.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

Last evening's concert at the Catholic Sailors' Club was in the hands of St. Patrick's Court, C.O.F., and certainly a larger audience never sought admission to a like entertainment. Mr. W. J. Cherry, Chief Ranger of the Court, occupied the chair. The programme was an ideal one, and each of those who partook therein seemed to work as though the entire success of the undertaking depended upon individual effort. Notice is due, in a special manner to Misses Finley, Mott, Gary and Donaghy, as well as to Messrs. Phillips, Taylor, Oakland, McGarvey, McDonnell, Bell, Walsh, Lee, Masters, Cherry and Murdock, and the members of the Zeena Musical Society, all of whom certainly put forth their best efforts to do honor and credit to their undertaking.

On the whole the entertainment was an ideal one, and such as is well calculated to draw patronage towards the end in view. The next concert will be in the hands of Branch No. 232, C.M.B.A., when another full house and pleasant evening may be expected.

CHARITY FAIR AT ST. HENRI.

The very successful charity fair which is being held in aid of the St. Henry orphans, will close next Tuesday, Oct. 8th. The drawing for prizes at the Bee-Hive will be held on that evening, and all having tickets are requested to turn up in person at that date. The fair will be followed by a euchre, which will take place on the 10th inst. in the basement of the church, and which promises to be a very enjoyable event. It is to be hoped that the euchre will be as well patronized as previous ones have been. Tickets can be had at Mr. J. Gillies, 99 Mountain street, or at St. Henri presbytery.

OBITUARY.

MR. TIMOTHY O'CONNOR.

The funeral will take place tomorrow morning, from the family residence, 414 St. Antoine street, to St. Anthony's Church, of Mr. Timothy O'Connor, whose death occurred on Wednesday.

He was born in Killarney eighty years ago, and came to Canada when twenty years of age. Taking advantage of the opportunities offered, he applied his efforts to such good purpose that in a few years he was in business for himself, going into the fish, poultry and game trade, in which he was highly successful. His business life extended over a period of fifty years, most, if not all of which time he occupied as the in St. Antoine Market, being there even since the market was first established. In later years he took his two sons into partnership.

Mr. O'Connor leaves two sons, Joseph T. and John D., and two daughters, Miss Mary O'Connor and Mrs. James McKenna. R. I. P.

LITERARY REVIEW.

OCTOBER CANADIAN PICTORIAL.

A brown October maid, matching the tints of the waning season, looks out from the cover of the current issue of the Canadian Pictorial (142 St. Peter street, Montreal). She is a truly Canadian, healthy, out-of-doors girl, and leaning on her rifle, is proud of the trophies of the hunt which she has secured. The Canadian public man of the month is the Hon. G. F. Graham, the new Minister of Railways. As promised last month there are two pages of gems from the recent photographic competition. The terrible disaster near Quebec, in which more than three score and ten men lost their lives, is strikingly illustrated. The distorted ruins of the massive steel of which the bridge is composed are shown with wonderful clearness. The stirring events in Morocco have made specially interesting two pages illustrating the Sultan's army and navy, the latter consisting only of two merchant vessels. This is in sharp contrast to a page showing Britain's naval power as demonstrated in a review which brought out 85,000 officers and men who, with their vessels, made twenty miles of frowning might. There is an intimate picture of the King as he is now and another taken in Canada forty-seven years ago. Those who contributed to the Chinese famine fund will be interested in a page showing how the refugees lived before the new crops were harvested. The riots in Belfast, the great pageants in England, and other current events are depicted. The woman's department includes seasonable furs, autumn millinery, rainy day dress and many other interesting features. The magazine has been enlarged considerably this month. Ten cents a copy, one dollar a year post paid to any part of the world.

Mgr. Rouleau Raised to Dignity of Roman Prelate.

