can Harris, who is now tring an early history ssions and Missionaries ds from ancient doc-ted in the Washington he missionaries visited

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THOUGH CHRONICLE. CULTUUSS

Vol. LVIII., No. 15

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1908

PRICE FIVE CENT

Note and Comment When Pius X was Parish

probable successor to Cardinal Steinhuber as a representative of the Sogiety of Jesus in the College of Cardinals, is that of Father Brandi, S. J., the learned director of the "Civilta Cattolica." Father Brandi taught for a number of years at Woodstock, Md., and while there became an American citizen.

new Carmelite convent is being built in Seattle, through the generosty of a retired Catholic capitalist, Malcolm MacDougall, of Orillia, Wash-The convent will be completed about Christmas time, when about fifty Carmelite nuns from various parts of the United States will take up their residence there. Seattle convent will cost, including all its furnishings, \$50,000.

Very Rev. A. Lacombe, O.M.I., the veteran missionary of the Northwest territory, has completed arents for the opening of nome for the destitute at Fish Creek, near Calgary, in the diocese of St. Albert, Alberta. The institution will be non-sectarian and will be open to all the destitute men, women and

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

Rev. C. J. Armstrong, a Baptist editor of St. Louis, Missouri, in an article on the religious status of that city, says that the Catholics of the Missouri metropolis number 850,-000, as against 128,985 affiliated with all other churches. This certainly is a splendid showing for the strength of Catholicity in St. Louis.

According to a report from Rome, the Pope has informed the Mayor of Venice that by way of doing something for the city of which he was Patriarch, he will commemorate the jubilee of his entry into the priesthood by providing, at his own expense, for the repair of the bells for the Campanile of St. Mark's, and Father a letter of congratulation and for the restoration of the golden angel which used to adorn the summit of the old tower. The Mayor has gratefully accepted the Pope's offer.

Bishop McFaul, of Trenton, New Jersey, has made it obligatory on his clergy to supply a Sunday school paper to their Catechisna classes. He asks that the services of the Church, especially at the seashore, be extenvely advertised, and that reports be given to the press of the most interesting services with extracts

One of the most interesting percongress was Prince Max of Saxony.
This brother of a king who has given much plant parish priest, is a striking the mainspring of the Holv Father's present at the Eucharistic Benediction. Thus, from time to time, some fresh and time. The striking the total particles are the same to time, some fresh and time. The same to time, some fresh and time to time, some fresh and time. The same to time, some fresh and time to time. sonages present at the Eucharistic simple parish priest, is a figure. East London knows him well, for he worked there for some think of a missionary of the further think of a missionary of the further cold, and he shuffles through life in an "inky cloak," neither seeking his fellows nor sought by them. Surely lows nor sought by them. Surely

wars. His bearded face makes one think of a missionary of the further east. At first he speaks in cold, measured phrases, then he warms into eloquence that calls forth repeated applause.

It is rather hard on the New York public schools that a charitable society has established a school His cortey has established a school hours, "instruction will be given in copying, spelling, keeping accounts, ely geography and other branches of useful knowledge which the schools are too busy to impart." The schools are too busy to impart. "The schools are too busy to impart." The schools are too busy to impart. "The schools are too busy to impart." The schools are too busy to impart. "The schools are too busy to impart." The schools are too busy to impart." The schools are too busy to impart. "The schools are too busy to impart." The schools are too busy to impart. "The schools are too busy to impart." The schools are too busy to impart." The schools are too busy to impart. "The schools are too busy to impart." The schools are too busy to impart. "The schools are too busy to impart." The schools are too busy to impart. "The schools are too busy to impart." The schools are too busy to impart. "The schools are too busy to impart." The schools are too busy to impart. "The schools are too busy to impart." The schools are too busy to impart. "The schools are too busy to impart." The schools are too busy to impart. "The schools are too busy to impart." The schools are too busy to impart. "The schools are too busy to impart." The schools are too busy to impart. "The schools are too busy to impart." The school are to fit in the schools are too busy to impart. "The schools are too busy to impart." The schools are too busy to impart. "The schools are too busy to impart." The schools are too busy to impart. "The schools are too busy to impart." The schools are too busy to impart. "The schools are too busy to impart." The schools are too busy to impart. "The schools are too busy to impart." The schools are too busy to impart. "The school

An Interesting Incident of the Early Ministry of the Present Pope.

At a time when the Holy Father is celebrating the golden jubilee of his ordination, the following incident of his early priesthood, contributed by Mr. Richard M. Vervega to the Catholic Herald of India, will be read with interest:

"I am indebted to my friend. Caprain A. Jacobi, an Austrian officer, for the following touching incident which occurred in the early days of our Holy Father, Pope Pius X

our Holy Futner, Pope Plus X.

"In 1865 the Austrian infantry regiment No, 1 was manoeuvring in the neighborhood of the village Tomolo, near Padua. During the exercises, one of the soldiers of this verification. regiment was suddenly taken ill and fell senseless on the roadside, while the regiment went on its way, leave the regiment went on its way, leaving him to be picked up by the ambulance. Meanwhile, the parish priest of the place, who had been carrying the sacrament to a sick person, came along, and perceiving the poor soldier in that sad state, hastened to his help. Under his kind ministrations the soldier gradu-ally recovered his senses, and then the worthy priest made him partake of some bread and wine, for which he had sent to the village, and versed benevolently with the poor fellow while his strength returned under such kind treatment. Perceivfellow ing the ambulance approaching the priest gave the soldier a little medal and his blessing, and proceeded on his way. That soldier went through the campaign of 1866, and was af-terwards discharged. He now lives at Tropan, in Moravia, where he keeps a tobacconist store. He often related the above ep sode of his mili-tary life to his friends and acquain-tances, showing the medal which for and his blessing, and proceeded tances, showing the medal which for the past forty-three years has been hung round his neck, and speaking hung round his with affectionate veneration good Italian priest who had given him that talisman to which, together with his benediction, he attributed his escape from all the dangers of the battlefield.

"A few months ago Mr. John Baier—such is the ex-soldier's name— chanced to read in a Catholic calen-dar a detailed biography of the dar a detailed biography of the Holy Father and from this he learned that the young parish priest, his benefactor at Tomolo, was nonperrelactor at Tomolo, was nor other than Don Gluseppe Sarto—nov Pope Pius X. The good veteran-jov can be easily imagined; he de cided at once to write to the Holy Father a letter of congratuation and renewed thanks, reminding His Holiness of the day on which he acted towards him as the good maritan on the roadside near Tomolo and begging that he would add the Apostolic Blessing to that which he had already given him so vears ago. John Baier had ago. John Baier had to wait for an answer to His heart beat high ing soon after when he morning soon after when he handed a foreign letter with an ficial stamp. On opening it he learned that His Eminence Cardinal Mered that Flis Emineace Cardinal Merry del Val had been instructed by
the Holv Father to tell him that be
had not forgotten the incident
the roadside near Tomolo, but also
desired that the sum of 200 francs
should be sent to Baier with his
Apostolic Benediction. Thus, from
time to time, some fresh and unexpected evidence comes forth, bearfrom

was Parish Priest. An Irish Day at the Vatican.

(By Vox Urbis, In "Rome.")

last week. On Monday the teams of Irish athletes arrived, and on Tuesday five or six special trains brought in hundreds, perhaps thousands, from various parts of Italy, as well as from France and Belgium. The international athletic meeting in the heart of the Vatican began at 7 on Wednesday morning, and the only four events for individual competition, a high jump, long jump, a rope climbing competition and a hurdle race were

A boy of the Bourkes ("Kelly and Bourke and Shea," again) rather startled the judges by jumping over the highest thing they could mark with, but it was only about feet from the ground, and the near-est competitor could not come withest competitor could n in half a foot of him.

When it came to the long jump Brennan of Dublin gave a little hop -but when they came to measure it they could hardly believe their eyes for it measured eighteen feet next best was still about half a foot behind—later on if anybody jumps farther in subsequent heats Brennan will jump four or five feet further.

Carroll climbed up the twenty-six feet of rope so quickly that you could hardly follow him, and another Irishman walked off with the hurdle race in fine style. On Thursday morning one of the features of the sports was a football match between an Irish team and a team of Romans. The Irishmen were too subing for their rivals—but they were also merciful, for they were content to win the match by twelve goals to

Since then they have won the races of 100, 200 and 400 metres. Thursday was Irish day in the Va-tican, for the Holy Father received not only the athletes and the pil-grims who accompanied them, but on official delegation from the Dubin Corporation sent hither to reatulations of the capital of the congratulations of the capital of Ireland to His Holiness on the occasion of his Jubilee.

At the head of these latter was Mr. Nannetti, and with him were the Councillors, some of them in their robes of office; Kelly, Rooney, Lennon, Murray, Urrion, Gallagher, with City Treasurer Murphy and Secretary Mr. Nammetti read a fervid address

eathing devotion and lee Pope in every word.

the Pope in every word.

"Love for the person of your Holiness," he said, "profound respect for your words and teaching are closely connected in the Irish heart with that sentiment of unswerving fidelity to the Chair of Peter which has always been Ireland's proudest boast. In discharging modestly the lofty task entyusted to me I as a member of the municipal Council of Dublin. of the municipal Council of Publin, and having recently filled the office of Mayor, permit myself to testify to Your Holiness how deeply these sentiments are rooted in the capital of Ireland.

'Having in my veins Itialian as well as Irish blood and by this dou-ble fidelity to your sacred person and ble fidelity to your sacred person and vour sacred throne, it is for me a source of unspeakable joy, unworthy though I am of the precious mission, to be able to offer at the feet of Your Holiness this assurance of am eternal devotion which cannot grow weak and which continues strong and living to-day as when first St. Patrick taught his children to cherish fidelity the Rome with the same ear-

Rome.—The railway station of Rome has been an unusually interesting place during several days of the for half a century Your Holiness has been an unusually interesting place during several days of the for half a century Your Holiness has been approximately a Proxydiance to Jaye the Cathones of Frenan reports and the competition of Catholic Ireland.

The Cathones of Frenand reports and a few pour salutary work to the Church both as priest and as Vicar of Jesus Christ. With profound respect and veneration we implore your Apostolic Benefiction on our modest work and on all the promoters and members of our society. With all the affection of our hearts and all the sincerity of our souls we also offer your Holiness the homage of our absent brothers and of the whole of Catholic Ireland.

We will all pray fervently. Holy Father, that our Lord may crown with precious fruit your Apostolic labors.

Kant, above all others, carried Protestant subjectivism to its high-est point. Individualism, in deciding as to beliefs and dogmas, their validity or the contrary, is the keynote of his teachings. If man is not his reliable of the contrary of the contrary, is the keynote of his teachings. If man is not his reliable of the contrary of the contrary, is the keynote of his teachings. If man is not his reliable of the contrary, is the keynote of his teachings. If man is not his reliable of the contrary, is the keynote of his teachings. If man is not his reliable of the contrary, is the keynote of his teachings. If man is not his reliable of the contrary, is the keynote of his teachings. If man is not his reliable of the contrary, is the keynote of his teachings. If man is not his reliable of the contrary, is the keynote of his teachings. If man is not his reliable of the contrary, is the keynote of his teachings. If man is not his reliable of the contrary, is the keynote of his teachings. If man is not his reliable of his teaching and the single of the contrary, is the keynote of his teachings. If man is not help of his teachings. If man is not his reliable of his teachings. If man is not help of his teachings. If man is not help of his teachings of the contrary, is the keynote of his teachings. If man is not help of his teachings. If man is not help of his teachings of his teachings. If man is not help of

may He crown you after death with

the crown of immortal glory."

He then presented the address, written in Irish and Italian. and beautifully illuminated with Celtic designs by Mr. B. J. O'Reilly, of After a few moments the Holy Fa-

ther began the following touching reply, which was afterwards translatideas, showing that nothing

plv. which was afterwards translated by Dr. Hagan:
"I thank you for the sentiments you have just expressed for my jutilec, in the name of the Catholic Young Men of Ireland, and I pray that for this action the Lord may reward you abundantly, granting you Relief to the contact of the contact you have just expressed for my juti-lee, in the name of the Catholic Young Men of Ireland, and I pray that for this action the Lord may reward you abundantly, granting you His choicest graces and favors. But the best favor I can ask for you is that the Lord may keep you al-ways faithful to the religion of Lens Christ and continuous

"If the Church to-day intones hymn of thanksgiving to Providence she sees the old sun rise as she sees the old sun rise again truly, the way is open for the idea, thoughout English-speaking countries and a new spring for the Catholic religion blooming among them she owes this to Ireland, to the Catholic breasts of the Irish who have stood up for their faith against all adversaries and who have won for it, that likesty which Jesse Christ. This philosophy. Nietszele learned

active and who have won for it that liberty - which Jesus Christ brought into the world.

"Therefore, O my beloved children, I congratulate you thut you feel running in your veins the blood of your forefathers strengthening you in courforefathers strengthening you in courforefathers. age and perseverance. I pray that the age and perseverance. I pray that the Lord may keep you evermore stead-fast in your apostolate for the defence of the faith, and that he may give you a certain victory—that victory of which we have seen a harbinger in the Eucharistic Congress of leading which this lead to the property of the sector which this lead the whole. London which thrilled the

"Returning to your beloved country you will tell your brethren that the Pope looks upon them as his beloved children and recommends himself to their prayers. The supreme consolation of the Pope in his sacerconsolation of the Pope in his saccr-dotal Jubilee is to know that all his children are ready to persevere in the maintenance and defence of the faith of the Church. May the blessing of the Lord be upon you, upon your fa-milies and upon those dear to you according to your intentions, and be for all a source of sweet consolation

according to your intentions, and defor all a source of sweet consolation and confort."

There was a great outburst of cheering, which the Pope's words were made known to the pilgrims—to be followed by a few moments of deep silence as all knelt to receive his blessing.

And then the Hell of the Comsis-

And then the Hall of the Consis-And then the Half of the Consis-tory echoed with the unwonted strains of the bagpipe played by a pilgrim in the traditional kilted cos-tume of the old Irish.

The Catholic Church.

For more than a century, declares E. van Roey, writing in La Revue Generale (Brussels), Modernism has been developing itself progressively, in the heterodox world, under the name of "Liberal" Protestantism." During all this time Rome had nothing to sav anent the pathetic tenets of the new thinkers, since they were not of her fold. But the new thinkers ultimately succeeded in imposing their fanciful doctrines upon a section of the true fold, and then in the memorable Encyclical Pascendi, the Pope spoke with all the energy of which the Church is capable.

Modernism is not at the present moment, says van Roey, confined to any particular religion. Besides the Catholic religion, it has considerably affected the Jewish, the Lutheran and the Anglican forms of belief.

any concise form of religious thought which has operated upon the mind but rather through the unconscious effect which modern science is mak-ing upon men's way of looking at

things.

Modernism, and we say it without fear of contradiction, is the child, says M. van Roey, of Protestant theology. It is the product of philosophic subjectivism which poetulates the placing of all authority solely in the intelligent being, and puts aside all idea of the law being laid down for one.

for one.

A study of the "Liberal Protestantism" of the nineteenth century will clearly show the source from which "Catholic" Modernists have

derived their heterodoxies.

Kant, above all others, carried Protestant subjectivism to its highest point. Individualism in decident

labors.

'May He be your support in tribulation and trial, your refuge and defence in adversity, your sure guide
and shining light in all your life, and
may He crown you after death with admit no authority. Lather held that the human mind owed submisthat the human mind owed submis-sion to God end to the highestynna-nifestations of Divine Will that have been thrown threm-bout the ages on the screen of history. Kant, then, it is clear, is the phil-

Hegel, in

God. It comes not from dogma, or

the that man may make God just what be be wishes. His conception supplies hed the criterion: and he may regulate his conscience according to the mon-ner in which he conceives God to be-nice all-wise and infinitely perfect. Here. again truly, the way is open for the idea coun- of Pragmatism—or action practically e Ca- untrammelled by conscience—and

> This philosophy Nietzeck learned from the teaching of Goethe—in Faust for example—and Goethe in his turn was wholly affected by the individualistic militarism of the Napoleonic period, and, above all, by its createst expenent. Napoleon, the incarnation of action without conscience All Modernism, therefore, cen reduced to this expression, namely, Praematism, or action, without re-ference to other morality than that which one creates for oneself.

HYMENEAL.

SPENCE-O'BRIEN.

A very pretty wedding took place last Monday morning at the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, when Miss Marnie O'Brien, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry O'Brien, was narried to Mr. David J. Spence, Rev. P. J. Brady officiating.

narried to Mr. David J. Spence, Rev. P. J. Brady officiating.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a handsome Empire gown of ivory duchess satin embroidered in satin, with touches of silver, the yoke and sleeves of rose point lace, and a bertha of the same lace was draped over the bodice. Her tulle veil was worn over a coronet of orange bossoms and she carried. orange blossoms and she carried boquet of white roses. Her boquet of white roses. Her only or-nament was a diamond pendant, the gift of the groom. She was attend-ed by Miss Joe McDonnell, who wore a white net gown over white silk with large picture hat and carried dark red roses

Little Miss Doris Hague, niece of the groom, was flower girl. She wore a dainty frock of white silk with lace insertions and carried pink roschuds. Mr. W. P. Spence, brother of the groom, acted as best

The Mass was fully choral. The choir, of which the bride had been organist for several years, was under the direction of Prof. J. I. Mc-Caffrey

The groom's gifts to the brides' maid and little flower girl diamond rings, and to the best man a silver cigar case.

After breakfast at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Spence left on their honeymoon, the bride tra-velling in a dark green tailored cos-tume with hat to match. On their return they will take up their residence at 1399 St. Hubert Street

St. Mark's Campanile.

According to the London Globe, the rebuilding of the famous Campanile Ways faithful to the religion of Jesus Christ and continue for you that Apostolate for which Ireland is so glorious. Amid the sorrows the Church had to endure through the Anglican schism Ireland remained the criterion: and he may regulate to know a nade rapid progress now attained a height of 150 feet. By the end of 1909 the main pertion of the tower will be finished, and the marble loggia, which will surpount that man may make God just what the column, will be begun. This time faithful in spite of everything. of Venice has made rapid progress of the new Campanile. The old pile-work was found to be in an excellent state of preservation. A gilded sta-tue of the Blessed Virgin in terra cotta, which was a special object of veneration, and which was reduced to fragments in the falling of the threatmelled by conscience—and between the here is little difference between the eaching of Mr. Tyrell and that of lictscale, when the results are recorded to their most simple expressions.

