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The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

Vol. LVIII., No. 15 MONTREAL, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1908 PRICE FIVE CENT

Note and Comment

Among the names mentioned as a probable successor to Cardinal Stein...

A new Carmelite convent is being built in Seattle, through the generosity of a retired Catholic capitalist...

Verv Rev. A. Lacombe, O.M.I., the veteran missionary of the North-west territory...

Senora de Costa, who caused the great peace monument, the "Christ of the Andes," to be erected on the boundary between Argentina and Chili...

Rev. C. J. Armstrong, a Baptist editor of St. Louis, Missouri, in an article on the religious status of that city...

According to a report from Rome, the Pope has informed the Mayor of Venice that by way of doing something for the city...

Bishop McFaul, of Trenton, New Jersey, has made it obligatory on his clergy to supply a Sunday school paper to their Catechism classes...

One of the most interesting personages present at the Eucharistic Congress was Prince Max of Saxony. This brother of a king who has given up his royal rank to work as a simple parish priest...

It is rather hard on the New York public schools that a charitable society has established a school for office boys, in which, after school hours, instruction will be given in copying, spelling, keeping accounts, city geography and other branches of useful knowledge...

Don't Be A Mummy. Recently, on looking through a number of pictorial post cards, we were stunned with this bit of sage counsel: "A mummy has no fun, he's dead for more than four thousand years. Don't be a mummy!"

When Pius X was Parish Priest.

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. Verrega to the Catholic Herald of India, will be read with interest:

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

"In 1865 the Austrian infantry regiment No. 1 was manoeuvring in the neighborhood of the village of Tomolo, near Padua. During the exercises, one of the soldiers of this regiment was suddenly taken ill and fell senseless on the roadside, while 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 gradually 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 conversed benevolently with the poor fellow while his strength returned under such kind treatment. Perceiving 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 afterwards discharged. He now lives at Tropan, in Moravia, where he keeps a tobaccocon store. He often related the above episode of his military life to his friends and acquaintances, showing the medal which for the past forty-three years has been hung round his neck, and speaking with affectionate veneration of the 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 calendar a detailed biography of the Holy Father and from this he learned that the young parish priest, his benefactor at Tomolo, was none other than Don Giuseppe Sartò—now Pope Pius X. The good veteran's joy can be easily imagined; he decided at once to write to the Holy Father a letter of congratulation and renewed thanks, reminding His Holiness of the day on which he had acted towards him as the good Samaritan on the roadside near Tomolo and begging that he would add the Apostolic Blessing to that which he had already given him so many years ago. John Baier had not long to wait for an answer to his letter. His heart beat high one morning soon after when he was handed a foreign letter with an official stamp. On opening it he learned that His Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val had been instructed by the Holy Father to tell him that he had not forgotten the incident on 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, bearing testimony to the Apostolic zeal and generous heart which have been the mainspring of the Holy Father's actions from his earliest days."

his destiny; his soul is tear-bedaubed, and he shuffles through life in an "inky cloak," neither seeking his fellows nor sought by them. Surely there is in him no door where fun enters, and, touching him, we lay our hand upon a mummy. Then there is the business crank. With all his cleverness he is unimpaired. His cares clothe his days. In his store he is so extravagantly anxious about success that his anxiety disfigures him. He brings a pack of his sorrows to his home and there makes misery for those whose comfort should bring him his joy. If he takes a day to rest, he does not; he is a prosaic multiplication table; he is an incarnate problem in profit and loss, a monomaniac about his living with none of the poetry of life enjoyed. Here is the miser. Look at his joyless face! See these eyes shining, not as the windows of the soul, but with the metallic glow of the gold upon which he does! His features are shrivelled with his contemptible smallness; his blood is more gilded dirt; his humanity has well-nigh died in him; that tears do not effect him and smiles are never given nor received. Here is a character so forbidding that we cast our vote for the mummy. Now life has fun, with all its troubles it itself is a joy. He is a fool who sets living and its cares before life and its genuine delights. So laugh and prove yourself a man and not a mummy!—Catholic Union and Times.

An Irish Day at the Vatican.

(By Vox Urbis, in "Rome.")

Rome.—The railway station of Rome has been an unusually interesting place during several days of the last week. On Monday the two teams of Irish athletes arrived, and on Tuesday five or six special trains brought in hundreds, perhaps even 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, a long jump, a rope climbing competition and a hurdle race were all swept off by the Irishmen.

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 six feet from the ground, and the nearest competitor could not come within 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. The 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 strong for their rivals—but they were also merciful, for they were content to win the match by twelve goals to nothing.

Since then they have won the races of 100, 200 and 400 metres. Thursday was Irish day in the Vatican, for the Holy Father received not only the athletes and the pilgrims who accompanied them, but an official delegation from the Dublin Corporation sent hither to offer 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 Councilors, some of them in their robes of office; Kelly, Rooney, Lennon, Murray, Urion, Gallagher, with City Treasurer Murphy and Secretary Hutchinson.

Mr. Nannetti read a fervid address breathing devotion and to 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 its modest but lofty task entrusted to me I as a member of the municipal Council of Dublin, 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 Italian as well as Irish blood and by this double fidelity to your sacred person and your 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 an 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 to Rome with the same earnestness that they should cherish their Christian legacy."

The Holy Father replied briefly but in words of the warmest affection for Ireland, which had ever distinguished itself in its faithfulness to the Church and its devotion to the person of the Sovereign Pontiff—and then the Dublin deputation retired to the Hall of the Consistory where the Irish pilgrims, consisting of nearly two hundred persons, was eagerly waiting to receive him.

They were ranged in a double row round the hall, and the Holy Father went from one to the other giving his hand to each to kiss, as they were presented to him by the Rev. Dr. Hagan, Vice-Rector of the Irish College. Then the Pope took his place on the throne and Mr. Edward Smyth, Secretary of the Central Council of the Young Men's Association of Ireland, read the following address:

"Humbly prostrate at your feet, we the representatives of the Catholic Young Men's Society of Ireland, offer our sincere and cordial congratulations on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of your priestly ordination."

"With the whole Christian world the Catholics of Ireland rejoice that for half a century Your Holiness has been preserved by Providence to give your salutary work to the Church both as priest and as Vicar of Jesus Christ. With profound respect and veneration we implore your Apostolic Benediction 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. "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 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 Dublin.

After a few moments the Holy Father began the following touching reply, which was afterwards translated by Dr. Hagan: "I thank you for the sentiments you have just expressed for my jubilee, 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 always 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 faithful in spite of everything."

"If the Church to-day intones a hymn of thanksgiving to Providence as she sees the old sun rise again throughout 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 liberty which Jesus Christ brought into the world."

"Therefore, O my beloved children, I congratulate you that you feel running in your veins the blood of your forefathers strengthening you in courage and perseverance. I pray that the Lord may keep you evermore steadfast 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 London which thrilled the whole world."

"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 sacerdotal 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 families and upon those dear to you according to your intentions, and be for all a source of sweet consolation and comfort."

There was a great outburst of cheering, when 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 Hall of the Consistory echoed with the unwonted strains of the bagpipe played by a pilgrim in the traditional kilted costume 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 say against 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. All have been affected, not through

any concise form of religious thought which has operated upon the mind, but rather through the unconscious effect which modern science is making 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 philosophical subjectivism which postulates the placing of all authority solely in the intelligent being, and puts aside all idea of the law being laid down 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 deciding as to beliefs and dogmas, their validity or the contrary, is the keynote of his teachings. If man is not independent in the forming of his religious views, then the word freedom has no meaning, practically says Kant.

Is this not Modernism? Is this not the prime spirit of the modern revolt against the teachings of the Church? What means the principle of vital immanence, if it does not mean that man possesses within him the personality of the Divine in a certain measure, and that, consequently, he may have a law unto himself in the disposition of his life?

Even Luther was less ultramontane than our new Modernists. They admit no authority. Luther held that the human mind owed submission to God and to the highest manifestations of Divine Will that have been thrown throughout the ages on the screen of history.

Kant, then, it is clear, is the philosopher of Protestantism. Hegel, in a large measure, followed the same ideas, showing that nothing existed outside the Spirit.

Here is something of the theories, first postulated by the two aforementioned philosophers, now accepted by the Modernists of all creeds. Religion is the intimate contact with God. It comes not from dogma, or Bible, or tradition, but is in the heart of man from his very beginning. Faith in Christ is independent of anything He ever taught.

