

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

TIMELY HINTS.

To remove mildew from white goods dissolve two tablespoonful of chloride of lime in a pail of water, dip the goods and hang in the sun to dry.

Marble surfaces should be cleaned by rubbing with a paste made of a large lump of Spanish whiting and a teaspoonful of washing soda in enough water to thoroughly dissolve the whiting.

Buy your laundry soap by the quantity and pile it in such a way as to leave open spaces between the bars in a dry room.

A good and inexpensive hair grower is made of two ounces of pure castor oil and sixteen ounces of cedar cologne.

Instead of washing varnished wall paper with soap, use the following mixture: Add half a pint of paraffin to a pailful of warm water.

The reason why precipitated chalk is so good for the teeth is that, being an alkali, it neutralizes the acid secretions of the mouth.

RECIPES.

Molded Salmon—Turn out a can of salmon and free the fish from skin and bone. Beat two eggs, add to the salmon with one cupful of stale bread crumbs, add salt and pepper to taste.

Olive and Celery Salad.—Pour boiling water over two dozen large olives, let stand for ten minutes, then drain and drop into cold water for a few minutes to chill.

Oyster Salad—Take one can of oysters, three hard boiled eggs, four stalks of celery, the same quantity of broken crackers as you have oysters, butter the size of an egg, chop the whites of an egg, oyster and celery separately, season with a teaspoonful of salt and three shakes of pepper and toss together lightly with a fork.

Broiled Venison Outlets.—Clean and trim slices of venison cut from the loin. Rub with salt and pepper, brush over with melted butter and roll in fine stale bread crumbs.

Pumpkin Marmalade.—Cut a ripe, yellow pumpkin into large pieces, pare, scrape out the seeds, and then weigh. To every pound allow a pound of sugar and an orange or lemon. Grate the pumpkin on a coarse grater, and put it into a preserving kettle with the sugar, the grated rind of the orange or lemon, and the strained juice.

TEEL YOUR WIFE.

Sometimes it pays a man to keep his wife posted as to his business. A Briton in an advertisement in a local paper that he would like to buy a second-hand lawn mower, giving the initials "X. Y."

some time through the newspaper office, found out that his wife was trying to sell him their old mower.

MADE HIM ANGRY.

"I admired that last piece you played, professor, immensely," said Mrs. Gaswell, "It had a kind of wild freedom about it, you know, a sort of get-up-and-go that just suited me. Was it a composition of your own?"

"Madam," frigidly responded the eminent musician who had been hired for the occasion, "I was putting a new E string on my violin."

THE EVERY-DAY WOMAN.

She is not a genius, this plain person who keeps the wheels of life moving. Just a well-balanced friend who goes on her daily rounds. Geniuses are often eccentric and can do great things, but some of them don't like to peel potatoes nor put on a patch.

We never feel afraid of the every-day woman, for she does not criticize our English nor ask us the reason why we do things "thus and so." As a rule this plain woman does not aim to be brilliant or great. She is no smarter nor richer than we are, and is a real obliging friend.

I am afraid that the plain, common-place people in life are not half appreciated. We could never do without them. The beautiful woman is admired, the woman of intellect is respected; singers, inventors, philanthropists are praised, but what of the plain toiler in the calico dress?

Abraham Lincoln voiced our sentiments when he said: "The Lord must have liked the common people well, or He wouldn't have made so many of them."

IT IS VERY IMPORTANT NEVER TO DECEIVE A CHILD.

Let us never excite hopes that cannot be realized, nor answer questions in a way which will certainly bring a recoil of mistrust. Children will often ask questions about matters which it is impossible to explain. Under such circumstances it is always better to say frankly that you will explain everything one day, and in the meanwhile solicit confidence and faith.

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Ideal pillows can be made of the silky down of milkweed. The gathering of this involves some labor, but children enjoy such work, and a pair

"A Great Tonic"

"PSYCHINE" is a wonderful tonic. It contains medicinal elements not found in any of the patent medicines. "PSYCHINE" is a regular practicing physician's formula. A tonic for weak people, for men of business worries, for the tired mother, the pale, languid girl.

GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

PSYCHINE (PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

ALL DRUGGISTS—ONE DOLLAR—FREE TRIAL

DR. T. A. SLODUM, Limited 179 King St. W. Toronto, Canada

of pillows fit for a king,—light and airy as swansdown—may grace your guestroom.

A fad of the season is a long, narrow centerpiece covering the middle of the table from end to end, with smallest size doilies for protecting the polished table at each end. Most exquisite is a centerpiece of this description bordered with two narrow garlands of English eyelot work intercepted by a band of fine renaissance lace.

For breakfast cloths white or natural colored linen is edged with blue, pink or yellow borders. Small hem-stitched napkins match these in color and design. With colored linens hem-stitching is preferred to fringed edges. Nouveau art patterns are being employed extensively for the colored borders, such as conventionalized buttercups, poppies, etc.

THE CORRECT BRIDE'S CAKE.

The London Sun is credited with the following: "The correct bride's cake from now on will be a simple loaf, spiced and fruited, iced and wreathed in natural orange blossoms, and only large enough to exactly supply the bridal party. Of course, the ring, spoon and thimble will be baked into the loaf, and the centre of the table will be still occupied by the gorgeous plaster and nougat edifice, meant for ornamentation, not for food."

GOOD ADVICE.

In a recent edition of "Women of Europe," a publication designed to help young girls and women into a full understanding of practical life, or doing things rather than striving to be lights in a frivolous society, a set of maxims from the note books of two famous and beautiful women are given. One of these women, the Princess of Asturias, sister of the King of Spain, has just died. Helene, Queen of Italy, is living.

SUGAR USEFUL.

The British Medical Journal informs us that sugar is about as beneficial a thing as one can eat. Speaking of sugar as a food, this authority says: "In certain circumstances it can be converted into fat, and thus stored in the human body it produces heat and energy, and one of its special advantages is that it takes up very little space. Little muscular deterioration, it seems from experiment, occurs under a sugar diet; but when the muscles are fatigued and worn out nothing so quickly brings them into serviceable condition again as the use of sugar."

less than four ounces of sugar daily increased the weight of the men to whom it was issued, and that they were able to do better work than their comrades. In instances of fatigue a lump of sugar proved wonderfully efficacious; and, moreover, contrary to the general supposition, sugar quenches thirst. The experiments in behalf of sugar have been so satisfactory that the sugar ration of the German soldiers will be raised two ounces a day.

A WOMAN'S HEALTH

Depends Upon the Richness and Regularity of Her Blood.

A woman needs a blood medicine regularly just because she is a woman. From maturity to middle life the health and happiness of every woman depends upon her blood, its richness and its regularity. If her blood is poor and watery, she is weak and languid, pale and nervous. If her blood is irregular she suffers untold tortures from headaches, back aches and sideaches, and other unspeakable distress which only women know.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

Old Mrs. M., who was seriously ill, found herself to be in a trying position, which she defined to a friend thus: "You see, my daughter Harriet married one of these homeopath doctors and my daughter Kate an allypath. If I call in the homeopath my allypath son-in-law an' his wife will get mad, an' if I call in my allypath son-in-law then my homeopath son-in-law an' his wife will get mad, an' if I go ahead an' get well without either o' em, then they'll both be mad, so I don't see but I've got to die outright."

FOR THE DOCTORS.

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DOMESTIC AFFLICTION.

A bright girl asked to be absent from school half a day on the plea that company was coming. "It's my father's half-sister and her three boys," said the girl, anxiously, and mother doesn't see how she can do without ma, because those boys act dreadfully. The teacher referred her to the printed list of reasons which justified absence, and asked her if her case came under any of them.

The Poet's Corner.

IN AN OLD TAVERN.

This was a chapel once I and now— cafe! Fashion's resort, a pretty place to dine! Here glittering ladies sit and sip their wine, While once the contemner came to pray.

Here, the sleek merchant carves the juicy roast, To trombone's toot or scrape of violin, While now and then above the merry din The college Freshman shouts a maudlin toast.

This was a chapel once. Behold the nave, The carved stalls and pillared gallery, Where meager priests once knelt in reverie, And meditation how their souls to save.

This was a chapel once. Across the floor, Black robes of acolytes were wont to trail, From sacred goblets, holy as the grail, Would servitors a pure libation pour.

Behold the sacrilege! To Bacchus now, And all the gods of indolence—we pour.

THE SILENCE WITHIN.

I gather my poems out of the heart of the clover, Out of the wayside woods, out of the meadows about me— In gleams from the dewdrop's soul, from wings of birds shaken downward

Poems the night-rain brings, shot through the beeches incessant; Poems the grasshopper sings, beating his noonday labor: The gossamer web is a rhythm blown from the valley of Quiet—

A rondeau that turns on itself, folded in shimmering garments; And, when the whirling flakes are tangled at dusk in the thickets, The voice of Song outcries in the bleat of lambs on the hillside.

All things sing to me—cry, laughter or tears, or music. The storm hath its rhythmical beat; the day its musical cadence: Ever an abb or flow—a flame, or a mournful nightfall.

A rivulet bearded with moss to me is Theocritus singing; A violet hursting in spring thrills me with exquisite music; A child's voice, heard in the dusk, shakes me with infinite pathos,

The flash of the daybreak's sword, the march of the midnight planets, The sweep of the mighty winds, the shout of the prophet-voiced thunder. Restlessly throb in my soul, and shape themselves into measure.

Why? Ask of God. He knows. Profit to me there is little; Scorn, sometimes, and hunger; these are the wages of singing. Surely I know, who have sat with Poverty in her nightrobes.

The songs of the poet avail when the multitude pauses to listen, But dry chaff sowed on the wind are they in an age that hears not.

Yet, like a rain, a flame, a gush of music curved downward, They stir in the silence within and start into rhythmical being— Passionate blossoms of love that blow in the dawnland of Beauty; And I, who sing, in my soul, am lulled into infinite quiet.

—C. J. O'Malley, in New World.

A WOMAN.

You say that you are but a woman—you Who are so very wonderful to me. You tell me there is little you can do Little indeed that all the world can see.

There are no battles on the open plain That you can fight, as I, a man, can fight; But who shall say your life is lived in vain If all my darkened days you have kept light?

Oh, little woman, be glad, be glad That you are what God made you! Well I know How you have served me when the day was sad, And make me better—yes, and kept me so! Be very glad that you, in your white place,

Your little home, with folded hands can be A silent influence to whose source I trace The little good there ever was in me.

To be a woman? Is there any more That you have need to be from day to day How wonderful to have your heart, your store, Of purity and goodness, and to say: "One that I love is nobler since I came;

One that loves me is better for my sake." A woman. Oh, there is no greater name That ever on the mortal tongue shall wake! —Charles Hanson Towne.

UNFULFILLED.

We'll read that book, we'll sing that song, But when? O when the days are long, When thoughts are free and voices clear, Some happy time within the year— The days troop by with noiseless tread, The song unsung, the book unread.

We'll see that friend and make him feel The weight of friendship true as steel Some flowers of sympathy bestow; But time sweeps on with steady flow Until with quick, reproachful tear We lay our flowers upon his bier.

And still we walk the desert sands, And still with trifles fill our hands, While ever—just beyond our reach— A fairer purpose shows to each The deeds we have not done, but will be done, Remain to haunt us—unfulfilled.

FIRST AND LAST COMMUNION.

Yes, I remember well the time, the place, Of First Communion—date of rarest grace, Sweetest of childhood's happy days! For then, As when He walked amongst the sons of men,

Christ in His arms raised up His little child, With soothing gesture, fatherly and mild, And pressed him to His bosom. With the same Unutterable tenderness He came Into our hearts full often since that day,

How many more such visits shall He pay Before He comes to summon us away? How many such between us and the shore Of that dark ocean He will wait us o'er

As our Viaticum? Ah! None can tell Save only One Who keeps the secret well. To Him I leave the manner, time and place Of that dread change, so He but give the grace

Of Last Communion. When and how and where, I know not, care not; but for this I care— Dying may I my Last Communion make

In peace with Him Who died, too, for my sake, And may that loving Lord, my parting spirit take. —Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.

ALMA AMD I.