This philosophy Nietszche learned that when the tower is completed it will be impossible to detect any difference between it and the old one. The very balls will ring with one. The very bells will ring with precisely the same pitch and tone as by a fortunate coincidence the Maestro Perosi, a short time before the collapse, had noted their intonation. They will be recast in such a way as to reproduce the peculiar sono-rous depth of tone which they for-merly possessed. The inauguration of the new Campanile will be the occa-sion of elaborate fetes.

St. Joseph's Home Fund

The actual date of Father Holland's birthday has passed and we had hoped that a goodly sum would have been realized to present to him on Sept. 10th; but so many have been out of the city during the summer that our appeal failed to reach them and consequently nothing like the necessary amount came in. However, every day is a birthday-somebody's-so if each one contributed, his number of years either in dollars or cents, quite a comfortable sum in a little while would be realized. We thank those who answered our appeal and trust that those who have not already done so will send in their mite to help a worthy cause—To pay off the debt on the St. Joseph's Home for Working Boys. A cent will be as welcome as a dollar and will be acknowledged in issue following receipt.

FILL OUT THIS COUPON.

ST.	JOSEPH'S	номе	FUND
Name.		:d	
Addres	s		
Amoun	at .		

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

pleased.

The

She must smuggle the idea

damsel must flirt without

when altering a blouse for any reason it is a great mistake to move the shoulder seam to the front. A far better plan is that of dropping it backward instead of forward.

New vanity bags for dancing par

board which forms the inside of the

the material and loses its individuality. Twisted cotton, which comes

A SMILE FROM A STRANGER.

Most of us owe debts of gratitude

so to us owe debts of gratitude to strangers whose kindly smile has sent sunshine into our aching hearts and has given us courage when we were disheartened.

It is a great thing to go through life with a smiling face. It costs little but whe

by the ball in various numbers which is sometimes used for cro-cheting, is the most satisfactory thread with which to do this dainty

Some women waste their time in

ties are most attractively made

True Witness **Beauty Patterns**



A DAINTY MODE FOR THE LIT-TLE MAID.

8253. Girls' Over-Blouse Dress Cut in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 years.
The eight year size will require 3 1-4
yards of 36 inch material. This design is unusually smart and pretty, sign is unusually smart and pretty, and is suitable to any of the season's wool goods, wash silks or cottons. The blouse is made with front, back and sleeves all in one piece, and is designed to be worn over a guimpe, although for warm weather the guimpe could be omitted, making a dainty little low-necked freek

featherstitching dainty garments with embroidery thread. The em-proidery thread being soft, when the garment is laundered it is pressed into A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on the re-ceipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

PATTERN COUPON

Please send the above-mentioned attern as per directions given

A business woman who has made

frequent trips abroad has evolved an excellent idea for keeping her gowns in good condition. Her plan entails considerable work at first, as

she makes pasteboard packing boards

sne makes pasteboard packing boards and covers them with a cheap percale. When these cases are slipped over the board the ends are sewed up and tapes to fasten in the gown securely are sewed to the cover at equal distances on each side and on the ends and tie in the center. The

garment is thus held secure. In lay-ing in the skirt all the plaits, tucks

and other fulness are smoothed in place as it would naturally hang. Each gown or skirt and shirt waist has its pasteboard, that has been cut just small enough to fit inside

a dress may be taken from the trunk without deranging any of the others.

AN EVERYDAY WOMAN.

Whatever other ambition you have ou must strive to be a good house-seper. You married your husband

to make him happy; you are under a contract to do so, and although you must be Mary, in order to satisfy

must be Mary, in order to satisf

But do not stop there. Continue o cultivate your mind. Your husto cultivate your mind. Your hus-band is learning all sorts of fresh facts every day. A man's life, and

his continual association with other

his continual association with others who think, tend to encourage the natural proclivity he has for mental growth. Men are built that way. However pretty and well dressed you are—and both of those delight himhe will still feel it to be a great drawback if you are not interested in most of the things that interest him.

TO PLEASE "MERE MAN."

The woman that man admires must ot be masculine and yet be brave and active, never moping and lan-

and acuve, guid.

She must be fnolicsome, but never reckless. She must be saucy, but

never surcastic.
She must be witty, but never rude.
Above all, she must be strong, robust and heafthy.
Alwevs ready as she to do whatever man suggests and to go anywhere he fancies, not too ready, however, with her own suggestions.

and here is the real man-she

With this arrangement

little, but who can ever estimate its value? Think how the pleasure of life would be increased if we met smiling faces everywhere—faces which radiate hope, sunshine and cheer! What a joy it would be to travel in a gallery of living pictures radiating hope and courage! Who can estimate what beautiful, smiling faces mean to the wrotched and the downcast—those whose life burdens are crushing them?

Many of us carry precious memories of smiling faces which we have a smiling faces which we have the A WAY TO PACK.

bag.

ality

ries of smiling faces which we glimpsed at but once, but whose sweet uplifting expression will remain with

A NOBLE REPARATION

A placard announced that after din A placard announced that after din-ner a collection for the old people would be made by the Little Sisters of the Poor. The card was put up in the dining hall of one of the largest hotels at a resort in France where crowds came to take advan-

where crowds came to take advan-tage of the thermal springs.

At noon the dinner gong rang out noisily, once, and then again to hur-ry up the laggards; soon all the guests had arrived, eager and joy-

During the first course there was a shadow of annoyance upon the faces of the diners, and conversation turn-ed upon one topic: "The fleecing of visitors who patromze the health re-

"I finish the season to-morrow," a young woman to her neigh-"It is time! Would you believe bor. "It is time! Would you believe it, my dear madame, since my arrival this is the third collection. You may be assured that I am short of money. The hotel is horribly expensive, then the treatment, the physicians, the servants, the souvenirs for those at home; it is enough to ruin a Croesus, and then they heap up collections to relieve every misery in the country."

in the country."

"For me," broke in a corpulent gentleman, "I admit that I contribute tleman, "I admit that I contribute cheerfully once a year for the refuges, the asylums and for the poor out of work, but after I have given these, let the good Sisters leave me

Suddealy the door opens and there enter two Sisters of the Poor. One, aged, tall and pale, advances modestly, but without timidity her destly, but without timidity her countenance betrays no sign of embarrassment as she passes along the side of the table, presenting her plate to the guests. The other, low sized, slender and charming beneath her nan's bonnet covered with a cape, was a contrast; her cheeks were suffused with a bright blush, her large eyes were steadily lowered beneath the gaze of those who curiously followed her movements, her trembling hands were an evidence of her emotion.

Purses were guidely opened, end these strangers, all—even those with half an hour ago—now searched withhalf an hour ago—now searched with-

out delay for a gold or silver coin to put upon the plate held out to them in the name of God and of His

poor.
One on each side, the Sisters went along the length of the table, whispering their gratitude, the timid Sister gaining courage little by lit-

With more or less generosity the guests showed their good will, the plates became heavy, the harvest gathered for the old people was abundant. What happiness! must have all these suggestions, absolutely without flaw, hidden away in the recesses of her mere feminine

dant. What happiness!

All at once the young Sister showed signs of embarrasment. A guest dropped a sou, a copper coin, upon the plate, and as he did so broke the general silence with "This is enough for good-for-nothings and drunkards! You drink, Sister, one can tell it by the color of your face." She must smuggle the idea over into the man's mind in some telepathic way so cleverly that he will glory in being the first thinker.

Women must wear the short skirt and shirt waist when occasion demands and have a disdain for frills and ruffles, but these same furbelows must be forthcoming at the evening function, else my lord is highly displaced. he color of your face."
Red hot blushes flushed the little

Sister's face; she did not dare to cast a glance at her insulter, for fear that he should see the tears that flooded her eyes. Sweetly and with supreme gentleness, she murmured, "Thank you, sir."

Then she passed on to the next guest, who, was a brilliant, young

The damsel must first without seeming to do so and must hear a lot of pretty things which, if necessary, must be forgotten immediately. Yet may she look as if the speeches had sunk deep into her soul.

All these qualities and many more view admires by women. Very modest. Then she passed on to the next guest, who was a brilliant young lieutenant of chasseurs. This young officer arose under the influence of deep feeling and placed a gold coin upon the copper sou of his neighbor. He spoke in a tone that thrilled: "My dear I ttle Sister, I regret so much that I cannot give more for All these qualities and many more men admire in women. Very modest of them, to be sure, and perfectly rational if they can in return offer a few of the perfections they exact. Have they qualities, mental or physical, to equal their demands?

NEEDLEWORK NOTES. much that I cannot give more

much that I cannot give more for your good old people; please permit me to take your hand."

The little Sister bent her head and held out her trembling hand.
"Thanks! thanks on the part of the army; the Sisters are our guardian angels," he said, joyfully, and then howing regrently he resumed. Dark red linen makes a girlish dress that can be worn with a coat or lingerie waist. The material launthen bowing reverently, he resumed his seat without giving even a glance at the guest at his side. Many of the striped walking suits are trimmed with pompadour ribbon on the collar, narrow revers, cuffs and belt, the ribbon matching the

All present had witnessed the two episodes that presented so strong a contrast. No one spoke

Meanwhile the Little Sisters had joined each other at the foot of the table: the collection was over. They bowed to their benefactors and holding with both hands the plates filled with coin they advanced a few feet towards the entrance of the hall. All smiled on them as they passed out and even then they received some new offerings that increased their collection. Their simplicity, their sweetness, and above all the action ties are most attractively made of dainty ribbon in the form of a tiny bag, which holds powder and puff ball, while the bottom on the outside has a mirror, held in place by a shirred piece of ribbon, after first being glued to the ribbon covered card-

she enters a room, nor does he offer

with perfume, earth and

All children know it. 'Tis like

That bears upon its widespread

song 'mong birds is mellow like his name. 'Tis short, but sweet

Surpasses far the leaves' low rustle When living still or lifeless strewn, Upon the bleak cold earth they lay— Yes, softer e'en than breeze

The bells' clear tinkling dies away; They hush their silv'ry voices fair When lisping child or aged men Repeat this name at work or

Tis mighty, too, as angry wind, And loud as rag ng billows roar; Majestic, oft' as organ peal, 'Twill hush, like death, the din of

This name let man e'er sacred hold; Like Nature let him str ve to show His love for it by word and deed, And call on it in weal and woe. Let us this day—this festal day,

Impress this name upon our breast

her his seat, even though there be no other for her to occupy."

THE NAME OF MARY.

There is a name far sweeter still
Than evening breath or zephyr sigh;
'Twas brought to man from Paradise

'Tis sweeter far than incense breath— 'Twas kindled at the God-Head's flame;
'Twas sent when earth stood most in

need Of such an efficacious name

The murmur of the silvry brook, That flows o'er pebbles twinkling like
The stars above at which we look.

'Tis softer e'en than vernal bre

That bears wing Arabia's choicest odors sweet,
That fill the earth in youthful

indeed. Nay, more—from Heav'n sent, 'tis

A balm, and then a joy and mead.

war

To MRS.

ST.

TOWN

of the young officer had triumphed over human selfishness. But, behold, when they came to the middle of the dimng hall the two

Sisters stopped; there before then was the man who had insulted them "They have given me a well-merit-ed rebuke," he said, in a low and firm vo ce. "I ask pardon, little Sis-ter, but from you especially whom I have insulted so grievously and so unjustly.

When he had said this he pushed a 100 franc note beneath the pile of coins. The little Sister cast a look full of gratitude upon the speaker and murmured "Thanks, thanks." Another moment and she and her com panion had disappeared

"How did you feel when you wer

insulted?" she was asked afterwards.
"I had strange ensotions."
"What were they?"
"I can not well describe them; something of 'the ox kicking against the goad"—something that forced the tears to my eyes. Then of joy, of the goad —son. Then or tears to my eyes. Then or little immense joy. These little crosses are a delight to curry when one thinks of Jesus and Mary, who have suffered a million times more."

No crime is too great to be forgiven. The best reparation is to

Southern Messenger * * *

WOMEN ARE BECOMING MAN-

Father Bernard Vaughan, the note pastor of aristocratic Mayfair, Lon-don's smartest residential section, as-serts that Englishmen are becoming effeminate and English woman be-Says Father mannish. Vaughan:

Vaughan:

"We are confronted by a serious problem which can never be rightly solved natil men become more manly and women become more womanly. At the present moment it seems to me the modern man is rapidly growing feminine, while the modern woman is trying to be masculine

"Your typical modern woman apes everything mannish she wants to dress like a nan, talk about and lounge like a man, stroke and drink like a man, talk and swear like a man and generally to bear herself not like a refined lady, but like an un-refined man.

"I am talking or the modern

And on our brow let's wear it, too Tis Heaven's own-

et's circle it with garlands fresh, With Love's gold bright immortal frame, Let's breatheit daily in our prayers— there whisper, dearest

et angel's sing with harp and lyre The sweetest anthem due their Queen.

For she it is that bears this name, The sweetest on this earth terrene.

—Catholic Tidings.

THE WHITE MOTOR VEIL.

"Why on earth do you women wear white veils when motoring?" said the old physician, irritably. "Nothing on earth is so bad for the eyes. Don't you know how the glare of the sun on a white sandy road, or the

you know how the glare of the sun on a white sandy road, or the snow, hurts your eyes? A white veil is the same in principle."

"But nothing else looks well with a white costume," objected the woman in white. "And a white veil is so dainty—" objected the woman in white. "And a white veil is so dainty—" objected the woman in white. "And a white veil is so dainty—" objected the woman in white. "And a white veil is so dainty—" objected the woman in white. "And a white veil is so dainty—" objected the woman in white. "And a white veil is so dainty—" objected the woman in white. "And must you have a veil that harmonizes," even though it gives you nervous headaches and spoils your eyes? No, no, Leave the white veil to the lady motorist in the musical comedy, and choose a sensible green veil, which is good for the eyes, and can be pretty and becoming, if you choose the right shade."

SOME MONURING CHAND

SOME MOTHER'S CHILD.

And when I see those o'er whom long years have rolled whose hearts have grown burdened,
whose spirits are cold:
Be it woman all fallen, or man all
defiled,
A voice whispers softly, "Ah! some
mother's child."

No matter how far from the right she has strayed, No matter what inroads dishonor has mader what elements cankered

No the pearl— ough tarnished and sullied, she's some mother's girl.

No matter how wayward his footsteps have been; No matter how deep he is sunken in

No matter how low is his standard of joy—
Though guilty and loathsome, he's some mather's boy.

That head liath been pillowed on some tender breast
That form hath been wept over, those lips have been pressed;
That soul hath been prayed for, in tones sweet and mild;

For her sake deal gently with—som mother's child.

OIL STAINS

It is very aggravating to find that good blouse is ruined—or seems to

You were stitching along so stead-ily that you did not notice you had put on just one drop of oil too many and that it was leaving a trail along the new material.

the new material.

At first you will be discouraged, but remember, the oil can speedily be taken out and the material left as good as new.

Cover the stain thickly with lard; et it stand long enough to absorb all the grease; then wash out in yold water with search.

cold water with soap. SOFTENING AND BLEACHING THE HANDS.

The hands repay a little care better than the face does a great deal, and yet it is the cry among women that they cannot keep the hands soft and white. As a rule, it is the too fro-quent use of strong soaps, filled with alkali needed to cut the grease and dirt from various utensils used about housework, that makes the skin of the hands rough and wrinkled. Large veins are not very easy to help: they the hands rough and wrinkled. Large veins are not very easy to help; they accompany rheumatic and gouty conditions of the blood, the veins enlarge when the hands are held down and so on. But even this will not be of a great deal of importance if the skin is eoft, white and without blemish. blemish

Treatment of the hands should sist more of constant care than of the sudden application of strong chemi-cals to bleach them white in a sin-gle application; these always render gle application; these always the skin so much more sensitive besides, always burn, more or so the last condition is worse the first

the first.

Glycerine properly diluted is really one of the very best of the many lotions directed for the hands; it is very softening, but unfortunately many try to use it too strong. Rose water is one of the best diluting agents to combine with glycerine and the latter should also be as chemically pure as possible. In its crude cally pure as possible. In its crude the latter should also be as chemically pure as possible. In its crude state as it comes from the drug store, it will burn the skin almost like a coal, and leaves a shriveled and dry spot, feeling parched this is why so many object to its use. But diluted properly there is nothing quite so good. The addition of two parts so so good. The addition of two parts of rose water, for example: measure two tablespoonsful of glycerine into a bottle to this add four tablespoonfuls of rose water, and reserved to the second of the control of the con fuls of rose water and one of alco-hol, and you have a lotion that keeps the hands coft and in time will whiten them.

Hard water is very bad for the

hands; it dries and really does not remove the dirt; only helps to grind it in further. Where nothing but hard water exit in further. Where nothing but hard water can be had and boiling is to soften cannot be done, add a tea-spoonful of powdered borax to a basinful and then wash the hands. Water that is too cold is as bad as that which is too hot; both hurt the skin. Tepid, so the flesh will not feel the change of temperature, is the best Glycerin also softens the water, th

Glycerin also softens the water, the same proportions as of borax will answer the purpose; add a teaspoonful to the basin and note the softness of the water. After that the hands should be rinsed and wiped carefully with a soft cloth and a little of the glycerine lotion poured into the palms and rubbed over them; this should be done every time they are washed.

After the day's dust and grime the After the day's dust and grime the hands should be as carefully attended to as 'the rest of the body, and then a healing, cooling and soothing softening cream should be well rub sottening cream should be well rubbed in. The wearing of gloves at night is always directed in treating the hands, but the gloves must be clean inside; if of white kid the better, and they may be filled with a cosmetic cream that will make the skin all the softer for the long-hours of absorption during sleep.

Thick gloves that cause perspiration of the hands are better than any others for daily gwear; this keeps the

bland soap will remove that and the dirt also; just soap and water will not take off grime. Where the hands are washed too often the skin becomes dry and there is a constant inclination to wash them again; that is because the natural oils are washed out and the best thing to do is to try to make the loss good by some application that has oil in ft. Oil of almonds may be used, honey and walter, half and half, are good.

99999999999999999999 Funny Sayings.

"Mamma, I heard you tell Uncle Jim I was a dear boy. About how much am I morth?"
"You're worth more than a million dollars to me, my son," said his mother as she gave him a hug.
"Well—say—mamma, couldn't you advance me twenty-five cents?"

HOW IT WAS.

Jinks (in surprise) - Moving again? Just when you were settled?

-Yes; our Willie whipped the

CAUGHT THE DEAN.

One of Dean Swift's friends sent him a fish by a lad. The boy burst into the room, exclaiming very impolitely:

"My master sends you a fish."