Thus, says van Roey, it is clear that man may make God just what he wishes. His conception supplies the criterion; and he may regulate his conscience according to the manner in which he conceives God to be all-wise and infinitely perfect. Here, truly, the way is open for the idea of Pragmatism—or action practically untrammelled by consciences—and there is little difference between the teaching of Mr. Tyndal and that of Nietzsche, when the results are reduced to their most simple expressions.

This philosophy, Nietzsche 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 greatest exponent, Napoleon, the incarnation of action without conscience.

All Modernism, therefore, can be reduced to this expression, namely, Pragmatism, or action, without reference 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 Mamie O'Brien, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry O'Brien, was married 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 blossoms and she carried a bouquet of white roses. Her only ornament was a diamond pendant, the gift of the groom. She was attended 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 rosebuds. Mr. W. P. Spence, brother of the groom, acted as best man.

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. McCaffrey. The groom's gifts to the bridesmaid and little flower girl were twin 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 travelling in a dark green tailored costume 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 of Venice has made rapid progress during the last twelve months; it has now attained a height of 150 feet. By the end of 1909 the main portion of the tower will be finished, and the marble loggia, which will surmount the column, will be begun. This time ample precautions have been taken to insure the strength and stability of the new Campanile. The old pile-work was found to be in an excellent state of preservation. A gilded statue 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 tower, has been cleverly put together again by experts, and will occupy relatively its former position. It is stated that when the tower is completed it will be impossible to detect any difference between it and the old 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 sonorous depth of tone which they formerly possessed. The inauguration of the new Campanile will be the occasion 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. 19th; 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. FOR ST. JOSEPH'S HOME FUND. Name Address Amount

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Harris, who is now writing an early history of missions and missionaries from ancient times to the Washington missionaries visited by the missionaries visited by 1776.—Chicago

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No. 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.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on the receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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A WAY TO PACK.

A business woman who has made frequent trips abroad has evolved an excellent idea for keeping her gowns in good condition.

AN EVERYDAY WOMAN.

Whatever other ambition you have you must strive to be a good housekeeper. 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 him and yourself, you must be Martha, too.

TO PLEASE "MERE MAN."

The woman that men admire must not be masculine and yet be brave and active, never moping and languid.

must have all these suggestions, absolutely without flaw, hidden away in the recesses of her mere feminine brain.

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 displeased.

The damsel must flirt 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 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.

Dark red linen makes a girlish dress that can be worn with a coat or lingerie waist. The material launders nicely.

Many of the striped walking suits are trimmed with pompadour ribbon on the collar, narrow revers, cuffs and belt, the ribbon matching the stripe of the material.

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 parties 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 cardboard which forms the inside of the bag.

Some women waste their time in featherstitching dainty garments with embroidery thread. The embroidery thread being soft, when the garment is laundered it pressed into the material and loses its individuality.

Twisted cotton, which comes by the ball in various numbers and which is sometimes used for crocheting, is the most satisfactory thread with which to do this dainty work.

A SMILE FROM A STRANGER.

Most of 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 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 wretched and the downcast—those whose life burdens are crushing them?

Many of us carry precious memories of smiling faces which we glimpsed at but once, but whose sweet, uplifting expression will remain with us forever.

A NOBLE REPARATION.

A placard announced that after dinner 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 advantage of the thermal springs.

At noon the dinner gong rang out noisily, once, and then again to hurry up the laggards; soon all the guests had arrived, eager and joyous.

During the first course there was a shadow of annoyance upon the faces of the diners, and conversation turned upon one topic: "The fleeing of visitors who patronize the health resorts."

"I finish the season to-morrow," said a young woman to her neighbor. "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."

"For me," broke in a corpulent gentleman, "I admit that I contribute cheerfully once a year for the poor of the asylums and for the poor of these, let the good Sisters leave me alone."

Suddenly the door opens and there enter two Sisters of the Poor. One, aged, tall and pale, advances modestly, 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 nun'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 quickly opened, and these strangers, all—even those who had been opposed to the collection half 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.

On each side, the Sisters went along the length of the table, whispering their gratitude, the timid Sister gaining courage little by little.

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!

All at once the young Sister showed signs of embarrassment. 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."

Red hot blushing flushed the little Sister's face; she did not dare to cast a glance at her insultor, for fear that she 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 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 little Sister, I regret so 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. "Thank! thanks on the part of the army; the Sisters are our guardian angels," he said, joyfully, and then bowing reverently, he resumed his seat without giving even a glance at the guest at his side.

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

of the young officer had triumphed over human selfishness. But, behold, when they came to the middle of the dining hall the two Sisters stopped; there before them was the man who had insulted them. "They have given me a well-merited rebuke," he said, in a low and firm voice. "I ask pardon, little Sister, 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 companion had disappeared.

"How did you feel when you were insulted?" she was asked afterwards. "I had strange emotions."

"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 immense joy. These little crosses are a delight to carry 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 humbly acknowledge our fault.—Southern Messenger.

WOMEN ARE BECOMING MANNISH.

Father Bernard Vaughan, the noted pastor of aristocratic Mayfair, London's smartest residential section, asserts that Englishmen are becoming effeminate and English women becoming mannish. Says Father Vaughan:

"We are confronted by a serious problem which can never be rightly solved until 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 appears everything mannish she wants to dress like a man, talk about and lounge like a man, smoke and drink like a man, talk and swear like a man and generally to bear herself not like a refined lady, but like an unrefined man."

"I am talking of the modern woman who screams from the top of a cart that she will have her rights and who mauls policeman like a wild thing from the Zoo."

"It is a pity man-mimicking woman does not realize that if she insists upon being unsexed and playing the man, she will soon meet with short shrift and will be treated, not like a gentlemanly man, but like a bouncer."

"Women having leaped from her pedestal and taken her place in the arena with common folk, your modern man lets her shift for herself. He neither gets up from his chair when

she enters a room, nor does he offer 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 To fill with perfume, earth and sky.

'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.

All children know it. 'Tis like The murmur of the silvery brook, That flows o'er pebbles twinkling like The stars above at which we look.

'Tis softer e'en than vernal breeze That bears upon its widepread wing Arabia's choicest odors sweet, That fill the earth in youthful Spring.

No song 'mong birds is mellow like This name. 'Tis short, but sweet indeed. Nay, more—from Heav'n sent, 'tis now A balm, and then a joy and mead.

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

The bells' clear tinkling dies away; They hush their sil'ry voices fair When lisping child or aged man Repeat this name at work or pray'r.

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

This name let man e'er sacred hold; Like Nature let him strive 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.

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

OIL STAINS.

It is very aggravating to find that a good blouse is ruined—or seems to be—with drops of oil from the sewing machine.

You were stitching along so steadily 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.

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; let it stand long enough to absorb all the grease; then wash out in 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 frequent use of strong soaps, filled with alkali needed to cut the grease and dirt from various utensils used about the housework, that makes the skin of 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 soft, white and without blemish.

Treatment of the hands should consist more of constant care than of the sudden application of strong chemicals to bleach them white in a single application; these always render the skin so much more sensitive, and besides, always burn, more or less, so the last condition is worse than 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 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 of rose water, for example; measure two tablespoonfuls of glycerine into a bottle to this add four tablespoonfuls of rose water and one of alcohol, and you have a lotion that keeps the hands soft 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 can be had and boiling it to soften cannot be done, add a teaspoonful 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, 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 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 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 wear; this keeps the pores active and the skin soft. Just the constant use of the glycerine lotion, as given, helps greatly if cold cream cannot be kept readily. Cucumber juice or the rind rubbed over the hands helps to whiten the skin; so will lemon juice, but both of these cause a roughness because they are acid and astringent. Always after using either the hands should be well rubbed with cold cream.

If very dirty, lard should be well rubbed in, allowed to remain ten minutes; then warm water with a 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 apply to make the loss good by some application that has oil in it. Oil of almonds may be used, honey and water, half and half, are good.

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 made, No matter what elements cankered the pearl— 'Tis some mother's girl.

No matter how wayward his footsteps have been, No matter how deep he is sunken in sin; No matter how low is his standard of joy— 'Tis some mother's boy.

That head hath 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;

HOW IT WAS.

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

Pinks—Yes; our Willie whipped the janitor's boy.

CAUGHT THE DEAN.

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

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 dean, caught in his own trap, laughed heartily 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 Poldin poor relation."

"One day he met the head of his family in the street. "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 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 dress doesn't become my complexion. I must change it." He: "More expensive? I can't stand it, you'll ruin me!" She: "You silly! I don't mean the dress—I mean the complexion."

A GREATER WONDER.

An inspector was examining a very youthful class of Scotch boys, and among other subjects he requested the teacher to ask her pupils a few questions in nature knowledge. Desiring her class to do her honor, she decided upon the simple subject, "Chickens."