Breezy?.....Just a little. Light?.....The rising moon. Weather?.....Very warm all day. Time?.....Quite late in June.

Where?.....Upon the silvery lake. Who?.....Alma and I. Fun?.....Well, now! What would you think? Love?.....Hush! Byg and bye!

Curis?.....A-floating in the breeze. Eyes?.....Blue as the sea. Hands?.....Soft, slender, full of grace. Lips?.....Please don't ask me.

I?.....Sit in my new canoe. She?.....Also sits there. Boat?.....Quite still upon the lake. Where?.....I don't know where.

Mother?.....Sitting comfortably. Where?.....Upon the shore. Frightened?.....No, not in the least. Why?.....She'd loved before.

Arms?.....Here, clasped in fond embrace. Mine?.....In the same fix. Why?.....I here to hold her fast. Because?.....She's only six. —Alfred Ayrault Green.

Dear Girls and Boys

The cold weather bringing thoughts the joyful times you have when the snow think, we had in morning the first winter supply of light, however, do leave a mark on though winter does of enjoyment, still we get tired of it, chicks, and write me, ling me what you is Rose? I have a long while from k Your lov

Dear Aunt Becky:

Our little corner this week. Isn't it nice letters from Edna and Winifred from Frampton will write again, ders if those girls b and if so to ask the corner. I send love, to Edna and also to Margaret F and Winifred will cousins in Frampton think I am one of sins, apart from the ship.

Harold went out afternoon to see this is the first time rabbits. To-mo birthday. She will We have prepared a her. Good-bye, Au to hear from the lit next week.

Frampton, Oct. 2

(I do not particular of setting traps for fact, for any animal take liberty and life poor little things, be the first consid dear.)

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I have been re of the True Witness any from Farnham I write one. I am 13 to the convent. I and one sister. My and my sister is Papa is away most that we are alone w grandma lives on a from here, and we of have a good time, will close now hopin ter in print. Your loving

Farnham, Que.

(I am glad to see our column this we will be a regular co

JACK'S KNIG

"Promise me one th it to you," said Unc "What?" hesitated "That you will per chivalry every day t "Oh, but you can't well!" said Jack. T princesses in distress slay, and I haven't a sign of armor and s "There are plenty o tress and, although look it, some are, ne cesses in disguise." "You can tell them b Look for these, and essful you will be m than Sir Thomas M. You have not only p princesses, you h them."

Jack walked away Pregoner about his mo that he would do or time he had long tales of knight-hood. Uncle Boswell was especially where book ed, he usually had so for Jack to earn the the boy confessed ma worth while.

The end of the week as Uncle Boswell had sphy had failed this voices outside his do me, grandpa." Jack "Lean hard when you bad foot. It doesn't Lean hard's you can,

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

The cold weather I am sure is bringing thoughts to your mind of the joyful times you are going to have when the snow comes.

Your loving, AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Our little corner is very interesting this week. Isn't it nice to see such nice letters from the little cousins.

WINIFRED D. Frampton, Oct. 20, 1905.

(I do not particularly like the idea of setting traps for rabbits, or in fact, for any animal.)

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I have been reading the letters of the True Witness and did not see any from Farnham I thought I would write one.

Your loving niece, LINA McN. Farnham, Que.

(I am glad to see Lina's name in our column this week. I hope she will be a regular contributor.)

JACK'S KNIGHTHOOD.

"Promise me one thing and I'll give it to you," said Uncle Boswell. "What?" hesitated Jack. "That you will perform a deed of chivalry every day this week."

"There are plenty of people in distress and, although they may not look it, some are, nevertheless, princesses in disguise," said the uncle.

Jack walked away with the set expression about his mouth which meant that he would do or die.

"You're a sight better than a cane, youngster," a thin old voice replied. "How did you come to think of it?"

"Come in!" said Uncle Boswell, a few minutes later. "I overheard one grateful princess's thanks."

"There was Miss Bell, the very first day," began Jack, settling himself in his favorite easy chair. "I knew her for a princess the very first second I saw her."

"And what did you do?" asked the uncle, shaking with amusement. "Oh, I hollered, and the cow stopped to look at me; and by then Miss Bell had got into the road, and she thanked me in words just like real princesses used."

"Another was the fruit woman," went on Jack. "She was very much disguised, of course; but she was in such terrible distress that I helped her out, never thinking, and from the way she spoke afterward I saw that she was a real princess."

"In these days," said the uncle, "when there are no castle windows to lean out of, and when cloth of gold is seldom seen, we have to judge by the heart and the manners."

"And then you pranced up on your cream white steed, with lance set," puffed Uncle Boswell. "I pranced up," said Jack, "frowning awfully at some jeering knaves, pulled off the awning, helped the princess up—my, but she was a sight, all mud and her hair frizzled!"

"And the other quests, sweet knight?" said the uncle. "In the others I'm not always sure that I have discovered the princess, because they weren't all women, but they all had the right manners."

"One was a yellow cat," said Jack "with a tin tied to her tail." "Golden hand again," murmured Uncle Boswell.

"She purred her thanks for my unfastening the tin. And there was a clerk in the store whom I heard saying she was too busy to get a drink of water, so I brought her one. She looked like a common person until then, but the water seemed to change her to a shiny-eyed princess."

it up. Do those count? I'm not sure but what the Miller baby is a boy, and all he could do was to smile his thanks."

"Of course they count," said Uncle Boswell. "I dub thee knight, Sir Jack; and here is the book. Remember to continue your quests; for, if you turn a deaf ear to cries of distress, you may find that the book has mysteriously disappeared."

A MOTHER BIRD'S HEROISM. A sad story, and a brave one, was told by a lady in the eastern district to Mr. Dudley Le Soeuf, who has charge of the Zoological Gardens at Melbourn.

But one day—while the little wagtails were yet mere infants, half-covered with down and snuggling up together in the nest to keep each other warm—it began to rain.

"Dave, how do you get your lesson so well now?" asked his master. "I learn every word in the lesson, and get mother to hear them at night. Then I go over them every morning before I come to school. And I go over them at my seat before the class is called up."

When the waters went down there still was the sodden nest, the drowned bird mother and her little ones. Their tiny heads were raised to her, their mother's wings were still spread over them, her tiny claws with a grip that the fear of death could not loosen still clung to the side of the nest.

When we human beings do a brave thing we do it sometimes with a sense of duty. Our sense of duty that each owes to his neighbor tells us that in a great crisis, however much we may love life, however much we may fear death, we must put all the thoughts that make us cowards to one side, and at all risks must do our duty.

THE BOYS OF CHINA. A stranger in China is struck with fits cured.

If you, your friends or relatives suffer with Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitis' Dance, or Falling Sickness, write for a trial bottle and valuable treatise on such diseases to THE LEIBIG CO., 179 King Street, W., Toronto, Canada.

FITS CURED LEIBIG'S FIT CURE

the number of children that he sees wearing earrings. On investigation he finds that most of the children are boys. As the grown boys and the men do not wear earrings the stranger inquires why the little boys wear them.

"To keep the spirits from carrying them off," say the Chinese philosopher. The stranger asks how earrings will keep the spirits from carrying the children off, and he hears this:

TEN RULES OF POLITENESS. To be polite is to have a kind regard for the feelings and rights of others.

Be as polite to your parents, brothers, sisters and schoolmates as you are to strangers.

Do not bluntly contradict any one. It is not discourteous to refuse to do wrong.

TO HOLD IT. Thirty years ago in a poor school-house in a back district a boy at the foot of the class unexpectedly spelled a word that had passed down the entire class.

"Go up ahead," said the master, "and see that you stay there. You can if you work hard."

Success may sometimes come unexpectedly, but work alone can hold it.

WORK HONESTLY. When at work, don't forget to work. You are paid for it.

It is surely a mistake to think that the memory of past delights makes present pain sharper. If not, why do we all so universally strive to make the lives of children happy?

A vase of flowers, a lamp, a burning candle before the statue of a saint, is a prayer whose silence is more eloquent than all the sounds that ever came from the lips of man.

This world is a world of men, and these men are our brothers. We must not banish from us the divine breath—we must love. Evil must be conquered by good; and before all things one must keep a pure conscience.

Fruit-a-tives OR "FRUIT LIVER TABLETS" made from fruit with tonics. Nature's remedy for constipation, biliousness, headaches, kidney and skin diseases.

NOT ACCORDING TO SAMPLE.

We were scattered about the smoking room of the liner in various postures of restless negligence. We had a big passenger list and there were some odd fish aboard, so we fell to talking about the peculiarities of some of our fellow travellers.

"I differ with you, Prentice," said McGregor, a sun-tanned Scotswoman who managed the affairs of a fruit company in the Caribbean and who had taken a flying trip to his native land.

"There were two Mexicans who, when they were not eating or sleeping, were rolling and smoking cigarettes, a pompous old Englishman was trying to get to Demerara and who had an opinion about everything and wanted everybody to chuck their own ideas overboard and adopt his."

"He seemed afraid to assert himself even in defense of his Church, for the old Englishman was a bigoted low churchman and several times had criticized the Catholic Church in the padre's presence without eliciting a word from Father Ambrose."

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PRUDENT MOTHERS. The prudent mother will never give her child a sleeping draught, soothing medicine or opiate of any kind except by order of a competent doctor who has seen the child.

"I come of good old Covenant stock myself, but I've no prejudice against the Roman priesthood. I've been most of my life in countries where they are as thick as bananas, and I've learned to respect them hugely."

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was a priest, but because he seemed an unworthy one for such a high calling.

"It's all on account of the blooming fasting these priests do," said our captain, pointing to the padre.

"We were half way to Colombia when, one sultry morning, one of the steam pipes blew off with a bang and killed the stoker. We didn't mind this so much, as stokers are cheap and plentiful, but we were disabled."

"I snatched at his soutane but it was so old that it tore, and the padre hastened down the ladder into the stokehold."

"There was a dull, heavy explosion and the old fruit steamer rose amidships as if in agony and then the two halves sank beneath the waves."

"He was a man after all," said he, and then he lifted his hat, and stood bareheaded in the boat for a few moments; "he was a man after all," he repeated.

"Padre Ambrose was not according to sample."—Men and Women.

"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for diarrhoea, teaching troubles and constipation, and find them just the thing to make little ones well and keep them well."

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NOTICE.

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



THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1906.

FORWARD, QUEBEC!

Four years ago when the citizens of Montreal tendered a complimentary banquet to Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice, the guest of the evening delivered an address that was quite prophetic of the volume of Canadian progress recorded in the interval. Mr. Fitzpatrick spoke in somewhat the same strain at the banquet to Hon. Mr. Parent in Quebec on the 19th instant, only that his words now are more a message of fulfilment. The National Transcontinental Railway is to-day an accomplished fact in the broad sense of the word. The work of construction is under way, and the song of confidence is ringing from the West to the East. To-day Mr. Fitzpatrick is at pains to show that Quebec province will get her full share of the activity and prosperity for which the Grand Trunk Pacific will be the highway. In another place we give a resume of the speech.

AUSTRALIA AND HOME RULE.

The certainty of a Liberal triumph in the next elections in Great Britain has started a clamorous discussion of the Home Rule issue. The Rosebery Liberals, and the Irish devolutionists as well as the Nationalists are trying to extract from the Liberal leaders an advance declaration of their Irish policy. Mr. Asquith, speaking for the anti-Home Rule Liberals, advises his friends to suffer the Irish claim to go again to the House of Lords, where it will be sure of a knock-out blow. But the resolution of the Australian Commonwealth may give the Lords food for reflection. The Australian Parliament has spoken at the right moment, and its petition added to that of Canada, cannot be ignored lightly. The Liberal Party is in power in the Commonwealth as in the Dominion.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

Many Bishops have visited Rome within the past year, and to one and all the Supreme Pontiff appears to have found occasion for urging encouragement and support of the Catholic press. The Standard and Times correspondent writes:

It has been remarked that Pius X. is always highly pleased with the accounts American Bishops are able to render of their subjects. They have long since wakened up to the fact that thorough organization and

vigorous press are the two greatest instruments in their power for good. When the Pope had received all the information necessary regarding the former from one of the prelates mentioned above, he inquired about the condition of the latter. The number of Catholic newspapers, their circulation, their influence, etc., every detail was welcome to him concerning that weapon that is but too often turned against his fold. "Our predecessors," the Holy Father finally remarked, "blessed the swords of princes and knights in the war against evil. We, on the contrary, bless the pen, for it is the greatest weapon for good or evil in the world to-day."