"That is not the way a gentleman should enter." reproved the dean.
"You sit here in my chair while I show you how to mend your manners."

ners."

When the boy was seated the dean went out. Then the dean knocked at the door, bowed low and said:
"Sir, my master sends his kind compliments, and hopes you are well, and begs you to accept a small present."

"Indeed," replied the boy, "return him my best thanks, and there is a shilling for yourself."

The deam, caught in his own trap, laughed heartly and gave the boy a half crown for his ready wit.

DOUBLY WILLING.

"You are pushing me too hard" said Wu Ting Fang to a reporter in San Francisco who was interviewing him. "You are taking advantage of me. You are like the Pekin poor

me. You are like the Pakin poor relation.

'One day he met the head of his family in the street.

'Come and dine with us to-night,'

"'Come and dine with us to-night,'
the mandarin said graciously.
"'Thank you,' said the poor relation. But wouldn't to-morrow night
do as well?'
"'Yes, certainly. But where are
you dining to-night?' asked the man-

you think to high! asked the mandarin, curiously.

"At your house. You see your estimable wife was good enough to give me to-night's invitation."—
Saturday Evening Post.

She: "This dross doesn't become my complexion."

She: "This dross doesn't become my complexion. I must change it."
He: "More expense? I can't stand it, you'll ruin ne!
She: "You silly! I don't mean the dress—I mean the complexion."

A GREATER WONDER.

An inspector was examining a very routhful class of Scotch boys, and among other subjects he requested the eacher to ask her pupils a few questions in nature knowledge. Desiring her class to do her honor, she deci-ded upon the smple subject, "Chick-"Now, children," said she, "I want

ou to tell me something very won-erful about chickens." "How they get out of their shells,"
"How they get out of their shells,"
"nomptly responded one little fellow,
"Well," said the teacher, "that is
wonderful, but I mean of course wonderful, but I something more wonderful still There was a silence for a few seconds. Then up spoke little Johnny.

noo they ever got intae their sheils."

-Ladies Home Journal. Biliousness,

'Please, ma'am, it's mair wonderful

Liver Complaint If your tongue is coated, your eyes yellow, your complexion sallow; if you have sick headaches, variable appetite, poor circulation, a pain under the right shouldess and diarrhes, floating specks before the eyes,

Your Liver Is Not In Order All the troubles and diseases which come in the train of a disordered liver, such as

Jaundice, Chronic Constipation, Catarh of the Stomach, Heartburn, Water Brash, etc., may be quickly and easily cured by MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS Mr. S. Gingerieb, Zurich, Ont, writes...

1 had suffered for years with liver conplaint, and although I tried many medicines I sould not get rid of it. Seeing Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills advartised I decided to try them, and after using them four months I was completely cured.

25 cents a vial or 5 for \$1.00, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

The Concours of Rome.

In the recent Paris

In the recent Paris "Concours de Rome," MM. Desveaux-Verite and Eugene Adenis carried off the prize with their poem, "La Sirene." It was on this poem that the young musical composers competing for the Grand Prix de Rome—musical section of the Beaux Arts—made their cantatata. M. Desveaux-Verite, who has already made his mark with such works as "Jeanne d'Arc," "Les Gars d'Islanda," and "Le Roi de Thule." works as "Jeanne d'Arc," 'Les Gars d'Islands," and 'Le Roi de Thule," is married to an Irishwoman. Her maiden name was Hawkesworth-Kelly. She is a writer, too, and authoress of "The Blue Light." 'Co. authoress of "The Blue Light," 'Co-medy and Tragedy," and other tales. Among her more serious works may be mentioned an exhaustive study of Pasteur, published some years ago in America. A marble bust of Ba-njel O'Connell occupies a post of ho-nor in M. and Mme. Verite's villa at Neutlly near Parts. Iviet visitors niel O'Comnell occupies a post of nonor in M. and Mme. Verite's villa at
Neuilly, near Paris. Irish visitors
reigard this bust with increased interest when they know that it was
Mme. Desveaux-Verite's maternal
grandfather, Mr. Fox, who asted as
second in O'Connell's duel with d'Esterre. As will be remembered, Fox
was jumed in the leg by the rebound
of a bull fired by one of the duelists.
He was descended from the younger
of two brothers, English statemas
and Catcholies, in the reign of Queen
Eblizabeth. To preserve his faith,
this younger brother settled in Ireland. The elder turned Protestant,
remained in England and became the
ancestor of the celebrated Fox, contemporarys of Pitt.

The most obstinate corns and warts fail to resist Holloway's Com.

Fath

DRSDAY, OCTO

The Poe (Baltimore

Father John Ban noted poet of the had one of the swe have drawn their Maryland environs, eight or nine emine been consulted, but be no hope, and charming verses ha heart of childhoud, tic chords from the dwomen of matumstiffed praise from one sits in darkne college, beyond College, beyond eyes blinded to the eyes blinded to the blooming flowers and that environ the was wont to draw Father Tabb's eye him at the thres fame. Just as he fame. Just as he enter the portals, of the critics, light held him, and he g darkness. Yet, wit not be that three that the poet's soul, undistractions of match through its loftier; the better lead mer into the beauties of things which it is just to see? Is the

men to see? Is the of prophecy in the before his affliction th, if my grief his My dark his light, count each loss for And bless the night

Who knows but w come upon him in might reach greate like blind Milton, of So fair thy vision to Abided with thee, lo A flaming sword be Had shut thee out

John Banister Tal John Banister Tall by birth and a Mar tion. He was born ty, March 22, 184 fore, sixty-three yea ceived a good educa private tutors, as war broke out he of federate navy. He war 1864-5, and a was ended came to he studied music. taught at St. Paul

taught at St. Paul more, and at Racin gan. In 1872 he gan. In 1872 he Catholic and studied College, Magyland, It structor in English he was ordained a But little has been ther Tabb—famed modest and retiring modest and returning friend, though, he on his poetic vision fel a direct gift from Gowhen, following the in need and knew no Bis sky was clouded with not a country with not a country to the country of with not a star to Suddenly, it was as venc opened and he co

of things spiritual. touched and he was power to peer into the flows the laughter to earch out the inn to earch out the jum of the hearts of men ears were attuned to the flowers, the b song birds. A has the strings of his was set into motion for brightness, delice ing sympathy have be part, seldom counter

part. seldom equaler poets. Such is Fath ception of poetry: A gleam of Heaven: Star Held captive in the Mony;
A silence, shell-like, The rapture of the

The blindness of F pathetic thing, for h with a passionate Charles' College is i surpassing beauty.
with its lofty minar of quite a pile to foreground is in the summer months a ga pacious lawns gl flowers. woods, abounding in

> follows every ho Sur S

It is just SOA ith peculiar quing clothes.

our Willie whipped the HT THE DEAN.

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costiveness and before the eyes,

ness,

ATER WONDER.

Y, OCTOBER 15, 1908.

The Poet-Priest Who Has Become Blind.

Father John B. Tabb.

(Baltimore American.) (Baltimore Americans.)

Father John Bamister Tabb, the noted poet of the Catholic Church and one of the sweetest singers who are drawn their inspiration from have maryland environs, is blind. Some sight or nine eminent physicians have been consulted, but there appears to been consulted, but there appears to ben consulted, but there appears to ben o hope, and the poet, whose hearming verses have delighted the charming verses have delighted the chart of childhood, struck sympathe-tic chords from the breasts of men and women of mature years and won unstinted praise from unbiased critics now sits in darkness at St. Charles ow sits in darkness at St. Charles college, beyond Ellicott City—his college, beyond Ellicott City—his ow sits in the second college, beyond Ellicott City—his college, beyond Ellicott City—his college, beyond Ellicott City—his college, beyond the beauty of the blooming flowers and verdured hills that environ the campus where he was wont to draw his inspiration.

Father Tabb's eyesight has failed him at the threshold of undying fame. Just as he was about to enter the portals, in the estimation of the critics, light was suddenly denied him, and he gropes about in darkness. Yet, who knows? May it not be that through his physical loss the spiritual vision will become keener? May it not be that the poet's soul, unhampered by the distractions of material things, shall, through its loftier perceptions, yet the better lead men upwards and into the beauties of those spiritual things which it is permitted but few men to see? Is there not a touch of prophecy in these lines, written before his affliction came: College, beyond Envoyed eves blinded to the beauty of

Ah, if my grief his guerdon be, My dark his light, I count each loss felicity, And bless the night.

Who knows but what blindness has come upon him in order that he might reach greater poetic heights, like blind Milton, of whom he wrote:

So fair thy vision that the right Abided with thee, lest the light A flaming sword before thine eyes Had shut thee out from Paradise.

John Banister Tabb is a Virginian by birth and a Marylander by adop-tion. He was born in Amelia coun-ty, March 22, 1845, and is, there-fore, sixty-three years old. He re-ceived a good education at the hands of private tutors, and when the civil broke out he entered the Conrate navy. He was a prisoner of 1864-5, and after the conflict war 1861-5, and after the conflict was ended came to Baltimore, where he studied music. Subsequently he taught at St. Paul's school, Balti-more, and at Racine College, Michi-gan. In 1872 he became a Roman atholic and studied at St. Charles' but little has been written of Fa-little has been written of Fa-

her Tabb-famed though he is-so modest and retiring is the man. To a insuest and recirring is the mini. I defined, though, he once confided that his poetic vision fell upon him like a direct gift from God, at a moment when, following the war, he was in need and knew not where to turn. in need and knew not where to turn.

His sky was clouded. It was night
with not a star to light his way.

Suddenly, it was as though the heawee opened and he caught a glimpse
of things spiritual. His eyes were
touched and he was imparted the
power to peer into the springs whence
flows the laughter of ch Idhood and
to earch out, the sweapersest executions to earch out the innermost emotions of the hearts of men and women. His of the nearts of men and women. His ears were attuned to the music of the flowers, the brooks and the song birds. A hand swept across the strings of his heart, and there was set into motion melodies which was set into motion melodies which for brightness, delicacy and pervading sympathy have been, for the most part, seldom equaled by modern poets. Such is Father Tabb's conception of poetry:

A gleam of Heaven: the passion of a Held captive in the clasp of har-

a poet's meditation, while near by are the eternal hills, verdured in the summer time with growing green and radiant in the autumn with the

burnished gold of changing leaf It was from such environment that Father Tabb drew much of his inspiration. It was his custom to wander forth early in the morning while the dewdrops yet glistened on the grass, led and allured by flower or hird or fern. It was heart that bird or fern. It was here that observed the butterfly-

Leafless, stemless, floating flower, From a rainbow's scattered bower.

Or the mocking bird-

Heart that cannot sleep for song!

The humming bird he saw as-

A lash of harmless lightning, A mist of rainbow dyes.

He felt a close kinship with the manifestations of nature. loved them for their refinement, loved them for their refinement, for their delicate beauty, for the lessons which they taught, for the emotions that they aroused, and, probably, for the r symbolism of innocence and purity in the midst of a world of imperfection. He claimed brotherhood with the violet, in the following lines:

And dreamest thou, sweet violet, That I, the vanished star, The dewdrop and the morning sun Thy closet kinsmen are? So near that, waking or asleep,

We each and all thine image keep?

His idealization of the flower is summarized in his poem "Blossom":

For this the fruit, for this the seed,

For this the parent tree:
The least to man, the most to God—
A fragrant mystery, Where love, with beauty glorified,

Forgets utility The lark, the wood robin, the rose the violet, the golden rod, the dande-lion, the water lily, the summer wind and the seasons all spoke to him, and their forcing and their fancies and their memories are all embalmed in the tenderest of

Father Tabb is essentially a nature lover. In all the many beautiful things that spring from the ground, in sky and sea, and in all the phenomena and mysteries of light and shadow he took the keenest delight. The cruelty of it now is that all these beauties are veiled to him. He can no longer walk through his well-trodden paths ro find the violet shrinking modestly from the light. Instead, a friend must guide him One. friend must guide him. One can fancy there being pointed out to him the rose, with its petals dead and droop-ing, and hear him in reply repeat with saddened voice his apostrophe:

Alas! one day hath told

The tale to thee!
Thy tender leaves unfold

Life's mystery; Its shadow falls alike on thee and

Blindness began to fall upon the poet last December, since which time the darkness has become deeper and deeper. Bitter as the blow is, Father Tabb remains philosophic and cheerful, bearing his cross with true Christian courses. When it became evident tian courage. When it became evident that sight was leaving him he wrote this poem, which is remarkable for its philosophic acceptance of a con-dition which to most men is worse than death itself:

GOING BLIND.

Back to the primal gloom Where life began As to my mother's womb,

Must I a man

Return:

Not to be born again,

mony;
A silence, shell-like, breathing from And in the school of Darkness learn

orders of the spring and summer months a garden spot, with the spacious lawns glowing with the gold and crimson of carefully cultivated flowers. Adjacent are the woods, abounding in nooks to invite others. His verse is distinguished for its sympathy with whatever subjects it treats, whether from nature, literature or religion, for the delicacy and refinement of its sentiment and for its precision. Throughout there is



TO A PROPOSED INTERVIEW.

An interview would be to me A species of mintic,
Or an apendix to be cut
Without an anesthetic.
And why expose to public view
A man's intestine features?
'Tis outworthy above.

Tis outwardly alone we look Unlike our fellow-creatures.

Though naked Truth concerning Poe Through telephonic lines may go, When out she comes full dressed for

Her face on friend of hers may know.

So far as the immortality of Father Table as a poet is concerned; even though he writes no more and no greater poems, be is entitled to lasting fame for his chief epitome of "Evolution." which is life and the resurrection in itself:

Out of the dusk of a shadow, Then, a spart of of the cloud of silence,

Then, a lark: Out of the heart a rapture, Then, a pain;
Out of the dead, cold ashes,
Life again!

The Charch Which Does Not Change.

In a recent volume entitled "The Personal Equation," Professor Harry Thurston Peck, of Columbia College, and editor of The Bookman, devotes one essay to a review of the life of Huysman, the French mystic. In the course of it he pays the following tribute to the authority and stability of the Catholic Church:

"To those of us who are Protestants, the book is full of deep instruction in revealing with startling

ants, the book is full of deep in-struction in revealing with startling force the secret of the power of that wonderful religious organizat on which has made provision for the what mean "The blindness of Father Tabb is a pathetic thing, for he is shut off from a sight of the things he loved with a passionate devotion. St. Charles' College is in the midst of surpassing beauty. Old and quaint with its lofty minarets, it is in itself quite a pile to inspire holy thoughts, while the campus in the foreground is in the spring and summer months a garden spot, with its spacious lawns glowing with the

a delightful absence of misty, hazy classical allusions, which gives an added charm.

Father Tabb shuns publicity as the violet shrinks from sunlight. Modesty is the leading characteristic of the man. It is said of him that so retiring is his disposition that when high church dignitaries have suddenly visited the college he has been known to run away from the table and hide. In response to a request for an interview he returned the kindly-meant answer: "I would rather submit to an operation for appendicitis." Thus he expressed his abhorrence of publicity. His kindly intent, however, is indicated by the following signed verse which he penned to be interviewers:

TO A PROPOSED INTERVIEW. big parade are in the hands of Vicar-General Patterson, who has chosen Major John J. Leonard chief marshal.

Great Jesuit School in China.

Unlike our fellow-creatures.

Such is the modesty of the man who claims no distinction above other men.

Father Tabb will still write, but his pen cannot follow the lines of the pages so true. From the poet's fingers the poem will be taken in hand by a friend and recopied for hand by a friend and recopied for though, so long may he be expected to write, for he has quaffed so deep to mature, and so well does he know humanity, that he has stored

A splendid tribute to the work of the Jesuit Fathers in China appears in eletter recently received by Emisory Elwood of Florida, Montgomery County, N.Y., from his son Watter Elwood, who is on his way to Marilla to take up the work of a government teacher in the Philippines. Mr. Elwood travelled through China and visited the great Jesuit school on the time of the Fort Plain Free Press and is interesting throughout:

know humanity, that he has stored up within him a font of inspiration that will never go dry.

He has lost his sight, but perhaps he has gained a keener vision, while Maryland, it may be, when the final estimate is passed, may place his name beside that of another beloved son whom he admires and defends—Edgar Allen Poe.

Some time ago there appeared in another paper what purported to be the views of Father Tabb regarding Poe. In the story it was declared the views of Father Tabb regarding ful with its 1200 boys and 1000 Poe. In the story it was declared that Father Tabb, whenever he came such admirable work, especially in to Baltimore, paid a visit to the corner of Westminster churchyard, and kneeling down, said a prayer over the grave of the author of "The Raven." The report also contained what purported to be an interview with Fether Tabb, giving what were the Views and 1000 boys ing a life-size statue in wood of St.

John or the Virgin and doing it
beautifully, or an oil painting of
Christ anyong the doctors. Little
fellows, too, worked defuly at their
second water colors. In the printing

with Father Tabb, giving what were said to be his views of Poe and the methods he employed to lead the students of St. Charles College to admire the work of that brilliant but unhappy and unfortunate genius.

Following the publication of the books, both in Chinese and in French, in fact did most of the printing for the more particle, the American received the following lines from Father Tabb, written on a postal card:

ON THE SUN'S REPORT OF MY

To Note the Virgin and come beautifully, or an oil painting of Christ andong the doctors. Little sacred water colors. In the printing room, they made all their own text books, both in Chinese and in French, in fact did most of the printing for Catholic China. The room in which the finished products were kept for sale was a revelation to me and I wished again that I was for then once a millionaire. Father Scherer once a millionaire. Father Sc must have been gratified at ever-repeated appreciation and ever-repeated appreciation and un-ceasing flow of admiration which resulted naturally and not from a desire to be polite. Then he made us sit down at a long, narrow table with chairs at only one side and as 4rd us whether we would have beer or claret. He looked like a German then all right in spite of his, long queue and his Chinese dress of white linen. It was the most natural thing in the world to come out with a good hearty Gesundheit. He assured us that he believed he could not find any water. Eating French bread was likewise an experience to little William, not so much on account of the novel surroundings. We marveled duly at the crowded museums and the biggest library in China, and the Cathedral-like chapel which will be completed in another which will be completed in another I was amused, too, looking in year. I was amused, too, looking in through a tiny hole at a room full of little Chinese boys and hearing them study out of their primers at the top of their voices, just as Swinton's Second Reader said. The ringing of the chimes, too, sounded mighty nice in their heathen wrong.

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MISSION

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

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

I am still obliged to say Mass and giv. Benediction in a mean upper room. Yet, such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the County of Norfolk measuring 35 x 20 n.