"Now, children," said she, "I want you to tell me something very wonderful about chickens."

"How they get out of their shells," promptly responded one little fellow. "Well," said the teacher, "that is of course wonderful, but I mean something more wonderful still."

There was a silence for a few seconds. Then up spoke little Johnny. "Please, ma'am, it's a mair wonderful hoo they ever get intae their shells."

Ladies Home Journal.

Biliousness, 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 shoulder, or alternate constiveness and diarrhea, 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, Catarrh of the Stomach, Heartburn, Water Brash, etc., may be quickly and easily cured by

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

Mr. S. Gingsher, Zurich, Ont., writes: "I had suffered for years with liver complaint, and although I tried many medicines I could not get rid of it. Seeing Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills advertised I decided to try them, and after using them four months I was completely cured."

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

The Concours of Rome.

In the recent Paris "Concours de Rome," MM. Desvieux-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 cantata. M. Desvieux-Verite, who has already made his mark with such works as "Jeanne d'Arc," "Les Gars d'Islands," and "Le Roi de Thule," the maiden name was Hawkesworth-Kelly. She is a writer, too, and authoress of "The Blue Light," "Comedy 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 Daniel O'Connell occupies a post of honor in M. and Mme. Verite's villa at Neuilly, near Paris. Irish visitors regard this bust with increased interest when they know that it was erected by Desvieux-Verite's maternal grandfather, Mr. Fox, who acted as second in O'Connell's duel with d'Este. As will be remembered, Fox was killed in the leg by the rebound of a ball fired by one of the duellists. He was decimated from the younger of two brothers, English statesmen and Catholics, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. To preserve his faith this younger brother settled in Ireland. The elder turned Protestant, and became the ancestor of the celebrated Fox, contemporary of Pitt.

The most obstinate corns and warts fail to resist Holloway's Corn Cure. Try it.

Funny Sayings.

"Mamma, I heard you tell Uncle Jim I was a dear boy. About how much am I worth?" "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?"

Surprise

Father The Poet (Baltimore) Father John Bern... noted 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 childhood... tic chords from mat... and women of matu... now sits in darkne... eyes blinded to the... blooming flowers at... this environ the de... was wont to draw... Father Tabb's thres... him at the eyes... fame. Just as he... enter the portals, i... of the critics, light... nished him, and he g... darkness. Yet, w... it not be that thro... loss the spiritual... come known? May... the poet's soul, un... distractions of mate... through its loftier l... the better led men... into the beauties o... things which it is f... to see? Is the... of prophecy in the... before his affliction... Ah, if my grief his... My dark loss lo... And bless the nig... Who knows but w... come upon him in... might reach greater... like blind Milton, of... So fair the vision t... Abided with these, I... A flaming sword be... Had shut thee out... John Banister Mar... by birth and a Mar... tion. He was born... March 22, 1844... fore, sixty-three ye... ceived a good educ... of private tutors, an... war broke out he e... federate navy. He... war 1864-5, and w... was ended came to... he studied music... taught at St. Paul... more, and at Racine... san. In 1872 he... Catholic and studied... College, Maryland, i... instructor in English... he was ordained a... But little has been... ther Tabb—famed... modest and retiring... friend, though, he o... his poetic vision fel... a direct gift from G... when, following the... in need and knew no... His sky was clouded... with not a star to... Suddenly, it was as... vine opened and he c... of things spiritual... touched and he was... power to peer into t... flows the laughter c... to each out the inn... of the hearts of men... ears were attuned to... the flowers, the b... song birds. A ha... the strings of his... was set into motio... for brightness, delie... part, seldom equal... poets. Such is Fath... ception of poetry: A gleam of Heaven: Star Held captive in the... money; A silence, shell-like, i... afar The rapture of th... The blindness of F... pathetic thing, for h... from a sight of the... with a passionate... Charles Collette is... surpassing beauty, c... with its lofty minar... self quite a pile to... thoughts, while the... foreground is in the... summer months a ga... its spacious lawns g... gold and crimson of... vated flowers. Adja... woods, abounding in... follows every ho... You wonder h... the clothes so... with no little r... It is just BOAL... with peculiar qu... ing clothes... wash... Read ch... the... SURPRISE

Father John B. Tabb.

The Poet-Priest Who Has Become Blind.

(Baltimore American.)

Father John Banister Tabb, the noted poet of the Catholic Church and one of the sweetest singers who have drawn their inspiration from the Maryland environs, is blind. Some eight or nine eminent physicians have been consulted, but there appears to be no hope, and the poet, whose charming verses have delighted the hearts of children, struck sympathetic 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 now sits in darkness at St. Charles beyond Elliott City—his eyes blinded to the beauty of the blooming flowers and verdured hills that surround 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:

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 the vision that the night
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 adoption. He was born in Amelia county, March 22, 1845, and is, therefore, sixty-three years old. He received a good education at the hands of private tutors, and when the civil war broke out he entered the Confederate navy. He was a prisoner of war from 1864 to 1865, and after the conflict was ended came to Baltimore, where he studied music. Subsequently he taught at St. Paul's school, Baltimore, and at Racine College, Michigan. In 1872 he became a Roman Catholic and studied at St. Charles College, Maryland, later becoming instructor in English there. In 1884 he was ordained a priest.

But little has been written of Father Tabb—famed though he is—so modest and retiring is the man. To a friend, 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. His sky was clouded. It was night with not a star to light his way. Suddenly, it was as though the heavens 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 childhood and to reach out the innermost emotions of the hearts 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 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 Star
Held captive in the clasp of harmony;
A silence, shell-like, breathing from afar
The rapture of the deep—eternity.

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 summer months is a garden spot, with its spacious lawns glowing with the gold and crimson of carefully cultivated flowers. Adjacent are the woods, abounding in nooks to invite

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 bird or fern. It was here that he observed the butterfly—

Leafless, stemless, floating flower,
From a rainbow's scattered bow.
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 all the manifestations of nature. He 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 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 closest 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 dandelion, the water lily, the summer wind and the seasons all spoke to him, and their fancies and their memories are all embalmed in the tenderest of verse.

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 to find the violet shrinking modestly from the light. Instead, a friend must guide him. One can fancy there being pointed out to him the rose, with its petals dead and drooping, 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 me!

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 courage. When it became evident that sight was leaving him he wrote this poem, which is remarkable for its philosophic acceptance of a condition 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,
But to remain:
And in the school of Darkness learn
What mean
"The things unseen."

As a poet Father Tabb has never aspired to greatness. He has never issued any pretentious works, all of his verse being short. Among his volumes are "Poems" (1883), "An Octave to Mary" (1893), "Lyrics" (1897), "Poems Grave and Gay" (1899), "Two Lyrics" (1900), "Later Lyrics," "Childhood Poems" and 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

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 the interviewers:

TO A PROPOSED INTERVIEW.

An interview would be to me
A species of mistic,
Or an appendix to be cut
Without an anesthetic.
And why expose to public view
A man's intestine features?
'Tis outwardly alone we look
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 the printers. While his heart beats, though, so long may he be expected to write, for he has quaffed so deep from nature, and so well does he 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 Allan 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 that Father Tabb, whenever he came 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 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 article, the American received the following lines from Father Tabb, written on a postal card:

ON THE SUN'S REPORT OF MY OPINION OF POE.

Though naked Truth concerning Poe
Through telephonic lines may go,
When out she comes full dressed for show,
Her face on friend of hers may know.

So far as the immortality of Father Tabb as a poet is concerned, even though he writes no more and no greater poems, he 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 sparrow,
Out 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 force the secret of the power of that wonderful religious organism which has made provision for the needs of every human soul, whether it requires for its comfort active service or the mystical life of contemplation. We see how every want is understood, how for every spiritual problem an answer is provided, how the experience of nineteen hundred years has been stored up and recorded, and how all that man has ever known is known to those who guide and perpetuate this mighty system. And in these days, when doctors of divinity are devoting their energies to nibbling away the foundations of historic faith and when the sacred weapons of agnosticism are forged on theological anvils, there is something reassuring in the contemplation of that Church which does not change from age to age, which stands unshaken on the rock of its convictions and which speaks to the wavering and troubled soul in the serene and lofty accents of divine authority."

The Boston Centenary.

