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# The True Witness

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AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

Vol. L. MONTREAL, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1908 PRICE FIVE CENT

## Note and Comment

Mr. William Campbell, K.C., who, at the age of 51, succeeds Lord Stormouth as a Scottish Judge, is the first Catholic since the Reformation to attain the rank of a judge in the northern kingdom.

The Jesuit Fathers in Brazil have perfected an invention of their own for the destruction of ants, which are specially destructive to crops in that country. Following their success the Jesuit Fathers of New Orleans authorized Father Biever to purchase one of these instruments for the annihilation of the ant pest that has become a menace to the cotton and sugar crops of Louisiana.

The death is announced from Galway of Mother Superior Aloysius Doyle, the survivor of the sixteen nuns of the Order of Mercy who left Ireland in December, 1854, to assist Florence Nightingale in nursing the soldiers in the Crimea. She was summoned to Windsor several years ago by Queen Victoria to be decorated, but was too old to undertake the journey.

The Holy See, a Roman correspondent states, has been informed that the Czar and Czarina propose to visit Rome, and that their Majesties will seize the opportunity to pay an official visit to the Pope.

The Osservatore Romano publishes an Apologetic constitution declaring that in future the official acts of the Vatican will be published in a special fortnightly bulletin.

At Alberta, Saskatchewan, last week, the venerable missionary, Father Lacombe, founded a home for the poor and destitute which will be open to the needs of all creeds and nationalities. The site was donated by a Catholic layman and the home will be conducted by the Sisters of Providence, Montreal.

At the University of California, the Archbishop of San Francisco has installed the "Newman Club," made up of the Catholic students attending that institution, in a fine \$15,000 house, with two Paulist priests, themselves university trained men, in charge, and through this club-house and a beautiful chapel they are exercising a potent influence for good.

M. A. Emmis, of Ardraugh, Wexford, has resigned the Commission of Peace, which he has held for fifteen years, in consequence of the revival of the clauses in the Emancipation Act.

The inadvisability of mixed marriages has been shown in a rather unusual way in a New Jersey town. John Guiffra, member of one of the most prominent families of Millvale, N.J., married a Protestant outside the Church, thereby excommunicating himself. Rev. William J. Fitzgerald, pastor of St. Mary Magdalene's, Millvale, made the Guiffra affair the text for a sermon on mixed marriages, incidentally remarking, it is alleged, that in the eyes of the Church there was no marriage at all in this instance. Incensed at Father Fitzgerald's strictures, Mrs. Guiffra has brought suit against the priest for slander and \$10,000 damages. The case is without precedent in the New Jersey courts, and so far as is known is unique. Its outcome, therefore, will be awaited with deep interest. It will be strange, indeed, if the court decides that a priest commits a crime when he expounds the doctrine of the Church.

Never before has the Socialist propaganda put forth more strenuous efforts than it is doing at the present time. One of its latest moves is to start in Chicago a magazine for teachers in public schools, both male and female, bearing the deceptive title, "The Progressive Journal of Education." The object in view is to infect those teachers with the virus of the anti-religious doctrines of Marx, Bebel and the other atheis-

tic rights of socialism. Steps should be taken to defeat this nefarious purpose.

Cardinal Mathieu, who became ill in London during the Eucharistic Congress, has submitted to a serious operation. His Eminence's condition is regarded as satisfactory.

The Catholics of England have inaugurated a great movement for the repeal of the laws that figured in the prohibition of the Eucharistic procession. "We feel quite sure," says the London Catholic Times, "that the Protestant Alliance never for a moment imagined that they would be the means of setting on foot such a powerful agitation for the redress of Catholic grievances. Never within our recollection have Catholics of all ranks and conditions been so united in any movement as they are in the present agitation for doing away with the relics of a barbarous penal code."

Irish exchanges chronicle the death of a distinguished member of the Augustinian Order, Very Rev. Dr. Ryan, ex-assistant general, in his fifty-ninth year. He was a native of County Wexford. He made his novitiate in Ghent, Belgium, after which he finished his studies in Rome, where he was ordained. Subsequently he returned to Ireland, and in Dublin he spent several years as a professor. Later he went on a mission to the United States, and acted for some time as professor in the Augustinian College of St. Thomas of Villanova. Again returning to Ireland, he was elected prior of Orlagh, and later on was appointed to the high position of assistant to the general of the order.

The Irish poetess, Miss Emily Hickey, has been awarded a grant from the Royal Bounty Fund, to be applied as an annuity, in recognition of her services to literature. Miss Hickey is a convert, and, both as an Anglican and as a Catholic, has enriched Anglo-Irish verse with many

notable poems. She is the author also of several prose works, including translations from the Anglo-Saxon tongue and was one of the founders of the Browning Society.

The Roman committee for the Pope's jubilee has published a circular calling attention to the fact that the date fixed for the official celebration is November 16.

Some idea of Catholic activity in the field of foreign missions may be gleaned from the statement printed in the "African Almanac for 1909," prepared by the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, that at present there are no fewer than twenty-five religious orders and congregations engaged in winning Africa to Christianity, with 2574 secular priests and religious of both sexes, while the continent is divided into seventy-one vicariates and prefectures apostolic.

Cardinal Moran, who was seventy-eight years old last week, has been interviewed at Sydney, N.S.W., regarding the prohibition of the carrying of the Host in the procession at Westminster. The Cardinal said it showed want of liberality on the part of the British Government. He added: "If I had been there, I should have addressed a hundred thousand London Irishmen, which might have caused trouble."

### Early Canadian Missionaries.

Rev. Father Devine, S. J., editor of the Canadian Messenger, lectured on Monday afternoon before the members of the Montreal Womens' Club, taking for his subject "The Early Missionaries of Canada." His lecture bristled with facts and dates, concerning the work of the Recollets, Sulpicians, Jesuits, and the priests of the Foreign Missions. The lecturer showed what a burning question the conversion of new tribes was in the sixteenth century, how anxious missionaries were to come to New France to preach the Gospel. Speak-

ing of the Jesuit Order alone, the lecturer asserted that three hundred and twenty arrivals have been accounted for between the years 1611 and 1759, of whom twenty were slaughtered by the Indians. He insisted on the martyrdom—almost as painful as the martyrdom of blood—endured by those of them, thirty and forty years amid savage tribes, in the midst of our Canadian forests, men of learning and culture most of them, daily witnesses of savage squalor and scurrilous vices; bearing with insults continually; forced to carry their luggage and canoes on their backs over portages and through a territory where people nowadays travel in drawing-room cars.

The speaker paid a tribute to the monumental work of Reuben Gold Thwaites, who was responsible for the "Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents," published by the Burrows Brothers of Cleveland within the last ten years. Henceforth all who desire to write about, or study, early Canadian history must consult this magnificent edition, wherein the early missionary writers give vivid pictures of the life they lead in the primeval forests of Canada. The devoted men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries live and breathe before us in the Relations.

Father Devine gave a historic sketch of the various missions—the Abenakis, Montagnais, Ottawa, Huron, and Iroquois—and picked out for special mention a few names among the missionaries who have given a special luster to the work of the early Catholic Church in this country. Among these were the Recollet Vieil, and the Jesuits Biard, Lejeune, Brebeuf, Lakomant, Jogues, Marquette, Allouez, Albanel, and others who have left their names on Canadian maps. He described the methods employed by Father Jones to discover the site of the Huron Massacre of 1649 near Georgian Bay and also the recent finding of Fort St. Charles in the Lake of the Woods, the scene of the Aulneau and La Verandrye Massacre in 1736.

The lecturer closed a very interesting and instructive paper with these words: "The descendants of those heroic tribes whom the Recollets, Jesuits and Sulpicians evangelized with varying success, are still with us—the Hurons, at Lorette; the Algonquins at Oka, the Ojibwas at Manitowish Island, and the Iroquois at Caughnawaga and elsewhere. Those tribes have accepted civilization in its broadest sense, and it

may be said to their credit that in Christian virtue and decorum they might give lessons to many a white man. Were it not for their tawny color and the evidences of history, one would never expect that less than two hundred years ago their ancestors found no greater pleasure than in raising the scalps of people. It was a young Indian of the Ottawa tribe the first place in the entrance examinations, this summer over all his competitors—four hundred of them—in the whole county of Bruce."

### Distinguished Sulpician Dies After Operation.

Rev. Augustin Mary Cheneau, S. S., S. T. L., professor of ecclesiastical music at St. Mary's Seminary, and one of the most prominent members of the Sulpician order, died at St. Joseph's Hospital, Baltimore, on Saturday of appendicitis.

Father Cheneau was born in Bous-say, Loire Inferieure, France, in 1859. He studied at Nantes, France and was ordained to the priesthood in 1883. He took up a post-graduate course at the Catholic University of Paris, and in 1897 the young priest came to America.

His first professional duties were at St. Charles College, where he taught Latin and French until 1889. In that year Father Cheneau was transferred to St. Mary's Seminary, where he filled from time to time the chairs of moral theology and canon law. For some years he had been treasurer of the seminary. It was as professor of ecclesiastical music, however, that Father Cheneau did his greatest work. Few knew better the richness and beauty of the Gregorian music, and few could impart as well to others the force and meaning of that music. As head of the seminary choir Father Cheneau was one of the leading factors in all the large Church celebrations in this city, and much credit for the high standard of the musical programmes on these occasions was due to him. His place in this respect will be a most difficult one to fill. A man of the most retiring disposition, sympathetic and whole-souled, he had a host of friends both in the student body at St. Mary's Seminary and among the alumni scattered over the country.

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BELTS.

This is the season of the year when the girl who has a shapely, slender waist revels in the dazzling array of belts and girdles which the counters of the big shops display to tempt her from the path of economy and self-denial.

Because the fashions of the moment permit of most gorgeous designs in the matter of the smaller accessories of the feminine toilet it is not to be wondered at that anything to fit about the waist should be of the most ornate description. And to such an extent has this been carried that even the belts worn with the simplest of shirt waists and tailored skirts are exceedingly elaborate. Of these morning belts, as they are termed by the glib-tongued shop woman, there are many that appeal strongly to the tailor-made girl who likes to have everything that she wears to match in color or tone. For the brown serge or mohair checked or striped skirt, there are broad belts of alligator or a kindred rough pelt, with large buckles and back supports of brown and gold metal, pounded to represent a crinkled or rough surface. To accompany dark blue or green skirts or suits there are fine soft kids, with metal buckles set with clever imitations of emeralds or amethysts, and for tan costumes are natural colored pugain belts, with self buckles, which, while the plainest of all, are so perfectly finished that they are immensely smart.

Cloth of gold and silver is used for many of the simplest belts. These are among the least expensive of the autumn novelties, as any girl who can sew neatly may make one for herself out of an eighth of a yard of the material, lining it, of course, with gold or silver satin and joining the ends with a buckle of matching metal that can scarcely be too ornate. It is quite possible to decorate the cloth of gold or silver belts most attractively if the amateur accessory maker understands the art of applique work, for there are any number of scraps of oriental embroidery to be picked up at the bargain counters which show wonderful bits of colors in their flowers or medallions. These are to be cut away from the ground work and applied on the bullion cloth with thread of a contrasting metal tint.

Silk elastic has for some time been a favorite belting and still continues to be fashionable. In black it is used chiefly as a foundation for steel nailheads, which are arranged in innumerable attractive designs, usually of the conventional sort, and in many instances in the Greek key pattern now to be found on decorations of every imaginable description. Black satin belts are to be found in every imaginable shape. Some of them are straight and wide and heavily embroidered in self or colored silk, others are studded or thickly

jetted, and many are soutache braided. Their buckles and back supports are often wholly of cut jet, or they are of rhinestone, but singularly enough few of them have metal ornaments of a very elaborate description. This rule, however, does not apply to the immensely wide black satin girdles which help to give the short-waisted effect to some of last year's gowns, for these are often fastened with immense cabochons that fairly glisten with "jewels" set in gold, silver or gun metal or of hand-painted porcelain, jewel framed.

To smarten up a simple afternoon house gown there is nothing better than a wide girdle or belt of ornate design. These are made of ornate satins and silks, showing vividly colored designs on pale grounds, and they fasten with huge rosettes, with "jewel" cabochon centres. In this class there are numerous attractive black silk girdles braided and embroidered in gold or silver butterflies and closing with matching buckles, but none of these are quite so alluring as those to be worn with lingerie house frocks by matrons and at parties by girls not yet "introduced." These are chiefly developed in white satin thickly spangled with gold or silver, although some of them have pearl beading put on as are the jets and the nailheads applied to black satin and silk elastic, while others are gold and silver bullion embroidered in flowers and butterflies.

A triumph in the belt line, and one that is not so perishable as it seems at first glance, is developed in point de Venise lace shaped into a girdle deeply pointed at the front and back and mounted over a white chiffon lining having edges bound with the finest of white wire. Of course, this belt will not stand any strain, but then it is only intended to be worn with a simple chiffon dancing frock, and to which it will certainly add the least touch of smartness.

FADS IN JEWELRY.

One of the latest Parisian fancies in jewels to be taken up by the smart London women is a corsage garniture of a fish-net material set with diamonds, the whole forming a brilliant drape. The fishnet is fine work of exceedingly fine gold threads, the meshes formed of diamonds. The drape covers the shoulders and droops several inches. It is made entirely by hand.

Mrs. Cavendish-Bentick, of London, a sister of Mrs. Ogden Mills, wore this sort of a diamond mesh work on the corsage of a royal blue robe, and Mrs. Edward Ward, a recent bride, wore a similar net of diamonds over a clinging black satin. Lady Camden was also seen in a pink robe having the diamond-meshed net, and in each case two large diamond tassels and diamond-set cords fastened the jeweled ornament at the back. The inverted tiara is another little fad in jewels. This is a straight band front from which jeweled points descend, disappearing in the coiffure. The Duchess of Rutland has now a new pattern in diamonds. In this instance it is a pointed crown of wheat ears meeting in the front. Queen Alexandra lately wore a similar coiffure ornament, but with a diamond thistle rising from the centre. The result was splendidly effective.