CONTROVERSY.

Religious controversy upon occasion is not only justifiable but necessary. At the same time the exercise is seldom indulged in without leaving effects more or less regrettable from the standpoint of public sentiment.

The recent incidents of the interruption of a Salvation Army meeting near this city, the attack made by Baptist evangelizing societies upon the religion of the French-Catholic people, and reports of the Paulist mission to non-Catholics at Sydney have given rise to widespread and naturally varied comment.

The Toronto Globe rebukes the Baptists in excellent terms and declares that if the French-Catholics had the temerity to go into Ontario and cast similar aspersions upon the religion of the majority of the people up there, the thing would not be tolerated for one half-hour. But a correspondent of the Witness of this city takes a different view, and says that Protestants attend Catholic missions determined to behave themselves, whereas Judge Sicotte and Canon Lepailleur instruct Catholics not to go to Protestant meetings at all. The Witness correspondent does not understand why a distinction should be made in regard to the behaviour of one class of Christians and another. Indeed, a correspondent reminds ourselves that the root of the distinction rests in the claim of Protestant private judgment, because Catholics, if they are faithful to the teachings of their Church, know with absolute certainty that they have the truth and have no call to seek elsewhere for it. We do not believe that the question can ever be settled between the logical Protestant and the logical Catholic. Getting away from doctrinal lines for the present and coming down to the real facts, the whole trouble is occasioned by Protestant propagandists who strain their sense of private judgment to the length of claiming a right to insult and ridicule the Christianity of Catholics, degrading it as idolatry and the like. The laws of this realm are very wide with reference to religious liberty, and are regarded by people of a fanatical turn as affording them statutory license to publicly attack the convictions of adherents not only of the Catholic Church but of some of their own Protestant sects. Though we all know that in their case liberty has absolutely degenerated into license, yet none of us would think for a moment of demanding a contraction of laws. The only remedy—and it should be a sufficient remedy—is a proper sense of public self-respect. Heretofore this self-respect has vindicated the character of the citizens of Montreal of every denomination; and though occasional outbreaks of bigotry have taken place the trouble is always confined to a few. The Christian neighborliness of the bulk of the Protestant citizens of Montreal was never really affected.

The mission of the Paulist Fathers furnishes no instances parallel either with the Salvation Army incident or the Baptist meetings. Missions to non-Catholics, as conducted by the Paulist Fathers, are confined to the exposition of Catholic doctrine. The missionaries place themselves entirely in the hands of those who attend their meetings, to answer all questions that may be propounded. There is nothing illogical in anyone

attending these meetings who wishes to put himself right in his understanding of his Catholic neighbor's attitude. There is no intention or possibility of offences being given to the most sensitive Protestant who is a seeker after truth at these meetings.

The question therefore resolves itself into this: The mission of the Catholic people is to promote public harmony, whereas the mission of such people as engage themselves in the Baptist proselytizing enterprise is to create discord and division. This distinction is important.

CATHOLIC CHURCH AND AGRICULTURE.

If the course of a lengthy address upon the "Practical Application of Christianity to the Lives of the People," delivered by the Bishop of Ross at the annual conference of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, the speaker (Dr. Kelly) gave a most interesting account of the progress of the modern agricultural movement in many of the countries of Europe, especially in Belgium. When our present Holy Father, Pius X., was a country parish priest in North Italy, he was an ardent worker in this new field of labor. Belgium has outdistanced all the countries of the world by her success in agriculture, industries and commerce. Her population is the densest of Christian countries, having seven million inhabitants on an area one third of the area of Ireland. That population is rapidly increasing. Twenty years ago a Boeren-gilde, or Farmers' League, was started by the Abbe Mellaerts, a country parish priest. When guilds sprang up from parish to parish, they were federated into the Boerenbond, which has spread like a network over the country. The priests are the guides, philosophers and friends of the local branches of the Boerenbond. When the leagues were multiplying, Father Mellaerts' Bishop requested him to devote his whole time and energies to that special work in the interests of religion and country. He followed the advice of the Bishop and resigned his parish. The central offices of the Boerenbond are situated in Louvain, and from them Father Mellaerts guides the destinies of Belgian agriculture. I visited him there. The establishment is a Whitehall in miniature. There are offices and staffs of engineers, chemists, veterinary surgeons, lawyers, commerce agents and clerks. Belgium has a Government Ministry of Agriculture, but it reaches and acts on the people mainly through the Abbe Mellaerts and his Boerenbond. Some years ago a Faculty of Agriculture was established in the Catholic University of Louvain. The Belgian Bishops send young priests there to study a three years' course of Agriculture, and to take the degree of Agricultural Engineer. Intermediate Schools, under the direction of the Bishops, are widely diffused through the towns and villages of Belgium. In these schools there are agricultural departments which are conducted and taught by the clerical graduates of Louvain. Without giving details of the work in the various Catholic countries, I draw the conclusion that the Catholic Church, in the interests of humanity, charity, and religion, wishes to take this movement by the hand—to cherish, to promote, and to guide it. It is, of its nature, a material movement, but we have been taught to pray to God, the Giver of all good gifts, for our daily bread.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Monsignor Howlett, D.D., Rector of Kingsland, has the distinction of being the first Irish priest invited to preach a course of sermons in the Westminster Cathedral. He has accepted the invitation and has chosen as his subject "The Blessed Virgin Mary."

Forty-three Benedictine Nuns were recently expelled from their convent at Mantes, near Paris. Of these eleven are old and feeble. One of them, who is 80 years of age, cried out

that she was being driven from her home when she was on the brink of the tomb.

If a recent Parliamentary paper there is given a list of religious and charitable institutions in Great Britain and Ireland in which laundries are carried on by way of trade or for purposes of gain. There are 280 of these institutions in all, of which some 65 are in Ireland. In 161 cases the authorities of the institutions have accepted inspection in response to the Home Office Circular, or they since have been visited by one or more of the lady inspectors, while the remaining 69 either have not accepted inspection or have not given a definite answer to the Circular. The great majority of the Catholic institutions have accepted inspection.

Too little has been written concerning the Catholic Sporting Congress recently held at the Vatican. Six hundred young athletes, in picturesque costume, with banners flying, and headed by bands, proceeded to the Riding School of the Papal Guards. Above the entrance was an inscription to the following effect: "Here, where the greatest moral power has obtained the most glorious victories, the Italian Catholic youth proves that he who has a pure mind has a healthy body." Cardinal Merry del Val took great interest in all the games, especially in a musical drill. When he left the crowd cheered him, and the athletes accompanied the Cardinal to the door, loudly applauding.

Articles attacking Lourdes and those who proclaim and believe in its efficacy as a sacred place have been appearing in the Paris Petite Republique. The writer is M. Jean de Bonnefon, a nominal Catholic, who is occasionally patronized and even befriended by some prelates and priests. His attacks on Lourdes are probably paid for by the Combitists, who were savage because the place could not be closed owing to the opposition of the people of the district, who, of course, benefit by the pilgrimages. All the peasantry of the department threatened to organize a rising if Lourdes were touched, so the Government had to give way. Pere Rigaudie, who was one of the missionaries at Lourdes, referring to M. de Bonnefon's attacks, says: "I know the work, and I know the man, and I reply with full assurance to the insulter, 'You are a calumniator and if your calumnies appeared at other times they would call for legal action. But even in these days they will find some who will get satisfaction for them.'" Pere Rigaudie regrets to have to write like this, but as he has been expelled from Lourdes and as his congregation is banished, he feels bound to lift his voice in defence of the work with which he was so long connected.

PETITION FOR IRISH HOME RULE.

Australian Parliament Adopt a Motion in Favor After a Heated Debate.

Melbourne, Victoria, Oct. 19.—The Federal House of Representatives today adopted by 31 to 21 votes a motion to petition King Edward to grant home rule to Ireland. This success of the home rulers is attributed in large measure to Mr. William Redmond's recent campaign in Australia. The motion had been hotly debated and the labor party and Liberals supported the home rulers. The Federal Premier, Sir Alfred Deakin, in the course of the debate, promised to vote for the home rule principle as a necessary preliminary to the federation of the empire, but he would have preferred a resolution simply expressing the opinion of the House, to a petition which might lead to an unwelcome answer from the Balfour Government.

The Senate, by a vote of 16 to 11, adopted a motion to the effect that home rule should be granted to Ireland.

There are few happy souls, because there are so few who pray.

QUEBEC AND THE TRANSCONTINENTAL.

Speaking at the banquet to Hon. Mr. Parent in the Chateau Frontenac on the 19th, Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice, said that few subjects in recent times had been more fully discussed than that of Canada and the Canadians. Men of all shades of thought had dwelt upon her resources and her political future. It was eminently fitting that these should be discussed by the descendants of the early discoverers of the country, by those who have given to us the real Canadian Anthem, "O Canada, Mon Pays of Mes Amours." Who can fail to realize that a new star has recently arisen in the northern firmament or how large our Canada now looms in the public eye. Canada is now recognized as the premier colony of the Empire, and one of the greatest granaries of the world. It contains within its borders more than half the territory of the North American continent, and more than half the fresh water on the surface of the globe. Yet the doors of its treasury house have been but partially opened, and the potential possibilities of its millions of acres are being changed into streams of flowing gold. Well may it be said that Canada has recently been re-discovered. Some might class his utterances as mere after-dinner rhetoric, but to combat any such opinion he repeated the language of an expert of the United States, quoted the other day by Mr. MacPherson, president of Molson's Bank. This gentleman, Mr. B. W. Snow, said: "In all my experience I do not know of any other country or land on the face of the globe of the same extent containing as large a percentage of high class wheat land, as lies between Winnipeg and the Rockies. This is a big statement, but it is absolutely true and correct. I have watched the development of this new country for some years past, and I believe it is a matter of a very few years until what we in the Northern States call North-Western Canada will produce a larger surplus of wheat for the world's market than is now produced in any other country."

And this language had reference only to the present conditions resulting from the output from five millions of acres of northwestern lands, while there is to develop the 85,000,000 acres of land in Alberta, all declared suitable for cultivation, together with the 90,000,000 acres in Saskatchewan and the millions in Manitoba as well. Canada has to prepare not for the output of millions of bushels, but of the five hundred millions of bushels. Of what avail will this output be to the farmers, who measure the furrows of the plough by miles, if they cannot put their produce on the market? May they not be poor in the midst of plenty, meeting poverty in the face of wealth, with their grain rotting upon the ground? But the present Premier of Canada had foreseen with the eye of a statesman the necessities of the future, and was preparing a new route for western wheat through Canadian channels to Canadian ports. It was this that had rendered the Grand Trunk Pacific a necessity. He asked if in Quebec the people were forever to permit the statement to be made that Quebec is a sleepy hollow, and that its people hibernate during the winter like the bears and take the whole summer to thaw out again. It is true that Quebec has lost something of its former greatness. But he asked the men whom he saw before him and among whom he had always lived, whether Quebec had been outstripped through any fault of its own, or even through the usual forces of nature. Was it not true that the trade that had passed by her doors had gone westward in consequence of the millions that had been spent by the state for that very purpose? He made no complaint, but he simply stated facts as he found them.

It was most fitting that Mayor Parent should have been selected for the chairmanship of the commission to give a new outlet for the grain crop of the Northwest. Perhaps it was not that he should testify to all the qualifications for this important office of him who had been for many years his closest friend. "We entered," he said, "the City Council of Quebec together. He went on and I was put out. We entered the Legis-

lature together. Again he went on, while I was put out. He is not a rhetorician, it is true. He does not make speeches, but he is a man who does things. There is a great future in store for Canada, and in store also for Quebec. Let none of us lose hope. It has been said that 'hope springs eternal in the human breast. No man is good for anything who gives way in the face of reverses. There is but one royal road to success, and that is marked with the mile-stones of perseverance.'"

