

The True Witness



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BISHOP HEDLEY ON IRELAND'S SAINTS.

The Right Rev. Dr. Hedley, Bishop of Newport, preaching at the consecration of St. Brigid's Church, Ardgagh, Co. Longford, took as his text "And it came to pass that through the whole city of Jerusalem for the space of forty days were seen horsemen riding in the air, in gilded raiment, and armed with spears, like bands of soldiers" (II Machabees, v. 2).

We take from the Freeman's Journal the following report of His Lordship's beautiful discourse:

It is impossible for any Catholic to get his foot on the soil of Ireland, much less to mix with her people and learn to know them, without feeling a strange sense of the nearness and the protection of God. I think it arises from the conviction, due partly to what one otherwise knows, that here is a people who have kept the Catholic Faith in the face of every human attempt to make them give it up, and who keep it to this day in spite of every temptation to abandon it.

SOMETHING SEEMS TO GUARD THEM.

Some power unseen appears to have them in its keeping. The Irish race have their frailties and their shortcomings, but these do not, as with other peoples, lead to apostasy. They live, they labor, they think, they learn like other men; but, take them as a whole, neither their heads nor their hearts, neither riches nor poverty, neither learning nor simplicity, would seem to make them disloyal to their faith, as if some protection from above made dangerous weapons harmless and laid a spell on poison that it should not harm them. This privilege of Ireland, this protection, this special blessing of Heaven, is without doubt in great measure due to the merits and the intercession of the Saints of Ireland. All good comes to men by the Incarnation of Jesus, by His Flesh, by His Passion, by His Cross. The Saints are a part of the earthly dispensation of Jesus. They stand for Him, they enforce Him, they convey His gifts, and they make men in many ways comprehend Him. In the Heavens out of sight, but near—or rather neither near nor far, but mapping us round with spaces that have no earthly length or height or breadth—there are

THE HOSTS OF THE SAINTS OF IRELAND.

Are they any other beings than Ireland once knew in the body? Have they parted with their essential characters, or lost in their flight to Heaven the quickest and strongest forces of their being? Is their charity burnt out—is their thirst for their brothers' souls all gone, or their ardor for all that God desires extinguished? Remember what they were. St. Patrick, the Patron of the nation, was its earliest and greatest Evangelist. His wonderful history—which there is no time to dwell upon here—is that of one who, by divine light, by the most intense conviction, that he belonged to the Irish race, and that race to him. It is of little consequence where he was born, or whence he came. In his career he traversed and occupied the soil of Ireland. From Wicklow to Meath, from Meath to the Shannon, and the mountains and bogs of the north-west—from thence to the crowning achievement of the consecration of historic Armagh—he took possession, he planted the Cross, and he bequeathed his conquest to the men of his own spirit who were to succeed him. "For the good of the nation"—that was his own phrase—"to which the love of Christ impelled me." "Wherefore," he goes on to say, "may God never permit that I should lose His people whom I have acquired" ("Confession"). And on Croagh Patrick, as the gracious legend tells, it was granted to him to call the saints of Ireland around him. As flocks of birds, darkening the air, they thronged around the wild summit where he prayed—the departed, the living, even those who were still unborn, and a divine voice called to them: "Go up, ye saints, to the top of the mountain which is higher than all the other mountains of the West, and bless the people of Ireland." All these years since his body was laid in

A NIGHT INTERVIEW WITH THE POPE.

It was after the Ave Maria one night this week, and the Vatican was wrapped in darkness, except for a stray light here and there in one or other of the windows. The Swiss on guard opened the wicket of the bronze doors in answer to a knock. He at once recognized the priest outside, and with a friendly "Buona sera," allowed him to pass unquestioned. The salutation was repeated at the head of the staircase opening on the Court of San Damaso by the gendarme on duty, and at each landing of the Scala Regia where a solitary guard paced to and fro in the dim light. A minute later the priest was making his way through a long series of silent, empty halls—not a guard did he meet, or a chamberlain, or a servant, and not even his footsteps as they moved over the carpets. But his goal was in sight at last, when he beheld a thin line of light cutting the floor for a few feet at the end of the passage. He paused for a moment at the door of red baize to wipe away the perspiration from his face, for it was a close night, and he had mounted several hundreds of steps since he had said "Buona sera" to the Swiss at the bronze doors. Then he tapped on the wooden frame of the baize door.

THE CRUCIFIX AND TWO LETTERS.

"Avanti!" called a voice from within, and the priest entered. The room was very large, so large that the far end of it was buried in gloom; even the book-cases and busts and pictures on the side walls were recognizable from memory rather than from sight. All the light of the apartment was concentrated in a little space on the right of the door; an electric reading-lamp threw a flood of brilliancy on the big desk, showing it to be piled high around the edges with papers, books and pamphlets. But there was a free space in the centre, evidently used for writing, and here the rays from the lamp fell directly on the crucifix, and on two letters that lay open near the foot of it, almost as if they had been placed there so that the eyes of the suffering Christ might read them. There was a Bishop's crest at the head of each of the letters.

A PENNILESS PONTIFF.

The only person in the room when the priest entered was the Holy Father himself. He was seated close to the desk, but not writing, and he put his hand up to his eyes to shade off the light so that he might see the features of his visitor. "Ah! it is you, father," he exclaimed, as he stretched forth his hand, while the priest knelt to kiss his ring. "Well! and what good news have you for me this evening?" But in spite of the cheery greeting the priest saw at once that something was the matter. The Pope looked unusually pale and sad, and he hardly smiled when he spoke; his face was drawn, and there was a care-worn expression in his eyes. "Has your Holiness any further news from Calabria?" the visitor asked, with the suspicion that the cause of his distress might be found here; and he was right. "Ah! yes," said Pius X., "I have had news, of course. Every day brings its tale of sorrow, and every day's news is more distressing than the last. You know how I have sent the bishops and priests all the money that I possessed or could gather together. It was little enough, but it was more than could be spared, and just when I am empty-handed I receive these two letters from the Archbishop of Cosenza and the Bishop of Mileto," and he pointed to two letters lying near the foot of the crucifix. Until a few days ago nobody had ever heard about Mgr. Morabite, the young Bishop who has ruled over Mileto for the last seven years, but now his name has become almost a household word throughout Italy. Even the irreligious papers have eulogized his zeal and charity and the heroic efforts he has made to stem the tide of distress among the ruined villages of his diocese.

OLD RESIDENT OF DANVILLE LAID TO REST.

(An Occasional Correspondent.)

On Sept. 25th, 1905, one of the oldest Irish Catholic residents of this district, Mrs. John McNamara, aged 87 years, passed to her reward. The deceased lady was a native of County Clare, Ireland, and came to Canada with her husband in 1849 and settled on a farm near Castlebar, Que., where by their industry and intelligence they succeeded in making for themselves and their family a comfortable home in which they lived till the time of their demise. Mrs. McNamara was a truly Christian woman, and during her early life and long widowhood of twenty-five years, she edified her family and co-parishioners by her exemplary and charitable life. She enjoyed good health and retained all her faculties to the last. After receiving the Holy Viaticum she died invoking blessings on her bereaved family.

Of her five children, only four survive. Mr. John McNamara, her eldest son, and Miss Helen, her youngest daughter, who reside at the old homestead, Castlebar; Mr. Michael McNamara, Montreal, and Mrs. John Parke, of Danville. Her eldest daughter, Mrs. Julius, predeceased her by several years. There are also ten surviving grandchildren.

The esteem in which Mrs. McNamara was held was evinced by the large number of people both Protestant and Catholic, from the surrounding parishes, who attended her funeral. The sacred edifice was draped in deep mourning, and a solemn requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Hebert, of Danville, her pastor, for the repose of her soul. Her remains were laid to rest in the family plot beside her devoted husband and her beloved daughter. In reflecting on the life and death of our departed friend we can very appropriately quote the words taken from the Apocalypse, chap. xiv. v. 5, 13: "Happy are the dead who die in the Lord; even so, saith the Spirit, for they shall rest from their labors and their good works will follow them."

A WAVE OF CHARITY.

A great wave of public charity has swept over Italy since the morning when the first news of the catastrophe became known; all the great newspapers have opened subscriptions, some of which have realized three and four thousand pounds; collections have been made in the churches, processions have been formed in the streets of the large towns to gather the alms of the charitable, industrial societies have made offerings that may well be considered handsome for Italy, but it is to be feared that too much red tape has sometimes been used in the distribution of the relief. Instead of handing over to the clergy and local authorities, as it arrived, useless formalities have been multiplied. The Holy Father's alms have been distributed quietly, promptly, and with discretion, by the priests and Bishops. After the last great earthquake which devastated Calabria in the eighteenth century, a rather interesting pamphlet was printed to prove that the Jesuits were the real cause (if not the authors) of the calamity. This time the Jesuits of the Civita Cattolica have been wily enough to divert suspicion from the company by opening a subscription for the sufferers in their famous magazine. Their own offering was 10,000 francs and in a few days their friends and accomplices have run up the amount to over sixty thousand, which have been at once turned over to the Holy Father to be distributed as he thinks best.—London Tablet.

ENGLAND REGRETS THAT THERE ARE SO FEW RECRUITS FOR HER NAVY IN IRELAND.

The Irish Times in a leading article laments for Ireland's sake that on the eve of Nelson's centenary there are so few recruits from Ireland for the British navy, and that last year only 125 youths from Ireland could be induced to enlist in the British navy for flagellation at the whim of subordinate officers with the birch or the cane. In times past when "press gangs" were free to kidnap youths for the royal navy, and when military despotism of the Carhampton Lake type could smuggle off suspicious persons to the fleet the navy showed a large contingent of able-bodied seamen from Ireland. In 1797, the year of the mutiny at the Nora, Ireland furnished no fewer than 11,457 men for the navy and 4058 for the marines. How much our "rulers" must regret that these glorious times have passed away, never to return.

For faith, everywhere, multitudes die willingly enough. . . . 'Tis not the dying for a faith that's so hard, every man of every nation has done that; it's the living up to it that is difficult.—Henry Edmond.—Thackeray.

Cultivate ideal friendships and gather into an intimate circle all your acquaintances who are hungering for truth and right. Remember that heaven itself can be nothing but the intimacy of pure and noble souls.

THE VICTORY IN THE FIGHT FOR FAITH.

To them the race owes its spiritual insight, its sense of the world above, and the world of grace, and its spirit (Continued on Page 5.)

VETERANS AT ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

On Sunday morning the Army and Navy veterans numbering about fifty held their annual church parade to St. Patrick's Church, and with them were several younger men who had seen service in the Transvaal. The file and drum band of the association headed the march, and the old soldiers stepped out bravely to its inspiring music.

Major Matthews was in command. Other officers present were Captain Maxwell, Lieut. Hawkins and Marsh, the president of the association; Sergeant-Major Jones, Color-Sergeant McDermott, Sergeants Trim and Bostock and Quartermaster-Sergeant Butters.

In the absence of the Rev. Pastor, Rev. James Killoran welcomed the veterans in the following words: "In the name of the Rev. Pastor, and of the parish we welcome you here today the Army and Navy and South African veterans; men who have given up to the service of their country some of the best years of their lives and have served their country's interests in their respective capacities in many a land and on many a sea. It is a pleasure for us to see you here to-day, to extend to you a true Christian welcome. We welcome you as brothers and admire not only the military and patriotic spirit which urged you on to defend your country, but more especially your religious spirit by which you earnestly trust in the protecting arms of Almighty God. You perhaps have cast aside the arms of the sword, and we hope you will be strengthened in the Lord, and in the might of His power. With St. Paul we admonish you to put on the armor of God that you may be able to stand against the deceits of the devil. 'Stand, therefore, girt with truth, having on the breastplate of justice. In all things taking the shield of Faith wherewith you may be able to extinguish all the fiery darts of the most wicked one, and take unto you the helmet of salvation and the sword of spirit which is the word of God.' Thus receive the reward of eternal happiness for fighting the good fight."

The preacher then introduced Rev. Father McGinley, the new curate, who sang High Mass.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

FALL SHOPPING.

These be the days when the busy mother must go a-shopping, and the remnant counter is a favorite haunt for those who have little or growing children to fit out for the fall and winter. Short lengths of many beautiful and expensive goods may now be picked up at much less than the price at which the goods were held in the early season, and for the practical necessity of fall and winter school dresses, there are always the pretty and useful gingham, percales and chambrays. In many of these remnants there will be just enough for the frock or apron, with perhaps a yard or so that can be used in the "make overs," to be had for the same money that a cheap grade of the new goods, just opened, sells for. The shopper should remember that cheap goods do not wear or launder as well as the better quality that may cost a few cents more on the yard. Up to Thanksgiving, and perhaps later, the pretty and most serviceable of the summer clothing may be worn, with the addition of a little heavier underwear and light coat, and while these are still in service, the little winter frocks may be made, ready for putting on when they are needed, and when their newness will be most appreciated. Or, if economy is the object, the clothing to be "handed down" may be made over, brightening them up with a dip into the dye pot, or a touch of harmonious coloring with braid or other trimmings, and these may be worn during the early days of the winter, bringing out the new things later on. It would be well if mothers when going shopping would take their daughters with them. In this way they would learn to "count the cost" and realize how the money goes. They would see how impossible it is to make a five dollar bill pay for a ten dollar dress, and they would find that a penny here, a nickel there, a dime for this, a quarter for that, will soon wear a large hole in a dollar, and that the fullest purse should not be opened too often or too recklessly, else it will grow thin and flabby before the necessities are half met.

BEAUTY HINTS.

Many girls are troubled by the redness of their arms, especially at the back between the elbows and the shoulder, which is very damaging to the appearance when in evening dress. A good remedy for this is to soap the arms well every morning, using a soft flannel, and in the evening to bathe them in a thin, warm gruel, made of equal parts of starch and oatmeal. Dry carefully, then apply camphor ice or cold cream (not glycerin) and sleep in very soft white sleeves. The hair should be shampooed often enough to keep it clean; as for the time that may elapse between the washings, it must be regulated by the necessities of the case and by common sense. Once a day all tangle should be removed, and then a thorough brushing should follow. This will not keep the hair clean, but will serve to distribute the natural oil which is so essential to its luxuriant growth. It is well to change the style of arranging the hair from time to time, so that one part of the head need not always bear the strain and weight of the hair. The short-waisted woman should always favor vest-fitted bodices, not yoked ones; she should likewise rejoice over the revival of the high sleeve, which gives greater length to the appearance when in conjunction with a fitting bodice than did the drooping sleeve. She would be wise, also, to have her waistbands made deep, but so cut that they descend more over the hips than they rise above the waist-line, a precautionary measure very easy to attain with the deeply pointed belts in front.

TIMELY HINTS.

To remove varnish stains from the hands, rub with a little methylated spirit, wipe off with a piece of rag or soft paper, then wash with the soap and water. To clean suede gloves put the gloves on the hands and rub them well with fuller's earth applied with a small brush. An old toothbrush or nailbrush will do very well. Some people prefer a mixture of fuller's earth and alum in equal parts to fuller's earth alone. White suede

gloves are best cleaned with dry pipe clay.

Varnished paint can be kept looking as bright as though freshly done by soaking in water some time a bag filled with flaxseed and then using it as a cloth to clean the paint.

Salted milk as a beautifier is to be used externally and is a wash that makes the skin fine grained and clear. It is an English remedy as old as the hills and so simple and harmless that it cannot be popular because there is a perverseness about feminine nature that inclines to costly and risky beautifiers.