KITCHEN INFORMATION FOR THE THIRTY HOUSEWIFE.

Here are answers to every "how much" question that can arise on baking day:

One cup of sugar will sweeten one quart of any mixture to be served chilled or frozen.

One teaspoon of extract will flavor one quart of custard or pudding.

One tablespoonful of extract will flavor one quart of mixture to be frozen.

One level teaspoon of salt will season one quart of soup, sauce or vegetables.

The ordinary French dressing (three tablespoons oil, one and one-half tablespoon vinegar, one-fourth level teaspoon salt, one-eighth level teaspoon pepper), will moisten one pint of salad.

One tablespoon of water or milk should be allowed for each egg in an omelet.

Allow four eggs to each quart of milk in making cup custards.

Allow from four to six eggs to each quart of milk in making a custard to be turned from the mold.

Rice will absorb three times its measure of water and a larger quantity of milk or stock.

One ounce of butter and one-half ounce of flour are used to thicken one cup of liquid in making a sauce.

Allow two level teaspoons of baking powder to each cup of flour when no eggs are used.

THREE NEW IDEAS.

Very pretty negligees of kimono shape are developed of black or white coin-stuffed foulard silk, with border bands of light blue, emerald green or cerise taffeta, or of wide ribbon divided through the center, the cut edge run on to the edge of the garment and then turned backward, a finishing on the upper side. When these negligees are intended solely for use in sleeping cars they are provided with deep attached hoods to be drawn over the head when going to and from the dressing room, and with small bags about the size of those carried to the theatre, which are designed to hold the purse and any other valuable of small size. For early autumn use there is no

thing that will prove more serviceable than a simple cape of broad-cloth or serge. The smartest of these are in white, cut very long and wide, similar to an American army officer's cape and finished all round with a broad tailored hem. There is no lining, but the practical hood is faced with white liberty satin and a scarf of the same material, which knots at the throat, has fringed ends of white silk or gold bullion. Similar caps in black or indigo blue have hoods lined with cherry colored satin and gold clasps at the throat. When the hood is omitted, as is sometimes the case, there is a high turnover collar of the material, gold embroidered and joining with bullion braided straps and buttons.

One of the smartest little afternoon house frocks imaginable is in one piece, but built in two—a short-waisted, almost tight-fitting little bodice which blouses ever so slightly in front, and a gored demi-trained skirt. These join just over the waist in a welt seam and are absolutely plain, save for the collar, wide-pointed revers and cuffs of printed cretonne on the blouse, which opens at the throat over a tucked net chemise. Have patch cretonne pockets on the blouse, the ribbon easily slides off it, into a large flat bow and long ends. There is no other trimming on the hat. It is of dark blue, fine horsehair and the ribbon is of satin to match.

It might not be a reckless experiment for a girl who has a horsehair hat which needs rettrimming to cut the brim into buttonholes with sharp scissors, overcast the edges with buttonhole stitch of black floss, and then thread them through with soft black liberty satin ribbon.

If she does not wish the conspicuous bow and ends, pretty as they are, she can finish the ribbon into a wide, flat bow in front that may be pulled up against the crown.

THE HIGH RUCHING. The new pleatings and frills at the top of boned stocks are growing

directly on the hair. Use eggs and hot water or a good Castile soap melted in hot water. Twenty-four hours before shampooing, saturate the scalp with pure olive oil, or, if preferred, kerosene. An excellent shampoo is made from five cents' worth of quilla bark. Bruise it first with a flat-iron, pour boiling water on it, leave it for a few minutes, stir well, and strain. Pour another pitcher of water on the bark and repeat the process. Wash your hair in the first water, rinse in the second and then dry in the ordinary way. Shampooed in this way there is no danger of one's hair feeling sticky afterwards, as there might if soap were used. There is also a histamine shampoo that is particularly good for blond hair.

As the brim tilts far down over the nape of the neck, the ribbon easily slides off it, into a large flat bow and long ends. There is no other trimming on the hat. It is of dark blue, fine horsehair and the ribbon is of satin to match.

When milk has been burned, pour it at once into a pitcher and stand it in a basin of cold water until it is cool, when it will be found to be quite free from the burned smell and taste. Also when anything has burned in the double boiler, instead of replenishing the steamer part with hot water, use cold for the same effect.

IMPATIENT SUSIE. "Oh, I can't thread this needle, ma." Was little Susie's cry: "Just as the thread is going through. The needle winks its eye."

October Woman's Home Companion

HEAD CHEESE. Take a pig's head (upper parts

of the head) and boil it in water until the meat is tender. Remove the skin and fat, and chop the meat into small pieces. Add salt, pepper, and a little onion. Cook for an hour and strain. Serve with bread and butter.

only, using the lower halves for toasting), thoroughly clean, and let it in salt water over night. Put on to boil in plenty of water, and boil until the meat drops from the bones. Drain the liquor it was boiled in, and set away to cool. When cold, remove the fat, when the liquor will be ready to add to the meat, which must be looked over carefully to remove any small bits of bone, and chopped very fine. Season to taste with salt, pepper and sage. Put on again to boil for about five minutes. Then pour into dishes and set away to cool. If sage is not liked, add any flavoring desired.—October Woman's Home Companion.

PHILADELPHIA SCRAPPLE. Boil three or four pounds of fresh pork (quite fat) until very tender; then take out the meat, and season the water in which it was boiled, and thicken it with yellow corn meal as thick as for hasty pudding, and let it cook a long time, to thoroughly cook the meat. Chop the meat tolerably fine, season well and add it to the mush. When it is cooked put it into square bread tins to cool; when cold, cut in slices, and fry in a spider until browned. It should not require any fat for frying.—October Woman's Home Companion.

A RICH WOMAN'S CLOSET. "The nearest approach to a Bluebeard's closet that I ever saw," said a woman the other day, "was in the country house of one of New York's most fashionable women."

"I didn't know her, but in a queer, roundabout way I was once shown over the house and saw Mrs. V.'s private apartments. I pretty nearly fainted when I walked into a room where a dozen or more women were apparently hanging from the ceiling."

"When I came to I found that what I had taken to be a choice collection of female corpses was really a lot of manikins. Mrs. V. had them made after her own measurements, and her choicest costumes were kept on them when not in use."

"Her maid would fasten a gown on to a manikin, put something over it to keep the dust off, and then by means of a rope and pulley draw the whole up to the ceiling. It was a fine arrangement, but looked as if Bluebeard had been around."—New York Sun.

NEVER RUB SOAP ON YOUR HAIR. Opinions differ as to how often the hair should be washed. The nature and quantity of the hair and the condition of the scalp should be taken into consideration when deciding the matter. If the hair is light and are not well supplied, or that they are inactive, the head should not be washed oftener than it is necessary. Soap must under no condition be rubbed

collars are worn or thin lace yokes are attempted. A doctor prescribes a good tonic, which is for strengthening relaxed tissues as well as whitening and softening the skin. It is to be massaged into the neck after the bath. If one does not care to attempt the making at home, then take the prescription to a druggist. This is the better way in all these formulas that call for ingredients that are not very easy to buy and to handle. The tonic is as follows: Oil of sweet almonds, ten grams; balsam of tolu, almonds, ten grams; balsam of tolu, two grams; benzoin, two grams; essence of lemon, two drops; essence of casipout, two drops.

The resins are powdered and triturated in the oils; they are kept at a gentle heat for twenty-four hours; then they are decanted from the sediment. To this add the essential oil.

This should be put on every day.

Fills That Have Benefited Thousands.—Known far and near as a sure remedy in the treatment of indigestion and all derangements of the stomach, liver and kidneys, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills have brought relief to thousands when other specifics have failed. Innumerable testimonials can be produced to establish the truth of this assertion. Once tried they will be found superior to all other pills in the treatment of the ailments for which they are prescribed.

SHORT SLEEVES LOSING VOGUE. One of the best examples of the typical small sleeve is used in the tailleur. It is full length of course, close fitting and with no perceptible fullness at the armhole. An excellent phase of it is illustrated in the costumes of shanting in the shade called "ashes of violets." The little coat has a square seamed postilion back and a deep V-shaped closing in the front that is caught to one side with a darker tone choux of silk, plaited and rucked into a clever semblance of a double violet.

The sleeve is the most interesting and unusual, for it has but one seam and that on the outside of the arm. The sleeve buttons from the elbow to the wrist with a bias line of great button-holes round in cloth, and small round cloth-covered buttons. The armhole of the coat is turned under and piped so that the seam is as flat as possible.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER. "A daughter imbibes many of the graces of her mother. As well can she inherit her vices," is a time-honored saying. I was forcibly reminded of this sometime since, when looking up the facts in a sad case—one in which a young Catholic girl, of well-to-do parents, left home and was united to a divorced man and preacher. As the girl in question received a practical education in a convent school, the case was all the more lamentable, but when I learned that her mother was of the peaceable variety of female, I was not so puzzled. The mother, a poor girl herself, married a hard working clerk and they labored together for a few years in harmony. They saved a little money and this little was the undoing of the daughter. The mother assumed airs, lived up to and beyond her means (as her husband advanced in salary), and when her daughter grew into girlhood, took her from the Catholic school and placed her in a Young Ladies' Seminary where her friends would be Protestant. Protestant companionship soon brought Protestant lovers, and the inevitable happened. The foolish mother is bowed in shame; the family name is disgraced and all on account of a love of worldly show.

ONE-PIECE VELVET GOWNS. The style for morning frocks has appeared in velvet frocks for indoor wear. It is called a one-piece frock, but it is really cut in two pieces and put together at the waist line.

This seam is hidden by a belt of the material or of soft satin. The slip is then buttoned from bust to hem straight down the left side. The buttons are covered with satin to match the color of the velvet.

The yoke and long, tight sleeves are of lace or net.

IRISH LACE SCARFS. The gauze scarf in lovely colors has been a leading fashion all summer and promises to be all winter, but its rival is one of baby Irish lace of two and a half yards long. Of course it is very expensive, but that will not interfere with its fashion, for in this day of extravagance women pay so much for everything to wear.

It is used over the shoulders and especially as a drape to an evening coat.

THE DIRECTOIRE SASH. The shops are selling the Directoire sash in soft Liberty satin with crocheted silk slide and silk tassels. They are three yards long, in all colors.

WHEN IRONING LACE. If you iron your lace or embroidered muslin on a board or table covered with several thicknesses of flannel and no muslin over them, they will look much nicer than if ironed in the ordinary manner, as the flannel "gives" and the raised work stands out.

BRIGHTEN GOLD CHAINS. To brighten gold chains put them in a small glass bottle with warm soapuds and a little prepared chalk. Shake until they are clean, then rinse in clear water.

BUILDING UP THE NECK. After a season of starched linen collars the neck becomes dark. It has a rim at the top. Muscles under the chin get flabby and the skin gets coarse. Something should be done to the neck before the new low

collars are worn or thin lace yokes are attempted.

A doctor prescribes a good tonic, which is for strengthening relaxed tissues as well as whitening and softening the skin. It is to be massaged into the neck after the bath.

If one does not care to attempt the making at home, then take the prescription to a druggist. This is the better way in all these formulas that call for ingredients that are not very easy to buy and to handle. The tonic is as follows: Oil of sweet almonds, ten grams; balsam of tolu, almonds, ten grams; balsam of tolu, two grams; benzoin, two grams; essence of lemon, two drops; essence of casipout, two drops.

The resins are powdered and triturated in the oils; they are kept at a gentle heat for twenty-four hours; then they are decanted from the sediment. To this add the essential oil.

This should be put on every day.

Fills That Have Benefited Thousands.—Known far and near as a sure remedy in the treatment of indigestion and all derangements of the stomach, liver and kidneys, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills have brought relief to thousands when other specifics have failed. Innumerable testimonials can be produced to establish the truth of this assertion. Once tried they will be found superior to all other pills in the treatment of the ailments for which they are prescribed.

SHORT SLEEVES LOSING VOGUE. One of the best examples of the typical small sleeve is used in the tailleur. It is full length of course, close fitting and with no perceptible fullness at the armhole. An excellent phase of it is illustrated in the costumes of shanting in the shade called "ashes of violets." The little coat has a square seamed postilion back and a deep V-shaped closing in the front that is caught to one side with a darker tone choux of silk, plaited and rucked into a clever semblance of a double violet.

The sleeve is the most interesting and unusual, for it has but one seam and that on the outside of the arm. The sleeve buttons from the elbow to the wrist with a bias line of great button-holes round in cloth, and small round cloth-covered buttons. The armhole of the coat is turned under and piped so that the seam is as flat as possible.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER. "A daughter imbibes many of the graces of her mother. As well can she inherit her vices," is a time-honored saying. I was forcibly reminded of this sometime since, when looking up the facts in a sad case—one in which a young Catholic girl, of well-to-do parents, left home and was united to a divorced man and preacher. As the girl in question received a practical education in a convent school, the case was all the more lamentable, but when I learned that her mother was of the peaceable variety of female, I was not so puzzled. The mother, a poor girl herself, married a hard working clerk and they labored together for a few years in harmony. They saved a little money and this little was the undoing of the daughter. The mother assumed airs, lived up to and beyond her means (as her husband advanced in salary), and when her daughter grew into girlhood, took her from the Catholic school and placed her in a Young Ladies' Seminary where her friends would be Protestant. Protestant companionship soon brought Protestant lovers, and the inevitable happened. The foolish mother is bowed in shame; the family name is disgraced and all on account of a love of worldly show.

ONE-PIECE VELVET GOWNS. The style for morning frocks has appeared in velvet frocks for indoor wear. It is called a one-piece frock, but it is really cut in two pieces and put together at the waist line.