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ANCIENT IRISH SONG OF THANKSGIVING. (Boston Pilot.)

ANCIENT IRISH SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

I offer Thee Every flower that ever grew, Every bird that ever flew, Every wind that ever blew, Good God. Every thunder rolling, Every church bell tolling, Every leaf and sod! (Laudamus te!) I offer Thee Every wave that ever moved, Every heart that ever loved, Thee, Thy Father's well beloved, Dear Lord! Every river dashing, Every lightning flashing, Like an Angel's sword! (Benedicimus te!) I offer Thee Every cloud that ever swept O'er the skies, and broke and wept In vain, and with the flowerets slopt, My King! Each communicant praying, Every Angel staying, Before Thy throne to sing! (Adoremus te!) I offer Thee Every flake of virgin snow, Every spring the earth below, Every human joy and woe— My Love! O Lord, and all Thy glorious Self, e'er death victorious, Throned in Heaven above! (Glorificamus te!) Take all of them, O darling Lord, In Thy Blessed Sacrament Loved—Adored! Multiply each and every one; Make each of them into millions— Into gorgeous millions, Into gorgeous millions, Into golden millions— O Glories, glorious Son! And then, O dear Lord, listen, Where the tabernacles glisten, To those praises, Holiest One!

MARRIED. REARDON-WALSH—At St. Anicet, on Oct. 16th, by the Rev. Father Neppve, P.P., Mr. John W. Reardon, of Bombay, N.Y., to Miss Mattie, eldest daughter of Mr. M. C. Walsh, of St. Anicet, Que.

BLESSED A NEW CEMETERY. On Sunday last His Lordship Raciolet blessed the new chapel cemetery at Contrecoeur, Haute Mass the parishioners of Contrecoeur presented Mgr. with an address, it being his episcopal visit since his consecration. Rev. Abbe Ducharme recalled that Bishop Raciolet's mother born at Contrecoeur, and that of the place had a special claim. The Bishop of Poggia replied with a happy reply.

BEAUTIFUL FLORAL GIFTS. The handsome floral which was placed at the foot of the Nelson monument Saturday, was the joint gift of St. Patrick's Society and of Irish Protestant Benevolent Society. Mr. Frank J. Curran, president of St. Patrick's Society, and Mr. Henry, president of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, were sent at the commemorative dinner as representatives of the respective societies.

ST. AGNES PARISH BANQUET. A banquet will be held on Thursday, Nov. 21st, at the B. College, corner of Sanguin and Marie Anne streets, by the sisters of St. Agnes Church. It was the intention to have the opening of the new parish church take place in the church itself, corner of St. Denis street and Avenue. It was feared, however, that this would delay the work of the interior of the sacred edifice to the desire of Father Curran, pastor, that the church should be ready for Christmas, and that the Brothers' College Hall was reserved. The people of the parish

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The adjourned meeting of the wardens of St. Anthony's will take place next Sunday after High Mass.

St. Anthony's Court of Arbitration celebrated the 16th anniversary of its foundation by holding a euchre and social at King's evening. The affair was successful.

ST. MICHAEL'S EUCHRE. On Nov. 9th St. Michael's will hold a grand euchre at the Town Hall, St. Denis.

ORDINATIONS AT THE CATHEDRAL. His Grace Archbishop Br. will hold ordination services at the Cathedral on Oct. 28 and on Nov. 1.

ANOTHER AMBULANCE HOTEL DIEU. The Hotel Dieu is to have an ambulance, which will be ready for service on Dec. 1st. The ladies are for that purpose, and the

EVENING CLASSES WILL BE HELD. The evening classes in geometrical drawing, fruit wood carving, fancy sign and sculpture work are largely attended, there being nearly 50 pupils present each evening.

ST. ANTHONY'S EUCHRE. The ladies of St. Anthony's are making great preparation for the first euchre party of the season. The hall is being tastefully decorated for the occasion, and the success of the evening is expected to be of its kind ever held.

WILL CELEBRATE HIS 25th ANNIVERSARY. Rev. Father Auclair, P. Jean Baptiste Church, will on his 25th anniversary as pastor of that church on Nov. 12th, and the parishioners are preparing to celebrate the anniversary with a banquet and an entertainment by the school children.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The adjourned meeting of the church wardens of St. Anthony's parish will take place next Sunday immediately after High Mass.

St. Anthony's Court of Foresters celebrated the 16th anniversary of its foundation by holding a grand euchre and social at King's Hall last evening. The affair was quite successful.

ST. MICHAEL'S EUCHRE.
 On Nov. 9th St. Michael's parish will hold a grand euchre party in the Town Hall, St. Denis street.

ORDINATIONS AT THE CATHEDRAL.
 His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi will hold ordination services at St. James Cathedral on Oct. 28 and 29th and on Nov. 1.

ANOTHER AMBULANCE FOR THE HOTEL DIEU.
 The Hotel Dieu is to have a second ambulance, which will be ready about Dec. 1st. The ladies are collecting for that purpose, and the required amount has been raised.

EVENING CLASSES WELL ATTENDED.
 The evening classes in freehand and geometrical drawing, plumbing and wood carving, fancy sign painting and sculpture work are largely attended, there being nearly one thousand pupils present each evening.

ST. ANTHONY'S EUCHRE.
 The ladies of St. Anthony's parish are making good preparations for the first euchre party of the season. The hall is being tastefully decorated for the occasion, and the event promises to be the most successful of its kind ever held.

WILL CELEBRATE HIS 25TH ANNIVERSARY.
 Rev. Father Auclair, P. P., St. Jean Baptiste Church, will celebrate his 25th anniversary as parish priest of that church on November 12th, and the parishioners are preparing to celebrate the event with many ceremonies. Solemn High Mass will be sung in the morning, followed by a banquet and an entertainment by the school children.

BLESSED A NEW CEMETERY.
 On Sunday last His Lordship Bishop Racicot blessed the new parochial cemetery at Contrecoeur. After High Mass the parishioners of Contrecoeur presented Mgr. Racicot with an address, it being his first episcopal visit since his consecration. Rev. Abbe Ducharme recalled the fact that Bishop Racicot's mother was born at Contrecoeur, and the people of the place had a special call to him. The Bishop of Poga made a happy reply.

BEAUTIFUL FLORAL GIFT.
 The handsome floral harp, which was placed at the foot of the Nelson monument on Saturday, was the joint gift of the St. Patrick's Society and of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society. Mr. Frank J. Curran, president of St. Patrick's Society, and Mr. W. Henry, president of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, were present at the commemorative celebration as representatives of their respective societies.

ST. AGNES PARISH BANQUET.
 A banquet will be held on Tuesday, November 21st, at the Brothers' College, corner of Sanguinet and Marie Anne streets, by the parishioners of St. Agnes Church. It had been the intention to have this function, which is held to celebrate the opening of the new parish church, to take place in the church itself, at the corner of St. Denis street and Duluth avenue. It was feared, however, that this would delay the work on the interior of the sacred edifice. It is the desire of Father Casey, the pastor, that the church should be ready for Christmas, and, therefore, the Brothers' College Hall was secured. The people of the parish are

taking a lively interest in the affair, and it is expected that the function will be a striking success.

REV. FATHER HILARY, SUPERIOR.

On Friday last, Rev. Father Hilary of the Franciscan Monastery, Dorchester street, was elected Superior of the Friar Minors at a chapter of the Order. Father Hilary succeeds Father Columban, who becomes Provincial of the Order. Father Hilary was born in France, but he has resided in England for twenty years. He is a man of great executive ability. Rev. Father Ange has been re-elected Superior of the Quebec Monastery, and Father Maximam, Superior at Three Rivers, Rev. Father Raymond becomes Vicar of the Order for Montreal.

FLAG PRESENTATION.

A meeting was held Sunday after High Mass at St. Louis de France, with reference to the arrangements for the ceremony of the presentation of the flag to the St. James section of the St. Jean Baptiste Society. The ceremony, which promises to be a magnificent one, will take place at Laval University. Dr. Camille Bernier, the president of the St. Jean Baptiste section, presided, and Mr. L. G. A. Cresse, K.C., a director of the association and president of the St. James section, was the principal speaker. He spoke of the opportunity offered to each one to show his patriotism by participating in the celebration which will be without precedent in the national history of the city.

THE PAPAL ZOUAVES.

There was a parade of the Papal Zouaves Sunday afternoon to the Church of the Gesu, Bleury street, on the occasion of the presentation of the medal of the order of St. Gregory the Great to Mr. E. Hurtubise, who also took the prescribed oath. Fully uniformed, the Zouaves marched to the church, carrying their colors. Chevaliers Jos. Brusiello, Prendergast L. Des Carries, and E. Hurtubise were admitted to the sanctuary, while the others occupied a position in front of the altar rails. After Vespers, which were chanted by the choir of the college students, and the sermon preached by Father P. Lemire, S.J., himself an old Zouave, the decoration was pinned on the breast of the new chevalier by the president of the Union Allet, Chevalier Jos. Brusiello. Father P. Lalande, S.J., assisted by Abbe Dussault and Father Lebel, S.J., received the oath. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament then brought the service to a close.

A reception was afterwards held in the hall of the Free Library, followed by the election of officers of the Union Allet, then the Chevaliers and Zouaves escorted Chevalier Hurtubise to his residence. The officers elected by the Union were: Canon Hurtubise, president; Chevalier Roulland, of Quebec, vice-president; Chevalier Plamondon, treasurer; Mr. Brissette, secretary.

RETREAT AT THE FRANCISCAN CHURCH.

In the opening address of the retreat which is being preached in the Franciscan Church, Father Wulstan, speaking from the text "Seek first the Kingdom of God," alluded in his peroration to the Nelson Centenary: "Fellow-citizens with the saints and the domestics of God, we are fighting for a fatherland to which the mightiest and dearest here below is but a shadow and an image. Heaven is watching us sympathetically and looking to us to do God's work well. Our heavenly brethren share our anxieties and there is joy before them in our triumphs. The great sailor-patriot, the centenary of whose death we have been commemorating, flow as his last signal to his men, 'England expects every man to do his duty,' and you know how effectively they responded to it. It was as a message from home to spur them on. Inspiring words that have never been uttered since in his countrymen's hearing without stirring their hearts to a greater love for their country's service. Not otherwise is the message that comes to us from the higher Home for which we must struggle here. Heaven expects that every man of us will do his duty. Happy shall we be if when our turn comes, and death is stealing upon us, we shall so have lived as to be able to catch from Nelson's dying lips those other words and make them ours. 'Thank God! I have done my duty. I praise God for it.'"

After the sermon, solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was imparted, during which congregational singing was introduced. On Monday evening Rev. Father Wulstan preached from the text: "What will it profit a man, if he gains the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul." Previous to the

sermon a short instruction was given explaining the foundation of the Third Order. This is the first retreat ever held for the English-speaking men Tertiaries. Rev. Father Ethelbert has been appointed by the Father Provincial of the Order as director of the men's branch, which will be shortly canonically erected into a confraternity.

MOUNT ST. LOUIS CADETS.

The annual competition for the Wilson-Smith trophy held among the Mount St. Louis Cadets took place on Saturday on the Champ de Mars. The little soldiers looked quite martial in their natty uniforms and moved like veterans. Four hundred and fifty strong, they marched from the college on Sherbrooke street, in two battalions, headed by their brass band under instructor Hardy. Sergeant Major Phillips was in command of the two battalions, which were commanded in turn by their own officers. The first battalion was the only one to compete for the Wilson-Smith Cup, which has now become by successive wins the property of the Cadets. Capt. Cooper and Sergeant-Major Roberts of the Prince of Wales Fusiliers were chosen as judges, and watched the evolutions of the youthful militiamen with the closest scrutiny.

The competition was decided by points. Thirty-five was the maximum, and the judges awarded the following number to the several companies after their manoeuvres:—No. 1 Company, Capt. Latourelle, 24; No. 2 Company, Capt. Dufresne, 23; No. 3 Company, Capt. Robert Roy, 25; No. 4 Company, Capt. Moquin, 27. No. 4 therefore earned the cup for the next year.