The weekly offerings of the ongregation are necessarily small, he must have outside help for the preser or head down the Flag.

The generosity of the Catho, higher the control of the county of Norfolk measuring 35 x 20 n.

The weekly offerings of the ongregation are necessarily small, he must down the Flag.

The generosity of the Catho, higher the control of the preserve of head down the Hag.

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

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

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

FATHER H. W. GRAY,

Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, Eng'd.
P. S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Ham and St. anthony.

(EPISCOPAL AUTHORIZATION)

(EFISCOPAL AUTHORIZATION)
Dear Father Grey,
You have duly accounted for thealms
which you have received, and you have
placed them securely in the names of
Diocesan Trustees. Your efforts have
gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakennam. I authorise you to continue to solicit alms for
this object until, in my judgment, it has
been fully attained.
Yours faithfully in Christ,

I F W KEATING,
Bishop of Northampton.

side of the world. When we finall side of the world. When we finally drove away in our lew, corporatable cabriolet, with culter-tired wheels and a coachman. I had a most delightful memory of cool quiet, dormitories and school rooms as neat as a pin and as bright, of shadowy cloisters, and busy shops, of noiseless chapels, and tinkling chimes, of gracious fathers and curious boys. I should have enjoyed seeing how wisshould have enjoyed seeing how wi should have enjoyed seeing how wisdom and industry were cultivated
among the girls, but you have to
have a woman along and Mrs. Mitchell had already gone to play tennis. I was extremely grateful for
the exhibition bordering on an exresistion, which I had had shown me Brantford Lady Suffered till Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. A. H. Thompson had Heart Discord Lumbage and Plant Season Lumbage and Plant Seaso ease, Lumbago and Rheumatism, guist, indeed, speakling German, French, English, Greek, Mandarin and Shanghai Chinese. He speals E lish better than an American. Catholic Sun, Syracuse.

whided, how the experience of nineteer hundred years has been stored up and recorded, and how all that man has ever known is known to those of who guide and perpetuate this mighty system. And in these days, when doctors of divinity are devoting their energies to nibbling away the founds are forged on theological anvils, there is something reassuring in the contemp, ation of that Church which does not change from age to age, which stands unshaken on the rock of its convictions and which speak to the wavering and troubled soul in the series and served during the week beginning October 28 with a series of served during the week beginning October 28 with a series of served during the week beginning October 28 with a series of served during the week beginning October 28 with a series of served worthing the week beginning October 28 with a series of served worthing the week beginning October 28 with a series of served worthing the week beginning October 28 with a series of served worthing the week beginning October 28 with a series of served worthing the week beginning October 28 with a series of served worthing the week beginning October 28 with a series of served worthing the week beginning October 28 with a series of served worthing the week beginning October 28 with a series of served worthing the week beginning October 28 with a series of served worthing the worthing the worthing of the discoses of Boston will be observed during the week beginning October 28 with a series of served worthing the worthing of the warring worthing the worthing

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If the English Speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Prevince consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the TRUE WITNESS one of the most prospercus and powerful Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who encourage

this excellent work. PAUL.

Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1908.

Honor to Whom Honor is Due.

It is not the policy of our paper to throw mud at anyone less stand by and see it done. The enemies of a man's own household are those whom he has to guard against, so, in conscience, as Catholics, let us not be the one to cast the first stone. Quite apart and outside of politics, we want to place on record our disapproval of the action of certain Catholics who are trying to besmirch mier, a statesman of whom we are justly proud. and to assert feardetract from a name which will one tish flag went, and Anglican as far lonely hamlet and keep kindled the day be engraved upon the honor roll as concerned a comprehensive lack of of the world's history. Ingratitude has been the common reward of all made the day when history will give to the world actual facts. It should Church party did not raise the point not then be the policy of any paper

The Law of the Church.

for ages the benefit of their virtuous example, their learning and their paternal government. No act, how-ever, of either Pontiff will outlive the says Lambeth? The innocent party watch around feel lonesome future of the Church more positively may marry again, but they had betthan this codification of the law. In a country like ours many do not reflect upon the subject. are ignorant about most of the laws of the Church. Occasionally in life, as for example at the time of marriage, the fact is impressed upon individuals that the Church has laws. Otherwise most of us go through the world quite indifferent, with more practical respect for the law of the land than for the legislation of the The idea of the Church le-Church. Whoever thought of such gislating! We forget that the Church a thing? is a society—not a mere association whose purpose is to administer to us certain sacraments and to help us in the work of salvation. True the Church does all this and does it well, but she does it as a society. The Church is a kingdom founded by our Blessed Lord with all the power and sanction which He Himself possessed. Its power of government is not the mere voluntary acceptance of its communicants. Its law is no ordinbe destroyed if you are not able to ary changing to suit the liberal easy views of its members, or the views this been the constitution of the Church it would not have lasted a hundred years. We have in the Church Pope, bishops, priests and laity. Amongst priests we have two main divisions regular and secular. Then there are religious, not priests, forming a class by themselves. All these have various ecclesiastical relations which require stability, equity and due re-Law, gard to the common good. therefore, is most necessary in the great Church whose ramifications great Church whose ramifications reach to the ends of the earth, whose children differ so much in national customs and temperament, and most lies do not meet often enough. A customs and temperament, and most of all because Mother Church's single gathering of Catholics from a dispurpose is to keep us in the truth tance and from all points of the comand lead us to heaven. The history of this law dates back to apostolic to do much good. These congresses times. As ages advanced and the are more common in the old world Church increased modifications and and especially in Germany where they it regulated itself, Remark well, it additions were made. Now a new helped considerably in keeping the order has arisen. It has seemed good centre Party together and in comto our Sovereign Pontiff to eliminate bating the atheism of German philwork in turning the horse when he what has grown useless from chang- osophy. Their subjects are by no ed circumstances, and to consolidate means limited. Sometimes questions all in a practical code. This is truly an immense work; important, too, for it concerns us all as subjects of Christ's Kingdom.

THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE.

This gathering of Anglicans last spring from all parts of the British Empire and a few other sparsely that work is largely local and dioscattered points is in marvellous contrast to the Eucharistic Congress. The former was an assembly of all available officials—a Pan-Anglican Synod, as much like an Occumenical Council of the lopped branch as the The very meeting of members of Establishment could make it. History will never rank it with the real Occumenical Councils, nor will theologians appeal to its decrees as evidence of Christ's teaching. However it was Pan as far as the Bridogma and a complacent desire of leaving all questions upon religion untouched. Nothing could be more harmonious. Everything went merry as a marriage bell, for all trouble was canefully avoided. The High about the Real Presence or the practice of confession. The Evangelicals were equally courteous: 'they never said a word about Roman imitation, not a word about Rome itself. This we might have expected, for undoubtedly Rome generally occupies a fair Few people, think or know of the famous and develops and the famous and the famous and the famous and famous and develops and the famous and famous and famous and develops and the famous and the famous and the famous and the famous and develops and the famous and share of attention. Besides Rome has for a long time ween receiving

titled to marry another while the Catholic former wife lives? Church says, No, certainly not. What ter seek it outside the Church. The ter seek it outside the Church. The innocent Anglican may not present himself to be married, but he and his new consort may both go to communion. All this is mere adcommunion. All this is mere adcommunion. All this is mere advice—issued by no authority and unsupported by any plea other than opinion. Here is the crucial difficulty of all Anglicanism. The two hundred and forty-three heads at the Conference were so many and no long the conference were so many and no long the crowded streets, guard him against the locations of the crowded streets, guard him against the crowded streets, guard him against the conference were so many and no long the crowded streets, guard him against the picture of the crowded streets, guard him against the picture of the cribunal of human justices. opinion. Here is the crucial difficul-Conference were so many and Conference were so many and no more—every head counted. There was no head to the conference, and consequently—no unity. It lacked one chief shepherd, one supreme and unity of his manner, to put something in the little box which he holds in the little box which he holds in the little box was it that in the little box was it that no charistic Congress on the other hand was a unit in its faith, its deliberations and its submission. There was those through the whole cloth which bound together the warp and woof in beauty and strength as evidence of unity-and productive of fruit. It is these two things which are sadly lacking in Lambeth Conference. Unity it had not, and fruit it cannot produce by reason of its weakness, and because Anglicanism is a lopped branch.

CATHOLIC CONGRESSES. army. This su and fear man,

Now that the Eucharistic Congres has passed into history it is opportune to consider Catholic Congresses generally. So many and various are the interests of the Church that the holding of these meetings plays an do not meet often enough. A pass from time to time cannot fail social and economical as well as his- horseman, the animal is torical and theological are taken rather than forced to obey, and up and discussed. Supposing the English-speaking Catholics of Canada held a congress in the near future, what an interesting programme might be formed making for the support, strength and edification of the whole before We should be support. up and discussed. Supposing whole body. We should learn weaknesses and our power. That is not bad: we could heal the former and direct the latter. It is certain cesan. This is organized and fairly looked after. Beyond this class lies so much not done that souls perish for want of laborers and our cause suffers for want of encouragement faith brings with it mutual blessings and the prayer of the united flock is a guarantee for its efficaciousness. We are a scattered people-from sea

dimming, flickering light of faith. A request before the City Council for increased fire protection moving picture shows leads us to ask why as urgent a demand has not been made for public surveillance over the representations put on at some of our city theatres, the evil fluence of which must tell on the lives of young girls and boys who among their best patrons. But what care theatre managers for blighted lives. What care they for the story of ruin told in public print every day so long as the money jingles in day so long as the money ringles in their pockets. Fire, with its cruel of laymen. Within her own sacramental sphere consequences, is a possibility none of

anner, to put somet box which he holds Who was it that

step seems to speak to us in words of God to Job: "Wilt give strength to the horse, or and woof in beauty and strength which manifested themselves to the wide world, for the eyes of the world were upon that Congress as it were almost a regular Council of the Church. In history it will live as evidence of unity—and productive sword. Above him shall the quiver rattle, the spear and shield shall glitter. Chasing and raging he swallow-eth the ground, neither doth he make account when the noise of the trum-pet soundeth. When he heareth the run pet he saith Ha, Ha; he smelleth trumpet he saith Ha, Ha, he smelleth the battle afar off, the encouraging of the captains, and the shouting of the army. This superb animal will love and fear man, who will regulate his strength and make him like another self."

See this ardent horse while his trainer is breaking him in, how ir-

trainer is breaking him in, how ir-regular his movements are: This is the effect of his ardor, and this ardor come from his strength which badly used. He composes himself, be broken in, he does nothing but what is asked of him, he can trot, he can run, not with the activity that exhausted him, by which his obedience was disobedient. His ardor is changed into strength, or rather, since this strength was in a way in this ardor was not destroyed but regulated. He was wild. No, but by a simple move-ment which indicates the will of the just simply listens the peaceful brute and his action

our Noble animal, made to be guin God and to carry Him, so to speak in this lies his courage, his nobility But the horse, proud of his station

for he carries the warrior to battle and the hunter to chase the deer, he must have costly food and be well cared for. The poor man therefore cannot possess such a beast. What will replace the horse for him, he

must also live.
See, beside the charger, there is another animal, more modest, move laborious, hardier, more frugal, content with almost any kind of food weeds, leaves, thistles; an animal weeds, leaves, thistles; an animal that will help the poor in everything, sowing, reaping, hauling, his friends or his family from one place to anoth er. The ass can do even some things do. He will climb the bigh mountain, he will walk surefooted in the narrowest paths, even along the brink of a precipice. The she-ass, whose milk very often gives health to the sick will be seen later on carrying the king of the poor in triumph to Jerusalem.

Greatest Need of Church in America.

(From the Boston Pilot.)
The greatest need of the Catholic Church in America to-day is not more priests or more money, though the lack of both retards many a good work, but more loyal, energetic and

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tribute to our stock. every pair guaran-

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BRENNANS

and passing conditions. priest had to be the factorimitive primitive and passing conditions. Once the priest had to be the factotum for the people were poor and
illiterate. They are not so to day.
The composition and environment of
the average panish are far different
from those of half a century ago.
There are many things that laymen
can do for a parish if they have
good will and right dispositions.
Every parish includes Catholics of
wealth, education and ability who
often do little more than the poor

often do little more than the often do little more than the poor laborer, but devote their efforts to a vain attempt at scaling the social ramparts. The Church forsooth must rest content with the prestige of writing their names on the parish

would co-operate if they could run the parish, others in the parish would help them in business, others if the pastor were removed: they see the Church because some priest. Some stand aloof nurs ing some ancient gruuge of word and contribute nothing except

It is not now a question of interference, of trustee system, of panish advisory board. We have done advisory board. We have done with that, let us hope, forever. It is a question of permissible and needed co-operation in proper lines. These lines are many, but for the present, we shall take one, charity. Outside the Church charity has be come a highly organized and special-ized profession. All that is left of Protestantism has been poured the cup of humanitarianism. The acof these agencies is incessant, workers, system, are all to their hands. On the other Money, workers, system, at ready to their hands. On t side stands the priest alone CATHOLIC SOCIETIES

LITTLE CHARITY WORK The Conference of St. Vincent de Paul could be made real dynamos of charitable energy, but laymen decline to give personal service to the work, which falls by default into the hands of a few well intentioned folk who do what they can and that is little enough. You may find on all sides non-Catholic professional and business men whose every hour is valuable, giving their time without valuable, giving their time without stint to philanthropic work, but Catholics of the same class seem to consider such service degrading. There are namy societies exclusively Catholic in membership and they do singularly little, as a rule, for charitable works. There is in every parish a many-sided and sore need for charitable activity, yet the average layman takes little more interest in it all than he does in the politics of Thibot. The Church here will never reach her full stature and power for good until laymen do their part. good until laymen do their part.
Why this endless counting of heads?

It is not skulls but the quality their contents that count. Numerically we may be strong, but dynamically we are puny. This is the reason for 'Federation.' The laymen must be awakened to the enlarged horizon be a wascened to the entarged nonzon of his duties and the increased measure of his responsibilities. It is only by getting together, takking these thiags over, listening to leaders who are not buried in details but survey the Church from the heights, and who have thought long and deeply on her needs in this land and age. survey the Charles of the standard of literary in consists of themselves for their lack of interests and be brought to see that presence at Mass and a dollar in the contribution box denote a narrow and ignormorant conception of the duties of Catholics in twentieth century America.

New York recently included the standard of literary included the setting attack on a young Cincinnati woman attack on

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MONTREAL



his household! His life is a fresh refutation of the charge that faith and science are incompatible.

Demoralizing to Children.

One of the chief features of the American playground congress held in New York recently was the spirited attack on a young Cincinnati women

THURSDAY, OCT

Have you ever in the western per Comemara District or of nature and simulation and lad coan and smiling castles and ruined visit to this charmleasure not soon year ago for the wilds of Connect Europe or Americ the stand enjoymer hear from so great and enjoymer hear from so great dward VII, Kim in "all his vast 12 more pleasing and han on the west And yet how few visitors who crows steamers every yes ful district. The li had and the high not to speak of the tion on the Conti of American touri holidays and not inows of this "be knows of this or and Killarney ar hurried visit to way in the North tor's tour in the the opinion of the mara district, whe has in many respent the lover of has in many respective upon the lover of of these places. Wrist abroad next racy of this states When the writer English Lake Cours in this charm. English Lake Coing in this charm was impressed stit claims of the rug latter were superi-graceful charms of places suffer from varicator who sa

there three-fourths writer had been t and it did not rai It was also that of red fiction who lers had deserted gister at one hot with Pittsburg a names. Why so m come to the lakes It must overjoy the clean water. As for the water there are the same and the same and the same are the same and the same are the same and the same are the sa clean water. As in landers, they must the stern and forbit the local Sabbath only by inroads or sionists poured inta at its Fort Williar Furness railway, a

terprising concern One cannot help One cannot help William Henry end, of Lake Winderme George on a small is ten miles long a has its hills, mostl and it has its nar Bownes. It has a on which the Sanga a hotel like the S this one is built o cheaper here than The mountains r

northern ends of t is a habit of Euro find the same thir Maggiore and Gard cerne, Geneva and the picture, The n not the towering, you see in Italy and they command re 3,000 feet and sor scarred and rugged that they look like mites. But after all who

But after all what first sight is Engla talent for packing, we all know, a var this district she ha quisitely beautiful by of lake scener ing to the newcom see this district is 90ach, and cooch coach, and coache direction. They too, for a large pa travel of this distr them and they t time.

It is not all skitt them, for they ratt rain and mud, and without danger. without danger. Verday at the Nag' sort of halfway ho foot of Dummail Parton Windermere to quarter of an hour bilist rushed by u

bilist rushed by u that it had been of ple badly hurt.

But it is a captiful a goodly lar beavy, dogged w beavy, dogged w courting the ready of light, eager, sau of light, ager, saw which, needed n ars which, needed n whistles, whirtled mere to Keskick, a two miles over mo two miles over mo and a half hours, a the yard at the Ke time to a second.

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CHURCH, CHIME SCHOOL & OTHER BELLS

His life is a fresh f the charge that faith re incompatible

izing to Children.

chief features of the ground congress held in cently was the spirited oung Cincinnati woman unmers, on the comic anday newspapers. Miss of the best known stohildren in this country, y applauded when she in these papers emaced on deceit, on cuniscrespect for gray hairs. supplement of the Sunsupplement of the Sur-ers is lowering the iterary appreciation," and debasing the morals d debasing the morals
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if gifted writers for be found capable of anuine fun for the coarse on we so prominent. Seems in but one waying in his own activity wrishes to be many wrishes to be many activity wishes to be many active to imitate most vital purpose of or give bigh ideals which din other acts. This truth may be many writues, and Idindness, hospitality. It riced out in terms of the according to the woon, which rewards the stributive justice, which was a condition of the capable of

The Wilds of Connemara and the English Lake District.