If when you are baking anything the oven gets too hot, put in a basin of cold water instead of leaving the door open. This cools the oven, and the steam rising from the water prevents the contents from burning. When cooking in a gas oven, a basin or tin of water should always be kept in the oven.

If a little ammonia is used every few days on brass faucets and tubes they will be kept bright and shining and with much less trouble than if polished only occasionally.

When the hair is very brittle it denotes some wrong about which a physician should be consulted. An external help may be had in this shampoo: Beat up the yolk of an egg, add ten drops of oil of sweet almonds, a teaspoon of warm water (not boiling) and twenty drops of spirits of rosemary. Then stir. Leave the mixture on the scalp for ten minutes, gently manipulating with the finger tips all the time. Then rinse and dry with fresh warm towels.

RECIPES.

Concord Grape Jelly.—Put the fruit in a large double boiler without adding any water. Cover and cook until the grapes are so well cooked that they burst. Rub through a colander, then strain through a flannel jelly bag. Measure the juice and allow a pint of sugar to each one of juice. Put the sugar in shallow pans in the open oven, stirring often to prevent scorching, until it is heated through. Put the juice into a preserving kettle and boil steadily for twenty minutes. Turn in the heated sugar, boil up once and pour into jelly glasses set in a pan of hot water.

Chocolate Pears.—Peel and core firm, medium-sized pears. Place in a baking dish, with an inch of water and the juice of a large lemon to six pears, cover and bake until tender. Sweeten the liquid very sweet with sugar syrup, and to each cupful add a heaping tablespoonful of grated chocolate, and vanilla essence to flavor. Cook until smooth and pour over the pears.

Cream of mushroom Soup.—Peel, rinse and cut fine one pound of fresh mushrooms; put them in a porcelain lined soup kettle, cover with one quart of good chicken or veal stock, and cook until tender. Press through a sieve and return to the kettle; add four tablespoonful of sage and cook twenty minutes longer; season and add one quart of scalded milk; let simmer five minutes. Take out one cupful of the soup and mix with the beaten yolks of four eggs, pour slowly into the soup and take at once from the fire.

Cheese Croquettes.—Three tablespoonful of butter, one-fourth of a cupful of flour, two-thirds of a cupful of milk, yolks of two eggs, one cupful of mild cheese cut into very small cubes, one-half cupful of grated Gruyere cheese, salt and pepper, a few grains of cayenne. Melt the butter, add the flour, and pour the milk on gradually while stirring constantly. Add the yolks of the eggs, then the cheese; as soon as it melts remove from the fire, and let cool, then make out in balls, roll in bread crumbs, and fry.

HELP FOR THE LADIES.

There is a hotel down south where the proprietor has decidedly an eye for the comfort of his guests. Tacked to the wall near the door of every bedroom, below the bell code, is a card that reads: "Ladies desiring assistance with blouses buttoning in the back ring five times."

FOLLOW YOUR CONSCIENCE.

Do what is right, or what your conscience tells you is right; do your best, and never mind what your critics say. Got the toothache, your dear? Oh, don't worry about it. Count up your blessings, and see how many parts of you don't ache. Some

people adorn their houses and cultivate their gardens, and leave nothing rude and wasteful in their minds, and nothing harsh and unpolished but their tempers. Do we want to be strong? We must work. To be hungry? We must starve. To be happy? We must be kind. To be wise? We must look and think. Our duties are best stated as our privileges. Failure after long perseverance is grander than never to have a striving good enough to be called a failure. Let us not forget that if honor is for the dead, gratitude can only be for the living. He who has once stood beside the grave, to look back upon the companionship which has been forever closed, feeling how impotent there are the wild love and the keen sorrow to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for the hour of unkindness, will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart which can only be discharged to the dust.

BE SWIFT TO FORGIVE.

Since we are grass and like a brief day of years at best, what is the use of so much fussing and fretting? What is the good of hoarding money for other people to ruin themselves with when you are dead? What is the good of hating your neighbor? What is the sense of trying to act a part, or seeming to be other than we are? What is the gain of guile or envy or evil speaking? What? I should like to know. For, since you are grass and shall soon lie down in the grave, God knows you and I do not want our dreams in that sleep of death to be of hate or malice or evil speaking. Then be swift to forgive.

HINTS FOR BUSINESS WOMEN.

The woman who must get to the office promptly each day can save herself needless worry and have much more time for the coveted morning nap if she will make a few needful preparations before retiring. Sew on loose buttons, polish the shoes and mend the gloves. Arrange the clothing and accessories conveniently near on a chair to facilitate dressing in the morning. Clothing which has been worn all day in a close office should be taken off after reaching home, brushed, and hung in the open air or spread over a chair near an open window. You will feel and look better for this extra care of your clothing. Be particular to brush your hair thoroughly before retiring and it will need less care in the morning. Attend to your nails and have all toilet articles in place for immediate use in the morning, says Woman's Life. The want of a pin or a veil at the eleventh hour and the turning of a room topsy turvy in an effort to find the desired article is annoying, to say the least. In brief, learn to "systemize your dressing, then there will be less rush and plenty of time for a nourishing breakfast, which is of vital importance to the health.

A WOMAN ELECTRICIAN.

The only electrical contractor in the United States of feminine persuasion is a demure young woman in Syracuse, N.Y., Miss Rose B. Richardson, who began business life as a telephone operator. Becoming interested in things electrical, she soon became bookkeeper and assistant for a brother-in-law, who was an electrical contractor. Since his death, some three years ago, Miss Richardson has had entire charge of the business, and has established a fine reputation. By personally inspecting all the contracts after the workmen have finished, she keeps a high standard. At the recent meeting of the National Association of Electrical Contractors, the two thousand men members gave an enthusiastic greeting to Miss Richardson. She is very domestic, however, in her inclinations and is an accomplished housekeeper.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

"Be observing, my son!" said Willie's father. "Cultivate the habit of seeing, and you will be a successful man." "Yes," added Willie's uncle. "Don't go through the world blindly. Learn to use your eyes." "Little boys who are observing know a great deal more than those who are not," Willie's aunt put in. Willie took their advice to heart. A day passed and once more he stood before the family council. "Well, Willie," said his father, "have you been using your eyes?" The boy nodded. "Tell us what you've learned." "Uncle Jim's got a bottle of whiskey hid behind his trunk," said Willie. "Aunt Jennie's got an extra set of teeth in her dresser, and pa's got a deck of cards and a box of chips behind the books in the secretary." "The little sneak!" exclaimed the family.—Newark News.

CAN A CHRISTIAN BE A FREEMASON?

A Converted Mason Declares it to Be Logically Impossible.

In his "Reminiscences," recently published in two volumes, Sir Francis Burnand, the famous editor of Punch and a convert to the Catholic Church, refers to his connection with Freemasonry when a young man. The passage is interesting: "The above period (September, 1857 to Jan., 1859) was a critical one with me, as I was then shaking the undergraduate dust of my feet, and was making an attempt 'to rise on,' not 'my dead self,' but on what I may term my 'moribund self' (as far as university life was concerned with a vast amount of kicking power still left, and, I may add, likely to remain 'going fairly strong' to the end) to better things.' Very seriously, at the end of 1856, had I, by 'special dispensation' (on account of my not being of age) become a Free and Accepted Mason. * * * I can honestly say for myself that I was most thoroughly in earnest, and, unsettled as I was at that time as to my religious position, inclined toward the High Church views, after reading Blunt's 'History of the Reformation' and Hallam's 'Constitutional History,' I recognized in Freemasonry, as it then appeared to me, a scheme of wide-reaching benevolence, of Christian charity, of universal brotherhood under the highest religious sanction. Freemasonry seemed to me 'to supply a want,' and, within a year, being punctual in attendance and working at it most enthusiastically, I was 'raised to the 'sublime degree.' I copy this from an entry in my diary on the 10th of November, 1857. And as evidence of the serious earnestness of my intentions at the time, I may copy this note from the diary, which runs thus: 'May the blessing of God be with all those who, in need and in truth, act up to the principles of Masonry and the faith of a Christian.' Even then it seems that I did not confuse the two. The banquetings, the toasts, and the convivialism of the craft always seemed to me utterly out of place as following directly on the solemn 'rites and mysteries.' The ceremonies could not have been more impressively carried out anywhere than in our University Lodge, under the mastership of the Rev. Arthur Ward, who, however, a little later in life found the practice of Freemasonry somewhat inconsistent with his advancing High Church views. Logically, no Christian can be a Freemason unless he be the sort of hedging Christian who, imitating the liberal-minded Emperor, Alexander Severus, included a statue of our Lord among those of all the gods with whose names and attributes he was acquainted."

BLOOD DISEASES

Can all be Cured by the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

More than half the diseases of the world is caused by bad blood—weak blood, blood poisoned by impurities. Bad blood is the one cause of all the headaches and backaches, the lumbago and rheumatism, the neuralgia and sciatica, the debility and biliousness and indigestion, the paleness and pimples and all the disfiguring skin diseases like eczema, that show how impure the blood actually is. It is no use trying a different medicine for each disease, because they all spring from the one cause—bad blood. To cure disease you must get right down to the root of the trouble in the blood. That is what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do. They make new rich blood. Common medicines only touch the symptoms of disease. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills root out the cause. That is why these pills cure when doctors and common medicines fail. Here is positive proof:—"I suffered agony from indigestion," says Mr. Fred. Fills, of Grand Desert, N.B. "I had no appetite for my meals and no energy for my work; my stomach caused me constant distress, and everything I ate lay like lead on my chest. At times I felt my life a burden. I was always doctoring, but it did me no good. Then a little book came into my hands, and I read that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills would cure indigestion. I got them and began taking them, and I soon found they were helping me. My appetite began to improve, and my food to digest better. I used the pills for a couple of months and I was well. Now I am always ready for my meals, and I can eat anything, and all the credit is due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I keep the pills in the house all the time, and I occasionally take a few as a precaution. I can honestly advise all dyspeptics to use this medicine, as I am sure it will cure them as it did me." Give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial and they will cure you, simply because they make that rich, strong blood that disease cannot resist. See that you get the genuine pills, with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. You can get them from your medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

AN EXCELLENT IDEA.

In Norway on payday saloons are closed and savings banks are open until midnight.

Remember this

—that when dealing with us you deal direct with the manufacturer—an essential point of saving to you.

Remember this

—that when dealing with us you deal direct with the manufacturer—an essential point of saving to you.

Remember this

—that when dealing with us you deal direct with the manufacturer—an essential point of saving to you.

perform the highest public services, should receive no commendation for so doing.

It would not be worth while calling attention to the bigot from Peabody if it were not that he represents a breed of bigots that are by no means extinct. They would have all civic honors denied to Catholics. Fifty years ago, when they were in the majority in Boston, they would not permit a Catholic to hold even a position on the city police force. The spirit that prompted this kind of boycott has not died out. It is back of the attempt to keep Catholic teachers out of the Massachusetts public schools. It manifests itself continually in various walks of life. It is secretly at work whenever the Catholics have a chance of antagonizing Catholics. It is not always so promptly rebuked as it was at the Baptist convention in Boston.

Just as the high qualities Mayor Collins displayed in all the public offices he filled could not diminish the prejudice the Rev. Bailey had against him, so have the services rendered by Catholics in every station of life failed to influence the anti-Catholic bigots who eagerly avail themselves of every occasion to gratify their religious prejudices. All of which proves that Puritanical bigotry dies hard. If it has not as great vitality to-day as it possessed in Massachusetts a generation ago, the explanation must be sought in the census returns. Race suicide is eliminating the descendants of the Puritans, who are giving place to successors who have not inherited the narrow prejudices which will make them discriminate against a person on account of his religious belief.—N.Y. Freeman's Journal.

DEATH OF ANOTHER Distinguished IRISHMAN.

New England is mourning the death of another Irish-American of great attainments, Hon. John C. Linahan, State Insurance Commissioner of New Hampshire, who passed away on September 14 at his home in Concord, of which city he had been a leading figure for many years, honored and respected by all for his ability, his integrity and the many kindly qualities with which God seems to enrich the characters of those who, in the midst of worldly success, ever remain faithful to the belief and practice of the Catholic faith which they learn at their mother's knee. Mr. Linahan—or, to give him his military title, Colonel Linahan—was born in the south of Ireland on February 9, 1840, and in 1849 came to this country with his parents, who a few years later settled in Penacook, N.H. In August, 1861, shortly after the outbreak of the civil war, he enlisted in the Third Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers. He was an active member of the Grand Army of the Republic since 1875, and was personally very popular with his comrades, being unanimously chosen in 1887 to fill the office of post junior vice commander-in-chief. He also served as director of the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association from 1885 to 1895. Unlike too many public men, Mr. Linahan was a staunch temperance man and an earnest advocate of the practice of total abstinence.

One of the handsomest exhibits at the recent State fair held in Detroit Mich., was a stained glass window made in commemoration of Father Marquette's great work among the Indians and early settlers. There are three panels. The central one contains the figure of the great Jesuit explorer. In the flanking openings are, right and left, the Indian maiden in a birch bark canoe and the young French trader bearing his kill of skins, both arrested by the priest's words. The center panel is fifteen feet high and the three panels are seven feet wide.

Advertisement for Fowlers' Wild Strawberry Remedy. Text: FOWLER'S WILD STRAWBERRY. It is nature's specific for DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CRAMPS, PAIN IN THE STOMACH, COLIC, CHOLERA MORBUS, CHOLERA INFANTUM, SEA SICKNESS, and all SUMMER COMPLAINTS in Children or Adults. Its effects are marvellous. Pleasant and Harmless to take. Rapid, Reliable and Effectual in its action. IT HAS BEEN A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY FOR NEARLY SIXTY YEARS. PRICE 25 CENTS. BROWN BROTHERS, 156 N. BROADWAY, N. Y. C.

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Advertisement for Canada's Jewelry House. Text: Have You Tried It? When in want of anything pertaining to jewelry do not hesitate to write us—our mail order system is perfect—through it your wants and requirements are easily met. A request from you will bring our fully illustrated catalogue, with exact reproduction of our goods, from which you will be able to make a selection of a gift which will be most pleasing to the recipient. Remember this—that when dealing with us you deal direct with the manufacturer—an essential point of saving to you. Address: KENT & Sons, 156 BAY ST. Toronto, Canada's Jewelry House.

Advertisement for OUR... Text: OUR... Dear Girls and Boys: Such nice letters in the day. Some new nice ones are always joining us, with that they enjoy reading and take an interest in. The more the merrier, and a lot of letters next week. Your loving AUNT

Dear Aunt Becky: We have just received the news, and I am longing to see you. Mamma and I just came from seeing Aunt She has returned from the and is much better. We happy to have her with us am sorry I can not tell you about this autumn, as I d muling this autumn, but little air rifle and I go sh Thursdays, which is our had some snow to-day, ju for the first time, and it gorie. I wish some little wife to the corner. Love, nie and Stacey, I remain, Your loving nephew

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys: Such nice letters in the corner today. Some new nieces and nephews are always joining us, which proves that they enjoy reading the stories and take an interest in the corner. The more the merrier, so let me have a lot of letters next week. Your loving AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky: We have just received the True Witness, and I am longing to read the little stories. Mamma and I have just come from seeing Aunt Stacy. She has returned from the Hotel Dieu and is much better. We are all so happy to have her with us again. I am sorry I can not tell you anything about our picking, as I did not go until this autumn, but I have a little air rifle and I go shooting on Thursdays, which is our holiday. We had some snow today, just a little for the first time, and it is already gone. I wish some little boys would write to the corner. Love from Winnie and Stacy, I remain, Your loving nephew, HAROLD D. West Frampton.