The centenary of the foundation of the diocese of Boston will be observed during the week beginning October 28 with a series of services and demonstrations of an imposing character. According to the arrangements of Archbishop O'Connell, the first public religious service will take place on Wednesday morning, Oct. 28, in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross. The ceremonies on the successive days will also be held in the Cathedral. The programme will be as follows: Wednesday, Oct. 28, 10.30 a.m.—Solemn pontifical Mass in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross; Thursday, Oct. 29, 10.30 a.m.—Solemn high Mass, Friday, Oct. 30, 10.30 a.m.—Solemn Pontifical Mass

of requiem for the repose of the souls of the deceased Bishops, priests and people of the archdiocese of Boston. Saturday, Oct. 31, 10.30 a.m.—Solemn pontifical Mass. Sunday, Nov. 1, 10.30 a.m.—Solemn pontifical Mass in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, at which Archbishop O'Connell will pontificate. Sunday afternoon, Nov. 1.—Street procession of the members of the Holy Name Society, of the archdiocese of Boston. The street parade of the Holy Name Society will be on a large scale. It will be made up of branches of the Holy Name Society, which is exclusively a men's organization, from every parish in the Boston archdiocese. It is expected the parade will number 50,000 men. The plans for the big parade are in the hands of Vicar-General Patterson, who has chosen Major John J. Leonard chief marshal.

Great Jesuit School in China.

A splendid tribute to the work of the Jesuit Fathers in China appears in a letter recently received by Emory Elwood of Florida, Montgomery County, N.Y., from his son, Walter Elwood, who is on his way to Manila 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 outskirts of Shanghai. His letter is published in full in the last number of the Fort Plain Free Press and is interesting throughout:

Great Jesuit School in China.

"I never visited anything so creditable as that great Jesuit School and Orphanage," writes Mr. Elwood. "Father Scherer escorted our host, the poet and me all about through long, cool corridors hung with paintings and prints, past little chapels at every corner and fathers studying zealously in the white, quiet rooms. It certainly is a wonderful school and the orphanage is still more wonderful with its 1200 boys and 1000 girls all being taught a trade. And such admirable work, especially in wood carving, oil painting, water color, metal work, printing, carpentry, organ building. It was amazing to see the exquisite work. Imagine a brown, young Chinaman making a life-size statue in wood of St. John or the Virgin and doing it beautifully, or an oil painting of Christ among the doctors. Little fellows, too, worked deftly at their 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 one a millionaire. Father Scherer must have been gratified at our over-repeated appreciation and the resulting flow of admiration which cascaded 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 asked 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 year. I was amused, too, looking 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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I had then, and I have now, No Church, no Presbytery, no Diocesan Grant, no Endowment (except Hope).

I am still obliged to say Mass and give Benediction in a mean upper room. Yet, such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the County of Norfolk measuring 25 x 20 m.

The weekly offerings of the congregation are necessarily small. We must have outside help for the present to haul down the flag.

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

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

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

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 Host and St. Anthony.

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side of the world. When we finally drove away in our best, comfortable cabriolet, with rubber-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 chimneys, of gracious fathers and curious boys. I 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 exposition which I had had shown me. I tell you I took off my Panama as politely as I knew how when we came to wave our adieu to Father Scherer, our jolly guide and host. Think of a German teaching French to the Chinese! He must be a linguist, indeed, speaking German, French, English, Greek, Mandarin and Shanghai Chinese. He speaks English better than an American."

Catholic Sun, Syracuse.

A Memento of the Penal Days.

The employment of "Irishmen and Papists" in recording the votes of the British Parliament, in 1704, was the principal ground on which a certain William Dell endeavored to secure from Speaker Robert Harley a transfer of the privilege to himself. "I have accidentally," he writes, had the opportunity to see that those who write the votes of Parliament are a sort of sorry, idle and dissolute wretches, the greater part of them Papists and enemies to the Government, and those they employ most commonly Irishmen, a people supported and encouraged to this business to misrepresent the debates and resolves of the House on purpose to keep up and foment the malevolence of their party." The "virtuous" Dell was not at all averse to undertaking the job himself, though he goes on to say: "Not one of these wretches desired the last session of Parliament for the order the Commons made that none should presume to write any of their votes or proceedings, and I am well assured that now again, as has been usual, they have engaged the coffeehouse and their other customers for the ensuing session, notwithstanding the said order." William Dell did not succeed in his obstinate attempt to be the first official reporter and Lobby correspondent.

Dr. FOWLER'S EXT-OF WILD STRAWBERRY

CURES
Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Cramps, Colic, Pains in the Stomach, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Sea Sickness, Summer Complaint, and all Fluxes of the Bowels.

It has been on the market for 63 years. Its effects are marvelous. It acts like a charm. Relief is almost instantaneous. Ask your druggist for it. Take no other. Substitutes are Dangerous.

The genuine is manufactured by THE T. MILBURN CO. LIMITED, Toronto, Ont. Price 35 cents.

COUPLE OF DOSES CURED.
Mrs. W. J. Wilson, Tessier, Saak, tells of her experience in the following words:—"I wish to tell you of the good I have found in Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Last summer my little girl, aged two years, was taken ill with Summer Complaint, and as my mother always kept Dr. Fowler's in the house when I was a child, I seemed to follow her example as I always have it also. I at once gave it to my baby as directed and she was at once relieved, and after a couple of doses was taken was completely cured."

Satisfaction
follows the surprise of every housewife who uses

Surprise Soap

You wonder how it can make the clothes so white and clean, with so little rubbing?

It is just SOAP—perfectly pure with peculiar qualities for washing clothes. Try it the next wash.

Read the directions on the wrapper.

Surprise Soap is a pure, mild Soap.



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ITEMS OF LOCAL INTEREST SOLICITED.

In vain will you build churches, give missions, found schools—all your works, all your efforts will be destroyed if you are not able to wield the defensive and offensive weapon of a loyal and sincere Catholic press.

—Pope Pius X.

Episcopal Approbation.

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

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, much 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.

The Law of the Church.

Few people think or know of the important work which, started by our present Holy Father, is fast drawing to a close. We allude to the codification of the laws of the Church. The end, says "Roma," is clearly in sight.

for ages the benefit of their virtuous example, their learning and their paternal government. No act, however, of either Pontiff will outlive the future of the Church more positively than this codification of the law. In a country like ours many do not reflect upon the subject. Many more 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 Church.

See this ardent horse while his trainer is breaking him in, how irregular his movements are: This is the effect of his ardor, and this is the effect of his strength which is badly used. He composes himself, becomes obedient under the spur, under the reins, under the hand that directs him right or left, or urges or holds him back as it pleases.

THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE.

This gathering of Anglicans last spring from all parts of the British Empire and a few other sparsely scattered 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 Oecumenical Council of the lopped branch as the Establishment could make it.

In order to help man in this world, another animal will come forth; he will be intelligent, docile, quick, hardy and faithful. The shepherd's dog will mind the flocks; the hunter's dog will subdue the beasts of the fields and forests.

leavings of the table, or a few bones; with this he will obey his master and be his faithful servant. He will watch around his master's house, feel lonesome when he is absent, jump for joy on his return, accompany him on any road and defend him at the risk of his own life.

CATHOLIC CONGRESSES.

Now that the Eucharistic Congress 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 important part in the advance or retrogression of Church work.

History of the Church.

And above his bare duty is voluntary individual service. Personality and individual effort means much. Strictly interpreted his duty is easy—attendance at Mass, Communion at Easter, proper money support. Many are content with this minimum and grumble at that.

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 enlightened co-operation on the part of laymen.

Led by Science to Faith

(From the Messenger.) The death of Henri Becquerel, the distinguished physicist, is called by the French papers an irreparable loss to science. He was but fifty-six years old.

primitive and passing conditions. Once the priest had to be the factor for the people were poor and illiterate. They are not so to-day. The composition and environment of the average parish are far different from those of half a century ago.

Some 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 cannot see the Church because of some priest. Some stand aloof nursing some ancient grudge or hasty word and contribute nothing, except criticism.

It is not now a question of interference, of trustee system, of parish advisory board. We have done with that, let us hope, forever. It is a question of permissible and needed co-operation in proper lines.

Outside the Church charity has become a highly organized and specialized profession. All that is left of Protestantism has been poured into the cup of humanitarianism.

CATHOLIC SOCIETIES DO LITTLE CHARITY WORK. The Conference of St. Vincent de Paul could be made real dynamo 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.

Why this endless counting of heads? It is not skulls but the quality of 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 of his duties and the increased measure of his responsibilities.

Within her own sacramental sphere the Church continues and develops herself by virtue of our Lord's promise, and twenty centuries of law and discipline have bequeathed to her teaching and governing body a wisdom and strength unique in history.