The staff of the battalion this year is as follows: No. 1: Cadet Lieut.-Col. Porlier, Cadet Major Cousineau; Cadet Adjutant Jackson; Sergt-Major Brault and Quartermaster Gelin. No. 2: Cadet Lieut.-Col. Farrel; Cadet Major Moquin, Cadet Adjutant Gerin-Lajoie, Sergeant-Major Laporte, the last named being a son of His Worship Mayor Laporte.

SAINT PAUL HOSPITAL.

We take the following from the Semaine Religieuse: On Sunday, Oct. 29, at 3.30 o'clock, His Grace the Archbishop will solemnly bless the new hospital of St. Paul, corner of Sherbrooke and Matsonneuve streets. This institution, constructed by the administration of Notre Dame Hospital, as is known, after a contract was passed with the city of Montreal, is intended for contagious diseases, such as diphtheria, scarlatina and scarlet fever, which unfortunately make such ravages among the little children. This important work, which has already cost two hundred thousand dollars, deserves the sympathetic attention of all our citizens. His Grace has this work at heart. He is personally interested in its welfare, and while working to provide suitable shelter for the unfortunate victims of contagious diseases, he provided for their spiritual necessities. * * * In blessing this hospital which bears the name of his patron saint, he beholds the realization of his desires. On the occasion of the blessing of this institution, we are requested to announce that on Sunday, Oct. 29, after the ceremony and the three following days, All Saints' Day included, in the afternoon, the new St. Paul Hospital will open its doors to visitors. This will be an excellent opportunity to visit the hospital, as thereafter it will only be open to patients. Every improvement along the lines of modern hygiene has been introduced. The care of the sick will be entirely in the hands of the devoted Grey Nuns, whom all have had occasion to respect owing to the charitable work they are daily performing in Notre Dame Hospital.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Father Simard, C.S.S.R., of Brandon, Man., returns to St. Ann's Church to do parochial work.

Rev. Fathers Christopher and Ethelbert, who have been making their annual retreat, have returned to the Monastery.

Rev. Bro. Rogatien, formerly of Mount St. Louis College, has been appointed professor of English in the new commercial school at San Carlos Havana.

It has been well said that no man ever sinks under the burden of the day. It is when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day that the weight is more than a man can bear. Never load yourselves so, my friends. If you find yourselves so loaded, at least remember this: It is your own doing, not God's. He begs you to leave the future to Him, and mind the present.

BUCKINGHAM NEWS.

After a silence of two or three weeks no doubt the readers of the True Witness will be interested to hear a little more about the doings of our fair town here. We are in hope that the True Witness will be more widely read in the future, and that our comments will, at least, be honored by the passing attention of some of our good people. In our previous letters we called to mind some matters that should be a subject of serious reflection for our Irish Catholic population. The dearth of Catholic physicians here is one, and one that now we hope is going to be changed. Here is the way the Post greets the new-comer: "A new doctor is billed to hang out his shingle soon. The vantage point from which a resident of Buckingham can throw a stone without injuring a professional man is becoming quite scarce." Well, doctor, you are not to become discouraged at this rather strange faltering roathe from the Post. We are not very sure at all times just what it may be that this Post man may mean. His words do not always, we have been assured by himself, mean just what might appear on the surface. Whatever may be their meaning, we can assure the new comer that the statements laid down in the True Witness are cold facts, and that not a few, both Irish and French Catholics, will be glad to find in our midst at least one more practitioner in the medical science who deems race suicide under all circumstances a crime. The new doctor is an Irish Catholic, and we bid him a hearty welcome and we assure him that if he lives up to the honorable standard we expect of an Irish Catholic professional man he will not only be a desirable gain for our town but will also be a success in his profession.

The money-lenders and other such philanthropists in this town still continue to rob the poor and defy all resort to the protection of the law on behalf of the robbed. Law sometimes is justice, but not always. The Jews refused to murder the Redeemer till the law approved of the murder. Law in such cases is a human interpretation of justice and human interpretations, as seen by the varieties of Protestantism in its attempts to interpret the Word of God, are far from being correct. Buckingham usurers do not believe it is right to rob a man unless it can be done legally, and then our good people will easily forgive such, especially when the parties concerned have plenty of money to back their legal robberies.

The good Sisters will now have an opportunity to have two Catholic doctors on their hospital staff. We hope that none of this cringing sort of disposition that too often manifests itself even among those whom we should look up to will be found in this matter. We have no reason to arouse even a suspicion in the case of the good Sisters here, but we have a perfect right to signify our feelings on such matters before it becomes too late to mend.

Quite a little interest was aroused in this part by the action of Chief De Laronde of Ottawa in his attempt to stop Catholic students from taking legitimate recreation on their own grounds on Sunday. A band of impudent ministers, who are always busy about everybody's business except their own, were the motive power behind the chief, and the chief was their puppet. Catholics of Ottawa do not deserve much sympathy in their humiliating position in this matter. There are too many there who believe it will better their temporal prospects to make the children of this world believe that Catholics really hold that the gracious Sovereign who swore that the Holy Mass was damnable idolatry is to be placed above the Vicar of Christ. The Ottawa Journal is out with a beautiful editorial reminding the Chief of his serious error. How this reminds us of Satan quoting Scripture! The Journal must not imagine that this sweet morsel about the oldest Christian Church will make us forget the zeal of the Journal against the Catholic father's desire to have his contributions to the public treasury for school purposes applied in the case of his own children as his conscience dictates. Nevertheless the Journal is not to be so seriously blamed, for it, after all, is in the business for the money, and if the Catholics get this treatment, it is above all because they deserve it. How often do we hear our stately Catholic laymen boast about what they would do if they were in France, and yet let us look around and behold our splendid specimens gushing over with praise for the very tolerant attitude, in fact highly considerate and generous conduct of the fellow who has decided to let them have a few of the crumbs that have fallen

from the loaf they have several times paid for. Let us be men first, real men, not puppets and cringers and mere apologists, and then we shall see these meddling ministers go back to where they belong and such puppets as De Laronde mind his own business, and such insults as the Coronation blasphemies taken off the statute books of the empire. So long as we have these grievances we deserve no consideration for we have them because we have not the manhood to resent them. He who is not a good man in every sense of the word cannot be a good Catholic, and people who have not the sound principles of sturdy manhood within them cannot become an important element in the world's make-up of Catholic people.

OWEN AN SAGART.

OBITUARY.

MISS E. M. DAY.

On the 19th instant there passed away a bright young girl in the person of Miss Ellen Mary (Nellie) Day, daughter of Mr. Daniel Day, 206 St. Martin street. The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon and was largely attended. On Monday morning a solemn Requiem Mass was sung at St. Anthony's Church by Rev. Father Donnelly, P.P. The pupils of St. Agnes Academy, of which the deceased lady was a pupil, assisted in a body. R.I.P.

MISS MARGARET COSGROVE.

On the 12th inst., Miss Margaret Cosgrove, a sister of Mr. Jas. Cosgrove and Mrs. Edward Lavelle, of Mayo parish, passed away to her reward. She had suffered from a lingering illness of a complicated nature but throughout gave the edifying example of patience and Christian resignation to the will of the Most High. She was sustained in her last moments with all the consolations that our Divine Saviour has left us in the rites of holy religion. Her life throughout had been an exemplary one. Her funeral was unusually large and the last solemn rites were chanted in the parish church by Rev. Father Lamarche, of the Dominican Monastery, Ottawa. Besides Mr. James Cosgrove and Mrs. Ed. Lavelle, two other sisters, Mrs. Michael Lavelle and Mrs. F. Bennet, of British Columbia, were left to mourn her demise. During Miss Cosgrove's illness, which lasted the whole of the summer, Mrs. Lavelle made the journey across the continent to see her, but was obliged to return to her family before her sister's death. The bereaved relatives have the sympathy of the whole community in their hour of sorrow. May her soul rest in peace.

MR. MICHAEL CROWE.

One of the old residents of Montreal and a well known member of St. Ann's parish died on Saturday in the person of Mr. Michael Crowe. The deceased was foreman in the Road Department, and a member of St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society since its organization. The funeral took place on Monday morning at St. Ann's Church, where a solemn Requiem Mass was offered for the repose of his soul. R.I.P.

MASTER WALTER KANE.

The sudden death occurred in the mission of Our Lady of Light, Mulgrave, on Thursday last, the 19th inst., of Master Walter Kane, son of Mr. William Kane, whose age was only thirteen years. He was struck with what is generally termed infant paralysis. The little fellow was apprised of his serious danger in due time to make preparations for death, and he received the last rites of the church on Wednesday night and passed away like a child sinking into slumber on Thursday. Sincere sympathy is extended to the parents.

AN OLD CATHOLIC CUSTOM.

Before the Saturday half holiday season lapses it may be well to recall to mind that this is an eminent Catholic institution, remarks the Catholic Journal of Memphis. Away back in the tenth century King Edgar ordained that there should be a cessation of labor from Saturday noon until daylight on Monday. Three centuries later, William the Lion, king of Scotland, decreed that Saturday after the twelfth hour "should be kept holy." And King Canute was but following Catholic instinct when he decreed: "Let every Sunday's feast be held from Saturday's noon to Monday's dawn." The revival of these Catholic customs shows not only that the human heart is naturally Catholic but that it is distinctly Catholic policy to alleviate the lot of the toiler. Where the Church's sway is fully acknowledged this is so. Take away her influence, and infidel-

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
THANKSGIVING DAY.
 October 26, 1905.
 Quebec - \$4.50 Toronto - \$10.00
 Sherbrooke \$3.35 Hamilton - \$10.65
 Ottawa - \$3.50 London - \$12.85
 Detroit - \$15.00 Pt. Huron - \$14.85
 And all other points in Canada, also Montreal, Springfield, N.Y., Intermediate Stations, and Return at.

SINGLE FIRST FARE
 Going Dates, October 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 1905.
 Reduced Rates to Many Other Points.

REDUCED FARES
 Until October 31, 1905.
 Second Class Colonist Fares from Montreal to

SEATTLE, VICTORIA, VAN. COAST AND PORTLAND.	\$48.90
ROSELAND, NELSON, T. A. I.	\$46.40
ALBERTA, SUTTS, HELENA, SALT LAKE.	\$45.90
COLORADO SPRINGS, DEN.	\$45.50
YEN. PUEBLO, LOS AN.	\$49.00
SEAS.	

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

CANADIAN PACIFIC
THANKSGIVING DAY.
CHEAP TRIPS

Toronto	\$1.00	Buffalo	\$10.65
Ottawa	3.00	Hamilton	10.00
Quebec	4.00	London	12.85
Sherbrooke	3.50	Peterboro	8.15
St. John, N. B.	11.15	St. John, N. B.	11.15
Magog	2.75	Knowlton	2.00

Good going October 25th and 26th, 1905. Good for return until October 30th, 1905.

LABELLE BRANCH
 Train Service on Thanksgiving Day, October 26th.—train will leave Place Viger at 9 a. m. for Labelle and intermediate stations. An extra train will leave Labelle at 5:20 p. m., St. Agathe at 6:55 p. m., and arrive Place Viger Station at 9:45 p. m., stopping at intermediate stations. Regular train due to leave Labelle same day at 2:20 p. m. will be cancelled.

Commencing Sunday, October 29th, trains leaving Windsor Station at 9:40 a. m. and arriving 6:30 p. m. daily, will run between Montreal and Calgary only. "Imperial Limited" trains leaving Windsor Station at 9:10 p. m. and arriving 7:00 a. m. daily will continue to run between Montreal and Vancouver.

TICKET OFFICE: 429 St. James Street
 Next Post. Office.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 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 may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

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

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

W. W. CORY.
 Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

ity will secularize the Sunday and prolong the hours of day labor and the length of the laborer's week. For example, look at once Catholic France. Her infidel deputies are striving to drive out religion. They talk of lengthening the week of labor. In this they are but obeying the instincts of unfaith to drag man down to the level of the slave.

THE HARDENED HEART.