Dear Aunt Becky: We have such lovely times after school is out, picking nuts. There is a woods near our house, and a crowd of us go every day and fill bags and baskets. I went to Brandon this summer with my papa to visit my uncle. He has a large ranch and lots of horses and cattle, and he taught me how to ride. Good-bye, Aunt Becky. Love to all the cousins. Your loving niece, MARGARET F. Kingston, Oct. 12.

Dear Aunt Becky: I have just received the True Witness and was glad to see the nice letters from Winifred and Harold D. and also send them my love. Papa and grandpa went on an excursion on Sept. 4th to the coast. They also visited the Portland fair and then went to Walla Walla to grandpa's brother. I have not commenced school yet, but intend to shortly. I am in the highest grade in school. Our teacher's name is Miss McCaffrey. The winter is soon coming on, and the boys and girls can go sleigh-riding and skating. I will now finish, hoping to see lots of nice letters from all the little cousins in the corner this week. With much love, I remain, Your loving niece, M. EDNA M. Kensington, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky: This is my first letter to the corner, although I read all the letters. I see the name of Winifred and Harold D., and was much pleased, as I have cousins in Frampton and like to hear from them although I have never seen them. I was sorry to hear of their Aunt Stacy being sick, and hope to hear she is better. I go every day to our country school, but last year I went to the Huntingdon convent to prepare for my first Communion. I have two younger sisters going to school also. I picked two bags of butternuts, there seems to be plenty this year. With much love, and hoping to see a great many letters next time. Your loving niece, WINIFRED M. Kensington, Que.

HOW EZRA FIGURED IT OUT. (Mary Morrison, in The New England Homestead.) It was three o'clock when he reached home. He threw his jacket and shoes on the porch and ran down to the pasture. The cows were nowhere to be seen, neither in the pasture nor the cornfield. The colts were missing also. On the other side of the creek, behind the willows, lay Dave Donelson's clover field. A sudden suspicion led Ezra to wade the creek and climb the steep bank on the other side. Yes, there they were, cows and colts knee deep in the pink-blossomed aftermath which he had heard the old man say would cut as big a swath as it had done in June. He was going to begin cutting it next week. Ezra felt relieved. It was not likely they had eaten clover enough to hurt them at this time of the day. Of course if it had been done in the morning before the dew was off, there might have been some danger of it. He could drive them out and fix the fence and nobody

would be the wiser. It took another hour to do this, and it was four o'clock when he put up the last rail of the fence which old Cherry had so ruthlessly tossed aside with her horns. "There! Everything is all right now," he said with a long breath of relief as he threw himself down on the bank of the creek. Ezra had worked hard all afternoon, but he was not exactly satisfied to rest quietly. He fidgeted about uneasily for a while, and then got up and climbed into the cornfield. "Might as well be huskin'," he told himself apologetically.

A sudden desire to surprise Uncle Reuben, born of his afternoon's experience, led him to make extra exertion. He drove the cattle up into the barnyard at six o'clock, then he did up his usual chores and kindled a fire in the kitchen stove and put over the tea-kettle. He would have set the table for supper if he had known just how to go about it. An impulse to be more than usually helpful seemed to possess him, but he could not think of anything else to do, and he went out and sat on the porch.

The wagons were coming home now, one by one, but they did not interest him as they had done in the morning. He was watching for Uncle Reuben's buggy and he sprang to open the big gate when at last it came. Aunt Hannah smiled approvingly. His disappointment hadn't worn on him, she thought with gratification. "Cows get in the corn?" asked Uncle Reuben as Ezra unhooked Kit's tugs.

Ezra shook his head. "No," he said. "Had a pretty lonesome time, I s'pose?" "No, not very," Ezra told him. "What have you been doin'?" "Oh, huskin' and one thing and another," he answered evasively. Uncle Reuben was leading Lady into the barn and could not see Ezra's face. "He had the fire built and the tea-kettle boiling, Reuben," praised Aunt Hannah, as she fried the eggs for supper.

"Been a pretty good boy, eh? Well I guess I might as well tell you that you can go to the fair to-morrow with Culver's folks and that your Aunt Hannah has got a new suit of clothes for you to wear, too. She objects to making boys' clothes after they get to be twelve years old," Uncle Reuben said, producing a bundle wrapped in brown paper and proceeding to untie the strings.

Ezra colored up and watched him with fascinated eyes. A suit of real store clothes! He looked at the trim double-breasted coat and the buttons on the legs of the pants, but he did not offer to take them. Ezra was naturally conscientious. Uncle Reuben watched him keenly. "Don't you like 'em?" he asked. Ezra nodded. "I like 'em all right," he said. "Don't look overly tickled, seems to me," commented Uncle Reuben.

"He is tired and hungry, I expect, Reuben," said Aunt Hannah, apologetically, as Ezra turned abruptly and went out the door. There was a look of gratification in Uncle Reuben's face that puzzled Aunt Hannah. "He is all right," he said, heartily. It was warm out of doors, a mild Indian summer night. The frogs were croaking down in the marsh and a cricket under the doorstep piped shrilly. Ezra stood on the steps and listened to them miserably. He could see the clothes through the window where Uncle Reuben had hung them over a chair and he could count four pockets from where he stood. Aunt Hannah was always stingy with pockets; he had never had pockets enough in his clothes. He moved farther away down the steps and started out into the hazy darkness. Of course he hadn't told Uncle Reuben any lie—the cows hadn't been in the corn. If he had asked him if the cows had got out, why then of course he should have told him the truth about it—at least he thought now that he would have done so.

After supper Uncle Reuben took a half dollar out of his pocket. "Here is something to put in one of them new pockets. You'll want a little spendin' money to-morrow, likely," he said, handing it to Ezra, who took it hesitatingly. "I guess I'll stay and husk corn with you to-morrow, Uncle Reuben," he said, in a low voice, turning the coin over and over in his fingers. "What for?" demanded Uncle Reuben. And Aunt Hannah looked at him in surprise.

"Because I—well, I don't know as I've earned them clothes yet," Ezra stammered. Uncle Reuben's eyes twinkled. "Don't, eh? Didn't husk out quite enough corn to-day to pay for 'em, I s'pose, did you?" Ezra shook his head. "Well, we'll go out and measure it up in the morning. Maybe it will hold out better than you calculated on."

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS FOR WEAK PEOPLE

These pills cure all diseases and disorders arising from weak heart, worn-out nerves or watery blood, such as Palpitation, Skip Beats, Throbbing, Smothering, Dizziness, Weak or Faint Spells, Anæmia, General Debility and Lack of Vitality. They are a true heart tonic, nerve food and blood enricher, building up and renewing all the worn out and wasted tissues of the body and restoring perfect health. Price 50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.50, at all druggists.

"But you said they was for being a good boy, and I don't think—I'm afraid I hadn't ought to take 'em," blurted out Ezra, desperately. Uncle Reuben leaned back in his chair and regarded him approvingly. "Suppose you set down and we'll talk it over," he said. Ezra sat down and looked at the 50-cent piece reflectively.

"Ain't exactly satisfied, I take it, with your idea of going to the fair this afternoon and crawlin' through a hole in the fair ground fence to see the races? Well, it was a pretty risky business, and I guess you done well to change your mind about goin'."

Ezra looked up quickly. So Uncle Reuben knew after all. He drew a long breath of relief. He had been trying to summon up courage to tell him. "I s'pose Jerry told you, or Jack," he said. "Yes, I happened to be right there when they were arrested for pulling a board off the fence."

"Be they in jail?" Ezra asked in awe-struck tones. Uncle Reuben nodded. "Yes; they won't rip any more boards off to-night, I guess," he said. "Elihu says he is owing you considerable for the good turn you done him, running them colts of his'n out of the cornfield. If it hadn't been for the exercise you give 'em they would have been pretty sick, I guess. I stopped to see 'em when I came along, and they was bloating some, but I guess he'll fetch 'em through all right. I'm glad you found ours in the pasture when you got back," he added, looking searchingly at Ezra.

"I didn't, though, Uncle Reuben. I found 'em over in Dave Donelson's clover field, and the cows, too. I expect they have tangled it up pretty bad, but I got 'em out as careful as I could. I don't want to go to no fair, though—now," he added earnestly. The pleasure of anticipation was gone and in its place was a sense of betrayed trust which brought its own punishment.

Uncle Reuben watched him shrewdly. "Just as you think best," he said. "But what do you calculate on doing about Uncle Dave Donelson's clover field? He is pretty cranky when the neighbor's stock get into his crops," he added. "I'll go over and tell him about it in the morning," Ezra said bravely. "That's the talk. You have figured it out about right, I guess. You see, Ezra, we have all got to work these sums out for ourselves. There can't anybody else work 'em out for us, and if we get the right answer we don't have to take 'em over again. You understand, don't you?"

Ezra nodded. "I hope Jack and Jerry will get the right answer," he said, thoughtfully. "They'll have to begin and work 'em all over again if they do, I expect," remarked Uncle Reuben.

A HEN STORY. "Here is an incident which happened some time ago at Horton Academy. It was related to me by one of the students. Prof. Tufts was the principal at the time. He lived a short distance from the Academy, with his wife and their housekeeper, who was always called Aunt Sally. He kept some hens, and in summer they roosted on a large tree at the end of the woodshed. Two of the students, taking notice of this, resolved to play a trick upon the professor by steal-

ing some of the hens. So, one dark night, they started out, agreeing to run as soon as they got the hens, or in case they were disturbed, and to meet at a certain fence corner. One of them, whom we shall call Tom, went up the tree to get the hens, while his companion, Harry, remained on the ground to take them. Tom caught one, wrung its neck, and handed it down, saying, "This is Prof. Tufts," likewise a second, saying, "This is Mrs. Tufts," and a third, saying, "And this is Aunt Sally, now run."

Then he descended and repaired to the fence corner. His companion was empty-handed. "Where are the hens?" he asked. "Hens!" said Harry. "Why, did you not see Prof. Tufts come out?" Tom looked blank. "I didn't see Prof. Tufts," he said. "I killed three hens and handed 'em down, and I thought you took them."

"Well, I didn't, and I only hope we were not recognized," said Harry, dolefully. I think we had better go back. The next day they received a note from Prof. and Mrs. Tufts, asking them to take dinner. Of course they went, and they were so kindly received by the Prof. and his wife that they began to think they had not been recognized the night before in their unlucky attempt to steal the hens. When dinner time came, however, and they were invited out to dinner, there were three hens roasted and on a platter. The Prof. took the carving knife. He said: "Now, Mr. —, will you be helped to a piece of Prof. Tufts, or a piece of Mrs. Tufts, or a piece of Aunt Sally?" The students were so struck by the ludicrousness of the situation that they could not eat their dinner. They begged to be excused, took their hats and left.

They never tried to play any more pranks on Prof. Tufts.—Frank C. Atkinson, West Brook, Cumb. Co., N.S.

AN EVENING JOURNEY. "I lay me down to sleep," he said. Then climbed the hill of Trundled-bed. His mother's kiss he took along, A snow-white brow and heart of song. He stopped to rest at Blind-a-Blink, Then journeyed on to Could-not-think; One step—and through the Gates of Rest. He entered as a night-gown guest. His mother told me that's the way He loves to go once every day.

So she just dresses him in white, And lets him wander off with Night. I asked her if she did not fear Lest he some morn might not appear. "The angels promised me," she said, "To send him home with morning red. "You know none take this trip of joys But spottish little girls and boys." "Such trust," I said, "so tender, true Will always bring him back to you."

A FEW CONUNDRUMS. How do bees dispose of their honey? They cell it. What game do the waves play at? Pitch and toss. What soup would cannibals prefer? A broth of a boy. What sort of men are always above board? Chessmen. What is the oldest lunatic on record? Time out of mind. What is a muf? Something that holds a lady's hand and doesn't squeeze it. When is a clock on the stair dangerous? When it runs down and strikes one. Why is a pig in the kitchen like a house on fire? The sooner it's out the better. Why are troublesome visitors like trees in winter? Because it is a long time before they leave.

SMILING BABIES. The well baby is never a cross baby. When baby cries or is fretful it is taking the only way it can to let mother know that there is something wrong. That something is probably some derangement of the stomach or bowels, or perhaps the pain of teething. These troubles are speedily removed and cured by Baby's Own Tablets, and baby smiles again—in fact there's a smile in every dose. Mrs. Mary E. Adams, Lake George, N.B., says: "I have found Baby's Own Tablets so good for the ills of the little ones that I would not like to be without them." That is the experience of all mothers who have tried the tablets; and they know this medicine is safe, for it is guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Equally good for the child just born or well advanced in years. Sold by all druggists or mailed at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Fruit-atives OR "FRUIT LIVER TABLETS" Positively made from fruit with tonics added. Absolute cure for constipation, biliousness, headaches, kidney and skin diseases. "I have been troubled lately with my back and kidneys, and received great benefit from taking Fruit-atives." Mrs. JOHN FOX, Cobourg, Ont. At druggists—50c. a box. Manufactured by FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, Ottawa.

DANISH HIGH SCHOOLS.

The following description of the Danish High School, by a correspondent of the London Morning Post, may interest even Canadians who are studying the improvement of education in this country: Among the various social and intellectual influences brought to bear in Denmark on the lives of the people none stand higher, both in aim and in result, than do those brought about by Danish National "High Schools." These schools have been in existence now for about forty years, and were founded by a Dane named Grotwig, of exceptional patriotism and of strong religious feeling. The term "high school" is to the English somewhat misleading, as we naturally associate it with secondary education; whereas, "high school" in the Danish sense is a school for young people and adults of both sexes and all classes—mostly between the ages of seventeen and twenty-seven.

The Danish high school was the outcome of a recent period in Danish history when the nation passed through a crucial period of trouble, loss and humiliation, when its language and even its nationality were threatened from without, and when it seemed for a time as if even its intellectual and spiritual independence might be destroyed or absorbed. During such periods, when "the reproach of chance" lay heavy on one of the smaller nations, the true proof of its men and women was tested to the utmost, and Denmark at this crisis in its history was not found wanting. After the storm had passed and the province of Schleswig-Holstein had been wrested from the nation, Grotwig and other patriots conceived and carried out the "high school" scheme, and succeeded finally in attracting to these schools all that was best and most aspirational in the life of the peasantry and people. The aim of the teachers was not so much to impart knowledge as to stimulate the reflective powers, so as to arouse in the minds of their pupils thoughts on the value and purpose of life. With this object in view the founders of the scheme took into special consideration when choosing their teaching staff the personal qualities of the teacher, the amount of magnetism in his personality, so to speak, and placed these qualifications above those of academic attainments. The warden or head of each school is the host, and the head of the family gathered together under his roof; for the students board in his house during the school terms. As most of the pupils are drawn from the class of agricultural laborers and small farmers, the men take the winter term from November till April, and the women the summer term from May to August. The course is really a two years' one, but it is at the option of the pupils to attend for a term only. The inclusive cost for board and teaching is thirty-three shillings a month, and the poorest of the students who cannot save enough to pay this sum, or who cannot afford to spend so much time away from their farms without pecuniary assistance, are helped by the State with about two-thirds of their expenses.