This seam is hidden by a belt of the material or of soft satin. The slip is then buttoned from bust to hem straight down the left side. The buttons are covered with satin to match the color of the velvet.

The yoke and long, tight sleeves are of lace or net.

IRISH LACE SCARFS. The gauze scarf in lovely colors has been a leading fashion all summer and promises to be all winter, but its rival is one of baby Irish lace of two and a half yards long. Of course it is very expensive, but that will not interfere with its fashion, for in this day of extravagance women pay so much for everything to wear.

It is used over the shoulders and especially as a drape to an evening coat.

THE DIRECTOIRE SASH. The shops are selling the Directoire sash in soft Liberty satin with crocheted silk slide and silk tassels. They are three yards long, in all colors.

WHEN IRONING LACE. If you iron your lace or embroidered muslin on a board or table covered with several thicknesses of flannel and no muslin over them, they will look much nicer than if ironed in the ordinary manner, as the flannel "gives" and the raised work stands out.

BRIGHTEN GOLD CHAINS. To brighten gold chains put them in a small glass bottle with warm soapuds and a little prepared chalk. Shake until they are clean, then rinse in clear water.

BUILDING UP THE NECK. After a season of starched linen collars the neck becomes dark. It has a rim at the top. Muscles under the chin get flabby and the skin gets coarse. Something should be done to the neck before the new low

Mrs. Marble, after the death of her husband, went to Mr. Stone (a dealer in headstones) and consulted him in reference to an inscription. She said: "Put on it 'To my dearest husband, and if there be any room left, 'we shall meet in heaven.'"

Entering the cemetery and going to her husband's grave, she noticed the headstone, and quickly rushed to see how he had engraved it. The poor widow's heart beat with pain when she read the following on the headstone: "To my dearest husband, and if there be any room left, we shall meet in Heaven."

SOME FEW ESCAPED. "Oh, John," whimpered the wife as she seized the morning paper, "see what that editor has done with the account of our musicale! He has placed it alongside the column of death notices. It's a shame. And we too."

"I suppose," said the husband wearily, "that the editor wishes to call attention to the fact that some people are more fortunate than others."

WHAT THE HAND TOLD. The fair amateur palmist looked long and earnestly at the left hand of the sweet young girl. Breathless the latter waited for the palmist's next words. "Ah, I see by your hand that you are engaged to the future and the past, in a more engaged to Mr. Binks." "Oh, it's perfectly extraordinary!" burst out the blushing girl. "How could you know that?" "By long study of the lines in my hand cannot tell you the name of—'Who said anything about lines?" replied the prophetic one with a withering scorn. "You are wearing the engagement ring I returned him three weeks ago!"

Among the contributors to a minister's donation party was a small but very bright boy belonging to one of the families of the congregation. After obtaining his mother's permission to spend his money, for anything he pleased, he went to the village store and returned home with a neat package. In it was a pair of suspension card upon which was written in a scrawling hand: "For the Support of our Pastor."

A class was being examined in spelling when the teacher questioned a little girl as follows: "Ethel, spell kitten." "K, double i, double t, e, n," replied Ethel. "Kitten has two i's, then, has it?" said the teacher. "Yes, ma'am," answered Ethel, confidently, "our's has."

Shameful.—Mrs. De Riche 'showing her home to Mrs. Winfall)—What do you think of my Venus de Milo? Mrs. Winfall—Ain't it a shame how careless servants are! But couldn't you glue the arms on again?"

By these He shall ally their pains; apothecary shall motions, and shall health, and of his be no end. For the peace of the face of the earth. My son, in thy thyself, but pray to shall heal thee.

Turn away from hands right and ch from all offense. Give a sweet sav of the flour, and m it—and then give p dan.

For the Lord cere him not depart fr works are necessary. For there is a tina fall into his hands. And they (the phy seech the Lord, tha per what they give medy, and for their vice).

He that sinneth in Maker shall fall into physician. And our Lord in the soul of his ill, cles upon the body, those miracles as w was the expected M disciples of John thou He that was to expect another "Go tell John what the blind see, the de speak, the lame w were the Divine Ho mers and the palee lric He made whol the dead to life—in the widow of reid Lazarus from was entombed thro. The contention said vant Beth at home a sy," and Jesus sa

THE WEIGHT AND THE DAY. "It's silly for any one to suspect me of cheating," saud the tricky coal man, "my weight is honest as the day."

"H'm!" remarked the housekeeper, "the days are getting shorter and shorter as the cold weather approaches."

HAD GIVEN UP ALL HOPE OF LIVING. Heart Trouble Cured by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills

Mrs. Andrew Savoy, Gratian's, N.B., writes: In the year of 1905 I was taken sick and did not think I could live any length of time. My trouble was with my heart and people told me that nothing could be done for a case like mine. I consulted the very best doctors but they could do me no good. For seven weeks I could hardly cross the floor. I had no pain, but was so weak nobody in the world can believe how I felt. I had given up all hopes of living and had given my little girl to my sister-in-law.

One day a friend came to see me, and calling me by name, said, "Lizzie, if I were you I would try a dose of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills as they are good for heart trouble." My husband got me a box, but for two days I was not feeling any better, but on the fourth day my husband said, "I believe these pills are doing you good."

I was able to say, "Yes, I feel a good deal better this morning." He said, "Well, I will get you another box right away. I look two boxes and three doses out of the third one, and I was perfectly well and have not been sick since then."

I will never be without them in my home for God knows if it had not been for Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I would not have been alive now."

Price 50 cents per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25. The Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Funny Sayings.

THE WEIGHT AND THE DAY. "It's silly for any one to suspect me of cheating," saud the tricky coal man, "my weight is honest as the day."

"H'm!" remarked the housekeeper, "the days are getting shorter and shorter as the cold weather approaches."

It will Cure a Cold.—Colds are the commonest ailments of mankind, and if neglected may lead to serious conditions. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will relieve the bronchial passages of inflammation speedily and thoroughly and will strengthen them against subsequent attack. And as it eases the inflammation it will stop the cough because it always all irritation in the throat. Try it and prove it.

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The Priest and the Physician.

In helping their fellow men the priest and the doctor are counterparts of each other. They meet at the birth of a man, they meet at his death, and during the years of life whenever serious illness threatens it. Their relations are friendly and cordial, for each has an appreciation of the high and important and most necessary duties of the other. The one is working for the body, to preserve it for long years of life; the other is striving for the soul, to bring it an everlasting life of peace and happiness. They are cooperating in each other's work—the physician uses his skill and work—the priest applies his prayers that the physician succeed. The priest prays for the restoration of the sick man to his pristine health but if he must die, he prays for favorable judgment on the sick man's soul. It is to apply the sacrament of extreme unction that the priest is seen hastening by night and day, whenever death is seemingly imminent through serious illness. It is there that he often meets the doctor, and each works in his own way for the good of the sick man—the one to save life by his skill, or at least prolong it, the other to save life after his prayers, or if it is not possible, then to save the man's soul unto eternal life. The physician is ever held in honor by the Church. In her great colleges and universities she has ever had her departments of medicine and surgery, and her sisterhoods have opened and maintained great hospitals in which the sick might be gathered to receive the physician's treatment, while they nursed them back into good health by religiously carrying out their instructions. There was a brotherhood of men who gave their lives to waiting on the sick, namely, the knights hospitallers—Knights of the Hospital and in their ranks were found the nobles of the land. It could not be otherwise, for to heal and comfort the sick is one of the corporal works of mercy, practiced by our Divine Lord and enjoined upon His followers. The physician as the highest exponent of this work, has always been held in honor. See the Old Testament. In the Book of Ecclesiastics, 38th chapter, first to fifteenth verse:

Honor the physician for the need thou hast of him—for the Most High hath created him. For all healing is from God and he shall receive gifts of the King. The skill of the physician shall lift up his head, and in the sight of great men he shall be praised. The Most High hath created medicines out of the earth, and a wise man will abhor them. Was not bitter water made sweet with wood? The virtue of these things is come to the knowledge of men, and the Most High hath given knowledge to men, that He may be honored in His wonders.

By these He shall cure and shall allay their pains, and of these the apothecary shall make sweet concoctions, and shall make up ointments of health, and of his works there shall be no end. For the peace of God is over all the face of the earth. My son, in thy sickness neglect not thyself, but pray to the Lord, and He shall heal thee. Turn away from sin and order thy hands aright and cleanse thy heart from all offense. Give a sweet savor and a memorial of the flour, and make an offering of it, and then give place to the physician. For the Lord created him: and let him not depart from thee for his works are necessary. For there is a time when thou must fall into his hands. And they (the physicians) shall beseech the Lord, that He would prosper what they give for ease and remedy, and for their conversation (advice).

He that smother in the sight of His Maker shall fall into the hands of the physician. And our Lord in his wish to heal the soul of His ill, worked His miracles upon the body, and pointed to those miracles as a proof that He was the expected Messiah for to the disciples of John asking Him, art thou He that was to come, or are we to expect another, our Lord said, "Go tell John what you have seen—the blind see, the deaf hear, the dumb speak, the lame walk." He indeed was the Divine Healer. He cured the lepers and the palsied, and the paralitic He made whole; yes, He raised the dead to life—in the case of the son of the widow of Naim, and he raised Lazarus from the dead after he had entombed three days. The conclusion said, "I ord, my servant Beth at home sick with the palsy," and Jesus said, "I will come and heal him."

And so among the Church's saints—following in the wake of their Lord and Master, we have saints who were physicians—such as St. Luke among the apostles and Saints Cosmas and Damian in the fourth century. St. John of God in the sixteenth century in Portugal, took to nursing the sick, and it is related that in doing so—in one case—he found that his patient was none less than our Divine Lord Himself. "I was sick and you visited me."

The priest and the physician are the two most important and useful men in the community, their calling and profession are justly the most honorable, since their labors are the most benefit to society.

The Business Side of Religion. "The business side of religion is a subject, which has been stirred altogether too long," writes a Wisconsin priest. "When we get a business conscience formed in the laity, the money sermons and the scolding and coaxing, that wear out the life of a priest will be eliminated. Business principles carried out will not make the Church more worldly, but will allow the pastor to attend to his spiritual duties."

"Business conscience" is a good term. It means simply that a strict sense of duty should prevent our people to give the Church debt the place of honor amongst the things of life. Judged from every standpoint, it ought to be the most sacred of all debts. Too frequently it happens that it is the last debt to receive attention. The "Business conscience" of some of our people certainly needs an awakening.

"I am a 'poor pay,'" writes an anonymous correspondent, "and the shoe pinches. I sit in a rear pew, because many of the respectable people, who sit up in front, will not pay what they owe me. I have remained away from church, I am sorry to say, rather than preach a few sermons on the 'paying of just debts, to the people who have the name of being generous donors, but at the expense of grocers and butchers and bakers and business men who are often at their wife's ends to obtain the means wherewith to meet their bills.'"

I believe that my anonymous friend is mistaken, when he assumes that "respectable people," who do not pay their bills are generous donors. As I asserted, once before, poor pays in the business world are generally poor givers. They are generous only when it is a question of their own comfort or pleasure. No priest wants the money, which ought to go to the payment of just debts. He has been taught to repudiate the generosity, which comes before justice. Time and again it has happened that gifts and bequests have been refused, because the acceptance of the same would seem to be in violation of the principles of justice and charity. These people of whom he writes may sit in front pews, but I believe that a little investigation will show that their pew rent like the rest of their bills, is long since overdue. When business men cannot collect, it is a foregone conclusion, that the priest has failed.

"I believe," writes another, "that priests, as a class, are lacking in sympathy for the men and women, who supply the funds. They do not and cannot understand the character of the problems, with which the contributor is frequently face to face."

I believe that nothing can be farther from the truth than such an assertion. Priests as a class, know well the value of a dollar. Few of them are the sons of wealthy parents. Before entering the sacred ministry, many of these have worked hard for a living. They understand well the frequency of the calls which are made upon the wages of the laboring man. The only tainted money in their eyes is that of the poor, who can ill afford to give. It is a case in which every true priest would rather give than receive. The real truth of the matter is that their excessive sympathy leaves them easily imposed upon. Those who have shown a disposition to meet them half way have never found them wanting in that spirit of sympathy and self-sacrifice, which have been characteristics of the priesthood in every age.—Rev. J. T. Roche.

A Pill that is prized.—There have been many pills put upon the market and pressed upon public attention, but none have endured so long or met with so much favor as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Widespread use of them has attested their great value, and they need no further advertisement than this. Having firmly established themselves in public esteem, they now rank without a peer in the list of standard vegetable preparations.

LIKE THORNS IN THE FLESH

Are the Sharp Twinges and Tortures of Rheumatism, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a Certain Cure.

The twinges and the tortures of rheumatism are not due to cold, damp weather as so many people imagine. Rheumatism comes from poisonous acid in the blood. The pains may be started by cold weather, damp weather or by keen winds. There is only one way to cure rheumatism. It must be treated through the blood. All the liniments and rubbing, and so-called electrical treatment in the world will not cure rheumatism. The acid that causes the disease must be driven out of the blood and the blood enriched and purified. It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, red blood that they have cured thousands of cases of rheumatism after all other treatment had failed. As a proof of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do even in the most severe cases of rheumatism, the case of Mr. David Carroll, a well known furniture dealer of Picotou, N.S., may be cited. Mr. Carroll says: "I have been a most severe sufferer from rheumatism, and in the hope that some other poor sufferer may find relief from my experience I gladly write you of the benefit I have received from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The trouble settled in my shoulders and down my sides and at times I was quite unable to raise my arm. I was attended by a doctor, but as I did not appear to be getting any better I sent for a so-called electric belt for which I paid \$40.00. It did not do me any good and then I tried another remedy without any better results. A friend asked me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I got three boxes: by the time I had used them all I found the stiffness and pain less severe, and I got another pair dozen boxes. When I had taken these every symptom of the trouble had disappeared and in the two years that have since passed I have had no return of the trouble. I believe there is no other medicine equal to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for curing this most painful trouble, and I have recommended the Pills to others who have been benefited by their use. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only cure rheumatism but all the other diseases due to poor watery blood, such as anaemia, indigestion, nervous disorders, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, paralysis, and the ailments of childhood and womanhood, with their headaches, backaches, sideaches and attendant miseries. Only the genuine Pills can do this, and you should note that the full name 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People' is on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine-dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Holy Father and the Little Dublin Boy.