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 woman Miss Maud Summers, on the comic sections of Sunday newspapers. Miss Summers, one of the best known story tellers for children in this country, was vigorously applauded when she declared that in these papers emphasis was placed on deceit, on cunning and on disrespect for gray hairs.

Demoralizing to Children.

The comic supplement of the Sunday newspapers is lowering the standard of literary appreciation. It is not skulls but the quality of their contents that count. Numerically we may be strong, but dynamically we are puny.

GLOVES advertisement featuring an illustration of a man in a suit and the text: We can fit and satisfy the most exacting men. Dent & Perrin contribute to our stock, every pair guaranteed. Price from \$1.00 up. BRENNANS' 2 Stores: 251 St. Catherine St. West 7 " " East

H. BOURGIE, Undertaker and Funeral Director, 1314 NOTRE DAME WEST. Coffins in wood and metal of all descriptions. First class hearses for funerals and all accessories. Subscription to the funeral society, \$1 per year for the family.

Penmanship advertisement: Dominion Edition of Pappson, Dunton and Seribner's System of Penmanship. Simple in method, practical in plan, perfect classification of letters according to similarity of formation.

D. & J. SADLER & CO., 13 Notre Dame St. West, Montreal. Advertisement for a book or publication.

MENEELY BELL COMPANY advertisement: Church Bells, Memorial Bells a Specialty. 22, 24 & 26 RIVER ST., 177 BROADWAY, TROY, N.Y.

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

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Have you ever... The western people... Commemorative District... of nature and landscape... mountain and lake... ocean and smiling... caucles and ruined... visit to this charming... pleasure not soon... year ago for the... spent a pleasant... "Wilds of Concan... Europe or enjoyment... rest and enjoyment... hear from so great... Edward VII, King... in "all his vast Ed... more on the west... And yet how few... visitors who crowd... steamers every year... district. The high... land and the high... not to speak of sh... tion on the touri... of American touri... holidays and not... knows of this "be... Killarney visit to... hurried visit to t... way in the North... tour in the... the opinion of the... mers district, wh... has in many respo... upon the lover of... of these places. W... visit abroad next... racy of this statu... When the writer... English Lake Cot... in this charmi... was impressed st... claims of the rug... later were superi... goodful charms of... places suffer from... rator who says... there four-thirds... writer had been t... and it did not rai... time.

THE FRIAR'S HEAD

A Story of The Penal Days in Ireland.

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

(Continued.)

Keenly the beggar eyed every face that passed him at the gateway of the abbey; loud and visible rose his monotonous prayer for the dead, and grateful his thanks to the kind ladies and gentlemen who dropped silver in the hat. And by the grave, when the coffin had been lowered and the clods fell with hollow sound on its lid, he knelt in fervent prayer, yet eagerly, in his apparent piety, scrutinizing every person who stood about.

When at last all was over and the least mourner had withdrawn, leaving only a few scattered peasants kneeling here and there at the graves of their kin, the beggar hobbled out of the graveyard and took the road to Boyle. There he struck out for Kingscourt, and by nightfall was with the Viscount.

"Well, Your Honor," he whined, "he'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 went 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 much."

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

"Yes, Bagshaw?"

"Yes, Your Honor. It seems that Miss 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 weebegone, lanin' on the arm of her cousin, Richard Taaffe, that her distress 'ud melt a heart of stone."

"Faith, your sympathy commends you, mynny," laughed the Viscount. "A priest-hunter's heart is a tender thing! But your plan?"

"Well, I told a cock-an'-bull story of Mistrher Nicholas Blake bein' sick near Castlereagh an' askin' for a priest. It seems that Miss Christine knows where he's hidin' and will send word to him to go to Mistrher 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' Castlereagh, an' if I don't nab him at lasht, me name is not Bill Bagshaw."

"Good! good! It seems feasible. Try it, and good luck to you. But what of Birmingham? Have you seen him lately?"

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

"Ha, I see," sneered 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 aviciousness.

"Trust me, Your Honor, thrust me, an' I'll do the trick. An' thrust me, 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 potatoes, from which he had been summoned by Bagshaw's arrival.

VI.

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

Keash is a beautiful hill in Sligo, not far from the old town of Bally. A rounded mass, it keeps sheer from the green plains of Corran to a considerable height and dominates the landscape like a giant warder. Its green activities are a patchwork of fields separated by 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. 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 away, giving place to a perpendicular escarpment of bare, gleaming granite, visible for miles, like a massive castle crowning the green hill. This fortress-like aspect is further heightened by a row of arched caves yawning, black and forbidding, like Gothic gateways, in the face of the cliff. Small wonder that the fanciful Celt has woven many a beautiful romance about the hill and its castellated crest, many a tender legend of fairy and wizard, of warrior and lover turned to stone and held in petrified distance deep in the heart of the haunted hill. When the moon shines on that ghostly rampart of naked 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'Rourke, making his lair with the wolves' cave, 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 Christine Taaffe.

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

towards the peddler, he whispered in his ear. "Tis Bagshaw, the priest-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."

"Peace," whispered the peddler, young man.

"Has he ever seen you?" asked the peddler.

"No, but he knows I travel as a peddler. When last I was taken 'twas by another chap named Birmingham."

"Never mind! I'll fix him," whispered McDonough. "Just follow me 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 kitchen while I take my friend out to 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."

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

Then, recrossing the kitchen carefully and pausing before the peddler, he called aloud. "Mr. O'Connor, you 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 twin, so alike in height, lineament and complexion.

"Come, mistrher piper, he was fain to follow, but Casey interrupted him. "The Wind that Shakes the Barley," "Burke's March," or, maybe, better, "The Boyne Water."

"The Boyne Water?" laughed the piper. "Would ye have me killed by the boys?"

A roar of laughter greeted his remark.

"Well, then, 'Geese in the Bogs,' or 'Rory O'More,'" said Casey. "We'll have something; so tunc up!"

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 Connaughtan's Rattles," while half a dozen laughing men leaped up and began to foot it vigorously. Others gathered around in an applauding 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.

"God bless yer two feet, Brian, me boy," yelled another. "I called a thrif while the landlord poked his rubicund face in at the door, beannin on musician and dancer."

"May-yeer whistle never be dry," said yet another, bringing a pewter of ale to the piper. "More power to yer elbow, piper. 'Tis yerself can do it!"

"May it choke him!" mumbled Casey, 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. So, shrewdly reasoned Casey, and in the sign he saw one who was an enemy of the old race, consequently of the old faith.

When, at last, in the distraction and excitement of the dance, McDonough returned to the kitchen, even his friend Casey did not recognize him; but a spark of satisfaction kindled the piper's furtive eye as he caught sight of him at the door. For the peddler, in that brief interval in the yard, had completely changed garments 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 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, 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 which he pocketed 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.

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 corner.

"Where's McDonough?" said he.

"Whist, Phelin! I murmured the latter warily. "I'm McDonough. Don't you recognize me?"

"The devil a bit of it," smiled Phelin.

"All the better," murmured McDonough.

"Where's your friend?"

"On the road to Castlereagh, drivin' me few sheep ahead," whispered McDonough.

"But why the change in clothes? Why all this mystery?" queried Casey.

"There's good reason for it, never fear," whispered McDonough. "I suppose there must be, wid all this masqueradin'."

"There is, but I must ask you to take no further heed of me. Leave me alone here in my corner, and, if I have the house before you, please do not follow me, but go on to Castlereagh alone be yerself. I'll meet you there in the mornin' at Mulligan's."

"All right, Thomans," agreed his friend, and thereafter he mingled with the dancers and kept the piper busy for the greater part of the night.

Dawn came fresh and balmy, and 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 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 moment 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 fresh and filled with the odors of Araby. The sky was a delicate sapphire above him, and down from its pellucid depths rained a delicious melody, where innumerable larks were singing at heaven's gate. Then, reverently crossing himself and donning his hat, he set off, but not towards Castlereagh. 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 linnet.

But, unseen of him, another figure followed behind—the quondam piper, who had been lurking behind a hedge near the inn, watching for his departure. Stealthily he crept after him, dodging from bush to bush, now hiding behind a wayside tree, now slipping into the wood and keeping cautious progress abreast of 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 he had the companionship of God's gentle creatures. Occasionally a rabbit would scurry across his pathway, a hare would dart timidly into the wood, or a covy of partridge rise with a great whirr of wings and chatter of alarmed voices from green patches among 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 deliberately taken that road to draw the pursuer from the priest, who had gone to Castlereagh 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 beautiful work.