No examination is required of pupils either on entering or on leaving the schools, and as the principal aim of the teaching is to arouse the intellectual life, the course of study consists of lectures on history, poetry, and biography. The "high schools," in which there are now altogether over six thousand students, have taken as their motto the quotation, "I am a man; therefore everything that concerns a man is of interest to me." Before each lecture a national or religious song from the rich stores of the Danish language is sung by the pupils; and the spiritual life that is inculcated by example even more than by precept is not one of asceticism or self-denial but of full, well-balanced development and self-expression. The aim of the teachers is to connect the course of lectures with an historical and evolutionary trend, so that the whole teaching shall be synonymous with the teaching of evolution. The following is an example of a day's work:—8 to 9 a.m., geography; 9 to 10, Dan-

ish history; 10 to 11, Swedish gymnastics; 11 to noon, general history of the world; 2 to 3, national history; 4 to 5, physics or anatomy; 5 to 6, reading aloud; 6.30 to 8, evening work. Very few books are used, and the lecturer uses no notes. In the second year's course, constitutional history, sociology, English, mythology, arithmetic, drawing and surveying are added to the lecture list. Any man who is imbued with the desire of helping his fellow-countrymen who has the necessary qualifications for imparting knowledge can start a "high school." If his methods are good, his personality sympathetic, and his powers of organization pronounced, his school will be a success and his scholars numerous; this class of school is never, however, undertaken as a commercial speculation, but only by those who have higher aims and are content to find their work and their means of a simple livelihood in the service of humanity.

The Danes themselves attribute the marked rise and intellectual development of the peasantry and the power of combination displayed by the tillers of the soil to the ever-increasing influence of the "high school" movement. The agriculturists save money and make sacrifices in order that their sons and daughters may enjoy the intellectual and spiritual culture that the "high schools" offer. The only analogous movement we have in Great Britain is the burning desire on the part of the Scotch peasantry and small Scotch farmers for education; in England it would appear difficult to create a similar demand among our rural population. This may be because in the past country life has not been synonymous with intellectual life except for the rich and well placed. Now that the intellectual needs of various classes are being more scientifically studied, an intimate knowledge of the working of these Danish schools, which have been so successful in revolutionizing intellectually and spiritually the rural life of Denmark, might be of special value to members of rural educational councils in England. Mrs. Browning wrote: "It takes a soul to move a body." In Denmark of to-day the body, through its steadily growing co-operative undertakings, can be seen moving and gaining in strong and healthy national life. It is claimed by the more patriotic and intelligent among the Danes that the soul which moves and quickens this body was reborn in the daily life and aspiration of the "high schools."

Eugene Vuillot, editor of L'Univers, the well known organ of French Catholics, died on Sept. 18. He was born at Boynes, France, Oct. 5, 1818. He began his career as a journalist in 1844 and continued to use his pen in the Catholic cause till the end of his long life. It was in 1883 that he succeeded his celebrated brother, Louis Vuillot, in the editorship of L'Univers. Last year on the sixteenth anniversary of his adoption of journalism as a profession he received a personal letter from Pius X., praising him for the good work he had done in the service of the Church.

Professor J. S. Phillimore, M.A., professor of Greek at Glasgow University, has been received into the Church at the Jesuit Church in Farm street, London. He is the fourth son of the late Admiral Sir Augustus Phillimore, K.C.B., and was educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford, where he won the chancellor's prize for Latin verse.

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



THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1905.
THE VOICE OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

True it is that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin; and there is no place in the world where nature quivers in the flesh of our common humanity as in a hospital ward.

The despatch below comes from the Ontario town of Woodstock, where a by-election was fought on the anti-Catholic cry and where the few resident Catholics heard many harsh words uttered against them:

Woodstock, Oct. 16.—Rev. Dr. McMullen, pastor of Knox Church Woodstock, in his sermon yesterday morning, spoke of the death of Rev. J. Skinner Scott of Sarina. In passing, he regretted the racial prejudice and sectarian hatred which in these days was so often fomented by newspapers, for want of a better subject, and he paid a high tribute to the Roman Catholic hospital in London in which Rev. J. Skinner Scott received treatment. Dr. McMullen said he would like his tribute to a Roman Catholic hospital to be spread over the whole Dominion, to help counteract the racial strife, which he laid at the door of a portion of the press.

DEATH OF IRVING.

The death of Sir Henry Irving removes from the British stage the greatest actor of his generation. Gifted and cultured, he realized the requirements of his art and brought the drama up to the standard of a national institution. The theatre presided over by Sir Henry Irving was a school wherein truth as art was taught. Catholics who have so many difficulties with the stage could appreciate the strength and lofty purpose of Irving. In his "Becket" he represented the actual condition of things in that period which historians often fail to reveal.

But the vaudeville age in which we live was unresponsive to Irving's genius. A cable despatch tells of him:

"Sir Henry Irving died a disappointed, broken-hearted man. His last days—over his last hours—were tinged with the bitterness of a personal humiliation. He had lost his fortune, had seen the Lyceum Theatre, where he had achieved his greatest fame, and where he had produced his sublimest tragedies, turned into a second-rate music hall, while he himself was driven from theatre to theatre, taking his chances for favorable dates in the provinces, as any ordinary actor."

THE DOMINION CABINET CHANGE.

The political event of the week is the resignation of Sir William Mullock from the government and the appointment as Postmaster-General of Mr. A. B. Aylesworth, of Toronto. Sir William Mullock has been, both in opposition and in office, a loyal and devoted lieutenant of Sir Wilfrid Laurier; and his withdrawal from public life is dictated only by the serious condition of his health. Four years ago, it appears, he suffered a severe nervous stroke, and he has now been advised that the symptoms of a second attack must not be disregarded. He has borne the brunt of official and parliamentary labor during these four years carrying a secret that he shared only with his friend the Premier.

Incidents of this nature sometimes lift the veil and enable the people to look beyond the glamor of public life into the shadow at the back of the stage. There is a great deal of human courage and more than a little touch of the dramatic in the strenuousness of the prominent politician who meets the current of daily criticism with strong strokes, and apparently glories in his own skill and prowess. Sir William Mullock has been working upon a wide platform, but no one knew how weary the workman must have been at heart. No Ontario public man has earned more fully the confidence of the people of his own province; and certainly the Liberals of Quebec must witness with sympathy his retirement to the Bench of his native Province. His successor, Mr. A. B. Aylesworth, has already received evidence of personal kindness and good will from Quebec, which has offered him a safe seat in the House of Commons. Of course it is more in accordance with our common traditions to have the newly-chosen Postmaster-General returned by the electors of his own Province. The by-election will doubtless be brought on as quickly as possible.

POOR RESULTS FROM PROSELYTIZING.

The annual meeting of the Baptist proselytizing society in this Province has been thrilled by the stereotyped apostrophe of the needy manager to the modern pharisaism which is his market. The pharisee of old prided himself upon his self-righteousness. The pharisee of the proselytizing society prides himself upon his intellectual gifts. Rev. Dr. Gordon appears to be a fair specimen of such self-conceit. The work cut out for him at the annual meeting of his society was to convince his subscribers that immense difficulties are to be confronted. The first of these he admitted to be the natural perverseness of the human heart. Perverse is a daring word to fling at the heart that merely refuses "conversion" at the hands of Rev. Dr. Gordon and his colporteurs. Dr. Gordon's superiority over the hearts of his own subscribers being admitted, there seems nothing for the average human heart to do, as he views the case, but to lay itself open to his appeals. Now what is the appeal he makes? And what is the case upon which he bases it? His contention, in a word, is that whoever refuses to abandon the Christian faith and rush to his peculiar standard must be enslaved by "religious superstition."

But this is not all. "The speaker declared that so long as the Pope had a hand on the political pulse of Canada, just so long things would not go right. Canada was governed farther afield than Ottawa. The Province of Quebec must be evangelized and then only would the country be free from the governing hand of any ecclesiastical head. Only when Quebec was evangelized would Canadians be free. A political exigency was a great incentive to missionary enterprise."

At the first glance there would appear to be some difficulty in deciding what exactly Dr. Gordon and his colporteurs are engaged in, whether religious or political proselytizing. But careful reading of the text leaves little reason to doubt that the Doctor's mission is political. "The political exigency is a great incentive to

missionary enterprise." The Baptist subscribers to the proselytizing society among the French-Canadians should be careful how they receive this doctrine. When religion and politics get mixed, neither can be the pure article and when the alleged religious missionary finds his great incentive in a political exigency the subscribers to his religious stock stand a poor chance of ever getting any dividends. Dr. Gordon, as a matter of fact, had no dividend to announce at the last annual meeting of his society. He does not seem to have been able to show the perversity of the faith of even a single individual. We remember that Hon. S. H. Blake many years ago made a public announcement of his reason for withdrawing his countenance from proselytizing work among the French-Canadians. He said, if we remember correctly, that each recruit cost several thousand dollars, and that not only were they never sure they had him; but that they were not quite sure whether he was worth having at any price. However, as Rev. Dr. Gordon had no dividends or perverts to declare, he had to make good to his shareholders in some other way, and helped them liberally to what he pleased to call "optimism." Whether he meant optimism or hot air matters very little, though he added that if he had to be measured otherwise, he would "long since have left the ministry or been in the mad-house." His report showed there was "a growing necessity for funds to carry on the work." Very pathetic indeed. But we can hardly see that either Dr. Gordon or his shareholders are entitled to any sympathy. They are subscribing money for the proselytizing of a people whose Christian faith is known and recognized throughout the civilized world. Can they be surprised that there is a growing necessity for funds, or that the number of misguided people who keep such an enterprise going are beginning to see the error of their own ways. What they require is a little of the spirit of Christian humility. If they are looking for a political exigency, let them join a political party. If they are working under the Christian banner their colors are false and their rewards cannot be otherwise than they find them.

Mgr. Hoyek, the Patriarch of the Maronites, is still in Paris with his large suite of prelates and priests from Syria. His Beatitude has visited His Eminence Cardinal Richard several times, and saw M. Rouvier at the Foreign Office. The President of the Council and Foreign Minister formally declared to the Patriarch and to all the Maronite prelates with him that the French Government was resolved to continue in the East, and particularly in the Lebanon, the traditional policy of France, which dates from the days of St. Louis. M. Rouvier added that the Maronites could be assured of the protection of France. Now all this is no remarkable condescension on the part of M. Rouvier and the French Government. Evam M. Combes, persecutor and tyrant at home, would have to guarantee French protection to the Maronites, who have been the principal upholders of French influence in the East. This is so much the case that they were not only patronized and befriended by St. Louis, Francis the First, Henry the Fourth of Navarre, by Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin, by Louis the Fourteenth and Louis the Fifteenth, but also by the Republicans of the Convention, by General Bonaparte, both when he was in Egypt and after he became Emperor, by the Restoration, by Louis Philippe, Thiers, Guizot, and Napoleon Third. It is true that under the Combes Consulate some attempts were made to overlook the Maronites and a French Admiral, acting under the orders of the atheist Follot, repudiated the Patriarch at Beyrouth without firing the salute to which Mgr. Hoyek is entitled as ruler of the Lebanon. M. Rouvier has now given some compensation for this. Prince Ferdinand Tyan, a Maronite living in Paris, recently wrote a letter to the Eclair on this subject, and wisely

warned the French Government that if the claims of the Patriarch and of the Maronites were overlooked they, "who have always refused the seductive offers of England," and who declined to illuminate their houses for the German Emperor's visit, would have to seek protection elsewhere for their country, which is one of the outposts of Christianity, in face of the Moslem and the pagan.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The discovery has attracted antiquarians from all parts of Scotland to the locality. Further discoveries have also been made, notably of a well and a water pipe.

Mgr. Cotton, Bishop of Valence, died in his 80th year at Saint-Simon de Breisieux, his native village in the Isere. His death leaves sixteen sees vacant. The deceased prelate was long known as a great theologian in the diocese of Grenoble. Since his elevation to the Episcopacy Mgr. Cotton had several discussions with the Government, and was several times deprived of his State stipend by the anti-clerical tyrants of the Third Republic.

During excavations at present being undertaken upon the site of an ancient Roman camp at Newstead, near Melrose, a perfectly preserved Roman altar, four feet in height and of square foundation, has been discovered at a depth of twelve feet. An inscription upon it in accurately chiselled Roman letters reads:

To the great and mighty Jupiter, CAROLUS, Centurion of the 20th Legion, The valiant and victorious, Cheerfully, willingly, and deservedly Paid his vow.

The foundation stone of the Basilica of the Sacre Coeur at Brussels, imitated from that of Paris, will be laid by the King of the Belgians on the 9th of October. The site is the hill of the Koekelberg, at the top of the long Boulevard, near the Gare du Nord, on the other summit of which, in the direction of the Royal Palace, is the Church of the Jesuits. King Leopold had his plans for the Church

from the Oblates, who were in charge of the Paris Basilica, before the Combes reign of terror. In connection with the Oblates, it is stated in Paris that they are to have charge of the Brussels Basilica, and that their chief house, which was in Belgium, after they left the Rue Saint-Petersburg, Paris, is to be for the future in Rome, in accordance with the desire of the Sovereign Pontiff.

Rather late in the day the people of Vouziers in the Ardennes have erected a monument to their greatest townsman, Hippolyte Taine, philosopher and historian. In connection with his chapters on the great Revolution in "Les Origines de la France Contemporaine," M. Drumont relates that although Taine left an enormous gap in his work by remaining silent over the Freemasons, who really plumed the vast upheaval in their lodges, the celebrated historian was fully aware of the lacuna, but he told a friend who lived near him, that he was afraid the Masons would murder him if he had proved them to be responsible for the Red Terror. Irishmen who have so often been made the butt of British sarcasm, owe some gratitude to Hippolyte Taine, who in his "Notes on England," lashed in a masterly manner the nation and the people from whom Ireland is not yet separated. Taine's sentence about England "Possess £20,000 in the funds here, or else cut your throat," has often been quoted to show that the country is no place for the struggler.

OBITUARY.

HON. ARTHUR TURCOTTE. The death of Hon. Arthur Turcotte, prothonotary of Montreal, occurred last Friday. A very large concourse of deceased's conferees and friends followed the body to Place Viger station, whence train was taken for Three Rivers, his former home, and where interment took place.

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PERSONAL.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier was the guest of His Lordship Bishop Emard, of Valleyfield, on Tuesday.

Rev. Father McCrory, of the Diocese of Chatham, N.B., was a guest at St. Patrick's Presbytery during the week.

Rev. Father Carson, of the Diocese of St. John, N.B., is on a visit to the city, and is stopping at St. Patrick's Presbytery.

Rev. Father Crevier, C.S.C., Superior of St. Laurent College, is at present at the Hotel Dieu undergoing treatment for his eyes.

Sir William and Lady Hingston, and Miss Aileen Hingston, who have been making a short stay in Rome, were received in private audience by His Holiness Pius X.

Rev. Father Ambrose, the well-known Franciscan Father, who had been for years in Montreal, and for the past two years at Quebec, has been called to Geneva, Italy, by the Superior of the Order.

Ireland's Ambassador to Rome

The appointment of the Very Rev. Dr. O'Riordan to the Rectorship of the Irish College, Rome, was felicitously described recently by Judge Adams as that of an ambassador for Ireland at Rome. It is well known that the Rector of the Irish College invariably acts as an agent for the Irish Hierarchy, and is the intermediary between the Irish prelates and the Holy See. In 1625 the Irish College was projected, but it was not founded till 1627, when, owing to the munificence of Cardinal Ludovici, and the untiring exertions of Father Luke Wadding, a great missionary seat of learning for the youth of Ireland was established in Rome. Among the alumni of the Irish College before the middle of the seventeenth century were Archbishop Plunket, Archbishop Brennan, Archbishop Maginn, Bishop Plunket, Bishop Cusack, Bishop Creagh and other distinguished men. Dr. O'Riordan will undoubtedly prove a worthy successor to Archbishop Kirby, Archbishop Kelly and Monsignor Murphy.

THE MAN, NOT THE NAME.