Mr. Anthony Rourke frowned as he picked out the biggest and blackest cigar from the tray which the man had brought in. His friend, John Clifford, took a long puff at his pipe. It was about nine o'clock; dinner was just over; the hum of voices and an occasional laugh came from the drawing-room below, and then a clear mezzo-soprano broke out in "Good-bye, Sweet Day."

will stick to her. He's a decent chap. "But he can't. Nothing is entailed. Old Forest can will Bois Castle to the younger son, with the family jewels, and everything. I won't have her marry a penniless man, even if he has a title. She's got to give in!"

pocket and read: "Dad says Aileen must be of my religion. Tell him I received his wife and that the Archbishop baptized me in the Catholic Church yesterday. I intended to wait, but didn't."

POPULAR BELIEFS. Ignorance as to the Law in Everyday Occurrences.

It is an American predilection to believe the out and freakish stories that are based solely on hearsay testimony and to reject often the commonplace matters of fact. A list of cheerful lies that are commonly believed would fill a volume. Only a few of them are given below.



enters into a contract or signs a note on Sunday he is legally bound and can have no defences that he would not have if the transaction had occurred in the middle of the week.

Morrison & Johnson, Advocates, Barristers and Solicitors, ROOM 587 - TEMPLE BUILDING

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PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established 1863; revised 1840. Incorporated 1863; revised 1840.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1868.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, Branch 26—Organized 18th November, 1888.

CATHOLIC MUTUAL Benefit Association, GRAND COUNCIL OF QUEBEC.

A. R. ARCHAMBAULT, Supreme Deputy, Organizer for Province of Quebec.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB, ALL SAILORS WELCOME.

ST. PETER and COMMON ST. SELF-RAISING FLOUR.

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THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at No. 25 St. Antoine Street, Montreal.

Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Stomach Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Seasickness, Summer Complaint, and all Looseness of the Bowels in Children or Adults. DR. FOWLER'S Extract of Wild Strawberry

THE STR... The great palace at Moscow brilliantly lighted, and the ball of the festive season; wealth and royalty together winter home of the Czar. In the salon all was magnificent decorations and flowers graced the room; corners threw back the light of and candles, and the walls were covered with colored tapestry.

THE STROKE THAT SAVED.

The great palace at Moscow was brilliantly lighted, and the opening ball of the festive season had brought wealth and royalty together at the winter home of the Czar.

In the salon all was magnificence. Gorgeously decorated and splendid flowers graced the room; costly mirrors threw back the light of a thousand candles, and the walls were beautiful with colored tapestries.

The rounds had been made. Everywhere he had been met with expressions of humble submission and thankfulness; but his mind was rough good will; but his mind was rough good will; but his mind was rough good will.

Outside in the avenue all was different. Long lines of heavy carriages and graceful sleighs awaited the ending of the ball; horses stamped impatiently on the crisp, hard snow; and weary drivers muffled in their great fur coats, huddled in the protecting shelter of their carriages.

Far off in the west wing of the palace there was but little sign of festivity. The great massive building loomed, a tower of black. One single window was lighted, and the slender ray that struggled forth seemed almost swallowed in the darkness.

Inside of the palace the ball was at its height; soft strains of music floated through the long suites of rooms; foreign ambassadors, stately nobles, young and dashing officers, chatted in little groups, danced with Russian beauty, or wandered aimlessly through the grand rooms.

Long since the Czar had slipped away, not unnoticed, for the watchful eyes of a pale young nobleman, who sat apart from the crowd, had marked it. The Czar had gone through a small door to the left, half hidden by hanging curtains, and through dark, narrow corridors up long flights of stairs to the little room to the left wing, where the solitary light peered out into the darkness.

His Majesty was expected, matters of state had called him away from the gay scene in the salon to the council chambers. As he stepped into the room every knee was bent, and when he had acknowledged the customary salutation, a sigh of relief passed from the lips of the councillors as they proceeded to their places around the central table.

He is no longer the stern captain of the finest troop of warriors in Russia. He is a little curly-headed lad, hissing soft prayers at his mother's knee. It is Christmas eve, and he is imploring with innocent lips the sacred infant to watch and guide his steps through life.

The dream changes. Now in the vigor of early manhood, he kneels with downcast head before the throne of the great Czar. Peter is speaking: "Count Bolshoy, consider well what thou sayest. I offer thee the captaincy of my guards; accept, and it shall be thine on one condition; thou shalt renounce thy foolish fancies of Romanism forever." There is silence for a moment. Then with trembling lips he utters: "Sire, thy will is mine." And the dream ends.

But there is a movement in the house before which he lies. Someone is descending the stairs, the door is opened and there is a cry of dismay as the prostrate man is seen lying at the very doorstep. Strong hands are ready to carry him into the house, and tender, ministering fingers are soon washing away the blood and applying restoratives to the wounded officer.

Over him bends a gray-haired man who seems to recognize the handsome features. The officer is breathing more freely, and finally the large dark eyes open to stare vacantly into the face above. "Quiet yourself, my son," says the old man. "You are safe, but can you recognize an old friend?" The eyes of the wounded man rest, for a moment on the kindly face, and with a groan of shame and grief he mutters in a half-choked whisper, "The Abbe Nonnory."

Little hand started down the long, dark hall that had so lately echoed to the footfalls of the Czar. Up the stairs, and down another hall; up the stairs again, and still no sound. Suddenly the sword of the watchful captain of the guard rings from its scabbard, and a stern, commanding "Halt!" echoes through the narrow passageway. For a moment all is still. Then the sound of quick footsteps, and that dreaded yell of the Nihilists—"Down with the Czar!" With a loud warning cry the captain kneels low and lunges at the dim figure that is almost upon him, and with a wild cry the Count of Kharkov staggers and falls.

But the fight is not ended. Scarcely has he raised his steel, when the hall is crowded with armed men. With his back against the door, he lunges once again with a grim determination to save the Czar from the hands of these furious men—and there is one less to fight. Again and again he strikes. Fate seems to favor him in that unequal strife, for the brave soldier holds his own in the dark hallway. There is no nervousness in the steady parries and quick thrusts; death looks him in the eyes, and he dreads it not. Already there is blood on the rich uniform, and a half-met thrust has laid open the broad forehead. His strength cannot stand the furious onslaught much longer.

Suddenly there is a signal from the room, it tells him that his master has escaped; and with a rapid thrust he clears a momentary passage through the circle of swords and is gone. Down the long hall, down the stairs, out into the chill night air he flees, with two of the baffled swordsmen at his heels. A sad smile passes over his bleeding face as he hears the hoarse cries of rage and disappointment from the room above. The Czar is safe and he is content.

Down the deserted streets the death chase continues, the stricken bleeding man who colors the fresh white snow with his life-blood at every step, and the two furious pursuers. Through street after street he flies. He cannot last long; his eyes are growing dim, but with a final effort he dashes down a narrow side street and turns to meet his death. He listens. Nearer and nearer come the pursuing footsteps. He shrinks into the darkest shadow of the houses. For a moment he scarcely dares breathe. Two panting men dash past and are gone. His mind becomes a blank; he reels and falls heavily upon the pavement.

There is at present in the home conducted by the Little Sisters of the Poor, Randwick, Australia, a hale and hearty old man who has passed his 103rd birthday. He was born on St. Patrick's Day, in 1802. His name is Patrick McGann, a native of Galway, and he is in possession of all his faculties. He has a wonderfully good memory, and speaks of events that happened when he was a boy as if they had occurred only yesterday. He was apprenticed in Galway to the tailoring trade, and remembers perfectly the day the news of the Battle of Waterloo reached that city, and the excitement it created. He was working in Bolton (Lancashire) when George IV. died, and can speak intelligently of matters that occurred when Victoria ascended the throne.

He has a most distinct recollection of Daniel O'Connell, and proudly refers to the fact that he attended several of his great meetings. McGann arrived in Australia thirty-seven years ago, and was one of the first who entered the home of the Little Sisters. He has been an inmate over nineteen years. He speaks in the most glowing terms of the devoted Sisters, and his appearance, as also that of the other aged inmates, bears eloquent testimony to the care and attention bestowed upon them by the noble and self-sacrificing women who have left the world to minister to God's poor. "We want for nothing here," said the old man. "We get everything that is necessary for our welfare."

He ascribes his longevity to a robust constitution and to his taking care of himself. His wife died seventeen years ago. They had a family of five children, two sons are now living, one in Forbes, and "my other boy is in Sydney," said the old man, "and is over eighty years of age." McGann is as active as many men of his age. He can read even without his glasses, and from present appearances has many years of life before him.

There is nothing easier to acquire than a fretful, complaining spirit. It is a foolish habit to borrow trouble, or meet it half way. Cultivate a cheerful mind and heart, and much imaginary trouble can be avoided.

Death hovered over the little room, and as the first bright rays of the sun peered in through the frosty panes, the head of the poor young officer drooped, the weak hand fell, and his noble soul went forth to spend a joyous and a happy eternity in a holier land.

Days passed, there was a great funeral, for all Moscow had turned out to honor the remains of the Count of Bolshoy, captain of the royal guard. Strange stories were told of his death; the people coupled it with the slaying of the Nihilist leaders who had been killed, but for political reasons Russia never knew the real story of his bravery. And of all the people that followed him to his grave, only one, a gray-haired man, could tell of the brave acts and the braver death of the dead hero.—The Dial.

A SYDNEY CENTENARIAN.

There is at present in the home conducted by the Little Sisters of the Poor, Randwick, Australia, a hale and hearty old man who has passed his 103rd birthday. He was born on St. Patrick's Day, in 1802. His name is Patrick McGann, a native of Galway, and he is in possession of all his faculties. He has a wonderfully good memory, and speaks of events that happened when he was a boy as if they had occurred only yesterday. He was apprenticed in Galway to the tailoring trade, and remembers perfectly the day the news of the Battle of Waterloo reached that city, and the excitement it created. He was working in Bolton (Lancashire) when George IV. died, and can speak intelligently of matters that occurred when Victoria ascended the throne.

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one of the functions which he attended, neither one of them would have thought that His Serene Highness, nephew of the King of England and brother-in-law to the Czar of Russia, had demeaned himself by so doing. Not a word would they have said about degradation or idolatry. They would have recognized that it was not the butler in himself, nor the piece of bronze upon his breast which the Prince and his officers were honoring but the Sovereign whose will it is that the gift by which he chooses to mark his appreciation of special heroism in his soldiers or sailors should be thus saluted. But when a Catholic drops on his knees at the passing of a priest carrying the Blessed Sacrament, which that Catholic believes to be the Body of our Lord, to be honored as the Apostles honored Him when they saw Him in the flesh, he is told by the Rev. Dr. Mowatt that this is "not devotion but degradation." The real quarrel which these gentlemen have with us is that we continue to believe in transubstantiation and they do not. Martin Luther and John Calvin could never entirely tear themselves away from the plain meaning of our Lord's word, but there are many at the present day who profess to regard these heresiarchs as their fathers in the faith, who have departed very far from the Lutheran and Calvinistic theology concerning the Eucharist.—The Casket.

It is not a language on earth that he don't speak, and he goes about in there comforting every man in his mother tongue. He'll do 'em good if any preacher can. I'm not a Catholic myself, but I know a good man when I see one, and Father Ubach will do for mine."

And so the aged priest went from room to room now helping the nurses with the sick, and now dropping a few words into a conscious sufferer's ear. He was there to say the last word over the dying sailor, and the soft, Andalusian murmur was the last thing that many a dying ear heard that night.

Father Ubach, despite his German name, is purely Spanish in every respect; in his bearing and manner, every inch the grandee and the soldier; in his character and goodness, every inch the minister of God's altar.

If the world despises you because you do not follow its ways, pay no heed to it. But be sure your way is right.

A man about town, who is fond of good corn-pones and honey, visited a neighboring town on the "Eastern Sho" recently, and at one of the hotels he was served with some delicious corn-bread and honey. He enjoyed it so much that he told his wife all about it when he returned home.

On his next trip to the country she accompanied him. They visited the same hotel, and when the noon meal was being served he said to his wife that he hoped they had some more of that honey. It did not appear, however, and the man therefore beckoned to a waiter and said:

"Say, Sambo, where is my honey?" He was almost paralyzed when that worthy grinned and replied: "She doan work here no mo', boss, she gone got a job at the silk mill."

The wife received a handsome new Easter dress before they returned home, after making a solemn promise not to tell the story.