The Rev. Abbe Rouleau, who for 35 years has been principal of Quebec Normal School, has been raised to the dignity of a Roman prelate on the occasion of the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of that institution. Laval University has also conferred upon him the title of Doctor of Philosophy.

Silver Jubilee of St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterborough.

The solemn service in commemoration of the 25th anniversary of the institution of Peterborough was conducted under most auspicious circumstances at St. Peter's Cathedral on Friday last. His Lordship Bishop O'Connor, who seventeen years ago sung his first Mass as Bishop of Peterborough, celebrated Pontifical High Mass at 10.30 o'clock. The sermon, especially suited to the occasion, was in every respect worthy of the reputation of the learned speaker, Rev. Dr. Tealy, of the Basilian Novitiate, Toronto, who was formerly connected with St. Peter's. The clergy from the city and other parts of the diocese present included Rev. Father Lynch, who was parish priest when St. Peter's was made a cathedral; Rev. D. O'Connell, a pioneer priest of the diocese; Rev. Father McColl, rector of St. Peter's; Rev. Father McGuire, Downeyville; Rev. Father T. Collins, Bracebridge; Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Rev. Father Kelly, and Rev. Father O'Leary, of the cathedral staff.

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

HYMENEAL.

HARKIN-WOODS. St. Anthony's Church was the scene of a very pretty wedding on Wednesday morning last, when Miss Mary Harkin, daughter of Mrs. D. Harkin, was united in matrimony to Mr. G. D. Woods, of Toronto, Father Donnelly officiating. The bride wore her going-away costume of blue broadcloth with tulle to match, and carried a bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley. Mr. and Mrs. Woods left on a trip to Toronto and Detroit.

LOWE-KLOCK.

On Wednesday morning there took place at St. Patrick's Church, Father Martin Callaghan officiating, the marriage of Miss Mary Lowe to Mr. John Francis Klock. The bride was gowned in cream tulle, with tulle veil caught with orange blossoms. Her bouquet was of lilies of the valley and white roses. The bridesmaid was Miss Pearl Klock, sister of the bridegroom. Miss Hazel Jackson was flower girl. After the wedding breakfast the bridal couple left for Ottawa.

CANADIAN PACIFIC CHEAP RATES

- \$48.60 - Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Washington and Portland, Ore.
\$46.10 - Spokane Wash., Nelson, Rossland.
\$45.60 - Missoula, Mont., Salt Lake, Utah, Helena, Butte.
\$49.00 - San Francisco, Los Angeles, via Chicago only.

TICKET OFFICE: 129 St. James Street Next Post Office.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM REDUCED FARES

- SEATTLE, YACONA, VICTORIA, VANCOUVER, and PORTLAND. \$48.60
ROSSLAND, NELSON, TRAIL, ROBSON, SPOKANE. \$46.10
YACONA, SPOKANE, HELENA, SALT LAKE. \$45.60
COLORADO SPRINGS, DENVER, PUEBLO. \$38.60
SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES. \$49.00

Tourist Sleeping Cars. Leave Montreal Mondays and Wednesdays, at 10.30 p.m., for the accommodation of passengers holding first or second class tickets to CHICAGO AND WEST thereof as far as the PACIFIC COAST—nominal charge is made for berths, which may be reserved in advance.

CITY TICKET OFFICES. 127 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461, or Bonaventure Station.

Application to the Legislature

NOTICE is hereby given that the heirs of Dame Elizabeth Hurburise, widow of Gilbert Tasse, and substitutes in virtue of the will of said Mrs. Tasse passed on the eighteenth of October, nineteen hundred and one (1901), before Mre. Henri P. Pepin and his colleague, notaries, at Montreal, will apply at the next session of the Legislature of Quebec for permission to make gross repairs and improvements to the buildings erected on the properties given by the said will; erect new buildings if necessary; to borrow to pay the cost of said works, and mortgage the properties of the substitution to guarantee the payment of the sums so borrowed, and for other purposes. Montreal, 25 September, 1907. BEAUDIN, LORANGER & ST. GERMAIN, Attorneys for Petitioners.