By the way, remarks the Sacred Heart Review, didn't Patrick A. Collins succeed in life just about as well as if his name had been Clarence or Egbert or some other one of the fancy names which foolish Irish parents in this country give their children fearing to "handicap" them with names too utterly Irish? Success is in the man, not in the name.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Next Sunday afternoon speaking tertiaris will be held at the monthly meeting.

The first of a series of aid of the church fund will be held on Monday evening, Oct. 23, at St. Anthony's Hall.

Last Sunday afternoon took place to Pointe aux Lacs to the Chapel of Reparation the direction of Rev. Father.

Last Friday the students of Laurent College celebrated the day of the assistant superior, Ed. Moahan, C.S.C. In an entertainment was given.

After high Mass on Sunday the school counsellors and officers of the Young Men's Society decided to form a gymnasium with dumb bells, bar bells, clubs and basket ball will for principal exercises.

The church wardens, past, of St. Anthony's, are holding on Sunday after high Mass consider the answer of the authorities to the injunction upon them by the wardens to encroaching upon property.

The Rev. Father Ambrose on the day he left for New route to Italy, gave Mr. Don, the well known photographer, the well known photographer, St. Catherine street, at his special sitting for his photos which has turned out. These photos can be had at Anthony's Villa, Dorchester. Mr. Gordon having decided to sell any at his studio.

NEW CHIME FOR ST. ANTHONY'S CHURCH.

The new chime of bell James Church, St. Denis arrived and will be blessed on Monday.

HOSPITAL TO BE BUILT.

The City Council have an invitation from the Notre Dame authorities to the building of a new contagious disease hospital by Archbishop Bruchesi next at 3.30 p.m.

TWO NEW ALTARS TO BE CRATED.

On Monday, Oct. 23rd, Archbishop Bruchesi will have two new altars to the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph at the Immaculate Conception.

FIRST MASS AT TETRAU.

Last Sunday the first mass was said at the new village of Tetrau by Rev. Abbe L. O'Connell. There being three hundred present. The new village is at a distance from Pointe aux Lacs.

ANNUAL PEDAGOGICAL CONGRESS.

The annual pedagogical congress for the Catholic teachers of the province will be held on Oct. 27th at the Catholic Central Academy, 1999 St. Street.

NEW CHURCH AT VERDUN.

The new church at Verdun was opened on Sunday, Oct. 22nd. A high Mass will be celebrated on the evening of the 24th. A banquet will be held at which ship Bishop Racicot will preside. The following day a banquet will be given for the children.

CALISTHENICS IN THE SCHOOLS.

The Catholic School Commission has introduced calisthenics in the different schools under their charge, and commenced the work during the week. One hour a week is devoted to the work, and the pupils are pleased with the exercises.

ARCHBISHOP GAUTHIER SENT WITH PURSE.

The seventh anniversary of the death of Archbishop Gauthier's consecration was observed in St. Mary's Cathedral, yesterday, when the Archbishop presented his address and a purse of two hundred dollars. His Grace leaves for Montreal next Monday.

MONTREAL ORATORIO SOCIETY.

Rehearsals have commenced for the above-named society under the direction of Mr. Horace Reynier. The first rehearsal will be held on Monday evening, Oct. 23rd. At the recent musical festival at Worcester the freedom of the city was presented to Sir Edward, who

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Next Sunday afternoon the English-speaking terrieries will hold their monthly meeting.

The first of a series of eucres in aid of the church fund will be held on Monday evening, Oct. 30th, at St. Anthony's Hall.

Last Sunday afternoon a pilgrimage took place to Pointe aux Trembles, to the Chapel of Reparation, under the direction of Rev. Father John.

Last Friday the students of St. Laurent College celebrated the feast day of the assistant superior, Rev. Ed. Moahan, C.S.C. In the evening an entertainment was given.

After high Mass on Sunday, the counsellors and officers of St. Gabriel's Young Men's Society met and decided to form gymnastic classes. Dumb bells, bar bells, club swinging, and basket ball will form the principal exercises.

The church wardens, acting and past, of St. Anthony's, held a meeting on Sunday after high Mass to consider the answer of the C.P.R. authorities to the injunction served upon them by the wardens in reference to encroaching upon the church property.

The Rev. Father Ambrose, O.F.M., on the day he left for New York en route to Italy, gave Mr. P. J. Gordon, the well known photographer, St. Catherine street, at his studio, a special sitting for his photograph, which has turned out splendidly. These photos can be had only at St. Anthony's Villa, Dorchester street, Mr. Gordon having decided not to sell any at his studio.

NEW CHIME FOR ST. JAMES CHURCH.

The new chime of bells for St. James Church, St. Denis street, has arrived and will be blessed in a few days.

HOSPITAL TO BE BLESSED.

The City Council have accepted an invitation from the Notre Dame Hospital authorities to the blessing of the new contagious diseases hospital by Archbishop Bruchesi on Sunday next at 3.30 p.m.

TWO NEW ALTARS TO BE CONSECRATED.

On Monday, Oct. 23rd, His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi will consecrate two new altars to the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph at the Church of the Immaculate Conception.

FIRST MASS AT TETRAULTVILLE

Last Sunday the first Mass was said at the new village of Tetraultville by Rev. Abbe L. C. Therien, there being three hundred persons present. The new village is a short distance from Pointe aux Trembles.

ANNUAL PEDAGOGICAL CONFERENCE.

The annual pedagogical conference for the Catholic teachers of Montreal and vicinity will be held on Oct. 26 and 27th at the Catholic Commercial Academy, 1999 St. Catherine street.

NEW CHURCH AT VERDUN.

The new church at Verdun will be opened on Sunday, Oct. 29th. Pontifical high Mass will be celebrated. On the evening of the 24th a banquet will be held at which His Lordship Bishop Racicot will preside. On the following day a banquet will be given for the children.

CALISTHENICS IN THE SCHOOLS.

The Catholic School Commissioners have introduced calisthenics and physical drill in the different schools under their charge, and Prof. Scott commenced the work during the week. One hour a week is devoted to the work, and the pupils are greatly pleased with the exercises.

ARCHBISHOP GAUTHIER PRESENTED WITH PURSE.

The seventh anniversary of Archbishop Gauthier's consecration was observed in St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston, yesterday, when the priests of the diocese presented him with an address and a purse of two thousand dollars. His Grace leaves for Rome next Monday.

MONTREAL ORATORIO SOCIETY.

Rehearsals have commenced of the above-named society under the direction of Mr. Horace Beyner. The work of the present season is Sir Edward Elgar's Dream of Gerontius. At the recent musical festival in Worcester the freedom of the city was presented to Sir Edward, who is un-

joying a favor rarely granted to composers—the hearty appreciation of his contemporaries. It is to be hoped that Mr. Beyner will receive the support he deserves for his indefatigable efforts to make the Society second to none.

PRESENTATION.

A very pleasing event took place on Wednesday evening last, when Mr. Chas. J. Grace, of the North American Cigar Co., was made the recipient of an address and suit case on the eve of his departure for Toronto. Friends to the number of about one hundred were at the depot to wish him bon voyage.

BLESSED A BANNER AND STATUES.

Sunday afternoon Rev. Cure Decarie, of St. Henri, blessed a banner and two statues of Ste. Anne and the Blessed Virgin. The banner was presented to the National Alliance Society of the parish and the statues were presented by the School Commissioners and the congregation of the Children of Mary.

FEAST OF THE PARISH CELEBRATED.

At St. Edward's Church on Sunday the patronal feast was celebrated as well as the tenth anniversary of the parish. The celebrant of the high Mass was Canon Dubuc, and he was assisted by the Abbes Geoffron and Horthaume. A handsome banner was also blessed and presented to the Union of St. Peter, the members of which attended the service in a body.

ORDINATION AT THE CARMELITE CONVENT.

His Lordship Bishop Racicot held an ordination service at the Carmelite Convent last Sunday, when Rev. P. Edmond Brouillet, Professor of Belles Lettres at the St. Charles Seminary, Sherbrooke, was raised to the priesthood. The service was followed by a reception at the residence of Mr. Brouillet, on Sherbrooke street. Monday morning the newly ordained priest celebrated his first Mass at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends.

RETREATS AT FRANCISCAN CHURCH.

On Saturday, Oct. 14, there finished at the Friary Church one of the most successful retreats the Sisters of the Third Order have ever followed. Sermons were preached morning and evening, and were always well attended. During the exercises many ladies took the habit and on Saturday evening fifty were admitted to their profession. The Papal blessing and distribution of souvenir medals were the last items of the last service. The retreat was in charge of Fathers Ethelbert and Wulstan. The same preachers have been given the direction of the men's retreat, which begins next Sunday, October 22nd, at 2.30 p.m., and will last throughout the week. On week days the services will begin at 7.30 p.m. All gentlemen who care to do so are invited to attend.

NEW CHURCH DEDICATED AT BELLEVILLE, ONT.

The new St. Michael's Church of Belleville, Ont., was dedicated on Sunday by Most Rev. Charles Hugh Gauthier, D.D., Archbishop of Kingston, who celebrated solemn Pontifical Mass, assisted by Rev. Dean Murray; Father Spratt, deacon; Rev. T. J. Hogan, sub-deacon, and Rev. Mgr. Farrelly. Rev. Dr. Kingsley acted as master of ceremonies. The church was crowded. After the dedication ceremonies, Rev. Father Callaghan, P.P., of St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, preached a most impressive dedication sermon.

ILLNESS OF FATHER STRUBBE.

Rev. Father Strubbe, C.S.S.R., of St. Ann's, who is ill at the Hotel Dieu with an internal malady, is sinking rapidly, and his death is only a question of a day or so. On Saturday afternoon His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi administered the Sacrament of Extreme Unction to the dying Redemptorist. On Sunday at noon Father Strubbe was seized with an attack of heart failure, and the attendants thought the end was at hand but he rallied. Shortly afterwards Rev. Father Rioux, Superior of St. Ann's, visited him, and Father Strubbe made his last will and testament to his Superior. Sunday

was the 22nd anniversary of Father Strubbe's profession in the Order. On Sunday afternoon the St. Ann's Young Men's Society held a special pilgrimage to Bonsecours Church and prayed for the recovery of their beloved director. High Mass was sung every morning at the same church for the same intention. The old Irish Faith is a characteristic of good old St. Ann's parishioners.

ST. GABRIEL'S JUVENILES HOLD MEETING.

On Sunday afternoon St. Gabriel's Juvenile Total Abstinence and Benefit Society held its regular monthly meeting. Rev. Father Fahey, spiritual director, addressed the boys at length. He reviewed the work of the organization and said to begin well is not sufficient but to persevere so as to finish well was necessary. The same spirit which animated the members at the commencement of the work of the society must continue. If the soul does not animate the body, the work is dead. The soul of the Juvenile Total Abstinence and Benefit Society was the reception of the Sacraments once a month. He complimented the members on the large attendance at Holy Communion in the morning. He laid stress on the members being punctual at the monthly meeting, the prompt payment of their dues, as well as taking an interest in everything which concerned the welfare of the society, and thus a solid foundation would be laid. After Father Fahey's address, five new members received the pledge and were enrolled in the society, the number now reaching 276. The President, Mr. John Collins, announced that the hall would be open two nights a week to the members wishing to avail themselves of its privileges, and also that a skating rink would be built for the benefit of the members. The nomination of officers for the coming year will take place at the next meeting.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

"Music hath its charms" was fully exemplified last evening, when, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a large audience filled the hall of the Catholic Sailors' Club. The concert was under the auspices of St. Anthony's Court, C.O.F., and both socially and financially another link has been added to the unbroken chain of successes of the season. Last evening's entertainment was of the grand variety style, and the talent was of the best, while the applause given each number showed the appreciation and enthusiasm of the audience. Mr. F. B. McNamee introduced the chairman of the evening, Mr. B. Lynch, Chief Ranger of St. Anthony's Court. Mr. Lynch said he was glad to see such a large audience present, it showed the benevolence of the citizens. The object of the Catholic Sailors' Club was a noble one and deserved the support of all good citizens. Speaking of the Catholic Order of Foresters, under whose auspices the concert was being held, he said that owing to keen competition between fraternal organizations and life insurance companies it has been decided to lower the rates of admission into the Order of Foresters, the new rule to last for three months commencing Oct. 1st and finishing at New Year's. He made a strong appeal to the ladies to work for the benefit of the order, saying that 90 per cent. of the beneficiary fund has profited the ladies. He paid a tribute to the city talent, who came every week to help the good cause for the benefit of the Catholic Sailors' Club.

The first item on the programme was a song entitled "The Sweetest Name to Me is Mother," sung by Mr. Thos. Britt, a member of St. Anthony's Court. As an encore he sang "Annie Laurie." He is possessed of a fine tenor voice, and did justice to the selections. Miss E. Wilkinson sang "The Harvest Moon is Shining" and "Dixie Land" in fine voice. Little Miss M. Kelly gave two recitations which pleased the audience. Seaman J. McKinnon, ss Kastalia, was a great favorite with his solos on the tin whistle. He rendered several selections, including the Irish melodies in good style. Prof. F. C. Tait gave some fine selections on the violin. The duet by Miss M. and Mr. T. Laing was the gem of the evening. They sang "The Storm at Sea" and "True to the End." Both selections were admirably executed. The comic songs of Messrs. T. Murphy and B. Dayton brought down the house, and kept the hundreds of sailors in great humor. The songs of Miss Kathleen Fitzgerald, Miss S. O'Brien, Messrs. J. Asselin, C. Malon, H. Brady, Master P. Hart and Seaman J. Swift, ss Lake Manitoba; A. Terry, ss Lake Manitoba; J. McKinnon, ss Kastalia, were also well rendered. Next Wednesday's concert will be under the auspices of St. Patrick's choir.

Celebrates 25th Anniversary

On last Thursday, St. Louis de Gonzague Academy, Sherbrooke street, celebrated the 25th anniversary of its foundation. His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi presided. His Lordship Bishop Racicot, founder of the Academy, was also present, and great numbers of the local clergy.

In the afternoon a charming programme was carried out by the young ladies of the institution. The reception-room and music rooms, opening en suite and beautifully decorated with flags and foliage, made a pretty scene, with about 100 pupils in white gowns filling the background of the stage, while the guests, pupils and many of the white-robed religious were seated in the hall.

The feature of the afternoon was the rendition by a choir of 100 pupils of an oratorio, "Christ, the Redeemer," with piano, violin and harp accompaniment. Biblical quotations and words from famous authors had been arranged by the sisters of the academy to a setting of music from Handel, Schumann, Chamade and Lacombe, which brought forth well merited applause.

His Grace the Archbishop congratulated Bishop Racicot and the community upon the brilliant results attained by the Academy in the twenty-five years of its existence. He urged the young ladies present to live out in their future lives in the world and cloister the excellent precepts of their convent teachers.

Bishop Racicot made a short speech complimentary of the pupils' entertainment.

Archbishop Hedley on Ireland's Saints.