But the shadow was closer than he reckoned, for presently it slipped forth from the wood, as he threw himself prostrate on the grass and leaned far over a spring to drink of its bubbling water. For a moment, unheard, unseen, the shadow hung over his victim, gloating with malevolent glee over the doom so imminent. Then a shot woke the echoes of the forest, startling bird and rabbit; and the peddler pitched with a moan into the spring, and a tinge of red dyed and deepened in its crystal depths.

"So ho, me bouid friar! I have you at lasht," laughed Bagshaw, as he deliberately loaded and primed his pistol a second time, and a second time emptied it into the back of young McDonough.

With ghoulish glee the priest-hunter watched his victim's writhing agony. It was soon over and the young farmer from Corran lay cold and still amid the cresses that bordered the spring.

"Now for yer head, the proof of my work!" sneered the ghoul, as he dragged the body into the wood and laid the neck over his stump of a felled tree—an ideal besomman's block. Unbuttoning his coat, he took from a leather 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 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 set off for Kingscourt.

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 filling Europe with the fame of their prowess.

True, they had had a brief gleam of hope in the night of Uir despaired his brave Highlander against the Hanoverians usurped and the House of Stuart seemed likely to come 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 at the Boyne, cherished tender memories of the Stuarts, and spoke in allegory of the hopes of Ceha Ni-Gara, the Little Black Rose, Kathleen Na Houlahan and other valed names for their beloved Erin; while itinerant bards and hedge-schoolmasters voiced their dreams in euphonistic strains and inflated doggerel.

Bagshaw, the goat-skin on his back dripping blood on his coat, paused irresolutely on 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 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 hour.

For a while the priest-hunter stood there in the shadow of the hanging-oak, uncertain what to do. He heard, the leaves of the tree lipping 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 their last interview. Nay, he might refuse him even the fifty guineas originally promised for the friar's head. But one thing was sure—he would not hang him, as he had threatened to do in case of failure. He had with him the bloody proof of his loyal service and—well, after all, the Master was a gentleman and would not go back on his word. With which comforting assurance he made his way to the servants' quarters back of the house and, entering, requested a pompous and belpowdered butler to notify the master of his arrival, with good news.

Much against his will the grumbling lackey went off to do this dirty bagpiper's behest; but even at the most bigoted homes bagpipers, harpers 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."

The Viscount's eyes flamed with finchish 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 minutes."

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 afilish with wine; but he carried himself with dignity and looked every inch the noble in coat and waistcoat of rich pink and silver brocade, powdered peruke tied at the neck with a broad bow of black ribbon, crimson satin breeches with gold buttons, white silk stockings, red morocco shoes with gold buckles, and dainty lace ruffles at throat and wrists.

"So you have good news at last, Bagshaw?" he asked smilingly.

"The devil a better news in the world, Your Honor," returned Bagshaw, rising and throwing his master a bobbing curtsey and an obsequious smile. "I caught him on the way to Castlereagh," he went on, tossing his head towards the sack lying by his side on the floor. "I saw there was no chance of takin' him alive, so I gave him the pistol in Lord De Freyne's demense, and here is he, himself, never to bother you again."

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.)

Was Troubled With His Back for Over Twenty-five Years

Got Him Every Kind of Medicine, But

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FINALLY CURED HIM

Mrs. E. A. Pinner, Ferrisport, Ont., writes:—I can certainly recommend your Doan's Kidney Pills. My husband had been troubled with his back for over twenty-five years. I got him every kind of medicine I could think of, but they did him no good. A friend advised him to get some of Doan's Kidney Pills, so he got two boxes and they cured him completely. He feels like a new man, so he says, and will never be without a box of Doan's Kidney Pills in the house.

The price of Doan's Kidney Pills is 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

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MORRISON & HATCHETT
Advocates, Barristers, Solicitors,
5th Floor, Banque du Peuple Chambers,
97 ST. JAMES STREET.
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Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steamfitters.
Estimates Given.
Jobbing Promptly Attended To

Lawrence Riley PLASTERER
Successor to John Riley. Established in 1856.
Plaster and Ornamental Plastering, repairs of all kinds promptly attended to.
15 Paris Street, Point St. Charles.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

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

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months' residence upon said cultivation of the land is each year for three years.
- (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
- (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming lands owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon said land.

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

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

SPECIAL OFFER

During the Month of September, 1908, or until our stock is exhausted.

FREE: Along with the regular premium we will give One Class Fruit Bowl on Stand to every one returning more than 3 Dozen 6 lb. empty XXX Self-Raising Flour Bags, and for less than 3 Dozen 6lb. Bags one medalion (picture).

Brodie & Harvie
14 and 16 Bleury St., Montreal

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1908. 30

"Good-morning, my I'm glad you ha town. Your holiday rambls Your color is hea

"You bring the (flowers). Your step is as You, musing in br Some secrets, I brought home.

"Then, what have rover, From the forests, shore. From the evening I 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 va Yes, for a whole y ed— I wish that vacat

"I've learned—but I'm flurly. You loudly again I have hurried, must hurry, With many things

+ + DO YOUR

A gentleman te boy, he was a greo 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 boot it?"

The boy said he ce tleman said. "Well, The little fellow b and insisted that should try again. H boy acknowledged th whistling, and as h the little fellow sai "Well, if you can what were you whi for?"

Sure enough, whi one do his best, if he the school has plent shod, third-class wo ple who let every b would. Let every b to do the best poss whistling, singing, y ing.—Selected.

+ + A GENTLEMAN

A gentle boy, a man! do his best, if he An honest boy, an u Is the boy of boys

The gentle boy gar Last words that fa The manly boy will To meanness, nor

The gentle boy, the Upright and honest Will always find a h Among the good a

He reaps reward in Finds joy in giving And earns the right t A gentlemanly boy

+ + BOOK NO

THE WOMAN'S HOME FOR OCTO

An important artic titled "Seeking S in York." "Five dolla a few plain clothes i ordinary school educ and New York, wit opportunities abund the beginning of the New York of Lucy G real adventures of a tells her story to Companion.

This October issue rich in fiction, hav Elizabeth Stuart P Bloddes, Octave Than Cling, Margaret Sutt especially good stori cheller and Juliet W There is perhaps n ant question to the can than the one of ing a home. The r most careful investio experiences of thous cans are given in a on this subject, whi October number.

Of special interest a hand's intimate pictur the Tsaris of Russi Wood Hutchinson's ar bles Moral?"

The fashion departm latest fall fashions i suggestions.

NOT AFRAID T

How the rain came to be sure, and how the streets of the gre near! It was night, and the hurrying cro sidewalks, but for the of the gas lights, have found their wa block to another. In the midst of the poor looking boy, on death a friendly arm himself from the storm

J. Hatchett
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS,
100 St. James St.,
Montreal.

Alexandre Lacoste, K.C.
LAJOIE & LACOSTE
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS,
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Montreal.

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REGULATIONS

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BOYS and GIRLS

A ROVER.

"Good-morning, my dear little rover! I'm glad you have got back to town. Your holiday rambles are over. Your color is healthy and brown."

"You bring the sweet scent of wild flowers; your step is as light as sea-foam. From musing in bright fairy bowers some secrets, I'm sure, you've brought home."

"Then, what have you learned, little rover, from the forests, the sea, and the shore. From the evening rest in the clover, while pondering unwritten lore?"

"I can't stop to tell you this morning. My lessons I have to prepare; the school-bell has just given warning. I have not one moment to spare."

"Now in the old groove I've got started. And my long vacation is past—yes, for a whole year we have parted— I wish that vacations could last."

"I've learned—but forgive this sad flurry. Far loudly again sounds the bell—I have learned that when late one must hurry. With many things better to tell."

DO YOUR BEST.

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 came out of a hotel whistling quite low. A little boy playing in the yard heard him, and said: "Is that the best you can whistler?"

"No," said the gentleman, "can 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 for?"

"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 playing.—Selected.

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, Least words that fall may grieve; The manly boy will never stoop To meanness, nor deceive.

The 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, Finds joy in giving joy, And earns the right to bear the name A gentlemanly boy.

BOOK NOTICE.

THE WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION FOR OCTOBER.

An important article in the October Woman's Home Companion is entitled "Seeking Shelter in New York." "Five dollars in my purse, a few plain clothes in my bag, an ordinary school education behind me, and New York, with its boundless opportunities, ahead of me," that is the beginning of the adventures in New York of Lucy Green. They are real adventures of a real girl, who tells her story to readers of the Companion.

This October issue is particularly rich in fiction, having stories by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Harrison Rhodes, Octave Thanet, Nellie McClung, Margaret Sutton Briscoe, and especially good stories by Irving Becher and Juliet Wilbur Thompson.