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Our assortment is the most complete and varied possible to be seen. The selection of our Furs surpasses all that imagination can dream of. As Elegance, our Models: Jackets, Russian Blouses, Pelisses, Stoles, Four-in-Hands, Boas, Muffs, Fur-lined and Trimmed Overcoats, etc., etc.,

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40% BETTER VALUE THAN YOU CAN GET ELSEWHERE.

CHAS. DESJARDINS & CIE.

MAGNIFICENT CHARITY.

(Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo.) Philadelphia has her Mother Katharine—Miss Drexel; New York and Richmond their Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan, and Buffalo has her Sister of Charity—Mary Rose—Sister Servant at the "Providence Retreat," who have started the money-groovy world by the colossal sums they have given to charity.

Banker Drexel's daughter—now known as Mother Katharine—is well known, is devoting her life and fortune to the education and care of the negroes and Indians; and even a heartless, callous world cannot withhold their wonder and admiration.

Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan is rivaling the Philadelphia heroine in her magnificent donations to the same sacred cause; and avaricious little souls are astounded. And now comes Buffalo's Sister of Charity—Mary Rose—who is giving the \$1,000,000 which she has inherited from her two wealthy brothers, to the sublime charity to which she is devoting her life.

We much fear we shall incur the deep displeasure of humble Sister Mary Rose for thus heralding the secret, which we have accidentally heard, of the noble way in which she is disposing of her family inheritance. But we do so thoughtfully, because we believe her munificence will redound to the honor of religion and may prove an inspiration to other hearts to detach themselves from the love of money that so abounds in these covetous days.

The noted ceremony that occurred at the "Providence Retreat" last Saturday afternoon, on the occasion of blessing and placing in position the corner-stone of the new and much enlarged building of that institution, was kept to the secret of how Sister Mary Rose intends to spend her fortune. The new building, or rather series of buildings, with all their various up-to-date improvements, will be erected at the sole expense of Sister Mary Rose; and judging from the architectural plans and from what we could learn of the details, the new institution will not be second to any in the land.

We have heard incidentally from Bishop Colton that the O'Donnell brothers, of New York, who bequeathed their fortune to their sister in Buffalo, were in life most generous in their charities; and he particularly mentioned their frequent gifts to the late Father Drumgoole, for the great work of charity which he had established. So that charity comes to Sister Mary Rose as a blessed trait in the O'Donnell family.

DEVOTION OR DEGRADATION

If the Rev. Dr. Mowatt, or the editor of the Presbyterian Witness had seen Prince Louis of Battenburg salute the Victoria Cross on the breast of a butler waiting on the table at

A VETERAN PRIEST.

The correspondent of a Los Angeles paper, in his account of a round of the hospitals of San Diego after the horrible accident to the gunboat "Bennington," speaks feelingly of a man whom many visitors to Southern California have learned to admire and love, as do his parishioners—Father Ubach, pastor of St. Joseph's Church San Diego:

A man turned in at the driveway and walked quickly across the lawn. He wore a long beard of iron grey and his hair was flecked with white, yet the brown eyes were young, and the grasp of his hand had all the vigor of youth. It was Father Anthony D. Ubach.

"He was here almost all last night," said the policeman. "There is not a language on earth that he don't speak, and he goes about in there comforting every man in his mother tongue. He'll do 'em good if any preacher can. I'm not a Catholic myself, but I know a good man when I see one, and Father Ubach will do for mine."

And so the aged priest went from room to room now helping the nurses with the sick, and now dropping a few words into a conscious sufferer's ear. He was there to say the last word over the dying sailor, and the soft, Andalusian murmur was the last thing that many a dying ear heard that night.

Father Ubach, despite his German name, is purely Spanish in every respect; in his bearing and manner, every inch the grandee and the soldier; in his character and goodness, every inch the minister of God's altar.

If the world despises you because you do not follow its ways, pay no heed to it. But be sure your way is right.

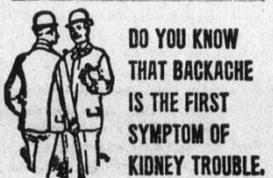
A man about town, who is fond of good corn-pones and honey, visited a neighboring town on the "Eastern Sho" recently, and at one of the hotels he was served with some delicious corn-bread and honey. He enjoyed it so much that he told his wife all about it when he returned home.

On his next trip to the country she accompanied him. They visited the same hotel, and when the noon meal was being served he said to his wife that he hoped they had some more of that honey. It did not appear, however, and the man therefore beckoned to a waiter and said:

"Say, Sambo, where is my honey?" He was almost paralyzed when that worthy grinned and replied: "She doan work here no mo', boss, she gone got a job at the silk mill."

The wife received a handsome new Easter dress before they returned home, after making a solemn promise not to tell the story.

They cure where all others fail. As a specific for Backaches and Kidney Troubles they have no equal. Here is what MR. GEO. H. SOMERVILLE, of Stewarton, N.B., writes: "I was so troubled with a sore back I could not get out of bed in the mornings for over a year. I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and before I had them half taken I could see I was deriving some benefit from them, and before I had taken them all my back was O.K. and I have not been troubled since."



DO YOU KNOW THAT BACKACHE IS THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF KIDNEY TROUBLE.

It is! and you cannot be too careful about it. A little backache let run will finally cause serious kidney trouble. Stop it in time.

TAKE DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

They cure where all others fail. As a specific for Backaches and Kidney Troubles they have no equal. Here is what

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Vertical text on the far left edge of the page, including "DIRECTOR", "SOCIETY—Estad", "1856; incorporat", "1840. Meets in", "Monday of the", "meets last Wed", "Rev. Director", "P.P.; President", "1st Vice-Pres", "2nd Vice, E", "W. Durack", "Secretary, W. J.", "Secretary, T. E", "A AND B SO", "the second Sum", "th in St. Patrick", "Alexander street", "Committee of Man", "me hall on the", "every month, at 8", "or, Rev. Jas. Kil", "J. H. Kelly; Rec", "Kelly, 13 Valle", "A B. SOCIETY", "S.—Rev. Director", "Chall; President, D", "Sec., J. F. Quinn", "que street; treasur", "18 St. Augustin", "in the second Sum", "nth, in St. Ann's", "ung and Ottawa", "0 p.m.", "ADA, Branch 26", "h November, 1888", "is at St. Patrick's", "Alexander street, 67", "each month. The", "for the transaction", "held on the 2nd and", "each month at 8", "Officers: Spiritual", "P. Killoran; Chan", "all; President, J", "t Vice-President, J", "Vice-President, J", "rding Secretary, R", "Overdale Ave.; As", "C., W. J. Macdon", "Secretary, J. J. Co", "Urban street; Tre", "Kelly; Marshal, J", "M. J. O'Regan", "Finn, W. A. Hodg", "R. Gahan, T", "ical Advisers, Dr", "Dr. E. J. O'Con", "Merrill.", "CATHOLIC MUTUAL", "Benefit Association", "AND COUNCIL", "OF QUEBEC.", "Niagara Falls, N.Y.", "incorporated by Sp", "New York State L", "9, 1879.", "000 and increas", "aid in Benefits", "October 1, 1906", "ctioned by Pop", "roved by Cardinal", "ets, several of who", "Address: B", "ELANCER,", "the Deputy", "the Grand Council", "STREET, QUEBEC", "CHAMBAULT,", "de Deputy", "Province of Quebec", "DAME STREET,", "747 ST. DENIS STREET", "ays its death cla", "leted proofs.", "AILORS' GLU", "RS WELCOME", "Wednesday Even", "ot invited. The fir", "s a visit.", "a.m. on Sunday.", "on Sr'y even", "ys from 9 a.m. to", "om 7 p.m. to 10 p", "d COMMON S", "SING FLOUR.", "ELEBRATED", "RAISING FLU", "al and the Be", "gives for the sup", "St. Montre", "is printed and", "Antonia", "Witness J. A", "in, Toronto, prop", "r"

CARDINAL LOGUE ON GOVERNMENT BY ALIENS.

The fine new Temperance Hall in Longford was formally opened by Cardinal Logue. The occasion was marked by the presence of the Most Rev. Dr. Flood, Archbishop of Trinidad, and the Most Rev. Dr. Hedley, Bishop of Newport. Mr. Lamb, Town Clerk, read an address from the Urban Council.

CARDINAL LOGUE'S ADDRESS.

His Eminence, in reply, expressed his thanks for the beautiful address, and for the cordial welcome they had given him in Longford, and said: I think that the most intelligent lover of Ireland could not do a more successful work for her welfare than the Urban Council, under the direction of the Bishop and clergy and the people, are doing here in raising this magnificent structure for the promotion of temperance and for furnishing the young people with an opportunity of improving themselves in knowledge, and even furnishing them with an opportunity of amusement. We are all interested for the welfare of Ireland and her prosperity.

You will have a library here attached to your new institution; and I am perfectly sure that under the direction of your good Bishop and the clergy, that library will be selected with a view to everything that could promote the interests of the people and contribute to the enlargement of their knowledge without at the same time permitting any of this poisonous literature to cross its threshold. There is a great movement in Ireland at present for the purpose of promoting public libraries, and I think it is a most useful movement. We have hardly any means of higher education in this country which can be availed of by our young people and without doing violence to their consciences.

There is a great movement in the country at the present day for the restoration of our national tongue—a movement that has been successful up to the present beyond the expectation of anyone, and I am sure that subject will not be neglected in your new Hall here in Longford. This is a time when we must have our eyes open. We must look after the interests of the country and there are a great many things to be attended to if we wish to promote the interests of the country. I just single out one of them. I do not want to find fault with anyone. I am not much of a politician, and I don't want to get into politics. But I tell you a thing I notice going on. It has been decided by the highest financial authority in England that our poor country here is overtaxed to the amount of two-and-a-half millions. That was the amount at the time the decision was given. The taxes have been increased since, and probably at the present day it would amount to between two and three millions.

IRELAND ROBBED OF \$15,500,000 YEARLY.

A person would think that that was drain enough on the country. But there is something more than that. I observe a tendency on the part of those who wield the destinies of the country to withdraw the money that is supposed to be given for public purposes in Ireland, and to endeavor to place it on local resources, and to place on money that belongs to Ireland strictly, and that should be spent on behalf of Ireland, the burden of the support of those various matters which were formerly supported by funds from the British Treasury. This is one of the questions in reference to which we ought to keep our eyes open; and it is only by making our young people intelligent that we will be able to watch, and to move, if necessary, in order to secure the interests of the country, and prevent us from being robbed in this way. If we don't keep our eyes open while the process of robbery is going on, we might find ourselves in the workhouse before it is over, whereas if we keep an eye on them we are more likely to stop the process.

There is a great deal of noise at present about the withdrawal of the grant for education. There was a concession made some years ago with regard to the teaching of Irish in the schools. Now that is about to be withdrawn. There are numbers of instances of this kind. For instance, before the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, there was \$425,000 a year paid out by the British Treasury for the support of Maynooth College. When the church was disestablished the Maynooth endowment went along with it. There was some compensation given for the vested rights, and instead of talking it out of the British Treasury, it came from

the Irish Church fund. That is going on still, and if we don't watch it, it will go on.

We have no right to make our own laws, and we have nothing to do with their administration when they are made. They are supposed to be made in the British House of Commons, but I find that the practice is that they are made more by the judges here in the country than in the House of Commons, and they are supposed to be administered here for the benefit of the people. But the administration is altogether in the hands of my neighbors and friends the Orangemen in the North of Ireland (laughter). So that we have neither the right to make laws nor to execute laws here in Ireland, and the only thing left to us is to grumble, to complain, and to scold as much as we can, and then we may do some good in the long run.

EMIGRATION DRAINING THE COUNTRY.

You refer to one of the great evils we are suffering from here in Ireland—emigration. It has occurred to me for years past that that is a thing that is due very much to ourselves. I believe that most of the emigration of the present day is not emigration from necessity. It is an artificial thing. And I think if your young people were prepared to work as hard here as they will be forced to work in the factories and mines and railway pits in America, and in the slums of the cities of America, they would earn as much wages, and would be more comfortable here at home. They have got it into their heads that there is an El Dorado on the other side of the Atlantic, and, in spite of the warnings they get, they yet seek the shadow. A great deal of the emigration is due to this feeling, which every person should discountenance, and to this false hope, which turns to misery and disappointment when they reach the other side.