(Continued from Page 1.)

of sacrifice for his religion. Let Ireland take courage in her glorious Saints. Let her be true to them, neither forgetting them nor dishonouring their memory, and the land which they have kept so safe for the Holy Faith will never cease, under their powerful guardianship, to progress in every good thing which the Gospel of Christ promises to men—in unity, in understanding, in piety, and in the fear of God—and in the service of that Kingdom of God to which all earthly things will be added, as God shall judge the best. Meanwhile, with holy offices, with the ancient and venerable rites, with the hand of the Pontiff, and the mystical unction that symbolizes grace poured out, we dedicate a church on a spot where a church has been since St. Mel sat in the Bishop's seat, and St. Brigid, with her sisters, like doves that sweep down from their dovecoats, gently passed along these slopes. The Saints see us and are near. They know you well—your Primate that bears the crozier of St. Patrick, your Bishop who carries the name of this church, your prelates and priests who hand on the lamps that were lighted 1500 years ago, the thronging people who are, as their fathers,

LOYAL TO CHRIST AND HIS VICAR

on earth—the Saints know you, and they know that they belong to you, and you to them. Will not blessings follow this day's holy work—this day's renewal of communion with the mysteries out of sight? Will not the heavens bend, and the dew drop down? Let no heart doubt. Many, many are the needs, many the troubles, many the dangers of the country, of the Church, or this diocese, and this parish. Would to God that here, and everywhere, this generation of believing souls could always remember the nearness of Christ and His Saints. Remember it as men remember that which lies nearest to their hearts! Remember it in daily life, in social behaviour, and in public action; remember it in success and in misfortune, in joy and in sorrow; remember it, not to become dreamers or idlers, but to steady themselves in wise and sober resolution, to help themselves to take the true and ultimate view of life and the world and to keep alive in all its glow and fervor that which has distinguished the Irish race in its best days—their faith in the world out of sight. No man can fall in hope and energy who believes and feels that Ireland in Heaven is arranged for Ireland on earth. The struggle and the contest must go on, in this century as in the days of pagan, and of Dane, and of persecution; it will have to be carried on for coming centuries as well as now. But the Saints will always be the conquerors. May we all be with them! As we live and our earthly days hasten on, may we learn to follow their immortal banner; yes, and to march in their invincible array, as it sweeps through time and space—even to the day when "The Ancient of Days shall come and give judgment to the Saints, and the Saints shall obtain the Kingdom" (David, vii, 22.)

AN IRISH PRIEST IN GERMANY

(Catholic Universe.)

Father Phelan has written the last of his interesting series of foreign letters to The Western Watchman, but the Rev. Peter C. Yorke, editor of The San Francisco Leader, is still travelling abroad and enlivening the columns of his paper with his occasional impressions. His latest letter, written after a month spent at Weisbaden, Germany, is worth quoting for the shrewdness and interest of this Irish priest's observations in Germany. He was especially struck with the remarkable prosperity of the Kaiser's domain.

"The great river that was once the home of romance has become the seat of prosaic industry. Along its banks prosperous cities succeed one another in swift succession and the tall factory chimneys outpeer the castled crags. Every town has its new quarter laid out in broad streets and well paved. On all sides new districts are being opened up and new and magnificent buildings are going up. I have seen in no city of America, not even in Chicago, such evidences of 'boom' times as in this city of the Rhine.

"The people, too, have an air of prosperity. They are well dressed and well nourished. You meet no beggars, and there are no apparent signs of poverty. There is none of the feverish hurry that we associate with the big cities of America, none of that approximation of splendor and squalor that one sees in the English towns. The narrow, winding streets in the old quarters of the German cities are as well kept as the grand avenues of the later additions, and the buildings are apt to be as massive and imposing.

"Yet I am told that in spite of this apparent prosperity there is great discontent. In the Wiesbaden district at the last election the majority of votes went to the Socialist candidate. The priest who was my informant declared that the people were demanding too much. Evidently he had no Socialist leanings, and he seemed to think that the character of the voting arose, not from any existing grievance, but from an unjustifiable desire on the part of the working people to have the State do everything for them. He instanced the local free school system, free text books, free excursions, and expressed his opinion that the main motive behind the Socialist vote was 'free everything.' How far he represents clerical opinion I cannot say, but I have been assured in other quarters that the Socialist vote does not by any means represent Socialist opinion. It is, for the greater part, a protest against certain conditions, and the only way under the present system to express dissatisfaction with such conditions is for the dissatisfied to vote the Socialist ticket. Again, I cannot say what truth may be in this explanation, but certainly it tallies better with the general prosperity and contentment that appear on every side.

"The school system of Germany differs from locality to locality. In Wiesbaden and in the Protestant parts the schools are organized like our public schools, but religious instruction is part of the curriculum, and is imparted by teachers of the faith whose doctrines are inculcated. I notice that in this city, though the Catholics number a third of the population, they have made no attempt to establish parochial schools. The pastors have the right of entry to the schools, and one of them told me that when children are being prepared for the Sacraments he devotes several hours a week personally to giving them religious instruction in addition to what is provided by the Catholic teachers. . . .

"While there is nothing puritanical about the Germans, there is no license. They are a quiet, serious, polite people, who take their pleasures honestly and before the face of the world. In the restaurant, under the shade of the trees in the gardens, on the balconies of all hotels, they sit and drink their beer or sip their wine—here is the home of the Rhine wine—and smoke their pipes or cigars, soberly, piously and godly. The American Puritan or British Pharisee stares and is shocked, but the Germans are not engaged in regulating their lives to please the English, whom at present they cordially dislike. The concerts are features at these watering-places. Three times a day at Wiesbaden there is a recital—at early morning, at four in the afternoon and at eight in the evening. It is very pleasant to sit in the still air under the trees and listen to the music. The other night there was a cornet solo—selections from an opera—and after a few airs of no particular character the cornetist began the 'Last Rose of Sum-

mer.' It seemed so strange to hear the familiar air by the banks of a foreign stream, and, stranger still, the audience that had been dull and listless broke out into strenuous applause. I remembered what Kuno Meyer had said in Dublin at the opening of the school of Irish learning that all this country was formerly Celtic territory. . . . This start of interest the audience gave as the silver tones of the cornet ran swiftly up to the sweet high note and fell in long and melancholy curves like the flight of an evening bird in the final cadence—this applause, so genuine, so hearty, what could it witness except that the song found its echo in their Celtic nature and across all the ages blood had answered unto blood?"

RANSON-MACDONALD.

A very pleasing event took place in St. Anthony's Church on Tuesday last, the 17th inst., when Mr. Arthur Ranson, of London, England, was united in marriage to Miss Janine Margaret MacDonald, of St. Anthony's Parish. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Wulstan, of the Franciscan Monastery. The bride wore a gown of silver grey and carried a shower bouquet of white roses. After the wedding, breakfast was served at the home of the bride's mother, after which Mr. and Mrs. Ranson left for Ottawa, the bride travelling in a navy blue cloth costume. The bride was the recipient of numerous presents.

LORD ROSEBERY'S SON AT LAVAL UNIVERSITY.

On Tuesday the law students of Laval University had a visit from the Hon. Neil Primrose, son of Lord Rosebery, the Liberal leader in the House of Lords.

He was received in the law lecture room by Mr. Justice Mathieu. Mr. Honore Gervais, K.C., M.P., and Mr. Eugene Lafontaine, K.C., were also present to welcome their distinguished visitor.

Mr. Justice Mathieu then introduced the visitor to the students, and addressing the honorable gentleman he told him how happy they were to welcome him in their midst. They appreciated the idea which led him before entering Parliament to become acquainted with the vast Dominions over which the British House of Commons might be called to legislate. "Before you here, you see young men, all, or practically all, French Canadian, yet they are attached to the British Crown and loyal to the British flag, which is theirs. We in this country are happy and free, and strongly attached to our institutions and to our constitution, which is modelled on that of England. You see before you, therefore, not strangers, but fellow-countrymen, though their blood may be a little hotter than that of your own countrymen."

Hon. Neil Primrose rose to reply, and was greeted with a cordial shout of acclaim and applause, while the boys gave him the "ban," which is no slight mark of approval on their part. In quiet, but pleasant tones, he addressed them in excellent French. "I am but young," he said.

"I am only about the age of most of you so you must be easy on me. I have enjoyed this visit very much indeed, and I will long recall it. I am not qualified to speak words of advice, but I do certainly wish each and every one of you success and happiness in the distinguished career for which you are preparing, which is the same as that I have chosen. In conclusion I wish to thank you for your kind reception and to offer you once more the best wishes for your success."

After another demonstration by the assembled students, the distinguished young visitor took his departure for the Court House, where he attended the opening of court.

The Abbey of Gethsemani in Kentucky treasures as its most valued possession a relic of the cross of Nazareth. Two splinters are laid in cruciform on an ivory disk. This is covered with a crystal and placed in the head of the crozier. This pastoral staff was the life-work of a Trappist monk at the abbey.

The best-conducted saloon in the world is an eye-sore to the conscientious parent, and sets many a wife and mother to watching and praying, knowing not the day or the hour it may bring dismay and ruin to her home.—Rev. Walter Elliot.

The time to use truth and principle is now. Life has three phases. It was, it is and it will be. But we are concerned with only one of those. Life IS. What it was is a part of the dead past. What it will be depends on what it is! Hence the importance of the present.

THE CATHOLIC SWEETHEART AND SPINSTER.

(Mary Sarsfield Gilmore in New York Freeman's Journal)

Popular fallacy ascribes perfect happiness to heart-free girlhood; but in truth there is a pathetic side to its dainty comedy.

Where she but left to her own soul—wherein Christ, with the spirit of love and light, lives and acts—she would solve in due time, and with no risk of error, the deep and delicate problems of womanhood and vocation.

In the first blush of self-consciousness and life-knowledge, a girl is not only a sensitive plant, but a sensitive-plate, indelibly and disproportionately impressed by the special spirit envying her; and many a precocious and disastrous marriage not made in heaven results from the social microbe inoculating even the immature school-girl with an unholly horror of coming into the unpopular title of "old maid."

"To be, or not to be—love and marriage?" in truth is the vital question of every girl's life; but it should be left to ask and answer itself in God's good time; and the spiritual and social crudity that anticipates it in mere wanton frivolity has an account—a grave immortal account—to render!

But the Catholic "engaged girl" and her elder sister whose single blessedness is established as a permanent state of life have escaped the perils of youthful mistake, and solved the problem of girlhood differentially, yet with equal rectitude, each according to her vocative lights!

Comparison of the social value and personal happiness of these representative types is neither just nor delicate. Under Divine law, each legitimately is a spiritual law unto itself, bringing free will to the service of destiny!

Yet the truism is irrefutable that "All the world loves a lover;" and the pretty, poetic, blushing, smiling, magnetically joyous and hopeful "young sweetheart"—as the beautiful old name signifies the maiden loving and beloved—undoubtedly monopolizes popular favor.

To sustain the ideal of love in the face of realities, is the characteristic mission of the Catholic sweetheart. To her alone is marriage a sacrament of the spirit, and not a mere social convention.

In these, too, lie her supreme charm, her resistless spell for her lover. Materialism is bred in men, but they are born idealists, and like Esau, pine for their bartered heritage.

liness of character, the Catholic man is rare who is not grave and nobly stern at heart. He has tests and touchstones which the average woman fails all unknowingly, and standards of judgment of which he reveals no sign.

The sweetheart has reached the true-time, the halcyon days of her life, though she does not realize it. Before her eye the burden and heat of the day of maturity, the untried raptures of married life; behind, the travail and stress of maidenhood, to which peace has come through love alone!

The Catholic sweetheart has not giggled or boldly coquetted her way into marriage-engagement "for fun," or in desire for a solitary ring! She has not invited or encouraged advances, morally or otherwise unworthy of her, for the sake of exploiting an admirer.

For men have souls, though the sweetheart of devotional practices, especially if a brotherless youth, has failed to familiarize her with masculine simplicity of spirit, is apt to resent the spiritual torpor and unresponsiveness she seems to discover in her happy-go-lucky lover, and to jump at the conclusion that all men are soulless.

But the Catholic sweetheart will make marriage a success, if the social evils of the day have not brought God's curse on it. From her cradle she has been prepared for this special apostolate. Her "long, long thoughts of youth," inspirational and revelative, have been celestial texts for her wifely mission.

What she is in spirit and in truth, however, it is for her lover alone to learn, in the communion of love's more sacred hours, or of life's deep or crucial experiences. Superficially, she is neither more nor less than a



normal girl—a girl as proud of her lover, as happy in loving and being loved, as simply pleased with her gifts, and gratified by her social honors, as gay at the dance and the dinner, as absorbed in her trousseau, as thrilled in anticipation of the mere external glory of the wedding day—as the most inveterate little worldling with whom love dallies and trifles.

That "love begets love" is a truth stopping short of the whole truth. Love begets nobler charity—true Christian altruism. Before first love youth, in spite of its popular reputation to the contrary, is hard and cold and unconsciously cruel.

But the representative Catholic spinster has the single vocation, and her problem is what to do with it. That the world makes it hard for her, there is no gainsaying. It cedes her such tribute as it must, but its concession is grudging.

Well may the heart of lover and husband rest in her, his pearl of great price, whose value is indeed

above the rubies. In her he has no light love, the mere vane of his fortunes; no false love, to fail his love's holiest visions; no fair-weather love, to flee when shadows gather.

Let us put to her censor the intelligent question: Who is justified in assuming that the spinster is unloving and unloved? If hearts know their own bitterness, may they not know, too, secret sweetness.

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Is there no union of heart, then? Is there no maternity in the spirit? A whole class of celibate men serve religion, art, science, philanthropy. Is it according to Divine economy, to natural harmony, that these masculine souls, minds and hearts have no spiritual, intellectual, sympathetic feminine counterparts?

What she is in spirit and in truth, however, it is for her lover alone to learn, in the communion of love's more sacred hours, or of life's deep or crucial experiences. Superficially, she is neither more nor less than a

Can Eat Anything Now. How many Dyspeptics can say that? Or perhaps you are dyspeptic and don't know it. Have you any of these symptoms? Variable appetite, a faint gnawing feeling at the pit of the stomach, unassisted hunger, a loathing of food, rising and souring of food, a painful load at the pit of the stomach, constipation, or are you gloomy and miserable? Then you are a dyspeptic. The cure is careful diet; avoid stimulants and narcotics, do not drink at meals, keep regular habits, and regulate the stomach and bowels with BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

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majestic service, a bounty of lights and flowers, all encompassed by the atmosphere of the "peace passing understanding"—that is the desire of all humanity, yet the world's vain quest, sought outside of the one true "sanctuary."

But the spinster of especially religious instincts is apt to cloister herself in seclusion, so she is less familiarly in evidence than the spinster called to the active life, against whom the world's darts are directed.

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SOCIETY DIRECTOR

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1863; revised 1840. Meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Mr. F. J. Curran; 1st Vice-President, W. P. Kearney; 2nd Vice, B. J. Quinn; Treasurer, W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Crowe; Recording Secretary, T. E. Tansoy.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 8.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Killoran; President, J. H. Kelly; Rec. Sec., J. D'Arcy Kelly, 13 Vallee street.

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C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, Branch 26—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month at 8 o'clock p.m. Officers: Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. P. Killoran; Chancellor, W. F. Wall; President, J. M. Kennedy; 1st Vice-President, J. H. Maiden; 2nd Vice-President, J. P. Dooley; Recording Secretary, R. M. J. Dolan, 16 Overdale Ave.; Assistant Rec. Sec., W. J. Macdonald; Financial Secretary, J. J. Costigan, 325 St. Urban street; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Marshal, J. Walsh; Guard, M. J. O'Regan; Trustees, T. J. Finn, W. A. Hodgson, P. J. D'Arcy, R. Gahan, T. J. Stevens; Medical Advisers, Dr. H. J. Harrison; Dr. E. J. O'Connor, Dr. G. H. Merrill.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at No. 25, Avenue Street, Montreal, Canada. The True Witness P. & Co., Patrick F. Cronin, Toronto, proprietors.