(From Rome.) It is a well known fact here in Rome that at Papal audiences—the young people here will often stop before a little boy or girl and begin to converse with the most charming familiarity. One day last year some of us saw a little fellow of about eight confidently take hold of the Pope's left hand and accompany him all round the great hall, looking up affectionately into his face whenever the Pope addressed a few words to one of the kneeling pilgrims. When those memorable Sunday afternoons in the Cortile della Pigna, where the Holy Father preached to thousands on the gospel of the day, had to be abandoned, the Holy Father substituted for them receptions in the Vatican for the boys and girls of Rome who had made their First Communion that morning. On these occasions the Pope seems to grow young again, as he goes among the young people, giving them medals, asking them questions about their schools or their homes, and then talking to them collectively.

One day last year a little Dublin boy was brought to the Vatican by his mother and grandmother. He was very prettily dressed, and he had been elaborately trained in what he was to do when he entered the Holy Father's presence—he was to make three genuflections and then to kiss the Holy Father's ring as he was allowed. He must not be afraid, but he must be very good. It was all beautifully arranged. Before going to the Vatican he had a last rehearsal. The grandmother stood in a corner of the room in the hotel; the little fellow came in, made his three genuflections, kissed her hand, and then drew aside. At the Vatican, too, he got through the first part of his ceremonial with perfect aplomb. But when he raised his head after bending his knee for the first time and saw the white figure of the Pope standing a few yards away, with his arms stretched out and a beautiful, fatherly smile on his face, he forgot the rest, and the ladies were taken aback to see him run towards the Holy Father with his hands lifted as if he actually wanted to be taken and kissed. Which was exactly what happened. And not only that, but the Pope brought him over to his desk and selected a beautiful gold medal for him, which will doubtless be handed down as a heirloom in that young man's family.

INDISPENSABLE TO MOTHERS. "I am satisfied that Baby's Own Tablets are indispensable to mothers," says Mrs. Abraham Boucher, Pierreville Mills, Que., and she adds:—"Before using the Tablets my baby was cross, peevish and not thriving well; but the Tablets have worked a great change and my little one is well and happy." This is the verdict of all mothers who have used these Tablets. And better still, mothers have the guarantee of a government analyst that Baby's Own Tablets are absolutely safe—that they contain not one particle of opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Dental Hygiene in Tuberculosis. A paper which attracted much attention at the recent Tuberculosis Convention at Washington was the "Importance of Oral and Dental Conditions in Tuberculosis," by Dr. William R. Woodbury, of Boston, Mass. He said: "Well cared for teeth and a clean mouth help to prevent tuberculosis. A mouth full of decaying stumps cannot do its work properly. It cannot chew the food thoroughly which the body needs to enable it to combat disease. Mastication is the key which unlocks the nutriment from the food. Complete and deliberate chewing mixes the food and the saliva—an important factor in digestion. Saliva is the first digestive fluid the food meets. Good and nourishing food and in a generous measure is the first essential in the treatment of tuberculosis; it is essential for the cure of this disease, and it is an important factor in its prevention."

Decayed teeth not only lead to their own destruction, but they are also ideal culture mediums; they are human culture tubes for the growth and spread of infection. They are wide open and unguarded storehouses of infection which are a constant menace to their owners and to others. Diseased teeth seriously interfere with digestion; they lower the vitality; they cause a swelling of the glands of the neck, and infected food that is swallowed may infect other organs of the body. Dental cripples may become easy victims of

How Contagious Diseases Are Transmitted. Contagious diseases are most frequently communicated by means of droplets ejected from the mouth in the acts of speaking, sneezing, coughing and hawking. It has been shown "that in an apartment where there is no appreciable current of air, a person coughing or sneezing could scatter germs to a distance of more than 22 feet. Germs are scattered through the air by means of salivary droplets. These droplets are microscopic balloons, having a bubble of air in the center, and remains in suspension but a short time. The dissemination of droplets with their germ-originating capabilities and tendencies is most marked in coughing and sneezing. The more pathogenic microbes the mouth contains, the greater the danger of infection. Washing the mouth has the effect of decreasing the diphtheritic and other bacilli susceptible of being detached. Placing the hand or a handkerchief over the mouth prevents the emission of droplets charged with bacilli."

Consider for a moment the important relation which this has with the health of children in the public schools where disease is so frequently disseminated by means of contaminations from the breath, and exhalations of mouths laden with the product of bacteria.—H. Koninger, in Journal of Hygiene and Infectious Diseases.

The Palatine Hill. The Italian government has just begun a work from which very important archaeological results may be anticipated. It is an excavation for the purpose of discovering what may be found in the ruins of the Palatine hill. "The Palatine was fortified at a very early period in the history of the city, and it is the exact site of the magnificent palace built by Caesar Augustus when he assumed the dignity of the Roman emperor. It was added to by his successors, the Emperors Tiberius, Caligula, the Flavii, Septimius Severus and others, and toward the end of the fourth century, when the emperors had become Christians, a large cubiculum within the palace was set apart, consecrated as a chapel to the honor of the Christian martyrs, Caesarius and Julianus, and became the private chapel in fact of the Roman emperors. Pope Sergius was elected there in 617, and Pope John VII. established his residence there."

"But in the course of time, owing to the invasion of Rome by the barbarians, and to other disturbances, it became abandoned by the emperors and Popes, fell into decay, became covered with a luxuriant vegetation, which grows so rapidly around Roman ruins, and by degrees obliterated

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

by the ever rising earth, with which it had by the end of the fifteenth century become completely leveled."

The fact that it was the site of the Imperial palace during the early days of Christianity and the home of more than one of the early Popes, inspires the hope that important discoveries may be made bearing on the history of the early Church. No one knows what inscriptions, what monuments, what tablets may lie under the surface of the Palatine. In the secret vaults of the Palaces which once crowned the summit of the hill there may be inscribed tablets, even whole libraries which, when unearthed, may yield to us the secrets of ages whose history is even now none too well known.

In the Autumn Rheumatism is so general that all readers so suffering will be glad to hear of a letter addressed to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., will be to their advantage. Write to-day.

COULD NOT GO TO WORK BACK WAS SO WEAK.

Backache is the primary cause of kidney trouble. When the back aches, the kidneys are liable to become affected. Heed the warning; check the backache and dispense of any chance of further trouble. If you don't, serious complications are very apt to arise and the time that you would have to spend in hospital or Bright's Disease, the three most deadly forms of kidney trouble.

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Dear Reader,—Be patient with me for telling you again how much I need your help. How can I help it? or what else can I do? For without that help this Mission must cease to exist, and the poor Catholics already here remain without a Church. I am still obliged to say Mass and give Benediction in a Mean Upper-Room. Yet such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the county of Norfolk measuring 35 by 20 miles. And to add to my many anxieties, I have no Diocesan Grant, No Endowment (except Hope). We must have outside help for the present, or haul down the flag. The generosity of the Catholic Public has enabled us to secure a valuable site for Church and Presbytery. We have money in hand towards the cost of building, but the Bishop will not allow us to go into debt. I am most grateful to those who have helped us and trust they will continue their charity. To those who have not helped I would say,—For the sake of the Cause give something, if only a "little." It is easier and more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent Home for the Blessed Sacrament. Address—Father Gray, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony. Letter from Our New Bishop. Dear Father Gray.—You have duly accounted for the alms which you have received, and you have placed it them securely in the names of Diocesan Trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I authorize you to continue to solicit alms for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained. Yours faithfully in Christ, F. W. KEATING, Bishop of Northampton.

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Correspondence intended for publication must have name of writer enclosed, not necessarily for publication but as a mark of good faith, otherwise it will not be published.

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I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work.

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1908.

"The Duty of the Hour."

Under the above heading a pamphlet, containing an article copied from the Orange Sentinel of Toronto, has flooded the country during the past few weeks. The object of the publication is not far to seek.

In an endeavor to obtain its end and to help on the party it espouses, the Orange Sentinel resurrects the old story of Manitoba and the schools, and the shaking bones of the ossified skeleton are made to rattle anew in an attempt to foist odium upon the government now in power.

Sir Wilfrid, the chief actor in the spic drama served up by the Sentinel, is made to appear not the true patriot he has always shown himself to be, but the mere puppet and tool of the Church as represented by the bishops and other ecclesiastics of Canada.

The pamphlet charges Canada's Premier as being absolutely under the control of Rome in the person of the Delegate at Ottawa, and declares that "this Italian prelate who was not even a Canadian citizen was made arbiter of the educational liberties of the people of Saskatchewan and Alberta."

nada simply because he is a Catholic. Though we hold no brief for any political party, there are occasions when both religion and patriotism demand that in their defence politics should not be ignored, and when a party stoops to the position of finding defenders of the calibre of such arch-defamers as the Orange Sentinel it is time that a counter-slogan were sounded and "The Duty of the Hour" should resound in every ear that is not deaf to the calls of creed and country.

Public Opinion and the Madonna. We do not know whether Public Opinion intends by its utterances to voice what people say or whether its purpose is to educate the multitude. In other words we are doubtful whether the journal in question is expressive of public opinion or formative.

Sun Worship. Boston is undoubtedly the hub. In early days its cult lay in persecution. Witchcraft and Catholicism were alike in its puritanical eyes—equally inimical to God and the public weal.

French Schools. The French screw has been given another turn, long and sharp. If religion cannot be crushed by attacks upon the churches it may be starved out by a more cruel attempt upon the living temples of youth.

Cardinal Merry del Val. Not long ago a despatch went the rounds with the oft-repeated announcement that the Cardinal Secretary of State was dismissed from his high office.

so boastfully critical of practices he does not understand. One more quotation and we are done: This critic (?) regards the priesthood as "a business like that of any quack or juggler." He judges others by himself, and the priesthood by his own ministry, which seems never in his own case to have risen to such a respectable level as those he himself mentions.

Cardinal Merry del Val. Not long ago a despatch went the rounds with the oft-repeated announcement that the Cardinal Secretary of State was dismissed from his high office.

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the preceding occasion. Socialist and anti-clerical journals are ingenious in their explanations. This time Cardinal Gibbons and Cardinal Ireland—so ran the story—expressed their discontent to the Holy Father with Cardinal Merry del Val's attitude towards the United States and Modernism.

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Religion the Base of Morality.

Among the most interesting contributions to the proceedings of the International Moral Education Congress which has been holding its sessions in London were two speeches on Monday by Jesuit Fathers—the Rev. Father Maher and the Rev. Sydney Smith.

To people in this country it will appear to be a strangely nebulous system, entirely wanting in that clearness which used to be so characteristic of French thought.

The Rev. Michael Maher, S. J., St. Hall, Stonyhurst, said that in the ethical instruction of the young we had to keep steadily in view the creation in the mind of a high and inspiring moral ideal.

especially when dealing with the young, was to influence the will, in these circumstances, to discard the assistance of so powerful a moral agency as religion seemed unwise in the highest degree.

The Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S. J., London, said it was not enough to teach children what actions were right or wrong. It was still necessary to train them to feel that there are the strongest inducements for practically the right to the wrong.

H. BOURGIE, Undertaker and Funeral Director.

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After the wonder caused by the matter of progress have shown reflective admirers of the buildings which at home do not give a university the same liberal studies as the State puts agricultural architecture, and vet on the same level.

The cry was raised the life of the farmer, the kind, skilled, was on Ruskin, for one, has read that here a passion made to bring about state of society by schools and public hours, may acquire a more spiritualizing experience has in too crowded these endeavors.

THE EVERYDAY. The cry was raised the life of the farmer, the kind, skilled, was on Ruskin, for one, has read that here a passion made to bring about state of society by schools and public hours, may acquire a more spiritualizing experience has in too crowded these endeavors.

Irish Stud...

When an Irishman an American un objects of his address campus, the we splendidly furnish equipped labor seems to have been in providing all learning and research there a special room for each subject, finds a whole but physical, another school to mechanic so on through a The libraries are date Each profes portable office. T ledge has not inte plication of natu one find univers such beautiful vie is the peculiar glo mation accustomed facilities as are t student can hav impression they m from overseas, esp the graduated f which gives degre four of the cool of Erin. The of Ireland provide ber of professors, endowment for bus In this country Liberty, holding a trust and rightne to great one, ind been crowned with in the numerous an throughout the S purpose have been tial and costly at tribute to the shir the Irishman, who the weight of econ seldon the owner dwelling. The hoj his name to a uni beyond him. The Dublin bran University of Irela its work in two b of them is as larg apartment house, professor given ove show itself. Here dev have no offic the students with place in the passag library, but fort pens to be a good the city, not far HIS COMPATRIO

No wonder, then, and the spirit of pr rican university gra graduate. He is ple that so many of the Irish emigrants are ventages of this g civilization. One is great number thro students who claim the 17th of March Patrick, seems to b own more excitatio sity of Missouri the

After the wonder caused by the matter of progress have shown reflective admirers of the buildings which at home do not give a university the same liberal studies as the State puts agricultural architecture, and vet on the same level. The European will that the university to the level of the If he lays aside his however, and consid sively, he will see no Outside of America t the degree of bachel first show liberal b branches of liberal l mitting himself to t is known in different the intermediate arts the previous examin tory given evidenti tory general educatio himself for some two special study of s group of subjects, ar graduates. Now the A stiles are coming mor demand a broad libe a preliminary to spee the applied sciences.