Application to the Legislature.

NOTICE is hereby given that some of the heirs of the estate of the Honorable Charles Seraphin Rodier, in his lifetime Senator of the City of Montreal, will apply at the next session of the Legislature of Quebec to provide for the nomination of a third testamentary executor besides the two already named in the will of said testator, resident at Montreal, before Erdudhomme and witnesses, on the twenty-third of January, eighteen hundred and ninety (1890); define his powers; to authorize the testamentary executors to engage a manager who might be chosen among the executors; provide for the payment of said manager, and other purposes. Montreal, 25 September, 1907. BEAUDIN, LORANGER & ST. GERMAIN, Attorneys for Petitioners.

Application to the Legislature.

NOTICE is hereby given that Le Credit Municipal Canadien will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, for modifications to the Charter of the Society for the following purposes:—To repeal article 9b of the Charter; to replace articles 17 and 18 of the Charter, so that the Society may be administered by a council of administration of five to ten members composed at all times for one third at least of British subjects and for one-half at least of members residing in Canada; determine the length of the term of office of administrators; determine the manner for the convocation of a general meeting, and regulate the powers of the shareholders at a general meeting and for other purposes. Montreal, 20th of September, 1907. BEAUDIN, LORANGER & ST. GERMAIN, Attorneys for Petitioner.

PUBLIC NOTICE

is hereby given that on the first day of November next (1907), at half past ten o'clock in the forenoon, in the Court House, in the City of Montreal, Frederic L. Wanklyn, of the City of Montreal, Civil Engineer, in his quality of tutor to his minor children, issue of his marriage with his deceased wife, Dame Edith Margaret Angus, to-wit: Frederic Angus Wanklyn; Andrew Angus Wanklyn; Gyneth Maud Wanklyn; and David Angus Wanklyn, acting by his Attorneys, W. de M. and H. M. Marler, will apply by petition to one of the Judges of the Superior Court for the District of Montreal, sitting in Chambers, to obtain letters of verification, establishing to whom belongs the estate and succession of the said Dame Edith Margaret Wanklyn, who died intestate at her domicile, in Montreal, on the fourteenth day of July last (1907) and to determine the share of each heir in said succession. Montreal, 2nd October, 1907. W. de M. and H. M. MARLER, Attorneys.

S. CARSLLEY Co. LIMITED

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1907. This Store closes at 6 p.m.

Ladies' Smart Coats.

The month of October opens with a great display of Ladies' and Children's Coats and Jackets. It is one that is full of interest to every woman and we bid you heartily welcome to freely examine.

Ladies' very good quality Tweed Coats, in dark grey, stripe effect, loose back, double breasted, self collar, new sleeves with turn over cuffs, lined throughout, all sizes. Special... \$7.25

Also a large variety of the latest Styles and creations in ladies' and misses' black and colored jackets. From \$3.75 up to \$90.00

One more Lot in Linens, 50 Damask Table Cloths.

In 3-4 size. All Lined. Regular value, \$1.75. Friday morning... \$1.25

Pure Linen Huckaback Towels, 6c.

Special offer in pure Linen Huckaback Towels, fringed. 200 dozen of these will be on sale Friday morning at the very low price of 6c ea.