SOGG

Irish Affection

When I served on the station, frequent house-to-house visits in my district formed, as with mixed feelings, no part of my ordinary duties. I was not a visitor, but a worker, and one could hear there of the interests of religion, non-Catholic atmosphere, Irish city. The streets of my district were inhabited by the poorer working class, almost needless to say, dominantly Irish by birth. There were whole streets Catholic as they are in Dublin, and one could hear there of the interests of religion, non-Catholic atmosphere, Irish city. The streets of my district were inhabited by the poorer working class, almost needless to say, dominantly Irish by birth. There were whole streets Catholic as they are in Dublin, and one could hear there of the interests of religion, non-Catholic atmosphere, Irish city.

To go amongst them in the pleasure to me in one of pain in another. It is sure to receive their warm Irish welcome; and it was a thing to see so many of them had given practice of their religion. They were poor, too, wretchedly so. Poor they were to Liverpool in the famine, for the most part, their children remained or knew as return cargo at a non-coal boats, in "the bad" after long years of toil as their material condition was at all improved, from where were shot out as so much the quays, friendless, stark worse still, possibly alighted.

I confess it often brought into my throat to see, in among them, an aged sitting by a cold, cheerless stove, in some miserable with a sad, far-away tear-dimmed, weary eyes, the dreaming of a cottage in land, situated, maybe, in a valley, in which she spent her girlhood, but which she saw again. I must return to my theme, which is the Parish.

Some time after I was tied down in the Mount the bright thought struck I was not overburdened I might, profitably to my with agreeable variety to produce the English system to-house visitation among the excess, perhaps, of my as I afterwards thought, in abundant exuberance of my enterprise, I accordingly on one fine morning for a visits, taking the leading rather "boreen" up the side. I had a blackthorn and was armed with the which my predecessor had.

I may say, in passing, I considered this book defective complete in many particulars was my intention to bring improved and amended edition with marginal notes regarding different entries,—notes that perhaps, prove useful to ratings. This, to my mind, further proof of the necessity course on which I was embarked. I noticed, in looking book, that the compiler careless, at times, in registering of the members of families, in cases more where they were all grown in the record of "Honoria Dow," whose family consisted of one boy, the younger later was registered as years of age; and after the oldest girl, Mary Bridgman, in the age column, a interrogation, with ditto column opposite the name other girls. In another part this entry: "Sarah Morrison, age, 31—(moryagh)" led to remedy such defects.

In every house I visited, needless to say, a kindly and invariably an invitation and take an air of the though the weather was thick I kept the object of my mission in view, however; and I would not fail to attend to the usual inquiries in each whether or not all went to school, and attended to their duties. In some cases before replying to these questions, the people thus looked at me in surprised

SOGGARTH AROON.

Irish Affection for him of Pure and Tenderest Kind

When I served on the English mission, frequent house-to-house visits in my district formed, as I remember with mixed feelings, no unimportant part of my ordinary duties. This system of visitation is undoubtedly very useful, or rather a very necessary one for the interests of religion in the non-Catholic atmosphere of an English city. The streets which formed my district were inhabited by people of the poorer working class, who, it is almost needless to say, were predominantly Irish by birth or descent. They were whole streets as Irish and Catholic as any in Dublin or Cork; and one could hear there every variety of accent, from the hard, harsh pronunciation of Antrim to the soft, rich brogue of Kerry; and from the plausible, insinuating tongue of Dublin to the broad, Gaelic-flavored burr of Connaught.

To go amongst them was a source of pleasure to me in one sense, and of pain in another. It was a pleasure to receive their warm, friendly Irish welcome; and it was a saddening, painful thing to see how indifferent many of them had grown to the practice of their religious duties. They were poor, too—most of them wretchedly so. Poor they came over to Liverpool in the famine years; and poor, for the most part, they and their children remained ever since. I knew some who had come to England as return cargo at a nominal fare in coal boats, in "the bad times"; and after long years of toil and privation their material condition was little, if at all improved, from the day they were shot out as so much rubbish on the quays, friendless, starving, and, worse still, possibly already fever-stricken.

I confess it often brought a lump into my throat to see, in my rounds among them, an aged Irishwoman sitting by a cold, cheerless grate, or stove, in some miserable slum-house, with a sad, far-away look in her tear-dimmed, weary eyes, plainly bespeaking to my fancy that she was dreaming of a cottage in holy Ireland, situated, perhaps, on a pleasant green hillside or in a smiling valley, in which she spent her happy girlhood, but which she could never see again. I must return, however, to my theme, which is the Mountain Parish.

Some time after I was fairly settled down in the Mountain Parish, the bright thought struck me that, as I was not overburdened with work, I might, profitably to my people, and with agreeable variety to myself, introduce the English system of house-to-house visitation among them. In the excess, perhaps, of my zeal, and, as I afterwards thought, in the superabundant exuberance of my missionary enterprise, I accordingly started off one fine morning for a round of visits, taking the leading road, or rather "boreen," up the mountain side. I had a blackthorn in hand, and was armed with the census book which my predecessor had compiled.

I may say, in passing, that I considered this book defective and incomplete in many particulars; and it was my intention to bring out an improved and amended edition of it, with marginal notes regarding the different entries,—notes that might perhaps, prove useful to future curates. This, to my mind, was a further proof of the necessity of the course on which I was about to embark. I noticed, in looking over the book, that the compiler had been careless, at times, in registering the ages of the members of the various families, in cases more especially where they were all grown up. Thus, in the record of "Honoria Duffy, widow," whose family consisted of five girls and one boy, the youngest, the latter was registered as twenty-six years of age; and after the name of the oldest girl, Mary Brigid, there was, in the age column, a note of interrogation, with ditto down the column opposite the names of the other girls. In another place I saw this entry: "Sarah Moran, unmarried, age, 31—(moryagh)." I intended to remedy such defects as these.

In every house I visited, I received, needless to say, a kindly welcome, and invariably an invitation to "rest and take an air 'o' the fire," although the weather was then warm. I kept the object of my mission steadily in view, however; and made paternal inquiries in each household whether or not all went to Mass regularly, and attended to their religious duties. In some cases, at least, before replying to these interrogations, the people thus challenged looked at me in surprised astonish-

ment, or, as I imagined, in suppressed amusement, apparently uncertain whether or not I was serious. When they understood that I was in earnest, the answer generally was:

"Yes, your reverence, with the help of God. Sure, what other consolation have we but our mass and our religion, thanks be to God for every-thing!"

I noticed, after I had made some few visits, that my going around in this manner, book in hand, caused no small commotion among the people. They were not used to see their curate perambulating the parish in this systematic way, except when on his "outquest"; and, as that was then over and past, it evidently puzzled them to know what could possibly be the object of this strange manoeuvre of mine. I think some of them came to the conclusion that I was engaged in making a collection,—introducing, maybe, some sort of newfangled and hitherto unheard-of parish "dues." As I forged my way steadily up the mountain from house to house, leaving none unvisited, this explanation of my movements seemed certainly a plausible and not improbable one.

Some houses were forewarned of my coming by lynx-eyed youngsters, who saw me from afar and scurried home from the meadows or cornfields to startle the household with the news: "The priest is comin'!" In such cases I found the kitchen "sweet and garnished," and the woman of the house and her daughters in immaculate aprons, and with hands and faces suspiciously clean and fresh-looking for a working-day. In other cases, however, my advent was not noticed in sufficient time for the womenfolk to make so elaborate a toilet. Then, if the man of the house happened to be within, he would come to the gate of the "bawr" and hold me in conversation, in order, as I judged, to give the women time "to put a face on the house," and perform a hasty ablution. In a few instances I was almost unheralded; a barefooted and draggled-skirted "slip of a girl" having, perhaps, just time to rush precipitately into the kitchen, say "Here's the priest!" and then make her escape.

The good woman of the house, however, generally held her ground and received me, all unpressured though she might be, in an apron made of cheap gingham. Although I waved the matter as utterly beneath my notice, she would insist on making profuse

apologies for having been "caught in the dirt," and bemoaning her want of foreknowledge of my coming; while at the same time she wiped a chair for me to "sit and rest"; and brushed a dog, cat or hen out of the way, in a strenuous effort to show me all the attentions possible in the circumstances. I charitably tried to make it appear that I did not notice the embarrassing situation, although I could not hold seeing many laughable things while seemingly absorbed in my census book. I think, anyway, that I observed more than the most suspicious of them would give me credit for; but it was with a sympathetic eye, not a cynical or unfriendly one.

As for the little children, they showed no disposition to evade me, no matter how utterly and unappealingly unrepresentable they might happen to be. Despite frowns and mute warnings from the women to induce them to stay in the background, they crowded around in their scanty, well-ventilated garments, and regarded me in wide-eyed wonder; and the more irresponsible of them ventured so far as to finger my bran-new, silver-mounted umbrella—one of my Liverpool presents—with hands recently employed in kneading a mud-pie.

"It's very hard to keep a stitch of clothes on them at all, Father," one woman said by way of apology for the scarecrow, tattered appearance of a half dozen gossamers of hers. "The way they tear and tatter and flitter every-thing, they'd want clothes made of leather, so they would. Sure, I'm worn out tryin' to mend for them; for it isn't often poor people can buy new clothes for their children, the creatures, God help them!"

In this manner I continued my visitations for a few hours, correcting my predecessor's census book in many particulars, and adding copious annotations. When I inquired, however, about ages in order to supply omissions which I found here and there in the book, I got rather dubious information. The girls were not sure about their natal year; and their mothers, through "bad memory," and the "confusions" of life, had quite lost count of Mary's or Brigid's age. It dawned on me at last that, as the girls were unmarried, and had a seasoned look about them, to boot, there might possibly be good and sufficient reasons for withholding from me the desired information. In consequence of this suspicion, I made no further inquiry regarding the age of young women who seemed to me to be more than thirty. I let the blanks in the age column stand.

Moreover, after a few trials of this imported English system of visitation among my mountain folk, I concluded it was a work of supereroga-

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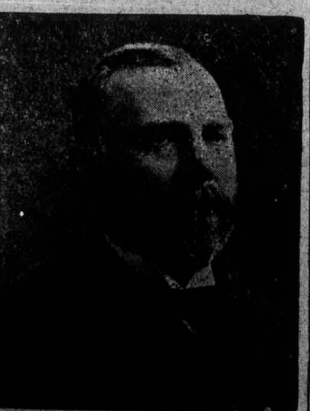
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tion. Fishing for souls was unnecessary here. I was struck, too, with the ludicrousness of having to play a game of hide-and-seek with my parishioners when I swooped down on them thus in all the unpreparedness, disorder and chaotic confusion of a small farmer's house on working days. In any case, there was no necessity for "Mahomet to go to the mountain," for the mountain came freely enough to Mahomet. Indeed, I was not long in the parish before my cottage became a sort of Mecca, so numerous were the visitors from among my flock who came seeking advice on all manner of questions, as if I were a Delphic Oracle, or an epitome of human wisdom. I could see that I was expected to be "guide, philosopher and friend" to my parishioners,—every man, woman and child of them.

All this, no doubt, was very flattering to weak human nature, and calculated to foster in me an overweening opinion of my own consummate wisdom and importance. But the corners had been pretty well rubbed off me by my English experience, a circumstance that made the chance of my being spoiled by kindness here more remote than might otherwise have been the case. Hence, although the Mountain Parish was my first curacy in my diocese, it found me a veteran missionary—in my own estimation at least. I must, however, indicate some few of the multifarious offices I was now called on to undertake as curate of this obscure Arcadian parish. I speak, of course, of offices and honors of a quasi-secular kind, thrust on me, willy-nilly, by my parishioners, and not immediately or directly concerned with my purely spiritual duties.

It was plain to me that these faithful, devoted people regarded me, their soggarth aroon, as every-thing to them: a distinguished adviser, a trusted, although unlearned, doctor and lawyer, and an unfailing friend in every need. "Who else have we to go to," they would say, "for comfort or assistance in our trials or difficulties but our good priests, God bless them, that always stood to us?"

I noticed, at the same time, that in speaking to me they seldom ventured on anything even approaching familiarity,—except, indeed, that an old man or woman might address me as "avie, machree," or give me an emphatic poke when telling me something, to drive home a point in an argument. The younger people, however, would invariably approach with an indefinite mixture of deference, respect and veneration that always touched me. They looked on me evi-

dently, as one altogether above, beyond and apart from themselves. In their eyes I dwelt "behind the veil," where they durst not enter, and lived and moved in a serene heaven all my own. Hence they would treat me with a reverence almost amounting to fear, as if I were another Moses fresh from familiar converse with God, and "horned" with rays of glory.

Ah, me! how the simple Irish peasantry treasure their soggarth aroon in their heart's core! Their affection for him is of the purest and tenderest kind, combining in itself the deep strong love of parent for child, and the trusting affection of child for parent, the constant love of sister for brother, and the chivalrous affection of brother for sister.—Ave Maria.

The Catholic Sweetheart and Spinster.

(Continued from Page 6.)

Beauty not yet past, she "still lives in hope," or is "setting her cap" for Mr. Anybody. If she flash into fame as a genius in any artistic direction, by what right does she sing of love or write of marriage or paint a lover or compose lullabies? In delicacy, she should ignore such subjects; and how does she know so much about them, anyway? The spiritual Pharisee and social Philistine grant no benefit of the doubt to the intuition of genius. An old maid's intuitions must not be sentimental or emotional; and genius is an impropriety on the part of the unmarried woman.

But meantime the spinster goes her way undaunted. Not un wounded—O, no, she is only a woman. But the hurts and the stabs are but her thorn crown and heart cross, and her strong spirit carries them gravely. If she has achieved her vocation through voluntary choice, be sure she has followed her heart and is recompensed for her loss of love; her genius or zeal, or whatever impulse she has obeyed, being her ruling passion. If the single state has been thrust upon her by any human mischance representing God's Providence, she has but to rise on the stepping stone of doubt self to reach heaven by the short-cut of resignation.

But sorrow is less commonly the fate of the spinster than of the wife and mother. She misses the trials as well as the joys of married life, and the world ignores her compensations when it pities her. There are women to whom absolute liberty is not a luxury but a necessity—who crave independence, who must live their own

lives in their own way, and who would suffer intolerably in the married relation. There is a virginal type of soul to which marriage would be impossible; a soul not less tender and loving for its votal chastity. It is an angelic spirit that cannot submit to human intimacy. Intrusion upon its privacy is its exquisite agony. It has the sensitiveness of a modesty which is no morbid sentiment, but a rare and beautiful spiritual grace. There is a type of intellect that demands perfect solitude and seclusion—whose fruition depends on its aloofness from the social atmosphere, and which is never less lonely than when alone. There is a temperament to which individuality is as the breath of life, and which cannot conform or affiliate itself, however docile the intention. Above all, there are many classes of women whose innate tastes and preferences are antagonistic to the domestic and social obligations of the married state. These would be both sorry and sorrowful failures as wives and housewives and mothers, while in the single life they achieve both content and success. All these types represent the incredible woman, who knows "how to be happy even though a spinster."

Seriously, can we look out intelligently upon the human world and doubt that there is a divinely-ordained place for the spinster, a specific field for her unfettered energies? There is a call for corporal and spiritual works of mercy from quarters that the active religious orders do not because they cannot reach; and to which the wife and mother whose charity begins at home, and whose first duty is to her husband and children, cannot, even when she would, respond. There are universal causes to be served by the life free from personal ties. There are movements of social reform for which exclusive devotion is necessary—there are intellectual labors which only the solitary life has liberty and leisure to pursue—there is a spiritual crusade which only virginity can carry to victory, repeating the history of Una and the Lion!