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Irish Student in America.

When an Irishman matriculates at an American university, the first object of his admiration are the fine campus, the wealth of buildings...

In this country of freedom, where Liberty, holding aloft the torch of truth and righteousness, is the first to great one, individual effort has been crowned with such success that the numerous universities scattered throughout the States, men of noble thorough have been able to erect beautiful and costly structures as their tribute to the shrine of learning.

The Dublin branch of the Royal University of Ireland carries on all its work in two buildings. Neither of them is as large as an American apartment house, and one is altogether given over to medicine. The professors have a cloak room in common, but no offices. Consultations of the students with the professors take place in the passages. There is no library, but fortunately there happens to be a good public library in the city, not far from the college.

His COMPATRIOTS NUMEROUS.

No wonder, then, that the grandeur and the spirit of progress of the American university appeals to the Irish graduate. He is pleased, too, to find that so many of the descendants of Irish emigrants are sharing in the advantages of this great movement of civilization.

There is a great financial saving in this combining the practical and scientific sides of the various studies. The duplication of laboratories, which is called for by our system of having colleges of science distinct from the university, is here unnecessary.

The European will doubtless object that the university is thus reduced to the level of the technical school. He lays aside his native prejudice, however, and considers the question calmly, he will see no cause for alarm. Outside of America the candidate for the degree of bachelor of arts must first show his proficiency in various branches of liberal learning by submitting himself to the test of what is known in different universities as the intermediate arts examination or the previous examination. After having thus given evidence of a satisfactory general education, he devotes himself for some two years to the special study of some particular group of subjects, and in these he graduates. Now the American universities are coming more and more to demand a broad liberal foundation as a preliminary to specialized work in the applied sciences.

THE EVERYDAY MAN.

The cry was raised long ago that the life of the farmer, of the mechanic, and of the business man of every kind, skilled, was one of drudgery. Ruskin, for one, has written so much on this subject, and is so widely read, that here a passing reference to it will suffice. Attempts have been made to bring about a healthier state of society by opening night schools and public libraries, where the practical man, after business hours, may acquire other interests of a more spiritualizing kind. But experience has in too many cases shown that these endeavors with fail.

If a man is not enthusiastic about his every-day work, no external interests, however noble or great they may be, can serve to make his life full of purpose and contentment. Mr. Bryce has pointed out the European problem at the right end. They have thrown to the winds the European prejudice in favor of an aristocratic university. They seek to spiritualize

the life-work, not only of the university professor, the lawyer, and the divine, but also of the farmer and the mechanic.

Thus interests are developed, for example, in the simple art of growing oats or raising poultry, which make these occupations a source of perpetual inspiration. Thus, also, material improvements are made in the manufacture and in production. Factories can have their machinery tested in the workshops of the university. The professors are only too glad to be informed of the difficulties which meet the peasant and the business man, and spare no effort in their solution.

In this way the university becomes what its name ought to imply, the source of light and life, not in any one sphere or in any particular set of men, but in all things that make for the all-round social progress of the nation. Education here is not a luxury for the few, but a necessity for the whole population. If in some particulars it falls below the standard of European culture, there are yet no defects but such as may be remedied with time.

Now, we in Ireland have long been clamoring for a democratic university. Every inch of our country offers possibilities for farming, for forestry, for mining, for electrical and mechanical engineering, for cultivation and industries of various kinds, but through lack of the knowledge requisite to develop its wealth of natural resources, our people remain in poverty and consequent ignorance.

SIMPLE KNOWLEDGE NEEDED.

There is a firm in Cork that started the manufacture of kid gloves. The articles they put on the market are excellent, but, for want of sufficient acquaintance with the chemistry of dyes, they are all black. Satisfactory results in the other colors are not forthcoming. Every one who has eaten Irish apples knows how good is their flavor. Yet, except for a few months in the autumn, only imported apples are to be had—this through ignorance of the simple process necessary to increase the home yield and insure preservation through the winter. The purpose of the university, as was said before, is not merely material, but surely these problems form in themselves interesting and liberal studies.

The elective system which prevails exclusively in some American universities, and with modifications in others, seems fraught with the greatest evils. The undergraduate can take up certain subjects for a term of a year, and next year work on entirely different courses. Thus, after gaining a superficial and wholly unsystematized acquaintance with various provinces of knowledge, he gets his degree simply because he has a sufficient number of university credits.

It is strange that America, which is almost notorious as the country of specialization, should so much ignore the advantages of more specialized work in education. In some cases, indeed, it has awakened, and in others it seems to be gradually rousing itself to a truer pedagogical insight into this question.

There is a point connected more or less intimately with this credit system, which also calls for remark. In our British universities, where examinations are held only at the end of the year, an excellent opportunity and a great temptation to idle await the undergraduate. Thus some students come unprepared for the final examinations, to find, to their own grief and their father's dismay, that a year's time and some hundreds of dollars have been wasted. In America monthly tests and the possibility of being "busted" at the end of the term give sufficient spur to make the ordinary undergraduate toe the line. So far the system here has much to recommend it. Unfortunately however, the test at the end of each term is final, and the work it covers does not come up again for examination. Thus the tardy student can easily cram without fear of detection.

COLLEGE SPIRIT.

Finally, some reference may be made to those spheres of university administration of the trustees and life which lie beyond the province of faculty. Passing over the college sports, which on the whole seem more engrossing in America, one is attracted by the college yells, songs, and flags. These are essentially connected in the mind of the student with allegiance and devotion to his Alma Mater. They inspire some of his deepest enthusiasms, and as such, are the occasion for fond recollections in after life.

The other great feature of undergraduate life—the class organizations, which make such claims on money, time and energy, and are almost the only interest of the youth besides college athletics—is slower to find approval. It may be that in the various meetings and class "stunts" some rare talent is discovered which under other conditions might have lain buried in the dark, unthought-of caves of inexpressiveness. It is certain that the class entertainments are a source of many pleasant evenings for the whole college. But still, to one not accustomed to them, these organizations seem superfluous, and one wonders whether the time spent upon them might not only be more profitably but more pleasurably spent.

The Greek letter fraternities, too, strike the outsider as an overgrowth, but that may possibly be due to the fact that our system of having colleges within the university supplies by natural means a want which would otherwise make itself felt.

The American may wonder what there can be in Irish college life to make up to the student for the lack of class organizations. Mr. Bryce has pointed out the chasm existing in the United States between the university and political life. Politics means to the Irishman more than class spirit does to the American. Our universities are bound up with our political

existence. They supply our leading statesmen and diplomats. The highest ambition of the college student is a successful public career.

Day after day the undergraduate discusses with fresh enthusiasm the political and social affairs not only of his own country, but of all the powers of Europe and of the world. Beside such broad cosmopolitan ideas class elections and class spirit sink into insignificance. Books which to the American student are matter for laborious reading, to the Irishman are a recreation. The British university would seem to offer a wider culture.—M. Molloy, in N. Y. Evening Post.

FR. VAUGHAN.

A Word About the Denunciator of Follies of British Fashionables.

(Raymond Blathwait, in "Black and White.")

"My God! To think that my country should have come to this!"

Like a pistol shot the sentence rang out upon the startled air, and I raised up my head to look at the preacher. With dramatic arms wide flung on space, and his fine, clear-cut features outlined against a richly-painted window, through which the sun threw a shaft of gold across the misty church, Father Vaughan constituted in himself a splendid picture of medievalism and modernity. Beneath him swayed a huge congregation, out of which perpetually leaped some well-known, far-famed face, and Pan-Anglican bishops, smart women popular actors, pungent writers and imperialists. Such as the preacher depicted for them the horrors of modern married life. That one picture of Father Vaughan—last Sunday morning in Mayfair.

Yet again I recall him as I once heard him far away upon the high seas. We were voyaging together in a P. and O. steamship homeward bound from India, and one Sunday afternoon the Anglican chaplain on board and two dissenting ministers brought their congregations in a body to the saloon, plumped them at the feet of Father Vaughan, who gave us the most fascinating and absolutely undominational and uncompromising address upon the being of God. The musical ripple of the sun-lit ocean chimed in well with the ringing periods of the eloquent voice, and the scene photographs itself upon an undying memory.

And one cold March day, when the wind whistled through the dim alleys of the East End, I caught a glimpse of Father Vaughan, one hand tightly clutched by a little street arab, the other stretched out in eloquent invitation, pressing upon an audience drenched in poverty and misery, and yet with faces aglow with the splendid fervor of their friend and priest, the claims of Christ and His Virgin Mother upon their hearts and lives.

And one asks one's self what is the secret of his undoubted power and influence, just as one asks one's self time and again whence it is, and how it is that the Jesuit priest gains his knowledge of, and his domination over the hearts and minds of the vast body politic in every part of the world?

What is there in the Society of Jesus, or what was there in the spirit of its founder, that has captured and brought in so many widely divergent issues, and has made of them one?

In some curiously subtle manner the Jesuit priest the world over reveals himself as a man of the world, knowing his fellow-man and especially his fellow-woman, more intimately than even they know themselves. And whence comes this knowledge, one asks one's self? It is from the confessional—the confessional to which slowly creeps the world-worn traveller, the woman of fashion ever bent upon the exploitation of new emotions; the man of action, and the recluse of the study; the confessional wherein are poured out all the secrets of the human heart, the sordid miseries of Mile End and the no less sordid naughtiness of Mayfair? Be that as it may, and from whatever source he reaps 'his experience, the Jesuit priest, for his insight into human nature, or knowledge of all the multitudinous avenues down which human thought pours itself in endless streams, for subtle comprehension of the mind, and sympathy with the frailties of human nature, has not his equal on earth.

I think Father Vaughan, most lovable and humorous of men, partly solved the mystery for me, as I put the question right to him as we passed rapidly through the gayly-clad sitters in the park one warm day last week.

"My dear fellow," he said, "we are all human. The most interesting book I ever read is myself, because through it I get to know my brothers and my sisters. Look at them now, poor dears," as he raised his hat to a very popular and beautiful woman of fashion, "look at them now; exactly like the wax figures at Madame Tussaud's. But turn on the gaslight, and they'll be all right. Well, all those people are human, each with his or her distinctive note of individuality. There is variety enough for the Jesuit priest who is a student of human character, and surely if even a dog or a cat can differentiate one being from another and so obtain varied knowledge of human personality, much more can a thinker and a student. Look at those two Pan-Anglican bishops. What a hurry they are in! They are afraid they'll be late for luncheon at Fulham! By the by, that reminds me. Some one asked me the other day: 'Are you going to the Pan-Anglican father?'"

"No," I replied, "for if I did I should have to take St. Peter with me. And they would not like that, and they would still less like having

Advertisement for CHAS. DESJARDINS & CO. featuring a large illustration of a fur coat and the text: COME FURS, ELECTRIC SEAL COATS, \$18.00, 485 ST. CATHERINE STREET EAST.

St. Peter there, because he would want them to be a little more definite in their pronouncements and that is the one thing that people dread above all others—logic. You see, it compels them to define their position; it compels them to be accurate in their statements. At present they are like the negro preacher.

"And there they were, my brethren. Five thousand leaves and five thousand fishes, and only twelve people to eat them. That's what demerits come in.

"Let us sit down a minute and chat and I'll tell you some of the stupid questions that society considers itself justified in putting to a Jesuit priest.

"A man said to me the other day, 'How on earth can a man be at one and the same time a Jesuit priest and an astronomer, a sacerdotalist and a scientist?'"

"Well, my dear friend," I replied, "so far as I am concerned, the more science I know the better I can appreciate God, from whom all science comes. The Church—at least my Church—I don't know about that one," he continued, with a sly smile pointing to the Albert Hall, crammed with Pan-Anglicans, gleaming in the distance—'The Church is never down on science. It was not the hope who condemned Galileo; it was the congregations and the Protestant universities. But when you talk of the incompatibility of reconciling credit and science, I must ask you what you mean by science. Driesch, one of the greatest scientific anatomists of the day, declares that Darwin belongs, like Hegel, to the past history, and yet gets contrived to lead a whole generation by the nose. Now, the Church objects to her children being led by the nose; she prefers them to be led by the mind. For my own part I can see no opposition between science and religion. On the contrary, I feel with Pasteur the more we know of each the more we know of God. And then again, last week a fashionable lady came to me in a rage—and my dear fellow, can't they rage?—and she said: 'Father Vaughan, why do you only attack the West End in your sermons at Farm street?'"

"Because, my dear madam," I replied, "I am not such a fool as I look. When I preach to a West End congregation, I attack West End follies. What would be the good of my saying to a poor girl at Mile End, 'Why did you wear that smart hat sent home on approval at Ascot on Thursday, and then return it to the milliner next day as unsuitable?' The poor creature has never heard of Ascot, and under any circumstances, would never dream of doing such a mean thing. But when I am in the East End, I assure you I do not notice matters there either. I know East and West thoroughly and I prefer the east. The priest's real place is with the sick and suffering; though God knows there is misery and wretchedness to spare here in the West End. The hopeless materialism of fashionable people, their criminal neglect, bringing disaster upon the land. And yet so lost and abandoned are they to all decency that when a man stands up under the cross of Christ to cry the horror of their lives and point out the way of life, they simply say 'It does it for advertisement.'"

"And what has a Jesuit priest vowed to poverty, with nothing on earth that he can call his own, except, perhaps, the shoes on his feet, to gain by self-advertisement?"

"But for such critics one has not a word. The more one cares for Christ the less one minds the silly jibes of silly souls. And as to any difficulty about medievalism not harmonizing with modernism, you might just as well say that a monk would be incapable of using the tele-

phone, because his dress is a thousand years old and the telephone of yesterday. And how science and revelation, both coming from God, are to contradict one another is a bigger puzzle than ever I can hope to solve, and one that the Church will never wish to solve."