Have you ever been for a holiday in the western part of Ireland, the Comemara District? If you are a lover of nature and sky at their best, of mountain and lake, of the great ocan and smiling valleys, of historic oseles and ruined shrines, then your rist to this charming region was a pleasure not soon to be forgotten, A year ago for the third time the writar spent a pleasant formight in the pleasure not the third time the writer ago for the third time the writer spent a pleasant fortnight in the groups of Comemara," nowhere in Europe or America did he find such rest and enjoyment. He happened to hear from so great an authority as Edward VII, King of England, that in "all his vast Empire there was no more pleasing and auttractive scenery than on the west coast of Ireland," And yet how few of our American visitors who crowd the transatlantic desamers every year visit this delightteamers every year visit this delight-id district. The lake region of Eng-nd and the highlands of Scotland, and the inginarios of Scottand, not to speak of the places of attrac-tion on the Comtinent, have crowds of American tourists spending their of American tourists spending their holidays and not one in a thousand knows of this "beauty spot" in Ireland. Killarney and Wicklow, with a hurried visit to the Giant's Causeway in the North, exhaust the visitor's tour in the Green Isle, but in the opinion of the writer the Conners district. which is passed over. mare district, which is passed over, has in many respects stronger claims upon the lover of nature than any of these places. When you plan your visit abroad next year test the accu-

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1908.

visit alroad next year test the accuracy of this statement. When the writer passed over to the English Lake Country after lingering in this charming Irish region he was impressed \$\fomalfontilde{8}\text{ill}\$ more that the claims of the rugged beauty of the claims of the rugged to the quiet. latter were superior to the quiet, graceful charms of the former. Both places suffer from that ancient preplaces suffer from that anotent pre-varicator who says that "it raims there three-fourths of the time." The writer had been there for two weeks and it did not rain one-fourth of the

It was also that same namufacturer of red fiction who declared that because of the rains American travellers had deserted the lakes. The register at one hotel simply bristled with Pittsburg and New England names. Why so many Pittsburgers come to the lakes it is easy to guess. It must overjoy them to see so much clean water. As for the New Englanders, they must be attracted by the stern and forbidding character of the local Sabbath which is shaken only by inroads of Liverpool excursionists poured into Lake Windermere at its Fort William Henry end by the Furness railway, a commendably enterprising concern of modern tendencies. It was also that same nanufacture

1850. There is a rock on its banks, and they call it "Wordsworth's Seat" Perhaps it was, perhaps it was not, but it is certain that directly oppobut it is certain that orrectly site this rock rolls up the towering crest of Nab Scar, like a mighty crest of Nab Scar, like a mighty green breaker overhanging the glassy mere. Wordsworth made Nab Scar immortal in letters, and not far away is Nab Cottage, where at times dwelt such spirits as Thomas de Quincy and

Hartley Coleridge. Hartley Coleridge.
You can see the old Wordsworth cottage from the coach road as you pass by, or you can walk up a lane and enter it. It is a very humble house, an abode of narrow means, where living must always have been

house, an abode of narrow means, where living must always have been plain and still must be. But after all men and women gaze upon it with interest and even emotion, and tho fame of it goes wherever the bellike music of English poesy has rung its mellow note.

HOMES OF LITERARY MEN. When the little boat begins to slip over the shining waters of Windemere you suddenly find yourself in the glory of this land of song and in region of romance and home of history. The first sight on your left is Graythwaite Hall, once the residence of Sir Henry Roscoe, the barrister, son of William Roscoe, the historian and father of Henry Enfield Roscoe, the chemist, whose study of the chemical properties of light made him famous in the world of science. Next you come to Storrs, where Christopher North on a wondrous day in

worth, Southey, Canning and Scott, all lured to see a regatta in honor of

a bould like the Sequence than wood.

The mountains rise all around the control of the control o

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHI

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To means a necessary condition for obtaining divine favors through the second special fath and persevering prayer are the funes with a still an stude on a square whose with the still intense and the second square where the second square with the still intense and the square when the square with the still intense and the square with the still intense of the same the square with the square are the square with the still intense and the square times as many a square fath and persevering prayer are the fune and summary and the same and the still intense of the square and the square with the square are the square with the square and the square with law the square and the square with law the square and the square with law the square with law the square with law the square and the square with the square and the square with law the square with

popularly known.

Even in this unbelieving generation the miraculous still exists at Holywell, for here incurables have been made whole, cripples have thrown away their crutches, paralytics have walked away sound, the blind have been made to see and weaklings have been made strong.

The town of Holywell is prettily

holy charity she died; here words or science. Next you come to Storrs, where Christopher North on a wondrous day in 1825 gathered into his net Wordsworth, Southey, Canning and Scott, all lured to see a regadta in honor of the Scotch novelist.

Descentive you see Belle Island,

terprising concern of modern tendencies.

One cannot help calling it the Fort William Henry end, because the whole of Lake Windermere resembles Lake George on a small scale. This lake is ten miles long and a mile wide. It has its hills, mostly on the west side, and it has its narrows, right below Bownes. It has an island like that on which the Sagamore too; but this one is built of slate, which is cheaper here than wood.

The mountains rise all around the northern ends of the lake, and that is a habit of European lakes. You find the same thing at Como and Magaziore and Garda. However, Lucorne, Geneva and Constance reverse the picture, The mountains here are not the towering, imposing pile that you see Belle Island, where in the days when surly Roundhead hound the heads hummed their hyams one Major Phillipson, called Robin the Devil, withstood a siege of eight months by Cromwellian troops, Again you spy Elleray, the estate boughtby Christopher North when he went to live in the lake district and a hotel like the Sagamore too; but this one is built of slate, which is cheaper here than wood.

The mountains rise all around the charmed atmosphere. You can look into the mountains where dwelt one Hogarth, a farmer, whose son's name will live forever because he laid certain lines and Magaziore and Garda. However, Lucorne, Geneva and Constance reverse the picture, The mountains here are not the towering, imposing pile that you see Belle Island, where in the days when surly Roundhead Robin the Developed and tumbled about that they look like wandering Dolomites.

But after all what impresses one at the forth when he went to live in the lake the widest part.

But after all what impresses one at the forth when he went to live in the lake the mountains in here of Felicia Henans. At length you come to the upper reach the proper saintly virgin's name."

In the story of St. Winefride to wind the district and a world what is legend to with the district and a hotel like the Sagamore too; but the same thing at Como and Magaziore an

dreland. For months he had been saving for the journey, and he was full of faith in the healing powers of the waters; and he was certain that The white-haired old priest in his cassock and surplus mingled with the American visitors and rattled a collecting box. Morning service had just been concluded, and pilgrims to the shrine of St. Winefride thronged the pretty little Welsh town of Treffynnon, or Holywell, as it is more popularly known.

In the waters; and he was certain that Divine Providence designed the marvellous cures so constantly occurring at St. Winefride's Well to bring back many to the Church of their fore-farthers. He had three baths, and he assured me that already he felt much better.

One young man was so weak that

One young man was so weak that he had to be supported into the water. Once in the well, however, he seemed to gain new strength, and he splashed about with all the vigor of a healthy man taking a morning

dip.

At a hotel in the town I was told of a young American lady who had departed hysterical with gratitude. She had been cured of epilepsy, and she could not express her gratitude She only wept tears in thanks. joy.-Special Commissioner of day Chronicle

Actress Wants Stage Censorship

Miss Marie Cahill, the well known Miss Marie Cabill, the well known Catholic actress who protested against compelling chorus girls to wear tights and immodestly short skirts, again reflects credit on herself and the self-respecting members of her profession by taking up 'a vigorous crusade a-zainst the un-

hide it is In her letters the actress makes a between frank attack on the vaudeville manisis legenauers giving "Salome" dances, derivide was clares that they have thrown for a neigh-feited the privilege of judging what the chose the vouth of the country may be permitted to see the mitted to see. She characterizes the "Salome" dances as "such theatrical offerings as clothe pernicious subjects in a boasted artistic atmosphere, but which are really an excuse for the most vulgar exhibition that this country has ever been called upon to

of the vaudeville theatres of late, I am in favor of making the censorship general. The legitimate stage has nothing to fear from the judgment of men of discretion.

"In sending this letter to you I realize that I may become liable to the charge of unwarranted interference and run the risk of being class."

ence and run the risk of being class-ed with that band of questionable pa-triots who desire to dictate to their neighbors even the proper time for sneezing; but the evident fact that the stage is a great amusement teaching institution seems to me to demand that it be watched with the same civic care which is given to the public school.

public school.

"The stage is the uneducated youth's only school, and its texts should be chosen with the same care as is given by a board of education." It is for the young and innocent that I am pleading. The older persons go for amusement where they please. The younger persons may instances are where they in many instances go where please. So the only way to

please. So the only way to protect them! is to place a censorship over what they may go to see.

"London has a censorship which is very successful, for while it has always shwn discretion, it has not made the English stage dull and intolerable to the amagement layer.

tolerable to the amusement lover.

"The stage of America cannot be unclean if that of New York is pro-

The New Code of Pope Pius X.

It is announced by the editor of "Rome" that the end of the work of codifying the laws of the Church—the gigantic work which is perhaps the greatest and most far-reaching of all the practical reforms that have crowded this wonderful five years of the pontificate of Pope Pius X—is already in sight. He states that in ready in sight. He states that in about six months from now all the about six months from now all the bishops who rule dioceses throughout the Catholic world will receive draft copies of the new Code of Pius X. After that more than a year and probably less than two years must elapse before the Code can be promulgated, because each of the bishops will be asked to institute a study of the plan. asked to institute a study of the plan submitted to him, and having done submitted to him, and having done this, to forward to Rome any observations he may have to make, especially those based on his experience of local needs and conditions. In this work the bishops will, of course, avail themselves of the services of the best canonists in their directes. Pius X had been Cary a few months in the chair of Peter when he pub-

lished the famous document announdng his decision on this subject, and on April 10, 1904, he appointed a pontifical commission to put it into xecution. It would be hard to find a better illustration than this of the character of the present pontificate, of the great mind and practical energy of the Pontiff, and of the marvel-lous organization of the Catholic Church. The Holy Father meant the reform to be thorougn in every sense. The new Code was not to be simply catalogued collection of the laws of the Church-laws that were to dis of the Church—laws that were to dis-appear, new laws required by present conditions, were to be added, laws that differed in different countries without adequate reason were to be unified, laws that were set forth in obscure or ambiguous or antiquated or verbose phraseology were to be drawn up in clear terms

A BRILLIANT BODY OF CANON-ISTS.

A truly immense task, and one that might well have been supposed to re-quire the assiduous labors of a genera-tion of canonists. But Pius X. wanted to have the first draft of code completed in about five years, and in this as in every thing else he and in this as in every thing else he has set his hand to he has been successful. Even death has seemed to spare every one of the Cardinals he selected to serve on the conmission, al'though it has in the interval swept off almost one-third of the members of the Sacred College. These Cardi-nals are: Rampolla, Satolli, Gennari, the two Vannutelli, Agliardi, Cassetta, Cavicchioni, Merry del Val, Ferrata, Mathieu, Vives y Tuto and Segna. But the life and soul of the commission has been from the outset that indomitable worker, Magr. (now Cardinal) Gasparri, who is still its so-cretary. The consultors include such a brilliant body of canonists as perhaps was never before at the service of a Pope; men like Father Wennz, now General of the Jesuits, Schastianelli, Lega, Esser, Jamssens. Van sion has been from the outset that indomitable worker, Msgr. (now Caranelli, Lega, Esser, Jamssens, Vam Rossum, Waiser, Lepicier, Bastien, Bucceront, Lembardi, Melatja, Lugari and more than a soore of others, nearly all of them authors of world-wide reputation on canon law, pro-

the Pope will next year invite practically all the best authorities on canon law in the whole Church by this plan of submitting the first draft of the Code to the bishops for their examination and counsel. Nor is this to be a mere formality-more than once lately the Holy Father in this to be a mere formality—more than once lately the Holy Father in his private audiences with bishops from various parts of the world has warmly urged them to devote the greatest attention to the subject, and it may be taken for granted that when the time comes he will repeat this recommendation in a collective letter to the hierarchy. It will be perhaps some two years yet before the entire work will be completed, but when it is it will find a rejuvenated Roman Curia in perfect working order, with a special Congregation set apart for the interpretation of all questions arising out of the Code. his private audiences with bishops

Grandfather's Clock FOR SALE

One of the last, 100 years old, still in perfect running order. Made by hand by one of the nost skilful clockmakers of the Province of Quebec, whose name was Twisse and who was well known in Montreal in the beginning of last cent-ury and who disappeared in the fire of 1850, which burned half of the City of Montreal.

PRICE, \$50.00 For information, apply 574 VISITATION ST.



Volunteer Bounty Act.

1908. WARNING TO PURCHASERS.

EVERY assignment of the right a South African Volunteer to a land grant must be by way of ap-pointment of a substitute and must be in the form provided by the Act. Special attention is called to Subsection 3 of Section 5 of the Volunsection of section of the volun-teer Bounty Act, 1908, which pro-vides that no assignment of the right of a volunteer by the appointment of a substitute shall be accepted or re-cognized by the Department of the Interior which IS NOT EXECUTED AND DATED AFTERTHE DATE OF THE WARRANT FOR THE LAND GRANT issued by the Minister of Militia and Defence in favor of the

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



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Postal Station D., Point St. Charles, Montreal," will be received at this office until 4.30 p.m. on Tuesday, October 27, 1908, for the construction of a building for Postal Station D., Point St. Charles, Montreal.

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

Persons tendering are notified that

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

and signed with their actual signa-tures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chaftered bank, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public

The tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

NAP: (TESSIER,

have spent their lives in the study or practice of camon law.

EVERY DIOCESE WILL HAVE A VOICE.

To the aid of this brilliant galaxy

To the beginning the study of Public Works, Ottawa, October 8, 1908.

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

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A Story of The Penal Days in Ireland.

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

(Continued.)

(Contanues.)

Keenly the beggar eyed every face
that passed him at the gateway of
the abbey; loud and voluble rose his
monotomous prayer for the dead, and
grateful his thanks to the kind laes and gentlemen who dropped sil-r in the hat. And by the grave, when the haft. And been lowered and the clods fell with hollow sound on its lid, he kmelt in fervent prayer, yet eagerly, in his apparent prayer, scrutinizing every person who stood

When at last all was over and the when at last all was over and the last mourner had withdrawn, leaving only a few scattered peasants kneel-in here and there at the graves of their kin, the beggar hobbled out of the graveyard and took the road to e. Thence he struck out for scourt, and by nightfall was with the Viscount.

with the Viscount.

"Well, Your Honor," he whined,
the's not at the Hall. I watched
an' watched all around, an' I'm sure
he isn't there. I stood at the gate
of Kironan an' eyed every one that
wint in. But he wasn't there."

wint in. But he wasn't there."
"Ha! too many prying eyes about
on so public an occasion to be good
for his safety," commented the Viscount. "I might have known as

But I got word at the Hall that was there lately, an' I have a plan to catch him."

"Yes, Bagshaw?"
"Yis, Your Honor. It seems that
fiss Christine knows where he is."
"How did Miss Christine look?
of course you saw her at the

grave?"
"I did, Your Honor, an' sorry I
was for her, though I do say it myself. She looked that worn and

cousin, Richard Taaffe, that her disthress 'ud melt a heart iv stone."
"Faith, your sympathy commends you, knave," laughed the Viscount.
"A priest-hunter's heart is a tender thing! But your plan?"
"Well, I told a cock-an'-bull story of Misther Nicholas Blake bein' sick near Castlerea an' askin' for a priest. It seems that Miss Christine knows where he's hidin' and will sind word to him to go to Misther Blake."

Blake."

"An excellent plan. We may trust her susceptible nature to aid a fellow Papist in extremity."

"So I'll watch the road between Boyle an' Castlera, an' if I don't nab him at lasht, me name is not

'Good! good! It seems feasible.

Try it, and good luck to you. But what of Birmingham? Have you seem him lately?"

No, Your Honor, but I suppose he has his own plans. If he goes as-thray in them, it's not for me to set right, wid fifty guineas at

"Ha, I see." speered the Viscount, "two of a trade never agree, or, as some say, when thieves fall out, honest men get their due. Well, go, honest man, and if you bring me this fellow's head in a day or two I don't know but I'd double that fifty guineas to mark my approval."

The spy rubbed his hands in lupine

avariciousness.
"Thrust me, Your Honor, thrust me, an' I'll do the thrick. As long as the fox runs, he's caught at last." All right, Bagshaw, see that you

catch him."

With which parting injunction the Viscount repaired to the dining-room to join his fellow Bucks at their potations, from which he had been summoned by Bagshaw's arrival.

It was Sunday, the day after the burial of Sir Lucas, when a young man from Taaffe Hall paused on the road at the foot of Keash Hill, some

road at the root of Keash Hill, some miles from the Hall.

Keasch is a beautiful hill in Sligo, not far from the old town of Ballynote. A rounded mass, it leaps sheer from the green plains of Corran to a considerable height and dominates the landscape like a giant warden. Its green acclivities are dominates the lanuscape has warden. Its green acclivities are a warden of fields separated by patchwork of fields separated stone walls and hedges. Golden crops of oats in autumn, interspersed with ripening wheat, plots of flax and darker patches of potatoes vary the magic coloring of its slopes, with here and there a white-washed cabin or a flock of grazing sheep showing sharply and vividly against the verdant background. Towards its summit the verdure falls way, giving place to a perpendicular of the coloring of th away, giving place to a perpendicu-lar escarpment of bare, gleaming gra-nite, visible for miles, like a massive lar escarpment of bare, gleaning granite, visible for miles, like a massive castle crowning the green hill. This fortress-like aspect is further heightness-like are the Coves this morning. The young man leaned over and the known his ear. "Do not be afraid. I was one of the sentries were sayin' Mass there at dawn. My hame is McDonough. I am a friend and verung it. "God bless you," he murmured. "Are there many of us here?" The peddler started. "You were at the Coves this morning."

The peddler started. "You were at the Coves this morning."

The young man leaned over and whispered in his ear. "Do not be afraid. I was one of the sentries whis serving in the feat of the source sayin' Mass there at dawn. My hame is McDonough. I am a friend and verung it. "God bless you," he murmured. "Are there many of us here?"

The peddler started. "You were sayin' Mass there at dawn. My hame is McDonough. I am a friend and verung it. "God bless you." he murmured. "Are there many of us here?"

The

hoofs of sheep and looking west-ward over a gorgeous panorama of mountain and lough, woodland and emerald plain, he found the priest, breviary in hand, his back leaning against the cliff amid a tangle of ivy and lichen and wild flowers rooted in crevice and crack.

The priest recognized him with a

The priest recognized him with smile and rose to meet him.
"You're welcome, Shaun," he said.