Unjustified, unrecompensed, vocationless, barren and wasted is it, then—the life of the Catholic spinster? Not in the sight of heaven, not in the eyes of the angels, not in the records of the Book of Judgment, even though the world and mankind retain eternally their narrow and vulgar conviction!

But, no! Let us accredit poor earth with its vaunted "progression," and anticipate the day when recognition of the true sisterhood of Catholic sweetheart and spinster will establish their just social equality!

The Christ of the Andes.

(Boston Pilot.)

One of the most striking contributions ever made to The Independent is the article on "The Christ of the Andes," from the pen of Senora Angela de Oliveira Cesar de Costa, who first thought of this commemorating the treaty of everlasting peace between the Argentine Republic and Chile.

"This colossal statue of Christ, lifted nearly three miles above the level of the sea, commemorates the conclusion of the most remarkable treaty of peace and arbitration ever made between two spirited nations, one which is accepted as the example to the world. The statue is cast from bronze of old cannon which the Spaniards left at the time of Argentine independence. The sculptor is a young native of Argentina, Mateo Alonso. On the monument is the inscription: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Chileans and Argentines shall break the peace which, at the feet of Christ, the Redeemer, they have sworn to maintain."

The Independent is even ready to receive and forward to Senora de Costa contributions for the subsidiary good works which she mentions in her article.

There is something most happily suggestive in the Independent's action. Once the constituency to which it especially appeals would have doubted the possibility of receiving a valuable lesson from far-off South America; and would have feared superstition, if not flat idolatry, in the statue of the Redeemer. As we come to know strange lands better, national prejudices drop off, and before the revelations of the human nature we have in common, race differences are seen to be

Mere surface shade and shadow, while the sounding unifies all. May not this be a preparation for the religious unity for which so many earnest souls long?

We append Senora de Costa's article: The erection of a monument commemorative of the international peace between Argentines and Chileans was a logical outcome of the events which were being unfolded on one side and the other of the Andes.

War seemed inevitable; diplomatic methods having proved insufficient, there seemed no other way for the solution of the question of boundaries than that of the ultima ratio of force. In order that the national frontiers should be defined, it was necessary to stain with human blood that strip of disputed territory upon the crest of the Andes. The armies were ready to begin the campaign; the navies equipped to put out to sea.

At the supreme moment of giving the signal to advance, the oppressive sense of the tremendous responsibilities which war imposes obliged the public men of that side and this of the Andes to meditate upon the disastrous consequences of the solution by arms.

The question having been lifted to this plane of calculations and probabilities, reason must needs triumph over the impulses of passion. Chileans and Argentines rising above the vainglory of national self-love, renounced the solution by force, and instead of asking the decision of the dispute from the unconscious and brutal mouths of cannons agreed to receive it from the lips of an international tribunal.

The ultimate end of war—but one which war does not always realize—is the triumph of reason and justice. And here reason and justice triumphed without tears, or blood, or barbarous horrors. What victory more worthy to be immortalized in marble and bronze?

The penetrating idea of the commemorative monument was in the national atmosphere, and I had but to condense it in my spirit to give it tangible form. If the idea is mine, it is in the same way as belongs to the sculptor the statue which he brings forth from the block of marble where it was sleeping invisible; and I even dare to think that the idea had to issue from the brain of a woman, because it is an idea of sentiment, and in all time men have

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reached us for thinking with the heart.

Moreover, everything which tends to perpetuate peace by its prestige and glorification specially interests and affects us women—that is to say, the mothers, wives, daughters, the betrothed of those who must fall sacrificed on the battlefields. War may dazzle men with its lightning flashes of military glory. For us women it represents only tears and pain; that is why the Latin poet called it "accursed by mothers."

The erection of the monument to international peace gave rise to these additional questions: What character shall the monument have? Where shall it be placed? What shall it represent as a symbol?

Thereupon, that it might have its real significance, it must be of official character and raised by the Argentines and Chileans, represented by their respective Governments. And thus being international, where should it be placed if not on the boundary line of the two nations, and on the summit of that mountain range which had seemed destined to serve as a theatre for the exploits of the heroes of war?

The object of the monument is to glorify peace, justice, human brotherhood; and who could better personify those virtues than He who preached them in His life with divine words and sanctified them with His death in the martyrdom of the cross? Who could more rightfully occupy the highest summit on earth than He who for twenty centuries has occupied in the history of humanity that topmost summit which touches the sky and is called "Golgotha"?

In this way and on one deduction to another I succeeded in giving complete form to the idea of the monument to Peace represented in the Cristo Redemptor (Christ the Redeemer), whose splendid statue was lying in this city, having been ordered by the illustrious Bishop of Cuyo, Monsignor Marcolino Benavente, to commemorate the Holy Year (1902), and which, for lack of means, it had not been possible to place on the Inca Bridge. (Bathing place in the mountains.)

But the idea is worth little or nothing unless it is transformed into a real action.

For the rest, it may be said that I had to contend with obstacles which seemed insurmountable for a woman. But I have a moral quality which I may call Saxon; I am persistent and tenacious in all that I believe true, good or just. I have always thought that there is no force more powerful than an energetic will which knows how to desire with faith.

Is it not with that secret that the great Republic of the North has discarded from its political and scientific vocabulary the word "Impossible"?

I soon placed the idea under the auspices of the religion represented by the first dignitaries of the Church and of the social beneficence represented in the society of "Christian Mothers." Accompanied with such prestige, we knocked and not in vain at the doors of the Argentine and Chilean authorities; who adopted the idea and took the responsibility of bringing it to fulfillment.

The image of Christ is now standing on the summit of the Andes, as a symbol of brotherhood and peace among men. But that is not enough. Peace is the united expression of a divine religion, of love and charity. Where charity is lacking, the peace cannot be a true one, because it lacks that sentiment of human solidarity which makes us feel the misfortunes of others as our own. There on that very lofty summit numbers of travellers, surprised by the snow storms of the Andes, perish every year during the winter for lack of timely and effectual assistance. "Christ the Re-

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deamer," who immovable from His pedestal of granite contemplates those dramas of despair and death, asks of all mankind the foundation in those solitary deserts of a humanitarian establishment similar to that of the Monks of Saint Bernard in the Alps.

This is the work in which I am now engaged, and which I pray that God will be pleased to grant. I have already the confession made in my name for the accomplishment of that object of the necessary land for the foundation of the Monastery-Refuge. I do not doubt that the Argentine and Chilean Governments will lend their aid for its support and preservation; but I lack the money for the construction of the building, which needs to be of a material adequate to the ends which it is to serve, and to the severities of temperature which it must sustain.

It will be costly, but for the attainment of a work of mercy humanitarian character and so universal, it is requisite and to be hoped for that people of all nations shall contribute generously to its realization. Climatic and meteorological observatories can also be built there, as it is one of the greatest heights reached by the foot of man (10,500 feet above sea level; the monument is at 13,000 feet).

The first power that I meet on my way is the great, opulent and philanthropic Republic of the United States of the North, and with the confidence inspired by its proverbial generosity, I stretch forth my hand soliciting its pecuniary tribute towards the erection of the refuge in the Andes, commemorating the thought of universal peace.

This will be another link in the fraternal chain that shall unite us, and "In union is strength." You and your friends who are making so beneficent a propaganda on behalf of that religion of love and charity, having found the practical form, will assist me. I do not doubt, in imploring abundant help for the "Christ of the Andes." I dare to hope that even the Government and the people of North America will not be indifferent to such an appeal, for the love of our Lord!

Contemplation raises the mind to its full dignity; it is beyond the mere filling of the soul with facts. The receptive mind is a little world by itself; and the soul needs contemplation to bring out the splendid possibilities with which it is endowed.

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STATUES—Two feet high, SACRED HEART, BLESSED VIRGIN, ST. ANTHONY, Etc. Special Bargain. \$4.00 and \$5.00 Each. Mail Orders Promptly Executed. J. J. M. LANDY, JEWELLER, 416 QUEEN ST. W. TORONTO, Can. Phone Main 2768.

CRUELTY TO THE GUINEA PIG.

"Did you know, papa, that if you hold a guinea-pig by the tail its eyes will drop out?" His father laughed outright. "Why, who in wonder told you such stuff, Louis?" "The boys all say that," answered Louis, sober as a judge, "and it's so—yes, sir." "Oh, nonsense," said the father, still laughing. "Well, you go to the cage and hold one up, and you'll see." Just to humor the boy, the father went out. In a moment he came back looking—well, just like a man that's been badly sold. "The little rascal got me that time," he said to a friend. "But I don't see the point," said the friend. "Don't you?" "No." "Well, guinea-pigs have no tails."

HE HAS NO TIME.

Little Mary was discussing the great hereafter with her mamma, when the following ensued: "Mamma, will you go to heaven when you die?" "Yes; I hope so, child." "Well, I hope I'll go too, because you'll be so lonesome." "Oh, yes; and I hope your papa will go too." "Oh, no; papa can't go, he can't leave the store."

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED THURSDAY, October 19, 1905.

MORE NEWS OF THAT SPECIAL SALE OF LADIES' FALL AND WINTER COSTUMES

To read the prices given below, one would think we were in the month of January instead of October. The bargains in LADIES' COSTUMES are simply phenomenal. The upset conditions of trade, caused by the weather, are responsible for these absolutely unexpected offerings. Take advantage of the greatest money saving opportunity ever offered to the Ladies' of Montreal.

Autumn Costumes at \$7.95 A Bargain at \$9.35

This week we place on Sale a line of odd lots and sizes of STYLISH TAILORED SUITS, which we have taken from our regular stocks. Prices have been cut to one-half and one-third to make a rapid clearance. The materials include Cheviot, Venetian Cloth, Mixed Fabrics, etc. Several styles—jaunty coats, bolero effects, hip length jackets, etc. Some are plain tailored, others are trimmed with fancy braids, some with cloth of contrasting color. Skirts in the graceful pleated styles. Ordinarily these Suits would cost you from \$12 to \$15. For this Special Sale we make them \$7.95

Another Extraordinary List of Bargains in Colored Dress Goods for Fall and Winter Wear.

Thousands upon thousands of yards of the choicest materials for Dresses, Waists and Skirts. Every yard marked at a record breaking price. It is the greatest collection of Dress Goods to be found in Canada. This season's purchases have been stupendous.

New Fancy Dress Mohairs, for Shirt Waist Suits, 44 inches New Fancy Mohair d'Alsace, very wide, Special \$1.05 choice, 44 inches wide. Special 51c New Swiss Lustrine, twined effect, for Street Costumes, 44 inches wide. Special 52c New Welsh Tweeds, for Ladies' Street Costumes, 44 inches wide. Special 59c New All Wool Panama Cloth, double warp, 44 inches wide. Special 64c New All Wool Florida Cloth, rough surface, 46 inches wide. Special 71c New Covert Cloth, Bradford Fabric, 44 inches wide. Special 72c

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED 1675 to 1783 Notre Dame St. 184 to 194 St. James St. Montreal

Fall Opening in Carpets

Beautiful Carpets, in all qualities, designs and colorings, and at all prices. Just put into stock an immense range of Turkish, Persian and Indian Rugs, and Hall strips, in all sizes. We have them in all grades, and all the exquisite colorings for which Oriental Carpets are noted. Connoisseurs should call and examine these goods while the assortment is complete. Fancy Furniture in all woods, also Brass and Enamelled Beds, every one a distinct novelty. Also Bedding, etc. Mail orders promptly filled.

Thomas Ligget, EMPIRE BUILDING, 2474-2476 ST. CATHERINE ST.

BETTER THAN EVER

are the splendid advantages offered in every department of our school—This Central Business College For quickly and thoroughly training young people to earn good salaries in business positions. With 22 teachers, best equipment, up-to-date courses, modern methods and thorough system, we can guarantee excellent results. Our new catalogue is a "dandy" write for it. ENTER AT ANY TIME. W. E. SHAW, Principal, YONGE and CERRARD Streets, Toronto, Ont.

CATHOLIC MUTUAL Benefit Association

GRAND COUNCIL OF QUEBEC. Organized at Niagara Falls, N.Y., July 8, 1876. Incorporated by Special Act of the New York State Legislature, June 9, 1879. Membership 63,000 and increasing rapidly. \$15,000,000 paid in Benefits in twenty-eight years. Reserve Fund, October 1, 1905, \$1,328,052.20. The C.M.B.A. is sanctioned by Pope Pius X., and Approved by Cardinals, Bishops and Priests, several of whom are Officers. FOR INFORMATION ADDRESS: P. E. EMILE BELANGER, Supreme Deputy, Secretary, Quebec Grand Council, 55 D'AIGUILLON STREET, QUEBEC, Can. A. R. ARCHAMBAULT, Supreme Deputy, Organizer for Province of Quebec. OFFICE: 1592 NOTRE DAME STREET, RESIDENCE: 747 ST. DENIS STREET, Phone Bell East 2011. The C.M.B.A. pays its death claims at sight of completed proofs.

GET THE BEST

LUNN'S LAMINATED SKATE THE ONLY LAMINATED SKATE IN THE WORLD. Manufactured by C. J. LUNN & CO., CHATHAM WORKS, 134 Chatham Street, MONTREAL, Que. MACHINISTS and BLACKSMITHS. REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS.



Vol. LV., No. 1

IRELAND

A FEW LEAVES

While travelling through Ireland, recently, Mr. Samuel Q. dianapolis, jotted down some impressions from day to day. These have been prepared for a few which will please to our readers. was born in Ireland, and pleasure in revisiting the birth.

ON ARRIVING AT QUINCEY August 9, 1905.—Landed at one Ireland, and to be ed it must be seen. My ed with emotion inexpressible saw its faint outlines first morning. As we grew emotions increased. When and went into its fields my youth for it returned same to me as when I knew—the old land of their songs are heard in winds that wave the tree whisper in its groves. The and varied fancies are lanes and quiet nooks, its hedges, its ivy-mantled trees every voice that breaks brook and stream; they speak and they paint beauty checks of her fair daughter the heart neglected, for her beauty. O beautiful character! lightful blending of health, goodness and purity.

AT THE OLD HOME

Arriving at the old home was born, I note the little tag the same as it was five ago. The little garden, in the field, the race running beautiful Ban, the rabbit hole—a Switzerland scenery in beautiful glimpses of hill and rushing waters. No w Irishman loves the beauty of nature. He has been nurtured beauties of her sloping hills, vales, her dreamy forest green fresh breath of her verdant clear streams, her soft near sensitive sun and blue sky.

But, ah! what are scenes hearts that beat in that little tag! The family in w shades sees beauty in each Heaven in all. Thus "Home Home" is dear because of that dwell in it. A castle in er than a cabin, in love, other riches are but vanity. Good-bye, old home! You ed goodness in the long ago were dear to me.

THE HILL OF TAR

Tara! what a sight! The stone but one remains of its city with its old landmarks and mounds, it was still more interesting, and yet it was Hill—it was the view of Ireland its summit. This was magnificent. You can see parts of the five of Ireland from this. I have seen no sight anywhere equal it in circular sweep of plain and plain. The landscape stretches as far as the eye can see until the horizon kisses it. The Hill lives in its memory they are historic. It was completely demolished in the sixth century. It was the ancient seat of the of Ireland. We have a record some eighteen kings that reigned Tara. Several of the latter had fights with the Romans and quished them. The last king mid, attempted to establish a cratic form of government land. He was 1200 years in vance of his time. Tara was a royal city. The of the palace, banqueting hall are still plainly in evidence. It is one stone called the "Stone Destiny," some 12 feet long foot in circumference, now in right position, about half of it is embedded in the earth, which situated a part of the coronation of kings. It is than two thousand years old. also marks the spot where the