Volunteer Bounty Act, 1908.

WARNING TO PURCHASERS.

EVERY assignment of the right of a South African Volunteer to a land grant must be by way of appointment of a substitute and must be in the form provided by the Act. Special attention is called to Section 3 of Section 5 of the Volunteer Bounty Act, 1908, which provides that no assignment of the right of a volunteer by the appointment of a substitute shall be accepted or recognized by the Department of the Interior which IS NOT EXECUTED AND DATED AFTER THE DATE OF THE WARRANT FOR THE LAND GRANT issued by the Minister of Militia and Defence in favor of the Volunteer.

J. W. GREENWAY, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Ottawa, 28th September, 1908.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 561. Circuit Court, A. S. Reynolds, Plaintiff versus Mrs. W. R. Arnold, D.F. On the 2nd day of November 1908, at three of the clock in the afternoon, at the residence of the said Defendant, No. 588 Manasse street, Town of St. Louis, will be sold by an officer of justice, all the good and chattels of the said Defendant, seized in this cause, consisting of one piano and other household furniture.

OLIVIER C. COUTURE, B. S. C. Montreal, October 16, 1908.

Advertisement for MENEELY BELL COMPANY, featuring an illustration of a bell and the text: Church Bells, Memorial Bells a Specialty, MENEELY BELL COMPANY, 22, 24 & 26 RIVER ST., 177 BROADWAY, TROY, N.Y., NEW YORK.

Grandfather's Clock FOR SALE. One of the last, 100 years old, still in perfect running order. Made by hand by one of the most skillful clockmakers of the Province of Quebec, whose name was Twisse and who was well known in Montreal in the beginning of last century and who disappeared in the fire of 1850, which burned half of the City of Montreal.

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For New and Old Subscribers. Rates: City, U. S. and Foreign \$1.50. Newfoundland and Canada, \$1.00. FILL OUT THIS BLANK AND MAIL TO THE TRUE WITNESS, MONTREAL, Please send me "The True Witness" for... months from... 190... for which I enclose \$... Name of Subscriber... P. O. Address... If you are a new subscriber, write "new" here...

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Postal Station D. Point St. Charles, Montreal," will be received at this office until 4:30 p.m. on Tuesday, October 27, 1908, for the construction of a building for Postal Station D. Point St. Charles, Montreal.

Plans and specification can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this department, and on application to Mr. Charles Desjardins, Clerk of Works, Post Office, Montreal, Que.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. (10 p. c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter upon a contract when called upon to do so or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, NAP. TESSIER, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, October 8, 1908.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

# THE FRIAR'S HEAD

## A Story of The Penal Days in Ireland.

(By P. J. Coleman, in Rosary Magazine.)

(Continued.)

The master leaped back in alarm, his face ghastly white, as he eyed the gruesome trophy on the floor.

"Look at it, Your Honor, an' see for yerself if I haven't earned me money well," leered the ghoul, seizing the head by the long silken locks clotted with gore and holding it up to his master.

"Horrible! horrible!" shuddered the Viscount, a cold chill seizing him while his knees tottered under him. The poor distorted face seemed to mock him derisively. The tongue protruded from the open mouth, and the glazed eyes stared wide, as when confronted with the fear of sudden and tragic death.

There, face to face with his supposed victim, he felt in a flash the bitterness of defeat in the moment of seeming victory, and knew what so many have known—that the realization is often far less pleasant than anticipation. Now that the bloody deed was done and his terrible vengeance executed, what had he? Reaction, disgust and shuddering remorse.

"Take it away! take it away and bury it forever from mortal eyes," he almost shrieked, averting his face and putting up his hands as if to shut out the awful sight. "Away with it! away with it! Let me never see it again! Oh, 'tis horrible, horrible!"

He staggered toward the door, eager to leave the room accursed by that gruesome presence.

"My money. Your Honor! My money!" called Bagshaw in dismay. "Take your unholy money—your devilish, blood-stained, Iscariot gold," roared the Viscount, flinging him a purse, which fell clinking at his feet. "Never let me see you again—your hellhound!" he roared from the doorway. "Out! out! out! both of you!"

The terror-stricken Bagshaw picked up the purse and put it in his pocket. Then he put the head into the sack, leisurely placed the blood-stained pipes after it, and hastened from the hall, thanking his stars that he had escaped alive.

"Dury it, eh!" he muttered, when he gained the deep shadow of the hanging-oak. "Then, I'll bury it here. The devil a tether spot in the country, where he'll have good company and plenty of it."

He knew where the gardener kept his tools, and, going there, procured a spade. In a little while he had dug a deep hole at the foot of the tree, into which he threw the head. Then, overcome with fear at the thought of the dead men who might be watching him out of the stinging oak, he hastily fled in the clay, ran with the spade to the tool-house in the garden, and, after depositing it there, dashed down the long winding avenue, the pipes clattering on his back like the bones of the dead. Thus he ran, pursued by imaginary terrors, and never drew breath until he dropped, limp and almost lifeless, in a public house in Boyle where he proceeded to dissipate his fears in deep draughts of cognac.

The ducks were in uproarious mood when the Viscount returned to the banqueting-hall. They were toasting their sweethearts and wives; but one, more facetious than the rest, had filled a dainty satin slipper, filched from some fair foot, with wine and was waiting the Viscount's return to give his sentiment. All present knew that their host was enamored of Christine Taaffe. It was the topic of the Bucks' Club in Boyle; but not when, however, Kingscourt had resumed his place at the head of the table the young gallant arose, slipper in hand, and encouraged by a score of significant winks, proposed:

"Here's to the beautiful Christine, sweet Sliro's richest pearl! No brighter jewel ever shone in crown of duke or earl!"

"Or viscount!" called a fellow Buck across the table, which sally was rewarded with an outburst of laughter.

But to their surprise the Viscount scowled, and, addressing them curtly, requested that in deference to the fact that he was far from well the company should retire to their chambers as soon as possible.

Instantly the clamor subsided into decorous sympathy and expressions of sorrow and condolence were heard from all sides, as his lordship withdrew.

He withdrew, but he did not sleep. Rest fled his luxurious pillows, for there in the solitude of his room he was accompanied by the friar's leering face. It haunted the darkness and mocked him out of every corner of the room. He shut his eyes, but he could not shut out those other eyes, cold and glassy with death, that seemed to burn into his brain. He lit his candles again and tried to read, but that distorted face looked over his shoulder and stood in fearful obsession by his chair. He ran for wine and tried to drug himself into oblivion. Glass after glass he emptied. Wine and more wine. Then he dozed where he sat; but again he was awake with a start, that awful tongue leering at him, those terrible eyes accusing him in their cold, dull, icy stare.

It was a hollow victory—this he had smothered from the guilt of a blood-stained assassin. The laurels of triumph had withered at his touch and perked his brow with thorns of fire. Revenge? He had had it, but only to be turned against himself. For the dead man was victor in his terrible hour. He could not escape him!

So night wore to morning, and the larks and linnets began their matins in the park. How peaceful it looked, out there in its dewy freshness—that beautiful park with its velvet lawns, green glades and cool, shadowy depths! If only some of that absorbing dew might descend on the fires of his brain, or in cleansing ablution wash away the red stain from his soul!

But there was the hunt—the joy, the intoxication of following the stag in full career over the broad plains! And even now the grooms and horseboys were busy in the stables and yards, getting ready their masters' mounts; while the masters themselves shaking off the fumes of drunken sleep, were attiring themselves in buckskin and scarlet.

The lord of Kingscourt was an accomplished horseman and loved the chase. It was the gossip of the Club that he could ride his favorite mare, Vixen, over the full length of the battlements of the old bridge that spanned the Boyle river. It was a joy to see him in the saddle, so easy was his seat, so harmoniously did horse and rider accord, as in perfect grace of motion they seemed to be parts of one living whole—a pair of Thessaly reformed in Ireland.

To the chase, then, his thoughts turned with relief, and he was in his usual gay mood when he joined his guests at breakfast. Already horses were waiting on the lawn, being led up and down and champing their bits impatiently, while the gaunt, wiry stag-hounds strained restlessly at the leash and filled the woods with their baying.

But all was ready at last, and the gay cavalcade of ladies and gentlemen rode away for the plains where the stag was to be enlarged. Gaiety reigned and laughter was on every lip. Pleasure gave the keynote to the day, and the music of the horns seemed but an echo of the joy that thrilled their hearts.

In the chase one can never foretell the vagaries of the quarry, and this one—a noble buck—after two hours of devious running headed straight for Boyle. Behind him strained the sinuous dogs, and close upon their heels a handful of riders headed by Lord Kingscourt, who had outdistanced the others.

Men and women were walking in the streets of the town, going about their daily avocations. Tradesmen stood chatting at their doors. Children played and laughed on the sidewalks. The peace and quiet of a drowsy week-day pervaded the place, when, helter-skelter, with clatter of iron hoof, shout of rider and blast of horn the chase burst into its midst. Out of the green fields into the dusty town dashed the buck, head erect, antlers back, eyes protruding in agony, tongue lolling and sleek coat flecked with froth. Hot-foot behind galloped Vixen with the Viscount in the saddle, the others riders trailing behind.

In a moment tumult stirred the little town. Mothers ran screaming to pluck their children from danger; loiterers leaped to the sidewalks and stood in open-mouthed wonder as the chase went by. Men and women ran to their doors to find out the cause of the uproar; while up the street, making for the river, went hunted and hunter.

At the bridge the stag wavered for a moment, the hullabaloo thickening behind him. Then with a magnificent leap it sprang clear over the battlements into the boiling current below and headed gallantly upstream.

Men who watched saw the Viscount brace himself in the saddle as he thundered behind, and then, to their dismay, into the air bounded Vixen and her rider, and far out in the river below.

With shouts of horror then ran to the battlement and leaned over. Vixen was there but the rider was gone. Gone only for an instant, however, for presently below the bridge a flash of scarlet showed amid the yellow froth. It was the Viscount, floating lifeless in the river. His neck had been broken, as he shot out of the saddle in that desperate leap and landed on a rock.

All that day he had ridden with a death's head grinning at his crupper. Was it insanity? Or had he deliberately sought refuge from that haunting spectacle. Who can tell?

### VIII.

Bagshaw's eyes were sore. They were red and inflamed from long exposure to the damps and dew, and rains of night while tracking Father O'Rourke. Deep draughts of cognac had not improved either his eyes or his temper; so, when he recovered from a two days' debauch at the public house, he concluded it was time to see a physician—and Mary Farnshaw. For now with a hundred old golden guineas in his pocket he thought he might safely speak to Mary. Viscount Kingscourt had not underpaid him for his bloody work, and he felt that Jack Birmingham had no possible chance against him the successful hunter of friars.

So, rubbing his eyes, he started for the apothecary shop. In those days, under the penal code that Doctor Johnson has characterized as worse than ten Roman persecutions, no Catholic might hold an apothecary's license, a doctor's diploma, a commission in the army, or practice law in the courts. He might now own a horse worth more than five pounds and a Protestant might offer a Catholic five guineas for ever so valuable a horse and compel him either to sell or forfeit the animal. A child might inform on his own father, if he meted out his milk, and if that father owned property he

should forfeit it to the informer. No Catholic could inherit land, but, thanks to the good offices of their Protestant friends, there are to-day in Ireland many rich Catholic families whose estates were preserved by subterfuge, the Protestant taking nominal title to the land, but holding the lease for the Catholic until better times and more liberal laws permitted him to hold in his own right.

Boyle at the time was a nest of bigots. A statue of King William Prince of Orange, which now stands in the town park, long offered brazen insult to the Catholic population from a commanding site on the bridge. But there were at the same time many Protestants who had tender hearts for the persecuted Catholics.

"Good-morning, Bagshaw," said the apothecary, as the priest-hunter entered the shop. "There's bad news about Lord Kingscourt?"

"Lord Kingscourt? What ails him?" queried Bagshaw.

"Have you been asleep that you did not hear of his having been killed yesterday at the bridge?"

"Killed?" echoed the priest-hunter.

"As dead as a door-nail," affirmed the apothecary.

"The Lord ha' mercy on him!" said the spy.

"What! what! You turning Papist, Bradshaw!" exclaimed the apothecary.

"Me turn Papist? Me that has been out for the last week huntin' friars?"

"And the spy laughed softly to himself.

"Huntin' friars, eh? That's good sport for one of your kidney, Bagshaw. And were you successful?"

"Deed, then I was. I got a hundred gold guineas from poor Lord Kingscourt for gettin' the head of Father O'Rourke."

"What!" exclaimed the apothecary, his eyes widening in horror or admiration—which?—"The nephew of Sir Lucas Taaffe? You don't mean to say that you killed that fine young man?"

"I did, then."

"You're a wonderful man, Bagshaw, and deserve a pension from the King!"

The priest-hunter smiled vainly, not detecting the sarcasm in the apothecary's voice. "The King's pardon, shudderin' aversion!"

"This's how I got these sore eyes—had cess to them! They're that bad an' painful I can hardly see out of them."

The apothecary looked at the raw, inflamed rims.

"Never mind! I'll fix 'em for you. After I've done with you you'll never again have need to consult a physician," said the apothecary.

"I know you can do it."

"I'll do it to the king's taste," he took a vial from a shelf and, when by accident or design no one ever knew, poured some devilish acid from it into a small bottle.

"Here, my poor man," said he, "take this, and when you're lying down on your back in bed to-night drop one or two drops in each eye. 'Twill fix you, all right. And after you use these drops once, you'll never have occasion to use them again."

"Thank you, sir. How much is it?"

"Nothing, Bagshaw. I wouldn't charge you for such a trifle."

"That's too much, sir."

"No, no! 'Tis a pleasure to me to do it."

And, mumbling his thanks, the spy left the shop and took his way to Mary Farnshaw's home on the Green. Mary was working at a gown for a lady of the town, she being an expert seamstress, when Bagshaw's shadow fell across the floor.