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 October number.

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

The fashion department with the latest fall fashions is full of valuable suggestions.

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.

In the midst of the crowd was a poor looking boy, crouching under a friendly awning to shelter himself from the storm. He hesitated

ed a single moment as if partly undecided what to do. At length he entered a printing office and asked to see Mr. Gay, the proprietor.

"Come in," replied a voice from the counting-room. Mr. Gay looked up as the door opened, and seeing a strange lad, he told him he would attend to him in a few minutes. Having finished his writing he asked him his errand.

"Please, sir, do you want a boy in your printing office?" "Why," said Mr. Gay, "I don't know but what we do. What can you do?"

"Anything, sir, that you have for me to do—I am not afraid of work." "They all say so at first," said Mr. Gay, "I never engaged a lad in my life who was not full of promises and perhaps good resolutions, too, at the outset; but these wear away, in most cases, amidst the temptations of the city."

"Well," said the poor boy, sorrowfully, "Very likely that may be true, but I don't think it would prove so in my conduct. Will you try me?"

"What is your name, and where do your parents live?" asked Mr. Gay. "My name, sir, is Horace Scott. My father and mother are both dead and the stout-hearted lad could hardly repress the tears as he spoke, but he brushed them away, and continued—"I live with a woman who knew my mother; she is very kind to me, but she is poor and cannot keep me without work. I have tried at a great many places to get work, but nobody seems to want poor boys."

"Have you no friend to recommend you?" asked Mr. Gay. "Harry looked down for a moment, 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."

Mr. Gay took the book into his hands. On the first leaf was written: "This is your mother's dying gift; read it daily, my son, and the orphan's God will be your friend."

He closed the book and laid it on the table, and then said, "Well, Harry, you may make a trial in my office. Come to-morrow morning, and if you suit me I will engage you permanently. I shall want you to sleep in the office for the present."

"Thank you, sir," said Harry, "I 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, 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.

The next morning Harry was at 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.

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.

In this, if the mind is fixed upon awakening at an early hour, the body will obey. We often hear children reply to the question, "Why they did not get up earlier." "I couldn't wake up." But this answer really indicates that they did not try to be awake earlier.

It looked very dark when Harry got his eyes open. He thought it could not be morning yet. Just then the old clock in the tower over the way, struck five. "Time to get up," he thought, and suiting the action to the word, he was soon dressed.

Upon going into Mr. Gay's room he set to work to kindle the fire. Then he looked after the other fires, giving them the attention they needed before he began to sweep the office. He had nearly finished sweeping when he heard a step at the door, and looking around he saw Mr. Gay standing close by.

"Well, Harry," said Mr. Gay, "how's this, that you are up so early? It is only a little past five."

"Well, sir," 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 begun, and you shall not be in want of friends. I came down earlier than usual this morning to see which of my boys care the most for his business."

Harry felt greatly rewarded for his exertions by the kind, and encouraging 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 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.

Said little Ned: the man who wrote This big geography Hit upon a great mistake To leave out little me. Why only think, as now I stand, All towards my left is west, In front of me is north, and back Is south, as you have guessed. All on my right is east, and so 'Tis very plain to see That north and south and east and west

Begin right here with me. So I must write and ask to have My picture pasted in. That other boys and girls may learn Where all these things begin."

A FAITHFUL DOG.

Many hundred years ago there lived at Athens a dog whose faithfulness has caused him to be mentioned in history, and in the Grecian city his story is often repeated. The dog guarded one of the heathen temples at Athens. One night a thief stole into this building, and carried off some of the most valuable treasures. The dog vainly barked his loudest to frighten the thief and to rouse the keeper, so the man went off with the jewels. But the faithful dog did not mean to lose sight of the rascal, and all through the night he followed him. By daybreak the poor animal had become very weary, but still he kept the robber in sight. The latter tried to feed him, but the dog refused all food from him, and, as he made friends with the passers-by, he took it from them instead. Whenever 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 Cronyion. The robber was arrested, taken back to Athens, and there punished. The judges were pleased with the dog's sagacity and faithfulness, that they ordered him to be fed every day for the rest of his life at the public expense.—Selected.

THE BABY'S STAR.

The star that watched you in your sleep, Has 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 upon thousands of spectators crowded around the stand, before which the Emperor was to watch the passing regiments. While Jeannette was seated on the stand she saw a feeble old woman trying very hard to get where she could see. The little German girl said to herself:

"It is not right for me to sit here when I am strong and well and can stand, while that poor feeble old woman can see nothing. I ought to honor old age, as I want some one to honor me when I am old."

Then she gave up her seat to the old woman and went and stood in the crowd. But while Jeannette was standing upon her tiptoes, trying in vain to see, a courier of the Emperor, covered with gold lace, elbowed his way to her side, and said:

"Little girl, His Majesty would be glad to see you in the royal box." When the abashed child stood before the Emperor, he graciously said, "Come here, my daughter, and sit with me. I saw you give up your seat to that old woman, and now you must remain by my side."

So God honors those who honor His servants, especially 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

is 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 benefit, I decided to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial. I am thankful to say that, after using nine boxes 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. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

WE PRINT The True Witness Printing Co. An office thoroughly equipped for the production of finely printed work. Letterheads, Billheads and General Commercial Work at the Right Prices. Phone Main 5072 Printing 316 Lagachetiere Street W., Montreal.

MADE IN CANADA. MAGIC BAKING POWDER. SOLD and USED EVERYWHERE in the Dominion. Makes Baking Easy, Dependable and Economical. All Canadian Dealers Have It. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

The Mutations of Time. 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, superiors 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 miraculous transformation is a member of a Catholic sisterhood.

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

Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Here's the proof. "I was for many years troubled with indigestion and headache and derived no benefit from the many remedies I used. A friend advised the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and after taking four boxes the result is that I am once more in the full enjoyment of the blessings of good health."—Mr. Duncan McPherson, Cantent, Alta. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Unlike Petitions. Few persons enter a church to offer the same prayer; here is a young man, with bright prospects for a grand career, coming to ask God's benediction on his efforts; there, says the Paulist Calendar, is a little girl, with the innocence 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 broken

on for a wayward child; and over beyond the pillar is a man who knows the anxieties that go with worldly riches, who has felt the pleasure of earthly glory; the thrill of human power; but who has come to get away from them all, to be 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 the prayers they offer, yet all blend together and rise in one harmonious hymn of praise to the eternal throne of God.

Pius X. Looks Like Pius IX. Bishop B. J. O'Connell, rector of the Catholic University, made public some interesting news after his arrival in Washington from Rome, where he spent the greater part of the summer. The Bishop had three private audiences with the Pope, and nearly all his conversation related to the welfare and development of the institution of which he is executive head. "I felt deeply gratified," said Magr. 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 contrary 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 prisoner of the Vatican. Now his complexion is like alabaster, and even his hands have the transparent look which comes of indoor life. His hair is that beautiful touching white. He is keenly interested in everything which relates to progress, material or moral, in this great and flourishing country."

AT THE SUNDAY SCHOOL. 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 Caribbees. 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 penny. Now, Charlie, you should show a good example." Whereupon a ruddy-faced urchin stepped forward, dropped in his coin and observed: "It is better to give than to receive." Then another contributed a copper, saying: "Waste not, want not." This was ruled somewhat out of order, but it was fairly capped by a third youngster, who evidently parted with his penny with extreme reluctance, for, as he dropped it into the box, he murmured out: "A fool and his money are soon parted."

Parish News of the Week

Subscriptions to the Father Holland Birthday Fund.

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

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.S.S.R., offered by the League of the Sacred Heart of St. 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.

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 gifts, 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 summer on her annual pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre with her daughter, Sister Mary Salome, of Mount St. Mary's Convent in Scranton.

"Mrs. Flynn was a zealous member of the Cathedral parish and the various societies of the church, as well as all movements in the church work, which was so frequently sought among 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."

"Her survivors are three daughters, Diester M. Salome, of Mt. St. Mary's seminary, Mrs. M. A. Carroll and Miss Nellie Flynn, and three sons, Attorney Frank Flynn, of Niagara Falls; James Flynn and Edward Flynn, of this city."

The day following the receipt of the telegram to Father Holland announcing his death, he offered on the Holy Sacrifice for the repose of her soul, for Father Holland loves his

friends living and dead, and daily remembers them before the altar of God.

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 in St. Ann's parish. May the souls of those kind people rest in peace.

The grand concert announced to 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.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

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.