'It's not exactly the welcome wish to give you. My home is with the wolves, but," looking aloft and waving his hands in comprehensive sweep, "whea did hand of man fashion cathedral like to this of the Almighty?

mighty?"
"It's grand, yer Reverence," said
Shaun, who had all the Celt's love
for nature, "but it's awful lonesome away up here."
"What matters it, niy boy? God
is here, and a loyal and devoted peo-

ple surround me. I am not for-gotten, nor do I need anything. The poor have large hearts, and share their pittance with me. But this note? From Christine, I see," he smiled, as he unfolded the paper and read

You are urgently needed at home of Nicholas Blake, near Castle-rea. Go in the name of God. A messenger was here two night ago. May the Virgin have you in her keep-

"Tell her I will go at once, Shaun," said the friar, when he had read the note. "And tell her, too, that I will see her at the Hail as soon as I return. Was the funeral large'

Twas grand, yer Reverence. The genthry wor there in sores, he lord and me lady from the five counties. Oh, 'twould do yer eyes good to see them all on horseback, doin' honor to the poor Masther. But, yer Riderence" he added, falling on his Ruess, "give me yer blassin' before

priest blessed him and seized his hand in a parting grip.
"Tell Miss Christine to be brave,"

Yis, yer Riverence, and oh, Father James, avic, be careful on your way. The country is full of spies, bad luck to them!"

ond luck to them!"
"I'll be careful, Shaun. God bless
you!" And from his eyry he watched the young man plunge down the
hillside, until he was lost in the blue

Castlerea is distant from Boyle Casterea is distant from Boyle some twelve miles, and French Park lies about midway—a little hamlet of thatched cabins for the most part. Late that night, rain having set in, the single inn of the village, displaying on a swinging sign the painted arms of the DeFreynes, was crowded with a more low scenably of tempera. arms of the DeFreynes, was crowded with a motley essembly of farmers, jobbers, itinerant nusicians and bal-lad-singers, all bound, from near and far, to the fair of Castlerea to be held next morning. Most of them had live stock-cattle and swine of the fa mous Roscommon sheep—and these, which had been driven long distances, were penned in barn or stable-yard, each carefully raddled or branded with its owner's mark to distinguish it from the general flock or herd. These shrewd farmers were resting on the way, to have their stock in good condition for the next morning. good condition for the next morning. Tap-room and kitchen were crowded with men, some laughing and joking, some discussing prices, some rudely boisterous over their foaming pewters; while the stoutlandlord in wig. knee-breeches and apron bustled in and out; so that few noticed the enand out; so that lew noticed the en-try of a handsonle young man of dark complexion, wrapped in a cloak of frieze, a box strapped over his shoulders.

He took off his hat as he entered,

the rain pouring from its rim, and going to the open fireplace, threw back his cloak, from which at once

arose a mist of steam.
"Tis a wet night, boys," he said, addressing those nearest him.

Then, unstrapping his box, he set it on end, in a corner near the chimney, and seated himself on it. Then, from the opposite side of the kitchen,

ed him.

"A wet night for the road," said he. "Goin, to the fair, I suppose?"

"Yes, but I only stepped in here until it clears. I want to make Castlerea some time before morning."

"Come far?" asked the young man. "Yes, from Corran,"
"I thought so. I saw you there this mornin—at the Coves."

The peddler started. "You were at the Coves this morning?"

The young man leaned over and

towards the peddler, he whispered in his car. "Tis Bagshaw, the prist-hunter! He thinks to disguise himself that way. But I know him!" "Heavens!" blurted out the peddler, "he's after me." "Yes, but he'll never get you, or my name's not Tom McDonough. If I only say the word he'll be torn limb from limb."

whispered the peddler. g man. "Has he ever seen you?" asked the

'No, but he knows I travel as but he knows I travel as a When last I was taken 'twas her chap named Birnsing-

"Never mind! I'll fix him," whis-pered McDonough. "Just follow me when I spake out loud."
Then crossing the bitch.

when I spake out loud."
Then crossing the kitchen to a friend he said in his ear." "Phelin, you keep the piper here in the kitchin while I talke my friend out in the yard. Don't let him follow us."
"All right, Thomans, ne boy. But who's your friend? He's so much like you he could pass for your brother."

ther."
"He's one of the ould stock—a gentleman in disguise. You watch the
piper, while I take him into the
yard."

Then, recrossing the kitchen care-Then, recrossing the kitchen care-lessly and pausing before the peddler, he called aloud. "Mr. O'Connor, vor say you'd like to look over my stock. Come on out to the yard an' I'll show 'em to you."

The peddler arose and all eyes were

centred on the twain, so alike in height, lineament and complexion The piper started and his keen blue eyes burned beneath the pent-house of his shaggy brows. He was fain to follow, but Casey interrupted him. "Come, misther piper, give us ine! 'The Wind that Shakes tune! 'The Wind that or, maybe,

Barley,' 'Burke's March,' or, maybe, betther, 'The Boyne Wather.' " " 'The Boyne Wather?' " laughed "'The Boyne Wather?' laughed the piper. "Would ye have me killed by the boys?" A roar of laughter greeted his re-

Well, then, 'Geese In the Bogs,' or

'Rory O'More,'' said Casey. 'We'll have something: so tune up!' Thus urged the would-be piper un-Thus urged the would-be piper unslung his goatskin, adjusted his pipes, fastened the bellows on his left arm, crossed his knees, and, after a preliminary skirl on the chanter, struck up "The Connaughtman's Rambles," while half a dozen laughtman's Rambles," while half a dozen laughing men leaped up and began to foot it vigorously. Others gathered around in an applauding circle, punchasely and the statement of the stateme around in an applicating circle, punctuating the rattle of the brogans on the flagged floor with yells of approval and partisan encouragement. "Good boy, Miley! You're the boy can do it." shouted one.

"Good boy, antey
an do it," shouted one.
"God bless yer two feet, Brian, me
boy," yelped another.
"Fashter! fashter!" called a third
while the landlord poked his rubicund face in at the door, beaming on
musician and dancers.
"May ver whistle never be dry,"

musician and dancers.

"May yer whistle never be dry," said yet another, bringing a pewter of ale to the piper. "More power to yer elbow, piper. 'Tis yersel' can at the cast." May it choke him!" mumbled Ca-

"May it choke him: indinsite sey, as the piper raised the beverage to his lips for well he knew that not without good reason had his friend, McDonough, asked him to detain the piper. If the piper wished to follow him and the peddler to

the yard, there must be cause for not allowing him to do so. So, shrewdly reasoned Casey, and in the piper he saw one who was an enemy of the old race, consequently of old faith

the old faith.
When, at last, in the distraction
and excitement of the dance, McDonough returned to the kitchen, even
his fridmd Casey did not recognize
him; but a spark of satisfaction kindled the piper's furtive eye as dled the piper's furtive eye as ne caught sight of him at the door. For McDonough, in that brief interval in the yard, had completely changed raiment with the peddler; so that, clothed in the peddler's leather breeches, gaiters, frieze ulster, slouch hat, and carrying the peddler's pack on his back, he passed among the folk in the kitchen for that individual himself. The deception was further himself. The deception was further heightened by his retiring to the corner previously occupied by the peddler, and there seating himself morosely and abstractedly on his upturned box. All this the piper noticed from beneath his shaggy brows, the while he fingered the keys of his pipes. And his satisfaction and assurance of his victim were increased, when, as if unobserved, the peddler produced a long rosary from his pocket and with an ostentatious sign of the cross proceeded to say his beads in the corner by the fire. This, however, was but McDonough's by-play to deceive the priest-hunter, and the deception prevailed. morosely and abstractedly on upturned box. All this the

When Casey at last grew uneasy about his friend's prolonged absence in the yard, he, in an opportune moment, joined the peddler in the cor-

"Where's McDonough?" said he. "Whist, Phelin!" murmured the latter warily. "I'm McDonough. Don't you recognize me?"
"The devil a bit of ft," smiled

Phelin.
"All the betther," murmured Mc-

"All the better," murmured me-bonough.
"Where's your friend?"
"On the road to Castlerea, drivin' me fow sheep ahead," whispered Mc-Donough.
"But why the change iv clothes? Why all this mystery?" queried Ca-

maked rock and the wind moans in the gloomy recesses of the caves that strike far into the hill, he is a brave man or a foolhardy who will adventure near this abode of spirits. Here from Taaffe Hall came Father o'Rorke, making his lair with the wolves that even then infested the caves or Coves, as the people called them. And hither on this peaceful afternoon, while the lovely land around slept in Sabbath beauty and calm, hurried the messenger from Christher Teaffe.

To reach the Coves was an easy task, and there, seated on a marrow terrace of clay, trodden hard by the

Dawn came fresh and balmy, and one by one jobber and farmer had taken his departure, each with his horse or handful of heifers, pigs or sheep, when the peddler awoke from a brief sleep in his corner by the fire, yawned, rubbed his eyes; looked around at the deserted kitchen and the turf that had smouldered to this transport of the pearth. Then

the turf that had smouldered to white ashes on the hearth. Then, calling the landlord, he paid him the pittance for his night's shelter, took up his pack, slung it over his shoulders and strode forth into a world of green, sparkling clean and sweet after the night's rain.

For a noment he stood bare-headed, thanking God for His beautiful handiwork of amethystine hill, golden meadow, verdant woodland, for dew-spangled hedge and wayside blossom opening its fragrant heart to greet the morning. The breeze blew greet the morning. The breeze blew fresh and filled with the odors gof Araby. The sky was a delicate sap-phire above him, and down from its pellucid depths rained a delirious melody, where innumerable larks were singing at heaven's gate. Then, reverently crossing himself and don reverently crossing minself and don-ming his hat, he set off, but not to-wards Castlerea. Instead, he struck out northwards towards Ballagh, through a forest of sycamores, giant oaks, elms and venerable ash trees, vaulting the road with verdure, and ringing with song of thrush and Min-net.

But, unseen of him, another figure But, unseen of him, another followed behind—the quondam who had been lurking behind a near the inn, watching for his parture. Stealthily he crept him, dodging from bush to now hiding behind a wayside now slipping into the wood leaning cautious progress, a broad seening cautious progress and keeping cautious progress abreast of him. Once or twice the peddler him. Once or twice the peddler paused to scan the road behind him or take in the beauty of glade or glen; but he was alone—alone in the green heart of the forest.

Not alone, for hè had the compan-

ionship of God's gentle creatures. Oc-casionally a rabbit would scurry across his pathway, a hare would dart timidly into the wood, or a covy of partridge rise with great whir of wings and chatter of alarmgreat ed voices from green patches among the trees. These were guileless the trees. These were guileless things; but an evil shape cradled near—a serpent in human form. And the peddler knew it not. He had de-liberately taken that road to draw things; the pursuer from the priest, who had gone to Castlerea with his sheep. If he had suspicion of being pursued, he saw not the shadow that followed. He was sure that that shadow was following him, the supposed priest, and skulked somewhere in the fragrant world of green, by evil impulse and fell purpose marring God's beau tiful work

he reckoned, for presently it slipped orth from the wood, as he threw himself prostrate or the himself prostrate on the sileaned far over a spring to of its bubbling water, ment, unheard, unse imminent. Then a shot woke echoes of the forest, startling and rabbit; the peddler pitched with a moan into the spring, and a tinge of red dyed and deepened in its crys-

"So ho, me bould friar! I have you at lasht," laughed Born! deliberately loaded and primed pistol a second time, and a second time emptied it into the back of voung McDor McDonough.
ghoulish glee the priest-hunt-

er watched his victim's writhing agony. It was soon over and the voung farmer from Corran lay cold and still amid the cresses that borwatched his victim's

dered the spring.

"Now for yer head, the proof of my work!" gibbered the ghoul, as he dragged the body into the wood and laid the neck over the stump of a felled tree—an ideal headsman's laid the neck over the stump of a felled tree—an ideal headsman's block. Unbuttoning his coat, he took from a leathern belt about his waist a butcher's cleaver, and slowly and carefully, with a few deliberate strokes, chopped the head from the body.

Then, dragging the body further Then, Gragging the body further into the forest and covering it over with green branches, he washed the bloody head in a little brook sparkling amid the fern, placed it in his goatskin sack with the pipes, and goatskin sack set off for Kingscourt.

the body.

The great facade of Kingscourt was ablaze with lights when Bagshaw reached it that night, with his grue-some burden. Every window was picked out in gold against the purpicked out in gold against the purple-black of the enveloping night, and from within came a burst of merry voices, silvery laughter and wailing violins. Kingscourt was doing honor to its lord, or, rather, the lord of Kingscourt was doing honor to himself; for with dance and feasting he was celebrating his fortieth birthday, and the elite of the Cromwellian coiste was gathered in his hospitable halls.

He lived in lavish style, and when

lian coste was gathered in his hospitable halls.

He lived in lavish style, and, when it pleased him, money flowed from his purse like water—what though most of that money was literally the coined sweat of the brows of the peasantry of half a county? But that was only a fillip to the Viscount. For distinguished services to the Lord Protector that peasantry and all that rich confiscated territory had been given to a remote ancestor who had ridden as a trooper behind the indomitable Oliver. And peasantry, especially those of a subject race, were regarded merely as pawns in the game of idle luxury and extravegance since practised by the Kingscourts.

To-morrow the ball would be followed by a stag hunt on the plasns of Boyle, and the Bucks and their ladies, who were now laughing and roystering within, would be out in all the bravery of scarlet and buckskin. To-night, however, joy reigned urconfined and the brilliant halls were filled with the youth and beauty of the land, superbly indifferent to the woes of the people who look-

ed on with sullen contempt and murderous rage. Since the glorious days
of Sarsfield and Limerick, some thirty years before, that people had not
dared to lift its head in protest, but
lay in ignoble bondage, while their
old masters, the officers of the Irish
Brigade in France, were falling Europe with the fame of their provess.
True, they had had a b ief glean
of hope in the night of their despair when the Pretender it dembettled his brave Highlander against
the Hanoverians usurped and the
House of Stuart seemed liks to come
into its own again. But that glean ed on with sullen contempt and mur-

into its own again. But that gleam had died out in the gloom of defeat, since when they had hugged their chains and eaten the bitter bread of despairing bondage, Yet in their hearts they still despite the defection of James et the Bayes cherished to: of James at the Boyne, cherished ten spoke in allegory of the hopes of Celia Ni-Gara, the Little Black Rose. spoke in allegory of the hopes of Ce-lia Ni-Gara, the Little Black Rose, Kathleen Na Houlahan and other veiled names for their beloved Erin, while itinerant bards and hedge-schoolmasters voiced their dreams in euphemistic strains and inflated

doggerer.

Bagshaw, the goat-skin on his back dripping blood on his coat, paused irresolutely on the lawn before the house. This was his beaut of trium of the lawn before the house. This was his hour of triumph for which he had waited so long, but it was also the hour of his master's nt was also the hour of his master's pleasure, and to interrupt him in his pleasures was a thing not to be rashly adventured. The Bucks were around him, fair ladies smiled upon him, wine was flowing, and the sight might not please him at such an For a while the priest-hunter stood

For a white the prieso-number scool their in the shadow of the henging-oak, uncertain what to do. He heard the leaves of the tree lisping above him in the soft autumn night like the ghostly sighs of the victims who had met death from its branches. He shuddered at the thought and a cold chill went down his spine. But that fate, at any rate, would not be his. The Master of Kingscourt was capricious and might, after all, refuse him the hundred guineas he had hinted at at their last interview. he might refuse him even the fifty guineas originally promised for friar's head. But one thing was of his loyal service and-well, after all, the Master was a gentleman and would not go back on his word. With would not go back on his word. With which comforting assurance he made his way to the servants' guarters back of the house and, entering, requested a pompous and bepowdered butler to notify the master of his article with the servants. rival, with good news.

Much against his will the grumb-

ling lackey went off to do this dir-ty bagpiper's behest; but even at the most bigoted homes bagpipers, harp-ers and travelling musicians were always welcome, especially at moments of mirth and revelry.
"Who is he?" asked the master

with asperity, when summoned from the banqueting hall by the butler. "His name's Bagshaw, sir, an' he says he has good news for you." Viscount's eyes flamed with delight. Good news from

Bagshaw meant but one thing.

"Show him to the library and give him some whiskey," said the Viscount. "I'll join him in a few min-

Excusing himself to his guests, the Excusing himself to his guests, the Viscount hurried from the banqueting hall to the library. He was in an exultant mood, and made an exquisite picture of luxurious wealth. His handsome face was slightly His handsome face was slightly affush with wing but he carried himself with dignity and looked every inch the noble in coat and waist-coat of rich pink and silver brocade, crimson satin breeches with gold butons, white silk stockings, rocco shoes with gold buckles, and dainty lace ruffles at throat and wrists.

"So you have good news at last, Bagshaw?" he asked smilingly Bagshaw?" he asked smilingly.
"The divil a betther news in the
world, Your Honor," returned Bagshaw, rising and throwing his mastshaw, rising and throwing his mast-er a bothing curtisey and an obse-quious smile. 'I caught him on the way to Castlerea,' he went on, toss-sing his head towards the sack lying at his side on the floor. 'I saw there was no chance of takin' him alive, so I gave him the pishtol in Lord De Freyne's demense, and here is he, himsel', never to bother you

Before the Viscount knew what he was about, the fellow stopped, picked up the sack, from which he had already removed the pipes, turned it upside down and shook it, when to his horror the bloody head rolled out to the Viscount's feet.

(To be concluded:)

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Synopsis of Lanadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Land in Manitoba, Saskatche-wan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of

any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less. Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by father, mother, son, daughter, bro-ther or sister of an intending home-

The homesteader is required to per-

plans:
(1) At least six months' residence
upon and cultivation of the land in
each year for three years.
(2) If the father (or mother, if
the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be resided by another than the residence may be resided by a residence may be resident.

satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

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

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

W. W. CORY,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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B

A RO "Good-morning, my I'm glad you ha town.

Your holiday ramble

Your color is hea

You bring the sw flowers;
Your step is as
From, musing in bi
Some secrets, I
brought home.

Then, what have rover, From the forests, shore, From the evening while pondering

"I can't stop to te ing, My lessons I hav The school-bell has ing,
I have not one m

"Now in the old started, And my long var Yes, for a whole ye I wish that vacat "I've learned—but flurry,
Far loudly again
I have learned tha
must hurry,
With many things

DO YOUR A gentleman te boy, he was a grea sometimes whistled

sometimes whistled unseemly places. On since, he came out ling quite low. A l in the yard heard h "Is that the best y "No," said the g you beat it?" you beat it?"
The boy said he ct tleman said, "Well, The little fellow & and insisted that should try again. He boy acknowledged t whistling, and as I the little fellow said. "Well, if you car what were you whifer?"

Sure enough; why Sure enough; why one do his best, if h The world has plem shod, third-class wo ple who could do would. Let every to do the best poss whistling, singing,

ing.-Selected. A GENTLEMA A gentle boy, a man Is the boy I love

The gentle boy guar Lest words that fa The manly boy will To meanness, nor

An honest boy, an u
Is the boy of boys

Upright and hones Will always find a l He reaps reward in Finds joy in giving And earns the right to A gentlemanly boy.