You have a beautiful country around about Longford. But every time I came to visit your beautiful country it made me sad. The time was when all your green fields here were waving with corn; the time was when this was the centre of the corn trade in Ireland. Now you have nothing but grass. Your fields are producing nothing but what nature enables them to produce. They are not getting one single bit of help from the labor of man, and as long as that goes on, and until these grass lands are divided into lots, which will be sufficient to support the families of the farming classes, so long will this emigration go on. If we want to stop emigration we must take every means in our power to promote industry among the people, and to give them an object for that industry; and we must take every means in our power to secure the breaking up of these ranches, and let the people get to the land.

Dr. F. R. O'Sullivan read the address from the Longford Branch of the Gaelic League, and Cardinal Logue replied first in Irish, and afterwards in English. He said:

THE REVIVAL OF THE GAELIC LANGUAGE.

I am very grateful to you for your beautiful address, and more grateful still that you have couched the expression of your kindness in that address in the old tongue of Ireland. I sometimes am very doubtful whether I should thank the branches of the Gaelic League when they present me with addresses. They are very fond of me, but it is not a disinterested fondness. They have managed with their usual tact and skill to enlist me as one of their organizers through the country. In every place I go, and in every assembly I have the honor of addressing, I have a petition from the members of the Gaelic League to say something about the promotion of the Irish language. I do not look upon that as a heavy yoke. I look upon that as a very sweet yoke, because I believe that the revival of our old language will do much, not merely for the spirit of Nationality among the people, but much for their simplicity and their innocence, and for the promotion of virtue and religion among them. It is a fact that in Irish-speaking parts of the country the Catholics are more virtuous and more religious, and if Irish were spoken generally through the country it would improve our morals as well as our intellects (applause).

VESTMENTS Chalice Ciborium Statues, Altar Furniture, DIRECT IMPORTERS WE BLAKE 123 Church St. Toronto Can.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

FLOUR—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$4.80 to \$4.90; strong bakers, \$4.50 to \$4.60; winter wheat patents \$4.50 to \$4.60, and straight rollers, \$4.25 to \$4.35 in wood; in bags, \$1.90 to \$2.00. ROLLED OATS—\$2.30 to \$2.35 per bag. PEARL HOMINY—\$1.85 to \$1.90 in bags of 98 lbs. CORNMEAL—\$1.40 for ordinary, \$1.60 for granulated. MILL FEED—Ontario bran in bulk \$15 to \$15.50; shorts, \$20 to \$20.50; Manitoba bran in bags, \$16 to \$17; shorts, \$19 to \$20. HAY—No. 1, \$8.50 to \$9 per ton on track; No. 2, \$7.50 to \$8; clover, \$6 to \$6.25; clover mixed, \$6.50 to \$7. OATS—No. 2, 88c per bushel; No. 3, 87c. BEANS—Choice primes, \$1.50 to \$1.55 per bushel; hand picked, \$1.65 to \$1.70. PEAS—Boiling, in car load lots, 90c to \$1.05 per bushel; No. 2, 77c. POTATOES—New potatoes in bags of 80 lbs., 50 to 55c; in bags of 90 lbs., 65c. HONEY—White clover in comb, 12c to 13c per section in 1 lb. sections; extract, 6c to 7c; buckwheat, 5c to 6c. PROVISIONS—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, \$22 light short cut, \$18 to \$19; American cut clear fat back, \$20.25 to \$20.75; compound lard, 5c to 6c; Canadian pure lard 10c to 10 1/2c kettle rendered, 11c to 12c, according to quality; hams 12c to 14c, according to size; bacon, 14c to 15c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, \$9 to \$9.25; alive, \$6.50 to \$6.87 1/2, mixed lots. EGGS—Straight stock, 20c; No. 1 candled, 18c to 19c. BUTTER—Choice creamery, 22c to 22 1/2c; undergrades, 21c to 22c dairy, 18c to 20c. CHEESE—Ontario, 1 1/2 to 1 3/4; Quebec, 10c to 10 1/2c. ASHES—First pass, \$5.65 to \$5.75; seconds, \$4.30 to \$5; first prais, \$7.75 to \$7.85.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

The situation on the local butter and cheese markets remains practically unchanged. Dealers state that a very quiet butter market in Britain has affected the trade here, which is unusually dull; C. i. f. quotations by local exporters are quite out of line with the prices ruling on the English market, and very little new business is being worked. At the bout yesterday 2 1/2c was paid in most cases for the offerings, which were not very large, and to-day holders are asking from 2 1/2c to 2 3/4c for fine packages, and 2 1/2c to 2 3/4c for choice Eastern Townships.

Cheese is, if anything, a shade easier to-day, and holders show more willingness to trade. On the wharf yesterday 10c to 10 1/2c was paid for Eastern cheese, of which the supply is rapidly diminishing. The season is fast drawing to a close, and it is said that the make between now and the time the factories shut down will hardly be more than the equal of ten days' make in the summer. A dairy produce report for the week ending Oct. 13, received by mail from Liverpool, says that the demand for cheese has been moderate and with somewhat lower cables the market was easier, and there was some inclination to meet buyers in prices, without, however, stimulating any material improvement in demand. Medium grades have been in good request, and sold readily. Local quotations to-day are 10c to 10 1/2c in some cases, for Eastern, and 11c to 11 1/2c for Western cheese.

Eggs are fairly active, and prices are well maintained by somewhat light deliveries, straight receipts are not very good sellers at 19c to 18 1/2c to 19c, and select bring 22c (8c to 19c, and select bring 22c per dozen.

THE BISHOP AND THE CHOIR

A Prelate Who Cut Short an Elaborate "Credo."

Perhaps the devotion of a good many people suffers from the excessively "figured" music with which the best intentioned choir occasionally regales the worshippers during the solemn sacrifice of the Mass. This music, at best, is syllabic. The fine effect of the sonorous and significant phrases of the "Gloria," the "Credo," and the "Sanctus," is lost in the thrilling and quivering and endless repetitions of meaningless syllables. A writer in a New York paper, in seeking for a graphic description of this kind of music, likened it to scraps of parsley scattered about in an omelette. There is a story told of the late Bishop Ullathorne which better ex-

The McMurphy Company Limited A Sale of Separate Skirts at \$3.45.

It is generally believed that one cannot get a good walking skirt under \$5.00 or \$6.00. Ordinarily that is true. But in our making of skirts we often save enough to sell them for very much less than ordinary prices. We hope no one will be prejudiced against these skirts because of the price, \$3.45. They are really what you've been accustomed to at \$5.00, or \$6.00 or even \$7.00. It bears the "Simpson" hall mark of good tailoring. Made of black Vicuna cloth, of fine supply quality, unlined, invented seams, over hips and deep pleated gore seams, none dressier at any price; supplied in lengths from 38 to 42 inches, and waist bands up to 28 inches. Sale price, \$3.45.

Misses and Children's Coat.

Something new—young Ladies' coats of herring bone tweed, strictly empire in style, cashmere cuffs, touched with a bit of castor velvet, \$20.00. Steel colored—steel trimmed, steel buttoned coats for girls from 7 to 14, from \$5.50 to \$8.00, according to size.

This store closes at 5.30 p.m. daily.

The McMurphy Company Limited

5000 CHILDREN'S PRAYER BOOKS, 10c EACH.

STATUES—Two feet high, SACRED HEART, BLESSED VIRGIN, ST. ANTHONY, Etc. Special Bargain: \$4.00 and \$5.00 Each. Mail Orders Promptly Executed.

J. J. M. LANDY, JEWELLER, 416 QUEEN ST., W. Phone Main 2758. TORONTO, Can.

pressed the effect of the music upon the hearer. He was bishop of Birmingham, England, a scholar and a historian, a man of beautiful piety and the most vigorous stickler for the antiquity and integrity of the church's forms.

On one special feast day he was celebrating high Mass in a church outside of his own diocese, and the choir had prepared music of the most elaborate description in honor of the occasion.

The Bishop stood it patiently until they reached the "Credo," in which the tenors, basses, contraltos and sopranos were making a parsley omelette out of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. He sat for some time on the episcopal throne, getting more and more fidgety every moment and wondering how much longer he would have to endure this quasi-operative performance. At the end of about twenty minutes of it the basses and sopranos had been proclaiming loudly that the Second Person of the Trinity is "genitum, non factum" (begotten, not made), while the contraltos and tenors seemed to be insisting just as vigorously that "factum, non genitum" (made, not begotten) exactly expressed the truth.

When they reached that point the old Bishop's theological feelings openly revolted. He turned abruptly to the priest who stood by him and said: "Whether it's 'begotten, not made,' or 'made, not begotten,' these ladies and gentlemen must settle among themselves some other time. I'm going on with the Mass." And on he went, striding up to the altar without waiting another second, cutting out more than half of some great composer's elaborate masterpiece.

The most deluded visionaries in the world are those "practical" souls who jeopardize their eternal interests for some small temporal advantage. And the most foolish are they who are so wise in losing no chances that they never gain the only thing that is a surety—Anne Elizabeth O'Hare.

The strongest hearts are the most tender, and affection is no sign of weakness. If your friend has shown himself loyal and true, let him see, in some way, that you have noticed his faithfulness, and love him for it.

S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED Store Closes at 6 o'clock daily. THURSDAY, Oct. 26, 1906. Men's Fine Winter Overcoats SALE OF SAMPLES CONTINUED. This is a continuation of the Sale that has filled our Men's Clothing Store to overflowing during the week. There's only 183 left to choose from now—but everyone is a masterpiece of tailoring. The sample line of a well known manufacturer—the best known manufacturer in the country—sold to us under cost after the season's orders had been taken. We have sizes to fit all men—in the correct winter weights—but 8 o'clock will be none too early if you want your share. Remember you will pay less than if you bought your Overcoat wholesale. \$9.50 Men's and Young Men's Winter Overcoats, Regularly Sold at \$12 and \$15. 149 only of these, single-breasted, with fly fronts, or double-breasted styles. Made from extra quality All Woolen Tweeds, winter weight, light or dark effects. Self or best silk velvet collars, lined best Italian cloth, detachable belts. Broad shoulder effect, full skirts. Finest finish throughout. The regular retail price of these Coats is \$12 and \$15. \$12.50 Men's and Young Men's Winter Overcoats, Regularly sold at \$18. Only 39 of these left. Cut in the very latest style of fine imported Scotch Tweeds, silk velvet collars, detachable belts, lined throughout best serge linings, broad shouldered, loose hanging. Right up to the minute in every detail. A better Coat in every detail than you could buy elsewhere at \$18. MEN SAVE HERE NEW FALL SHIPMENT OF MEN'S DERBY TIES, in a large variety of fancy colorings. Special value at 23c. MEN'S FANCY FLANNELETTE NIGHT SHIRTS, full cut and well sewn. Sizes 14 1/2 to 18. Regularly sold at 50c. Special sale at 39c. DENT'S WALKING and DRIVING GLOVES, made of selected Dogskin, good shades of tan, perfect fitting. In all sizes. Special value at \$1.00. MEN'S HEAVY SCOTCH WOOL UNDERWEAR, double back and front, split seats and knees. Price of suit according to size. A suit, size 34, costs \$2.90. LADIES' COATS FOR WINTER WEAR Enormous Variety at Moderate Prices. We have never presented a more varied or popular collection of Coats for ladies' winter wear than this season. Here you have exclusiveness without the high prices that this luxury usually entails. Variety in abundance—excellence of material and workmanship—a large well lighted salon—experienced and efficient salesladies. These are but some of our claims to the proud title of Canada's premier Ladies' Clothing Store. For proof witness the daily increasing throngs of enthusiastic purchasers. Especially note: A SEVEN-EIGHTH COAT, of Light Gray Biarritz Cloth, collar and cuffs in light brown, handsomely trimmed with fancy braid, tucked sleeves, finished with pearl buttons. Special price \$23.00. THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED 1675 to 1783 Notre Dame St. 184 to 194 St. James St. Montreal

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