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led away from the hall-door—came the terrible reaction and the benumbing realization of her loss.

For the first time in her life she realized what her father had been to her—his blithe, virile nature; his supporting sympathy; his tender love; his inspiring presence. What avoid his absence made now in her life! How empty seemed the house! How

poignantly reminiscent of happiness forever flown each vacant room wherein he moved of old! His guns, his fishing tackle, his pistols, his books—all spoke of irreparable loss and evoked tears from the girl.

The dogs he loved and that loved him shared the girl's sorrow. They came about her—spaniels and pointers and setters—whining low on the hearth-rug, sniffing at their master's clothing, and thrusting their cold muzzles in sympathy into her care-ning hands.

His horses, too, pined in their stalls. At every football they whined low and turned big, enquiring eyes on groom and horseboy. All in vain. The old affectionate voice was stilled; the familiar hand they loved to feel on the reins was gone. In their life was a vacancy, and in their own dumb, pathetic way they shared the girl's sorrow.

For days now she had had no word of her cousin. In the greatness of her spiritual desolation she craved his presence. Grief had drawn her close to the feet of divine love; but she was human after all, and craved human sympathy and human support. In this, the hour of her desolation. Besides, she was distracted with fears for the priest's safety. She knew the terrible perils that beset his day and night. She was fully aware of Viscount Kingscourt's vindictive nature and was aware of the fact that he had decreed her cousin's death.

His death? What if he had fallen? What if his enemies had triumphed and he had already made bloody witness of the faith that was in him, as so many a gentle, pious, saintly priest had done in the last hundred years? On him she relied for the fulfillment of her dream, for the realization of her hopes, for the consummation of that virginal vocation to which he had counselled her, seconding and confirming her own maidenly desires and urging and approving her heavenly consecration. Now, if he was gone, how might she attain her desire or see the goal of her ambition? It was he who, by his wise, disinterested counsel, had nurtured and brought to perfect bloom the seeds of that holy longing originally sown in her fruitful soul by her sainted mother. But now?

He came at last after long, fearful days of distraction. She did not know him in his farmer's garb when late one night, he entered the hall unannounced.

"Have you heard the news of Kingscourt?" he asked, after the first fond greetings.

"That news?" she asked.

"Christ in His infinite mercy forgive him, he was killed three days ago while following the Rosecommon hounds. He leaped after the stag from the bridge of the Boyle and broke his neck in the river."

"May the Lord have mercy on his soul!" murmured Christine fervently, whitening like a lily.

"And Bagshaw's eyes were turned out by some fearful stuff. He is blind for life!"

"The judgment of God," said Christine. "But where have you seen James?"

"Ah, dear Christine, I fear that a good young man has given his life for mine. I went to Castlereagh in answer to your note. At Frensham I met a youth from Corran who had guarded me while saying Mass there, and who detected Bagshaw in the act of pursuing me. To throw him off, McDonough—that was the young man's name—changed clothes with me. I drove his sheep as far as Castlereagh and he drove Bagshaw after him in my pedlar's disguise. I never saw him again. I put his sheep into a friend's house in Castlereagh, but he never went after them, especially as he Bagshaw killed him, especially as he has not returned home to Corran. I found his young wife at the foot of Keash, having brought home the sheep her husband had entrusted to me. She is heartbroken over his absence and believes, from a dream she had, that he had been killed. She told me that, the night I parted with him in Frensham, she dreamed she saw his headless body lying in a wood—"

"Oh, God! oh, God! I see it all now," sobbed Christine. "That poor young woman, James! Can we not make some provision for her before we leave Ireland forever? I have some money I can easily spare."

"Then God will bless you, dear, if you give it to her. Her husband, I fear, has laid down his life for the faith as truly as ever did martyr of the Coliseum."

"It shall be done," said Christine. "But the villainy of Bagshaw! 'Twas he, I'm convinced now, came here as a beggar the night you left and asked to have you sent to Nicholas at Castlereagh, and was only foiled in his evil design by this young McDonough."

(Continued on Page 7.)

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Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS. ANY even numbered section of Dominion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 2 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

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

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

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

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

Six months' notice in writing should be given the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

Deputy Minister of the Interior. N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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## LIVER COMPLAINT

The chief office of the liver is the secretion of bile, which is the natural regulator of the system. Whenever the liver becomes deranged, and the bile ducts clogged, liver complaint is produced, and is manifested by the presence of constipation, pain under the right shoulder, sallow complexion, yellow eyes, slimy-coated tongue and headache, heartburn, jaundice, sour stomach, water brash, catarrh of the stomach, etc.

Liver Complaint may be cured by avoiding the above mentioned causes, keeping the bowels free, and arousing the sluggish liver with that grand liver regulator,



## LAXA-LIVER PILLS.

### LIVER COMPLAINT.

Mr. Geo. Fawcett, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "Having suffered with liver complaint for years and tried all sorts of remedies, I was advised to try Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I must say, that after taking two vials of them, I feel quite a new man, and can strongly recommend them to anyone."

Price 25 cents per vial or 5 for \$1.00, at all dealers or mailed direct by the T. T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1908.

INDIAN CHILDREN DOLL

Often have I watched the Yuma boarding school girls a group of them made their dolls of them of sticks, as they build their huts of straw to imitate the thatched and laying scraps of houses, as blankets of these dwellings were of these dolls, about the fashion of the dolls, with the doll's hair made of black hair made long and wavy, and the doll's face painted with red and white, and the doll's eyes were of glass, and the doll's mouth was of red wax, and the doll's hands were of wood, and the doll's feet were of wood, and the doll's body was of wood, and the doll's head was of wood, and the doll's hair was of black hair made long and wavy, and the doll's face was painted with red and white, and the doll's eyes were of glass, and the doll's mouth was of red wax, and the doll's hands were of wood, and the doll's feet were of wood, and the doll's body was of wood, and the doll's head was of wood, and the doll's hair was of black hair made long and wavy, and the doll's face was painted with red and white, and the doll's eyes were of glass, and the doll's mouth was of red wax, and the doll's hands were of wood, and the doll's feet were of wood, and the doll's body was of wood, and the doll's head was of wood, and the doll's hair was of black hair made long and wavy, and the doll's face was painted with red and white, and the doll's eyes were of glass, and the doll's mouth was of red wax, and the doll's hands were of wood, and the doll's feet were of wood, and the doll's body was of wood, and the doll's head was of wood, and the doll's hair was of black hair made long and wavy, and the doll's face was painted with red and white, and the doll's eyes were of glass, and the doll's mouth was of red wax, and the doll's hands were of wood, and the doll's feet were of wood, and the doll's body was of wood, and the doll's head was of wood, and the doll's hair was of black hair made long and wavy, and the doll's face was painted with red and white, and the doll's eyes were of glass, and the doll's mouth was of red wax, and the doll's hands were of wood, and the doll's feet were of wood, and the doll's body was of wood, and the doll's head was of wood, and the doll's hair was of black hair made long and wavy, and the doll's face was painted with red and white, and the doll's eyes were of glass, and the doll's mouth was of red wax, and the doll's hands were of wood, and the doll's feet were of wood, and the doll's body was of wood, and the doll's head was of wood, and the doll's hair was of black hair made long and wavy, and the doll's face was painted with red and white, and the doll's eyes were of glass, and the doll's mouth was of red wax, and the doll's hands were of wood, and the doll's feet were of wood, and the doll's body was of wood, and the doll's head was of wood, and the doll's hair was of black hair made long and wavy, and the doll's face was painted with red and white, and the doll's eyes were of glass, and the doll's mouth was of red wax, and the doll's hands were of wood, and the doll's feet were of wood, and the doll's body was of wood, and the doll's head was of wood, and the doll's hair was of black hair made long and wavy, and the doll's face was painted with red and white, and the doll's eyes were of glass, and the doll's mouth was of red wax, and the doll's hands were of wood, and the doll's feet were of wood, and the doll's body was of wood, and the doll's head was of wood, and the doll's hair was of black hair made long and wavy, and the doll's face was painted with red and white, and the doll's eyes were of glass, and the doll's mouth was of red wax, and the doll's hands were of wood, and the doll's feet were of wood, and the doll's body was of wood, and the doll's head was of wood, and the doll's hair was of black hair made long and wavy, and the doll's face was painted with red and white, and the doll's eyes were of glass, and the doll's mouth was of red wax, and the doll's hands were of wood, and the doll's feet were of wood, and the doll's body was of wood, and the doll's head was of wood, and the doll's hair was of black hair made long and wavy, and the doll's face was painted with red and white, and the doll's eyes were of glass, and the doll's mouth was of red wax, and the doll's hands were of wood, and the doll's feet were of wood, and the doll's

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# BOYS and GIRLS

## INDIAN CHILDREN AND THEIR DOLLS.

Often have I watched the children of the Yuma boarding school at play off by the fence inclosing the school grounds a group of little girls would gather between school hours. Here they made their doll houses, building them of sticks, as the Yuma Indians build their huts of sage and mesquite to imitate the thatch of arrowweed, and laying scraps of cloth within the houses, as blankets for their miniature people to sleep on. The inmates of these dwellings were the most wonderful rag dolls, about six inches tall, dressed with what seemed to me a surprising cleverness and skill. The dolls were Indians, of course, with long black hair made of stocking rags, and wearing the most grotesque and unbecoming dresses. These dolls were as perfect in proportion as modeled figurines, and far more expressive in their quaint originality. Here, too, was the mother in flowing cloak and bright-colored calico gown; a little imagination readily recognizes that the loops of twisted wire thread around her neck are necklaces or beads; and, of course, there was the baby and the baby board with canopy and covering cloth, complete in each detail. Each child made her own dolls, and I never child watching the deft brown fingers twisting and fashioning the most unpromising looking scraps of cloth into human forms. So the children played in the desert sands and sunshine a play in which they were not actors, for the rag-doll pastime was a drama in human life as seen by the Indian children, telling with unconscious eloquence of that which is dearest to the red man—the tie of home and family.—Natalie Curtis in *The Craftsman*.

## THE SUN WILL SHINE AGAIN.

A newsboy, thinly clad and drenched to the skin by the soaking rain, stood shivering in a doorway on a cold day in November. First one bare foot and then the other was lifted from the pavement for a moment and placed against his leg to get a little warmth. Every few minutes his shrill cry could be heard as he shouted "Mornin' papers!"

A gentleman, well protected by oil-cloth and umbrella, in passing, stopped to buy a paper, and, noticing the boy's plight, said: "This kind of weather is pretty hard on you, my lad."

Looking up with a cheery smile, he replied, "I don't mind this much, Mister. The sun will shine again."

What a philosopher the boy was! How much better would it be if we all could learn to look at things from this standpoint. When tasks come and the path of life is difficult, cheer up. Keep a bright face and a brave heart. "The sun will shine again."

## EATING BETWEEN MEALS.

"Twixt breakfast and dinner,  
 And dinner and tea,  
 A boy may get hungry  
 As hungry can be.

But if he's impatient  
 And eats right away  
 His appetite's gone  
 For the rest of the day.

Whereas, by just waiting,  
 This fact I assert,  
 His bread and potatoes  
 Will taste like dessert.

Alen Arthur Kräpke, in *St. Nicholas*.

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When your dealer, in filling your order for any of above goods, reaches for a substitute, **STOP HIM!** That is the time to do it. It is too late when you get home, and the package opened, partially used and found wanting, as is generally the case with substitutes.

There are many reasons why you should ask for the above well advertised articles, but absolutely none why you should let a substituting dealer palm off something which he claims to be "just as good," or "better" or "the same thing" as the article you ask for.

The buying public recognize the superior quality of well advertised and standard articles like Gillett's goods. The substitutor realizes this fact and tries to sell inferior goods on the advertiser's reputation.

**STOP HIM!**  
 E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED  
 WINNIPEG. TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL.  
 PROTECT YOURSELF BY REFUSING SUBSTITUTES.

## BOY HE WAS LOOKING FOR.

"There's a boy in the clock department that I want to recommend your attention," said the superintendent of the Kaelin Jewelry Manufacturing Company, as he and the president came down the steps of the office at the noon hour.

"What about him?" asked the shrewd old gentleman.

"He has an inventive turn of mind and has already made several suggestions which have saved us a lot of money."

"How old is he?"

"Fifteen."

"But he has a man's head on his shoulders. There he is now—the little fellow that just threw that hand spring. He's the queerest possible combination of childhood and manhood that I ever saw. What in the world is he up to?"

As the superintendent paused, a fair-haired, slightly built lad disengaged himself from a crowd of fifty or sixty workmen who were hurrying into the street, and hid behind the corner of the building, peering anxiously toward a figure coming slowly down the road. The object of his attention, a man of almost gigantic mould, was dressed in his working clothes, having evidently just come out of the rolling mill, where he had, no doubt, been puddling iron. In spite of his dirt-stained garments, he presented not only an imposing but an attractive appearance. His great head was finely poised upon his broad shoulders. His features were strong, his blue eyes keen, and his heavy shock of hair so fiery that his shopmates called him "the Volcano."

The boy permitted him to pass the corner, and then, with an agile spring bounded onto his huge back, flinging his arms around his neck.

"You little imp!" the two observers heard the giant exclaim, "and then saw him hoist his evidently not unwelcome burden across his shoulders and start down the street on the boy's muscular laugh ringing out on the air and the crowd cheering."

"That's his crowning—Mike McGinnis," said the superintendent.

"Queerly mated pair," the president replied.

"Perhaps you never heard how they became friends?"

"No."

"Well, this little shaver's name is Alfred Atherton. He had lived in a little town up in the State somewhere, and when his parents died, a couple of years ago, struck out for himself and came to Cincinnati. For a few weeks he sold papers, then got into the messenger service, finally landed here. He was good natured, clever, making many friends, but exciting some hostility by his indomitable teetotalism. While he was not aggressive about his temperance ideas, it became perfectly

## GANANOQUE MAN OUT OF TROUBLE.

Had Rheumatism, but Dodd's Kidney Pills cured it.