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

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 the efficient manner in which the arrangements had been carried out. The following is the list of prize winners at the auction: Ladies, 1st, Miss M. McDonald; 2nd, Miss P. Abbott; 3rd, Miss M. Doyle. Gentlemen, 1st prize, Mr. E. J. O'Leary; 2nd, Mr. T. Lee; 3rd, Mr. J. Easton.

GOLDEN JUBILEE.

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.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

The largest audience yet witnessed this 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 and Kenahan, Messrs. Flood, Cox, McEvilla and McArar all did their utmost to make the evening all that could be desired.

Towards the close of the entertainment, the chairman announced that the next concert would be in the hands of St. Anthony's Court of Foresters, when an enjoyable time may be looked forward to, after which a number of valuable trophies, won on a late field-day, were distributed. The prize winners were as follows: Messrs. Wm. Burke, Jas. Rochford, D. W. Scully, L. McGrath, E. Wall, J. Sullivan, Jas. O'Shaughnessy, L. McElroy, F. L. Lukeman, J. Platt, H. Farrell, C. Barlow, W. Hall, R. L. Yale, L. Martin, W. O'Loughlin, T. Kearns, J. Smith, A. Morneau.

OBITUARY.

MRS. ALLAN McDONALD.

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 sons, Dan, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Douglas and Sandy, of Rhyolite, Nevada, and Angus, Alexandria, and three daughters, Mrs. Villet, 4th of Kenyon, Mrs. Lillie, of New York city and Mrs. D. J. McMillan, 4th of Kenyon.

The funeral took place on Wednesday morning to St. Finnan's cathedral and cemetery, Requiem High Mass being celebrated by Rev. Father McEneaney. The pall bearers were: Messrs. Duncan McMillan, Sandy McMillan, Dan McDonald, John McDonald, Hugh McDonald and Angus McDonald.

MONTHLY CALENDAR

Table with columns for dates and events, including October 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

THE LATE MASTER THOMAS PATRICK KINSELLA.

The death of Master Thomas Patrick Kinsella (Tossie) took place on Tuesday, Oct. 6th. Master Kinsella was 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 favorite 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 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 Memoriam" was printed. At the time of his death he was in his eighth year. Farewell to our little friend who sleeps his peaceful sleep in the family plot at Cote des Neiges cemetery.

"Shed not for him the farewell tear, Nor grieve the heart to vain regret. This loving caretaker lies here, The gem that fills it sparkles yet. He's gone, but the hand of death cannot sever The ties that have bound us in friendship and love. He's gone, our dear little companion, forever To dwell with his God and the angels above. A TRIBUTE FROM HIS SCHOOLMATES OF BELMONT SCHOOL.

Dysentery corrodes the intestines and speedily eats away the lining, 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 ravages restores them to healthy condition. Those subject to dysentery should not be without this simple yet powerful remedy.

Mission at Stanstead.

Stanstead, Oct. 12.—The quiet village of Stanstead, with its sister towns Rock Island, P.Q., and Derby Line, Vt., had a visit from two Redemptorist 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 English-speaking, a great part of whom are French-Canadians, there being about fifty Catholic families in the three villages. The services could have been much better attended, as every facility was given to the faithful to attend the exercises, the first Mass followed by instruction being at 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, 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 reciting the abjuration aloud before the kneeling congregation, she was absolved from heresy by the missioner, 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

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM REDUCED FARES. In effect until Oct. 31st, 1908, inclusive. Second class Colonist fares from Montreal to SEATTLE, VICTORIA, VANCOUVER and PORTLAND, \$52.70. SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES, \$54.00. MEXICO CITY, Mex., \$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 tickets to Chicago and west thereof as far as the Pacific Coast—nominal charges made for berths, which may be reserved in advance.

CITY TICKET OFFICE. 130 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461 or Bonaventure Station.

CANADIAN PACIFIC Reduced Fares. In effect until October 31st, 1908, inclusive. Second class Colonist fares from Montreal to SEATTLE, VICTORIA, VANCOUVER and PORTLAND, \$52.70. SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES, \$54.00. MEXICO CITY, Mex., \$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.

Maritime Express. Leaves Montreal at 12 Noon, daily except Saturday, for Levis, Quebec, River du Loup, Campbellton, Moncton, St. John, Halifax, and the Sydneys.

CITY TICKET OFFICE. Tel. Main 615. GEO. SZURBELE, City Pass & T. Agent. H. A. PRICE, Assistant Gen. Pass. Agent.

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED. 1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St., 184 to 194 St. James St., Montreal. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1908. STORE CLOSSES AT 6 P.M.

THREE PRICE SPECIALS IN LADIES' WINTER COATS. LADIES' NEW WINTER COATS, made of the best quality Black Beaver Cloth, 50 inches long, and lined throughout with heavy mercerized twill, 50 inches long, in the new French back style, self collar, trimmed with satin ribbons and buttons on collar, cuffs and pocket flaps; all sizes. Special, \$18.25.

LADIES' VERY STYLISH WINTER COATS, made of extra quality Black Beaver Cloth, semi-fitting style, double breasted front, 50 inches long, body and sleeves lined with heavy mercerized twill, trimmed back and front, with wide fancy silk braid, silk velvet collar, all sizes. A stylish coat for a particular lady. \$17.75.

LADIES' VERY SMART WINTER COATS, made of the very finest quality French Broadcloth, in black only, tight-fitting style, 50 inches long and lined throughout with heavy mercerized twill, neatly trimmed in black, front collar and cuffs with fancy silk braid, also with six fancy covered buttons at the waist, new pointed cuffs, all sizes, the newest coat on the market. Special, \$22.25.

Men! Save Dollars on Overcoats, Suits, Pants, Hats, Etc. For Fall and Winter Wear. Men's Fall Overcoats of exceptionally fine quality Gray Cheviot and Black Vicuna, silk faced to edges, good strong twill lining, length 42 in. and 44 in. Special, \$10.95 and \$15.00.

Men's Gray Tweed Pants, strongly made, good patterns, Spl. \$1.98. Men's Winter Overcoats, from \$5.00 to \$25.00. Men's Worsteds Suits, in all the newest colorings for fall wear. Special, \$8.25 to \$20.00. Men's Black Felt Derby and Fedora Hats. Special, \$1.05 and \$2.40.

3 SILK SPECIALS. Black Taffeta Silk, 36 inches wide, for dresses, underskirts, blouses, etc. Special, \$1.00. Mersaline Silks, a soft, bright silk, so much in vogue, complete range of colors. Special, yard, 66c. Paillette Silk, the untearable kind, colors of navy, brown, sky, pink, dark green, mauve, gray. Special, 93c.

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED. The notorious Maria Monk was yesterday 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 charges brought against her. Since the publication of her book of "Disclosures," she has plunged into every excess of female iniquity.

Our troubled Ottawa friend will note that all this testimony comes from Protestant sources. We sincerely hope he will find it satisfactory and usable in his campaign against the nunneries. Prof. McFaul may also take on the fact that Maria Monk died in a New York prison Sept. 8th, 1849.

Nunneries of a certain class are 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 this, our free country. Women have been kidnapped and carried into these places. Escaping nuns have been dragged back screaming into these places. No investigation has followed these outrages.

Then he quotes a pal in the warfare. Rev. H. Schultz, who has written a book on the subject, in which he writes: "Nuns are forbidden to write to their mothers, not even when sick may they do so, and dare not see them before death. No coroner enters when a nun dies to hold an inquest. The day must come when such secrecy must be forbidden by law."

It is really remarkable how some men who write "reverend" before their names can stretch the truth. This condition may be owing to ignorance (which is excusable), but is more likely to rise from malice. 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 take 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 unscaleable walls of the horrid nunneries women whose sweet faces and gracious manner prove them to be God's chosen ones, pure in thought, word and deed—untainted by the dross of the world, with no thought save those which bring them nearer, ever nearer, to the crucified Christ, whose 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 narrowness 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.

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Mind This. It makes no difference whether it is chronic, acute or inflammatory. Rheumatism of the muscles or joints. St. Jacobs Oil. cures and cures promptly. Price, 25c. and 50c.

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We would suggest to the Ottawa M.A. that the good book, which, as a Protestant he no doubt reads carefully, tells us that "out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh." Can it be possible that his nature is so steeped in villainous as to prompt his disgusting suggestions concerning Catholic religious, including even the Pope?

The Real Liver Pill.—A torpid liver means a disordered system, mental depression, lassitude and in the end if care be not taken, a chronic state of debility. The very best medicine to arouse the liver to healthy action is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They are compounded of purely vegetable substances of careful selection and no other pills have so fine qualities. They do not grip or pain and they are agreeable to the most sensitive stomach.

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