BOOK NO THE WOMAN'S HOM

An important artic

ber Woman's Home (titled "Seeking S York." "Five dolla a few plain clothes i ordinary school educa ortunities, ahead the beginning of the New York of Lucy G real adventures of a tells her story to Ompanion.
This October issue

rish in Sctober issuerish in fiction, having rish in fiction, having Flizabeth Stuart F Rhodes, Octave Theoretically good stories cheller and Juliet Wil There is really a really in the second of the second stories of the cheller and Juliet Wil There is perhaps n ant question to the can than the one of ing a home. The remost careful investige apperiences of thous cans are given in a son this subject, which october number. Of special interest a lands; intimate pictum. land's intimate pictur the Tsaritsa of Russi Wood Hutchinson's ar bies Moral?"

The fashion departm latest fall fashions is suggestions.

NOT AFRAID T

How the rain came is to be sure, and how the streets of the gre pear! It was night,

pear! It was night, and the hurrying cno sidewalks, but for the of the gas lights, have found their wholek to another. In the midst of the poor looking boy, or neath a friendly away himself from the story

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ler is required to per-ions connected there-e of the following

six months' residence ation of the land in tree years. ther (or mother, if ceased) of the home-pon a farm in the and entered for, the to residence may be to person residing

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at Ottawa of infor patent.
W. W. CORY,
ter of the Interior.

rized publication of nt will not be paid

et, Point St. Charles,

VOCATES

KENNA.

URSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1908.

A gentleman tells how, when a boy, he was a great whistler, and sometimes whistled in unusual and unseemly places. One day, not long since, he cause out of a hotel whistling quite low. A little boy playing in the yard heard him, and said:
"Is that the best you can whistle?"
Yoo," said the gentleman, "can you beat it?"
The how said he could, and the gen-

you beat it?"
The boy said he could, and the gentleman said, "Well, let's hear you,"
The little fellow began his whistle and insisted that the gentleman should try again. He did so and the boy acknowledged that it was good

whistling, and as he started away the little fellow said: "Well, if you can whistle better, what were you whistling that way

Sure enough; why should, not any Sure enough; why should, not any one do his best, if he does anything? The world has plenty of poor, slipshod, third-class work done by people who could do better if they would. Let every boy and girl try to do the best possible whether in whistling, singing, working or play-

A GENTLEMANLY BOY.

A gentle boy, a manly boy, is the boy I love to see; An honest boy, an upright boy, is the boy of boys for me.

The gentle boy guards well his lips, Lest words that fall may grieve: The manly boy will never stoop To meanness, nor deceive.

gentle boy, the manly boy. Upright and honest, too, Will always find a host of friends Among the good and true.

He reaps reward in doing good,

ompanion.
This October issue is particularly Ima October issue is particularly rich in fiction, having stories by Plizabeth Stuart Phelps, Harrison Rhodes, Octave Thanot, Nellie McClung, Margaret Suttom Briscoe, and especially accept the English Margaret Suttom Briscoe, and especially accept the English Margaret Suttom Briscoe. Clung, Margaret Sutton Briscoe, and especially good stories by Irving Becheller and Juliet Wilbor Thompkins.

There is perhaps no more important question to the average American than the one of owning or renting a home. The results of the most careful investigation and the experiences of thousands of Americans are given in a series of articles on this subject, which begins in the Otober number. especially good stories by Irving Becheller and Juliet Wilbor Thompkins. There is perhaps no more important question to the average American than the one of owning or rentang a home. The results of the most careful investigation and the experiences of thousands of Americans are given in a series of articles on this subject, which begins in the october number.

Of special interest are Kellogg Durland's intimate picture of the life of the Tsaritsa of Russia, and Dr. Wood Hutchinson's article, "Are Bables Moral?"

Well, Harry, "Said Mr Gay, "Said Harry, "I heard you say you had a great deal to do and I am going to help all I can." "Well, well," said Mr. Gay, "I see that you have told the truth when you said that you were not afraid to work. Continue on as you have belt seen that shin department with the latest fall fashions is full of valuable suggestions.

bies Moral?"
The fashion department with the latest fall fashions is full of valuable

NOT AFRAID TO WORK.

How the rain came pouring down, to be sure, and how wet and dreary the streets of the great city did appear! It was night, and very dark, and the hurrying crowds along the sidewalks, but for the faint glimmer of the gas lights, would scarcely have found their way from one block to another.

have found their way from one block to another. In the midst of the crowd was a poor looking boy, crouching under-neath a friendly awning to shelter himself from the storm. He hesitat-

BOYS and GIRLS

and turned his old cap around in his hand; then his face brightened as he drew from his pocket a small, well-worn "Imitation." He handed it to Mr Gay, saying, "That book will tell you, sir, of the only friend I have to recommend me. It was my mother's "

"Thank you, sir," said Harry, "1 will be here early in the morning, and I will try my best to please you and make myself useful; and so, putting the book in his pocket,

putting the book in his pocket, he started homeward.

For a long time Mr. Gay sat where Harry had left him, in deep thought. The sight of the lad's "Imitation," and the words he had seen in it, had awakened early memories. His own mother had long since passed away, but her early counsels were sounding in his ears. Life's busy scenes and cares had caused him partly to forget them, but that night they came fresh to his mind.

his mind The next morning Harry was the office early, ready to make himself useful, as he said. By his active exertions, and willing obedience he soon gained the esteem of not only Mr. Gay, but of his fellow-workmen.

workmen.

He had been there about two weeks when Mr. Gay gave orders for increased diligence in the office, as there was a large amount of work that must be finished in a few days. Harry resolved that he would get up early in the morning, so as to have everything in order for business. There was very little difficulty in this. If the mind is fixed upon awakening at an early hour, the body He raps reward in doing good, Finds joy in giving joy, and sams the right to bear the name A gentlemanly boy.

*** **

BOOK NOTICE.

THE WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION FOR OCTOBER.

THE WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION FOR OCTOBER.

An important article in the October Woman's Home Companion is entitled "Seeding Shelter in New York," "Five dollars in my purse, a few plain clothes in my bug, are fave plain the decareach while that poor feelle old the devery during in order for business, there was very little difficulty in this. If the mind is fixed upon an and seen orbital and one. There are a diverged into the Cacholic my behavior of the fave or fave plain clothes in my bug, are fave plain clothes in my bug, are fave plain clothes in my bug, are fave plain cl

Upon going into Mr. Gay's room he to kindle the fire. he looked after the other fires, giv-ing them the attention they needed before he began to sweep the office. He had nearly finished sweeping when

which of my boys care the most for my business."

Harry felt greatly rewarded for his exertions by the kind, and ensouraging words of his master. It was but a short time afterwards that he was put in a much better and pleasanter position in the establishment. Having been found faithful in sweeping and building fires; he was put a little higher, and so he went on, step after step, until after a few years he became the head of all.

Prosperity and success are sure

of all.

Prosperity and success are sure to follow earnest exertions. That is just as true as that the sun rises in the east and sets in the west.

Difficulties may intervene; hard work and dark days must be expected, but the end is sure. A lad who proves unfaithful in small matters rarely ever gets above small matters. It seems easier to neglect duties than to attend to them, but the end of such neglect is exceeding bitter, while honest and persevering exertion leads to success and happiness.

HIS GEOGRAPHY.

A ROVER.

**Good-morning, my dear little rovering of the sweet seem to will the growing rest in the clover, your color is healthy and brown. Your step is as light as sea-foam. From, musing in bright fairy bowers brought home.

**Then, what have you learned, little rover, Your step is as light as sea-foam. From, musing in bright fairy bowers brought home.

**Then, what have you learned, little rover, Your the oreasts, the sea, and the shore.

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**Then, what have you learned, little rover, Your the oreasts, the sea, and the shore.

**The learned rover, Your the oreasts, the sea, and the shore.

**The shool-bell has just given warning.

**Mp lessons I have to prepare; The school-bell has just given warning.

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**Mp lessons I have to prepare he took it from them instead. When-ever the thief stopped to rest, the dog remained near him, and soon a report went through the country of the animal's strange behavior. The keepers of the temple, hearing the story, went in search of the dog, and they found him still at the heels of the thief at a town called Communication. cory, went in search of the dog, and they found him still at the heels of the their strength of the cory, went in search of the dog, and they found him still at the heels of the their strength of the they found him still at the heels of the their strength of the their strength of the their strength of the their strength of the they found him still at the heels of the their strength of the their strength of the their strength of the they found him still at the heels of the their strength of the their s

The star that water sleepsleepHas just put out his light.
"Good-day to you on earth," he said,
Is here in heaven, Good-night.
"But tell the baby when he wakes
To watch for my return;
For I'll hang out my lamp again
When his begins to burn."

All mothers can put away anxiety regarding their suffering children when they have Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to give relief. Its effects are sure and lasting.

LITTLE ACTS OF KINDNESS.

A beautiful German* story relates how one—day a little girl named Jeannette witnessed a great—army review. Thousands upon thousands of spectators crowded around stand, before which the Emperor was to watch the passing regiments.
While Jeannette was seated on the stand she saw a fedble old woman trying very hard to get where she could see. The little German girl could see. The said to herself:

"It is not right for me to sit here

you must remain by my side."
So God honors those who honor His servants, especially honors those who honor the aged and seemingly helpless disciples, whose earthly pilgrimages are nearly ended.

SUFFERED FROM HEART and NERVE TROUBLES FOR the LAST TEN YEARS.

If there be nerve derangement of any kind, it is bound to produce all the various phenomena of heart derangement. In MILBURN'S

HEART AND NERVE PILLS

pril. 18 combined treatment that will cure all forms of nervous disorders, as well as act upon the heart itself.

Mrs. John Riley, Douro, Ont., writes: "I have been a great sufferer from heart and nerve troubles for the past ten years. After trying many remedies, and doctoring for two years without the least beneaft, I decided to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial. I am thankful to say that, after using nine boxies I am entirely cured and would recommend them to all sufferers."

Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milbura Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

WE PRINT

Letterheads, Billheads and General Commercial Work at the Right Prices.

IF PRINTED BY US IT'S DONE RIGHT.

The True Witness Printing Co.

An office thoroughly equipped for the production of finely printed work.

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MADE IN CANADA.

MAGI6 BAKING

SOLD and USED EVERYWHERE in the Dominion.

Makes Baking Easy, Dependable and Economical, All Canadian Dealers Have It. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

The sight of Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the great American novelist, in the garb of a Dominican tertiary, says the Citizen, would have caused the New Englanders of an earlier day to gasp and stare. Yet this is what the mutations of time have brought about. To-day Rose Hawthorne Lathrop is known as Mother Mary Alphonsa. Lathrop, a member of the Tertiaries of St. Dominic, superioress of a cancer hospital in the sor the fertiaries of St. Dominic, superioress of a cancer hospital in the suburbs of New York, known as the Servants of Relief for Incurable Cancer—this elfin child who frolics through so many pages of Hawthorne's diary and letters, a flower of the old Puritan civilization—by a seemingly miraculaus transformation.

of the old Puritan civilization—by a seemingly miraculous transformation is a member of a Catholic sisterhood. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop is the second daughter of the great American novelist. Her girlhood was spent with her father in England and Italy, where her natural inheritance of literary and artistic ability found favorable auspices for growth. At twenty she became the wife of Geo. P. Lathrop, editor of the Atlantic Monthly. In 1891 Mr. and Mrs. Lathrop, the former since deceased, were received into the Catholic Church.

York. To bring some semblance of tenderness to the sorely afflicted, to make the sufferings of those smitten with cancer a little less poignant, was the task to which Rose Hawthorne concentrated her powers.

She dwelt in the slums and sought out the patients in their homes, un-

out the patients in their homes, earthing conditions that would have appalled the stoutest heart. She appalled the stoutest heart. She sought to make the wounds of corruption less grievous, to quicken the germ of hope in the sad heart, to stir the waters of better life in the soul severely sericken. At last a home was secured on Cherry street. New York city, but so rapidly did the field of work widen that a new home was secured a few miles from the city, and the community, which lived in the manner of a religious life, became a sisterhood among the Tertiaries of St. Dominic. It was incorporated under the title of The Savvants of Relief for Incurable Can-

The Mutations of Time.

en for a wayward child; and beyond the pillar is a man knows the anxieties that go with is a big man, and when he says there worldly riches, who has felt the pleasure of earthly glory; the thrill of human power; but who has come that nobody "jumps his board bill" of human power; but who has come if the garb of a Dominican tertiary, says the Citizen, would have caused the New Englanders of an earlier day to gasp and stare. Yet this is what the mutations of time have brought about. To-day Rose Haw, brought about. To-day Rose Haw, er. Different, indeed, are tile praychorne Lathrop is known as Mother Mary Alphonse, Lathrop a nominical tertiary, and the pleasure of earthly glory; the thrill of human power; but who has come free from the cares and troubles of the rushing, crowding world, in order that, for a moment, at least, he might commune alone with his Maker. Different, indeed, are tile praychorne Lathrop is known as Mother and rise in one harmonious hymn of would take a good man to pick a and rise in one harmonious hymn of praise to the eternal throne of God

To Digest the Food

Bile in the intestines is as important to digestion as are the gastric juices in the stomach and bile as only supplied when the liver is in active condition.

The serious and chronic forms of indigestion are caused by Droba.

The serious and chronic forms of indigestion are cured by Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills because of their influence on the liver, causing a good flow of bile to aid the digestion and keep the bowels regular, thereby preventing fermentation of the food, the formation of gas and all the disagreeable symptoms of indirection.

Kidney-Liver Pills

Father Dempsey Hotel.

There is a priest in St. Louis-Rev.

There is a priest in St. Louis—Rev. Timothy Dempsey has name as written, but more often is he referred to as Father Tim—who has done something which is worthy of study. Father Tim rented an abandoned public school building and set it up as a hotel—not a fashionable hotel, but one for homeless mem. Father Tim objects to the word "hobo." He calls the men who come to him his New York city, but so rapidly did the field of work widen that a new home was secured a few miles from the city, and the community, which lived in the manner of a religious life, became a sisterhood among the Tertiaries of St. Dominic. It was incorporated under the title of The Servants of Relief for Incurable Carcer.

Unlike Petitions.

Unlike Petitions.

The persons enter a church to offer the same prayer; here is a young man, with bright prospeces for a grand career, coming to ask God's benediction on his efforts; there, says the Faulist Calendar, is a little girl, with the immoorace of childhood beaming from her countenance, offering her pure soul to the good Jesus on the altar; yonder is a mother who is praying with a heart all but brok-

good behavior. His big arm and strong body show that there is something e'se to back up the smile. It would take a good man to pick a quarrel with the head of "Father Dempsey's Hotel."

Why cannot we have a Father Timin every large city? It is a practical way to extend the influence of the Church.

the Church.

Pius X. Looks Like Pius IX.

Bishop B. J. O'Connell, rector of the Catholic University, made public some interesting news after his arri-val in Washington from Rome, where he spent the greater part of the sum-mer. The Bishop had three private audiences with the Pope, and nearly all his conversation related, to the all his conversation related to the wellfare and development of the in-stitution of which he is executive

statution of which he is executive head.

"I felt deeply gratified," said Msgr.
O'Connell, "to find how much interest is taken in the university in Rome, from the Pontiff to the least official of the congregation of studies. The Holy Father asked many leading questions about American affairs, and he showed a desire to learn everything connected with the great seminary at Washington founded by his predecessor, Leo XIII.

"My visit to Rome was not only very inspiring from the standpoint of the work, in view of the opening scholastic year, but it was one of the pleasantest visits I ever made. I found the Holy Father in excellent physical condition, in spite of con-

physical condition, in spite of trary reports. He is getting trary reports. He is getting that blanched appearance, or poison pallor, as it is called more bluntly, and he is growing more and more like Pius IX. He had a very ruddy complexion when he was called from his beloved Venice to become the prisonbeloved venice to become the prison-er of the Vatican. Now his com-plexion is like alabaster, and even his hands have the transparent book which comes of indoor life. His hair is that beautiful touching white. He is that beautiful touching white. He is keenly interested in everything which relates to progress, material on moral, in this great and flourishing country.

AT THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Scene: A Sunday school-boys' Scene: A Sunday school—boys' class—young lady in command.
"Now, my boys," said she, "I want each of you to subscribe something towards the mission to the Cariboos. I shall hand round the box, and as each of you contribute you will, I hope, say some appropriate text. No one must give more than a permy. Now, Charlie, you should show a good example."

Whereupon a ruddy-faced urchin stepped forward, dropped in his coin and observed:

IL OFFER

Month of Sep-8, or until our

ng with the re-m we will give Fruit Bowl on y one returning 3 Dozen 6 lb. Self - Raising and for less 6lb. Bags one

cture.) & Harvie ury St., Montreal

Parish News of the Week

Subscriptions to the Father Hol land Birthday Fund.

P. McDermott \$	100.00
Robt. Archer	50.0
James Duggan, Quebec	20.00
Dominion Bridge Co	15.00
R. Bickerdike	
P. Kenna	10.00
S. J. Mathewson	10.00
Mrs. Callaghan	10.0
Rev. Fr. Provincial, C.SS.R	10.00
Mr. P. A. Milloy	10.00
Mrs. P. A. Milloy	10.00
And. J. O'Neill	10.00
John O'Neill	10.00
P. O'Connell	10.00
G. P. Magann, Toronto	10.00
Mrs. J. Redmond, Bherbrooke	7.00
Miss May Milloy	5.00
Miss Wall	5.00
Mrs. Cunningham	5.00
Mr. F. J. Gallagher	5.00
Miss Helen Gleeson	5.00
	5.00
Thomas A. Kenna	5.00
Rose Ward, for employees	
J. M. Fortier	5.50
Michael J. B. Collins	5.00
Mrs. McCready	5.00

John T. Holland M. Feron & Son Wm. Ellis Miss Josephine O'Connor Sherbrooke

Mr. P. S. Doyle Mr. Murray, Sherbrookie Charles Mahoney, Richmond, Va......Father Pujos James Gribbin

Mrs. D. Reefe Miss Johanna Weiss New Hamburg, Ont. Lieut. O'Donnell Mrs. Ryan, Quebec Michael Sullivan An Old Friend rtha C. Woods, Woodville, Mass

Mrs. J. Gallagher
Mrs. Edward Duffy Mr. Steele, Sherbrooke Rev. Father Cavanagh.