Hugh Abernethy on His Feet Again—Cure is Easy, Simple, Natural and Permanent.

Gananoque, Ont., Oct. 19.—(Special.)—That Rheumatism can be cured surely, simply and permanently is the good news that Hugh Abernethy, a well known resident of King street, is spreading among his neighbors.

"I had suffered from Rheumatism and stiffness of the joints," Mr. Abernethy states. "My muscles would cramp. I could not sleep, and I had terrible headaches. I took many different medicines but nothing did me any good till I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. Six boxes put me on my feet again."

Others who have taken Mr. Abernethy's advice and used Dodd's Kidney Pills are also loud in their praises of the old reliable Canadian Kidney remedy. For Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Rheumatism and other blood diseases by curing the kidneys. Sound kidneys keep the blood free from impurities. And with no impurities, such as uric acid in the blood, you cannot have such painful and dangerous diseases as Psia in the Back, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, and Heart Disease.

Keep your kidneys strong and well with Dodd's Kidney Pills and you can face the cold, wet days of fall without a fear of Rheumatism.

## BOSTON'S CATHOLICITY.

On November 1, 1810, the first Bishop of Boston, Right Reverend John Cheverus, was consecrated. The See of Boston was established two years previously, but owing to political difficulties, caused by the Napoleonic wars, the Bull of Pius VII. did not reach this country until 1810. This year marks the one hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Episcopal See of Boston, and this event will be celebrated in a becoming way by the Catholics of the Archdiocese during the last days of October, the celebration ending on November 1, the anniversary of the Episcopal consecration of Boston's first Bishop.

The growth of Catholicity in that section of the country since the foundation of the See has been marvelous beyond the dreams even of those few pioneers who formed the membership of the infant Church in Boston. At first the growth was slow and the work of the first two Bishops of Boston and the priests of that time, embracing in its field of operation the whole of New England, was accompanied with difficulties and obstacles that would have discouraged men of weak fibre. The long distances that had to be traversed to bring the consolations and blessings of the Faith to the scattered Catholic population living in the territory now divided into the New

## Protestant Protests Against British Bigotry.

(N. Y. Freeman's Journal.)

Popularly elected public Boards and Councils throughout Ireland have been passing resolutions in terms much the same as the following passed by the Dublin County Council:

"That in union with all fairminded men of every religious persuasion in Ireland and elsewhere, we condemn the action of the Prime Minister in preventing the Eucharistic procession in London lately, and thereby proclaiming to the world that England's boasted toleration is only a myth, and that the disabilities of Catholics are still maintained under laws supposed to be obsolete."

This resolution expresses the unanimous sentiment of the Catholics of Ireland and of the millions of Catholics in Great Britain and the British colonies. There is also ground for belief that the same is the sentiment of a very large number, if not the majority, of British non-Catholics, as to which the Catholic Times notes that innumerable messages of sympathy and congratulation have been sent to the Archbishop of Westminster in connection with the incidents that marked the close of the Eucharistic Congress many of them coming from clergymen of the Established Church and other non-Catholics.

Protestant clergymen have also protested in the press against the bigotry and intolerance which prompted the opposition to and prevention of the procession, as for example Rev. E. C. Fillingham, who in a letter to the Daily Chronicle (London) thus strongly expresses his sentiments on the subject:

"Allow me, as a Broad Protestant, one who has possibly suffered somewhat for the Protestant cause, to thank you for the generous line you have taken in the matter of the Eucharistic Congress. I blush for my country. It would seem that England is one of the most intolerant of nations. I desire to dissociate myself from the group of fanatics who have howled and threatened disturbance. How any sane man can see any harm in Catholics carrying the symbols of their religion through the streets passes my comprehension. We tolerate the noisy nonsense of the Salvation Army, which very often disturbs public worship as it passes by church or chapel with its odious din. And yet we refuse to leave the Catholics to parade quietly and solemnly, and threaten disturbance if they do. I blush for my country,

## The Battle for Health.

How to keep well.

This is the problem Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food has helped many thousands of people to solve by reason of their extraordinary blood forming and system building qualities.

The only sure foundations for health is rich, red blood and a vigorous nervous system.

Both of these result from the use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food. Even though you know of this great restorative as a cure for nervous exhaustion, prostration and paralysis, you may have overlooked it as a tonic to build up the system when it gets run down and you feel weak and miserable.

Mr. James W. Weaver, Pt. Dalhousie, Ont., writes:—"For three years I never knew what a full hour's sleep meant. Heart pains and headaches almost drove me wild. Eight boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food have entirely cured me."

The portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, on every box, 50 cents at all dealers or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

## The Friar's Head.

(Continued from Page 6.)

"That's it, concisely," affirmed Father James. "For Nicholas Blake was not ill at all. Nevertheless, he was delighted to see me, and I said Mass in his house for himself and his tamenary. I baptized some infants, too, and married a few happy couples and prepared half a dozen poor souls for death. So that my journey there was not fruitless. Ah, cousin, what a ministry there is here in poor, unhappy Ireland! The harvest is large, indeed, but the laborers—how few! Yes, despite all, God in His mercy preserves the faith and proves—oh, surely—that here at least in this distracted land the gates of hell shall never prevail against his Church. Some day in the not distant future I hope to come back and finish my days among the people I love, 'ad majorem Dei gloriam.' God and Ireland! God and Ireland of the saints! That is the end of my life's consecration."

"And a beautiful consecration it is," murmured Christine, regarding him affectionately with tearful eyes that seemed like dew-washed violets.

"Richard Taaffe has been more than kind," she went on. "I told him of my purpose to go abroad and, while 'twill be necessary for him or some Protestant relative to take title to the estate, he requests me to remain and retain possession as of old. He, too, loves the old faith, and some day by God's grace, I hope to see him embrace it."

"Amen, sweet cousin," whispered Father James.

"I have arranged, too, with him, when he comes here, to retain the old servants. They are attached to the Hall, by years of sacred association, and 'twould break their hearts to leave it now."

"May God bless Richard and send him happiness and prosperity all his days for this kindly and considerate act!" said the priest fervently.

A few days later a woman from Taaffe Hall entered Mary Fanshawe's cottage on the Green in Boyle. Jack Birmingham was there, looking on in blissful adoration, while Mary sewed and spoke of Father James and Miss Christine—of their devotion to the faith and their kindness to the poor and unfortunate. Birmingham was rosily wrapped in a dream of the future when he and Mary should be happily wedded, and Mary should be employed at his trade of carpenter, she as seamstress, when the woman entered.

"God save all here!" said she.

"God save you kindly!" returned Mary and Jack in happy chorus.

"Miss Fanshawe, if you please," said the woman, "I come from Taaffe Hall, an' Miss Christine sends me to ask you to come out an' see herself an' Father James to-night. She leaves for France in a couple of days an' wants to say good-bye."

Touched to the core by this gracious evidence of Christine's remembrance and gratitude, Mary burst into tears.

"Go in' away, is she? Wirrasthrue! Wirrasthrue! All our best an' no best are lavin' us—lavin' us to the ravenin' wolves and the worse Sassenach. Our men to fight for France. Our women—"

She choked and could say no more.

"And Father O'Rourke's goin' with her," said the maid.

"Then, Mary, alanna," spoke up Jack. "If Father James is goin' we'd better go out to the Hall together and get the sogarth to give us his blessin' for good an' all."

Mary blushed becomingly and hung her head.

"You say nothin'," said Jack, "so I suppose, silence gives consent."

"Ah, Jack!" said the happy girl, casting an admiring glance at the man she loved.

That night Jack and Mary knelt before Father O'Rourke at Taaffe Hall, their youthful love pledged for eternity, and when the ceremony was over, Christine spoke.

"Mary," said she, "I sent for you, because I owe you a debt of gratitude which God, I hope will repay more than I can. But I wish you to accept this hundred pounds—which I designed as a dowry for you—as a small token of appreciation for what you have done for me and mine."

"Oh, Miss Christine!" And Mary's head sank on her benefactor's bosom, her voice choked with emotion.

"May God an' His blessed Mother guide an' bless my sweet colleen forever and ever!" she sobbed.

Two days later Mary and Jack Birmingham stood on the quay at Sligo. Mary could not control her grief as a brown-sailed smack warped slowly out of the river and into the broad and beautiful bay.

On the deck of the smack two figures, a man and woman, leaned against the bulwark, and with eyes dimmed with tears saw the receding town drop away until it was but a dot of white beneath the huge purple mass of Knock-na-Rea.

"O God! O God!" moaned Christine, as darkness descended over the sea, and the land of her birth faded into the violet dusk.

**That Nagging Pain in the Back**  
 is caused by just one thing—weak, strained, irritated kidneys.  
 And there is just one way to stop it

**Gin Pills** strengthen kidneys—neutralize the urine—stop those scalding passages—and quickly relieve the pain in the back and limbs. Gin Pills are also the recognized cure for Rheumatism and Sciatica. 50c. a box; 6 for \$2.50. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price.



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 Fruit Bowl on...  
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 100 St. James St., Montreal

THE END.

Parish News of the Week

Subscriptions to the Father Holland Birthday Fund.

Table listing names and amounts for the Father Holland Birthday Fund, including P. McDermott, Bobt. Archer, James Duggan, etc.

ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL UNION.

It is urgently requested by the Rev. Superior of St. Patrick's Girls School, St. Alexander street, that all former pupils will register at the school during next Sunday and Monday.

ST. VINCENT'S ASSOCIATION CONCERT.

On Friday evening, the 23rd instant, in the Monument National, a concert was given in aid of the St. Vincent's Old Boys and Girls' Association.

CONCERT IN AID OF PARISH OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

The benefit concert in aid of the new parish of St. Thomas Aquinas, which was held in the Monument National on Monday evening last, was an unqualified success from every standpoint.

Of such universal excellence was the talent provided that the audience insisted on repeated encores, with the result that it was near midnight when the curtain was finally rung down on the last number of the programme.

Where there was so much merit it would be manifestly unfair to single out any particular artist for special mention. The overture and the accompaniments were played by Miss Agnes Lynch, whose ability as a pianist is too well known to need comment.

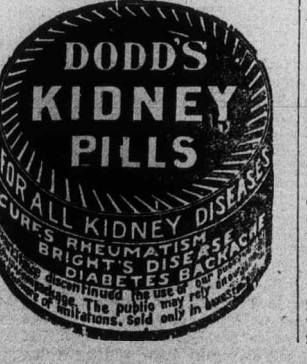
The late Mr. Patrick Anthony Duffey was born in Gibraltar on March 25th, and baptized on April 9th by the Rev. John O'Flaherty, C.C., in the year 1859.

Practical Work for Ireland.

The great Irish Industrial Conference at Galway has just ended and the gathering was one of the most representative Ireland ever witnessed.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

The entertainment at the Catholic Sailors' Club last evening was in the hands of St. Anthony's Court, C.O.F. Brother J. Connor acted as chairman.



MONTHLY CALENDAR

Monthly calendar for October 1908, listing feast days and events such as St. Remigius, St. Denis, St. Raphael, etc.

upon their good work, and gave some very interesting information concerning the link existing between that club and that of his native city.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE REGISTRY OF BAPTISMS KEPT BY THE CATHOLIC CHURCH OF ST. MARY THE CROWNED AT GIBRALTAR.

The late Mr. Patrick Anthony Duffey was born in Gibraltar on March 25th, and baptized on April 9th by the Rev. John O'Flaherty, C.C., in the year 1859.

Sales Agents Wanted.

\$36.00 per week, or 400 per cent. profit. All samples, stationery and art catalogue free.

First Printers Catholics Their Output Catholic Works.

Dr. Zedler, the public librarian of Wiesbaden, has brought out through Harrassowitz, of Leipzig, a volume on Gutenberg's labors, in which he maintains, as the result of a close investigation of the subject, that the first book printed by Gutenberg was not a Bible, but a missal.

Cloistered Nuns See World For a Day.

The home of Robert Louis Stevenson's widow, on Hyde street, which was spared from the ravages of the great fire by the devotion of the artist and literary colony of San Francisco, who abandoned cheerfully their own lares and penates to destruction, the better to devote their efforts to the saving of the house enshrining the relics and mementoes of the famous poet and author, was the scene on Sunday last of a reception, the like of which San Francisco has never before witnessed—a reception wherein society, "all decked in its bright array," assembled in force to pay a parting visit to five sweet-faced, low-voiced, quiet women, in

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The "Big Store" will offer Monday for the first time this season 50 only LADIES' VERY SMART AND UP-TO-DATE COSTUMES at a price that should see them all sold before noon. Montreal ladies cannot have forgotten the splendid values in Costumes it was our good fortune to offer them last spring.

Monday's Remarkable Values in Men's Fall and Winter Clothing

MEN'S SAMPLE TWEED SUITS in good strong serviceable tweed of gray, browns and other fancy tweed mixtures, medium and heavy weight, suitable for fall and winter wear, well made and trimmed, good style and latest patterns. Special price \$5.00

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There is no such word as fail. Price, 25c and 50c.

St. Joseph's Home Fund

The actual date of Father Holland's birthday has passed and we had hoped that a goodly sum would have been realized to present to him on Sept. 10th; but so many have been out of the city during the summer that our appeal failed to reach them and consequently nothing like the necessary amount came in.

FILL OUT THIS COUPON.

FOR ST. JOSEPH'S HOME FUND.

Name Address Amount

The Rt. Rev. J. officiated recently at the corner one of erected by the East Euclid, Ontario was pres Gerstovic, the of about sixty the patronage of petual Help. M own homes, the only two years thirty and pro ty. The new church ment blocks, an kind in that d hardly distinguish cut stone, and make an econo tistic building