40 Pieces of Wrapperette at 9 1-2c.

A balance of 40 pieces of Wrapperettes, good variety of patterns to choose from. Sold everywhere at 11c. Friday morning... 9 1-2c

100-pairs White Wool Blankets, fancy border, 3-4 bed size, very good value for the money. Sale price... \$2.50 pair

150 Pairs White Wool Blankets, extra quality, fine and soft make, large size for double bed, size 64 x 84. Sale price... \$3.65 pair

72 New Elder Down Comforters, finest range of colorings on both sides, newest designs, size 5 x 6. Sale price... \$3.80

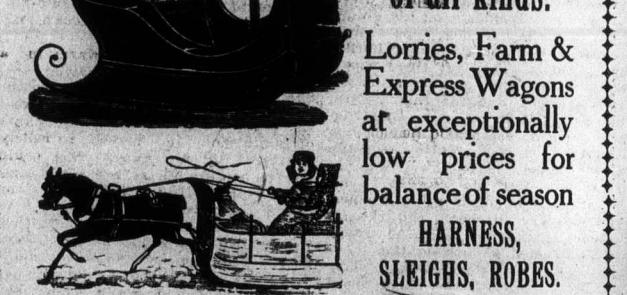
Black Taffeta, chiffon finish, extra weight and brilliant finish. 89c yd

Black Peau de Soie, heavy make and excellent wearing silk. For... 66c

Taffeta Silk, the rustling kind in navy and black grounds with various designs. Special... 96c

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PILGRIM

Rev. M. L. She Shrine. Sinc Characterize

Monday, Aug. 19th, a to the Church of our La tory in Paris, I gather traps and made ready for age to Lourdes. It was light when I got aboard and 'ere darkness had journeying through the of the Loire. The route n pared to a splendid pano the left looks to the rig the one looks to the left, the eye continue glimpses of landscapes the dfully beautiful. There woodlands and green pa diating hills and neat lages, the tinned spires of churches rising above the the houses along the way is now fading; the darkne coming more pronounced, the hours advance, our "companions de voyage" and sleepy. Soon the sh pulled down, the blue ma over the light, and all ar silence and to sleep.

When I awoke in the m brilliant sun was shining window of my compartme merry birds were about, song was drowned in the the train; the peasantry, making their way to the that the hour for the day' arrived. At 8 a.m. out train ste Lourdes—the great cathe lic devotion in Europe— quickly followed by another third train announced, whistling in the distan they continued to come fo until the number of faithfu had run up in the thousa Each pilgrimage was acc by many priests, and fro could learn they were most France and Belgium. The population of the lit so superbly situated at the the Pyrenees, and famous g rimages, is usually about habitants, but that day the have been upwards of twen said within its limits, an could help but admire the faith, and the sincere devo the humble pilgrims as th formed the different exercis action with the pilgrimage again additional evidence of that the people of France h given a deaf ear to the app Blessed Virgin: "Go, ye priests to build here a churc that they should come her session; go and drink at t tain and bathe therein," bu contrary it was a public m tion of their sentiments of and devotion and an expres love for our Lady that non gainstay.

By special privilege, I was say the Holy Mass at the tar, in the magnificent Basilica dedicated to Our Lady, and in sense of a great multitude of grims. Then I joined the pilgrims La Provence, which counted wards of 1200 pilgrims, un guidance of the distinguished of Digne, Dr. Castellani, whi slowly towards the statue Blessed Virgin singing the b hymn of the Province:

O Mary, Do thou protect Our country, Be thou our help And our consolation. Round the grotto stood the stricken pilgrims, while near pool, oh! how great the piet the recollection of the mul You hear those Christian su tions in favor of the afflicted were there in numbers, and t man voice could not give exp more intensely than that c from the breasts of thousands: "O Mary, heal them, we thee."

Afterwards we visited the h where Bishop Grellier, in pr over a procession of the Bless erment before the departure sick and the infirm for the G And there, as around the Gro in the holy places of Lourdes.

Shamrocks Postpone T

The Shamrocks will not go Ireland this year. It was ann last night by Mr. H. McLa president of the S.L.C., that the arrive and decided to postpone trip to Ireland till next March, considering the trip fully really all had agreed that it would have the team go when could play increase. The Shamrocks have been into this Messrs. Tasse and Farao the Minto Cup down on 18th, at which time a Hils will take place. It will be the season of returning the coura from the Shamrocks sent ap Ottawa a year ago.