Corkery, Ont
Miss A. Burt
Miss Tobin
A Friend Maybury Professor Fowler

A Lady Friend, Gleneden, Ont .. A Friend, Huntingdon Mrs. Walsh

\$452.00 ANNIVERSARY SERVICE.

There will be an anniversary service at St. Ann's Church at seven o'clock on Monday morning, Oct. 26, for the repose of the soul of the late Father Strubbe, C.SS.R., offered by the League of the Sacred Heart of St. Ann's perish Ann's parish.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME.

This little institution has lost by death in the last few weeks, three of its kind friends who have gone to their reward.

This little institution has lost by death in the last few weeks, three of its kind friends who have gone to their reward.

Towards the close of the entertaintheir reward.
The first, Mr. Hugh Gallagher,

glowing tribute to her personal

orth: "Mrs. Flynn was a zealous me ber of the Cathedral parish and the various societies of the church, as well as all movements in the church work, received her very generous sup port. Her charity was broad and unselfish and in church matters her support was felt in many parishes throughout the Scranton diocese. But in all her efforts in this direction her diving was marked by the spirit that was eager to lend support without

proclaiming it.
"With Mrs. Flynn's charity in deed
was the same spirit in word. Her
opinions and judgments were always
softened by a real charitable spirit, sortened by a real charitable spirit, and she was always loyal and faithful in her friendships. Her counsel, which was so frequently sought amont her friends and acquaintances, was always valued and will be missed by many. The Christian influence she exerted will long survive her and her memory will be cherished by many.

od by many.
"Her survivors are three daughters,
Bister M. Salome, of Mt. St. Mary's
seminary, Mrs. M. A. Carroll and
Miss Nellie Flynn, and three sons,
Attorney Frank Flynn, of Niegara
Falls: James Flynn and Edward
Flynn, of this city."
The days following the second of

The day following the receipt of the telegram to Father Holland annuncing her death, he offered un the Holy Sacrifice for the rerose of her soul, for Father Holland loves his

Another great friend of the Home Mr. William Furlong, of No. 100 Another great friend of the Home, Mr. William Furlong, of No. 100 Young street, in this city, was called to his reward very suddenly. He was speaking with his family a short time before he was stricken down. Mr. Furlong besides his many charitable acts to the poor, was very kind to St. Joseph's Home in many ways, and the coal burned by the institution cost less than the ordinary price, because his horses carted it gratis. There was not a more kind-hearted man m St. Ann's parish. May the souls of those kind people rest in peace.

people rest in peace.

The grand concert amounced to take place in the Monument National take place in the Monument National in November to aid in paying off the mortgage of the house, bought last November, may have to be postponed for a few days to allow the tickets to find their way where they may bring the best results. As matters stand, many have taken seats for the entertainment, which promised to be a very enjoyable one, and all Irish. The committee wishes to thank sincerely all who have by their recent subscriptions helped to aid the praiseworthy cause. aid the praiseworthy cause.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCUE-TY.

The regular monthly meeting 5.00 The regular monthly meeting of St. Patrick's T. A. and B. Society was held on last Sunday afternoon in St. Patrick's Hall. Religious exercises were conducted by the spiritual director of the society, Rev. J. P. Killoran, in the chapel, the sermon being preached by Rev. Father Elliott. Prof. Poirier presided at the organ. 3.00

at the organ.

During the meeting the following McDonald. During the meeting the following gentlemen contributed to the programme: Mr. J. Daston read an essav on "Sociability and Temperance Work;" Mr. J. H. Gaudry rendered two counct solos. Songs were given by Messrs. A. McDonald, J. Phelan and J. H. Taylor (1.0.G.T.), an Irish jig by Mr. F. McDonald; recitation by Mr. J. H. Kelly, accordion solo by Mr. A. McDonald, and Prof. J. I. McCaffrey. McCaffrey.

The report of the committee The report of the committee in charge of the Father Mathew anniversary showed that the celebration had been a great success in every detail. The President, Mr. M. J. O'Donnell, thanked the committee for 1.00 O'Donnell, thanked the committee for the efficient manner in which the arrangements had been carried out.
1.00 The following is the list of prize.
1.00 prize, Miss M. McDermott; 2nd; Miss 1.00 P, Abbott; 3rd, Miss M. Doyle. Gentlemen, 1st prize, Mr E. J. O'Leary;
1.00 2nd, Mr. T. Lee; 3rd, Mr. J. Eas-

The society has established a Glee 1.00 Club for the benefit of the younger members, which meets every Tuesday evening in St. Patrick's Hall. Friends 1.00 of the society are invited to be pre-1.00 sent on those occasions.

GOLDEN JUBILEE.

1.00 The Children of Mary who were former pupils of the Congregation de Notre Dame will celebrate in November next the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Society

All who desire to take part in the celebration are requested to send their address to Miss Ritchot. 21
Crescent street, Montreal. .50

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

The largest audience yet witnessed this season at the weekly entertainthis season at the weekly entertainments of the Catholic sailors was that which sought admission last evening to assist at the entertainment given by the St. Anthony's Young Men. Mr. P. Hoobin made a very good chairman and the programme was a fine one. The Misses Donaldson

The first, Mr. Hugh Gallagher, whose portrait we produced last week, was one of the committee who supported the Home in its earliest days by his fatherly advice and generous gufts, for he was good to the poor.

The second loss was by the death of Mrs. Mary Flynn, of Scranton, Pa., who visited Montreal last sumer on her amual pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaupre with her daughter, Sister Mary Salome, of Mount St. Mary Convent in Scranton. The Scranton "Truth" has the following glowing tribute to her personal ment, the chairman announced that

OBITUARY.

MRS. ALLAN McDONALD.

The funeral took place on Wedne



MONTHLY CALENDAR

October, 1908.

1 St. Remigius, B. C. Holy Guardian Angels. 3 St. Dionysius, B. M.

Seventeenth Sunday after Pen-

Maternity of the Bl. V Marv
M. 19 St. Peter of Alcantara, C.
T. 20 St. John of Kenty, C.
W. 21 St. Ursula and Comp., V M
Th. 22 St. Mello, B. C.
F. 23 St. John Capistran, C.
S. 24 St. Raphacl, Archangel.

Twentieth Sunday after Pen-

St. 25 | St. Chrysanthus & Daria, MM | M. 25 | St. Eventhus, P. M. T. 27 | St. Frumentius, B. C. W. 28 | St. Simon and Jude, Ap. Th. 29 | 5t. Pede, C. Th. 29 | 5t. Alphonsus Rodriguez, C. S. 31 | St. Wolfgang, B. C.

St. Wolfgang, B. C.

St. Wolfgang, B. C.

St. Wolfgang, B. C.

day morning to St. Finnan's cathe dral and cemetery, Requiem high Mass being celebrated by Rev. Fa ther McRae. The pall bearers were Messrs. Duncan McMillan, Sandy Messrs. Duncan McMillan, Sandy McMillan, Dan McDonald, John Mc-Donald, Hugh McDonald and Angus

THE LATE MASTER THOMAS PATRICK KINSELLA

The death of Master Thomas Patrick Kinsella (Tossie) took place on Tuesday, Oct. 6th. Master Kinsella was tihe youngest son of ex-Ald. The start of the youngest son of ex-Ald. Thomas Kinsella, of 237 St. Antoine street, and was a pupil of the Belmont School, Guy street. He was a member of the preparatory, class and on account of his genial disposition and kindly ways was a general flavorite with his little schoolmates.
Only a few days previous to his death he attended school and appeared in the best of health. Everything that medical aid could do was done for him, but the little flower done for min, but the little lower which "budded on earth was soon to bloom in heaven." The news of his death was received with regret by his companions and his little desk was heavily draped, with a large cross in the centre surrounded with flowers and bearing a card with the

following inscription:

"In loving remembrance of our little companion, Thomas Patrick Kinsella. Gone but not forgotten."

R.I.P.

On the blackboard a beautiful "In

On the blaceboard a beautiful in Memoriam" was printed.

At the time of his death he was in his eighth year. Farewell to our littlife friiend who sleeps His peateful sleep in the family plot at Cote des Neiges cemetery.

"Shed not for him the farewell tear Nor give the heart to vain regret, 'Tis but the casket that lies here, The gem that fills it sparkles yet.

He's gone, but the hand of death can

The ties that have friendship and love; He's gone, our dear little companion,

dwell with nis God and the angels above. To dwell

TRIBUTE FROM HIS SCHOOL-MATES OF BELMONT SCHOOL

Dysentery corrodes the intestines and speedily eats away the lining, and speedily eats away the llning, bringing about dangerous conditions that may cause death. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial clears the intestinal canals of the germs that cause the inflammation, and by protecting the lining from further rawages restores them to healthy. vages restores them to healthy con Those subject to dysent without this simpl

Mission at Stanstead.

d Oct 12.—The village of Stanstead, with its sister towns Rock Island, P.Q., and Derby Line, Vt., has had a visit from two Redemptorist Fathers, Rev. Father recemptorist Fathers, Rev. Father Leclair, who gave the mission to the French-speaking population two weeks ago, and Rev. Father Holland, who has just finished one for the Eng-lish-speaking, a great part of whom Mrs. Allan McDonald, aged 87 years, passed to her reward on Monday, October 5th, at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. D. J. McMillan, 4th of Kenyon. She is survived by four soms, Dan, of Los Angeles, Cal., Dougald and Sandy, of Rhyolite, Nevada, and Angus, Alexandria, and three daughters, Mrs. Villett, 4th of Kenyon, Mrs. Lillie, of New York city and Mrs. D. J. McMillan, 4th of Kenyon. five o'clock and the second at 8, while the evening service was held at 7.30. It was a successful mission in spite of the meagre attendance, but those who absented themselves cannot be called Catholics, be-

serves cannot be called Cattories, because they never go to church.

The crowning of the mission was the abjuration of Protestantism by Mrs. J. E. McNulty, whose worthy husband is conductor of the train which runs between Stanstead Junction and Stanstead Plain.

After registing the abjuration aloud.

After reciting the abjuration aloud before the kneeling congregation, she was absolved from heresy by the missionery, who afterwards baptized her conditionally, for she had been an Episcopalian. At the part of the ceremony which calls for the Apostle's Creed and the Lord's Prayer, all the congregation stood and recited the prayers aloud with the neophyte. The ceremony was very impressive. Mrs. McNulty received first Communion this morning. We wish that other estimable citizens would follow her After reciting the abjuration aloud

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

REDUCED FARES

In effect until Oct. 31st, 1908, inclusive ond class Colonist fares from Montreal t SEATTLE, VICTORIA, VANCOUVER and PORTLAND.
SAN FRANCISCO. LOS AN. \$54.00 \$59.50

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS.

Leave Montreal Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 10.30 p. m. for the accommodation of passengers holding first or second class ticket to Chicago much thereof as far as the Pacific Cras—nouninal charge is unade for berths, which may be reserved in advance.

CITY TICKET OFFICES 130 St James Street, Telephone Mais CANADIAN

PACIFIC Reduced Fares

In effect until October 31st, 1908, inclusive. SEATTLE, VICTORIA, VANCOU- \$52.70

SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES \$54.00 \$59.50

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

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY BONAVENTURE UNION DEPOT

Hunters Reduced Fares

TO ALL POINTS IN

Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia. Good going October 6th to Nov. 3rd.

Returning until December 5th, 1908.

Maritime Express geaves Montreal at 12 Noon, daily ex

cept Saturday, for Levis, Quebec, River du Ioup, Campbellton, Moncton, St. John, Halifax, and the Sydneys,

II.45 Night train for Levis and Quebec.

P M. The passengers can occupy the Sleeping Car from 9 o'clock. Except Sunday.

CITY TICKET OFFICE. 141 St James street, Tel. Main 615

GEO. STRUBLE,
City Pass a Tit. Agent.
H. A. PRICE, Assistant Gen. Pass. Agent.

example, and that those who have already received the gift of faith will be more attentive to the voice of God the mext time that He speaks through the means of the missionary. The Rev. Fathers of La Salette, who have charge of the parish, work hard for the good of all, and their noble efforts are worthy of full success.

Do it Now—Disorders of the digestive apparatus should be dealt with at once before complications arise that may be difficult to cope with. The surest remedy to this end and one that is within reach of all, is Parmelee's Vezetable Pills, the best laxative and sedative on the market. Do not delay, but try them now. One trial will convince anyone that they are the best stomach rethat they are the best stomach re-gulator that can be got.

Open the Nunneries.

(Buffalo Union and Times.)

The caption is the shibboleth of one G. R. Macfaul, M.A., of Ottawa, Ont. This valiant numery opener writes to the Orange Sentinel, of Toronto, beginning with the remarkable query. Is Maria Monk a myeh?'

The day must come when inquest. The day must come when by the principal senting the principal senting the principal senting the shibboleth of the writes:

Nums are forbidden to write to Nums are forbidden to write the principal senting the principal s (Buffalo Union and Times.) able query, 'Is Maria Monk a myeh?' That's getting back to first principles sure enough. The learned historian maintains that Maria was not ples sure enough. in the list of mythical persons, with in the list of mythical persons, with which we quite agree. If Maria had lived in this day and age there are people who would slangily call her 'a peach.' She was the champion ladv liar of her time; a demoralized damsel whose 'awful disclosures' were so thoroughly riddled by fact that not a shred of them was left when the examination was concluded.

At the time of the Monk performance the Canada True Briton, which from the name, we would take

ance the Canada True Briton, which from the name, we would take

which from the name, we would take to be an Orange organ, said:

"The general tone of the publication in question is intolerant to the last degree. Do its publishers think they are the elect of God chosen to purge the world of sin and iniquity? Let them recollect that as Protestrate and it they have sin and impurity? Let them reconect that as Protestants and if they be sincere in their profession, they have no justification to offer for intolerance, since the law of Christ is not a sealed book to them. 'Judge not that we may not be judged' is written. ten therein in characters not to mistaken."

mistaken."
About the same time the New York Times thus commented on the Monk woman's efforu:
"We are late in noticing this detestable, publication, this tissue of abominable lies, this vile appliance to the lowest tastes, the most cross ixnorance, and the most blind superstition of the day."

And here is what the Philadelphia Times said in its issue of July 28th

Times said in its issue of July 28th.

S. CARSLEY CO.

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1908. STORE CLOSES AT 6. P.M.

THREE PRICE SPECIALS IN

LADIES' NEW WINTER COATS, made of the best quality Black Beaver LADIES' NEW WINTER COATS, made of the best quality black Beaver Cloth, 50 inches long, and lined throughout with heavy mercarette, made in the new French back style, self collar, trimmed with satin pipings and buttons on collar, cuffs and pocket flaps; all sizes. Special\$13.25

LADIES' VERY STYLISH WINTER COATS, made of extra Black Beaver Cloth, semi-fitting style, double breasted front, 50 in ong, body and sleeves lined with heavy mercarette, trimmed back room, with wide fancy silk braid, silk velvet collar, all sizes. A tylish coat for a particular lady.......

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Mersaline Silks, a soft, bright silk, so much in vogue, complete nge of colors. Special, yard Paillette Silk, the untearable kind, colors of navy, brown, sky pinkrk green, mauve, gray. Special 93c

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"The notorious Maria Monk was vesterday convicted of theft in New York and sent to the Tombs for trial. She has long led a degraded life, and this is but one of the many gharges brought against her. Since the publication of her book of 'Dis-closures,' she has plunged into every excess of female iniquity."

Our troubled Ottawa friend will

note that all this testimony comes from Protestant sources. We sinfrom Protestant sources. cerely hope he will find it tory and usable in his

rrotestant sources. We sun-cerely hope he will find it satisfac-tory and usable in his campaign against the nunneries.

Prof. McFaul may also tack on the fact that Maria Monk died in a New

York prison Sept 8th, 1849.
Nunneries of a certain class prison houses in which women are restrained of their liberties. They are foreign establishments that threaten the destruction of the independence of many citizens of their ence of many citizens of this, Women have been kidfree country mapped and carried into these places. Escaping nuns have been dragged back screaming into these places. No investigation has followed these out-

Then he quotes a pal in the war fare, Rev. H. Schultz, who written a book on the subject, which he writes:

such secrecy must be forbidden law

It is really remarkable how, some who write men 'reverend' their names can stretch the truth. This condition may be own g to ignorance (which is excusable), but is more likely to rise from malice. But Messrs. McFaul and Schultz are

But Messrs. McFaul and Schultz are wasting their ammunition. They are going off half-cocked, as it were. If they will come to Buffalo we will table it upon ourselves to show them, from garret to "dark hole" every convent in the big city. We will even agree to do the same in Ottawa, Toronto and we think we can safely include the Hotel Dieu in Montreal, the scene of the awful disclosures' of Maria. We can assure them they will not be disturbed in their investigations. They will find behind the restraining bars and unscalable walls of the horrid numeries women whose sweet faces and gracious mamer prove them to be God's chosen ones, pure m thought, word chosen ones, pure in thought, word and deed—untainted by the dress of the world, with no thought save those which bring them nearer, ever nearer, to the crucified Christ whose brides they are.

brides they are.

Convents are open to those having constituted authority, but they cannot now, nor will they be opened to every prying Tom, Dick and Harry whose narnowness of mind keeps him in the ranks of malicious bigots and who is so blind that he would not permit himself to see under circumstances the most favorable.

fine qualities. They do no or pain and they are agreed the most sensitive stomach.

THE TRUE WITNESS is pri published at 816 Legal street west, Montreal, Or Mr. G. Plunkett Magann, to.



St.Jacobs Oil Price, 25c. and 50c.

LI PROMPTLY SECURED

We would suggest to the Ottawa M.A. that the good book, which, as a Protestant he no doubt reads are fully, tells us that 'out of the fair ness of the heart the mouth speakinh'. Can it be possible that his nature is so steeped in villeness as to promph his disgusting suggestions concerning Catholic religious, including even the Pope?

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Vol.

the first Catholic tion to attain the in the northern ki The Jesuit Fath

perfected an invent for the destruction are specially destr that country. For cess the Jesuit Fe leans authorized F purchase one of th the annihilation of has become a men nd sugar crops of The death is and way of Mother S

Boyle, the survivo nuns of the Order Ireland in December sist Florence Nigh the soldiers in the summoned to Wind ago by Queen Victo ed, but was too ol iourney. The Holy See, a.

the Czar and Czar visit Rome, and th will seize the oppo official visit to the an Apostolic cons that in future the

Vatican will be pu

cial fortnightly bul At Alberta, Sask ther Lacombe, foun the poor and destit open to the needy nationalities. The by a Catholic laym will be conducted h

