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ined, could do for me under and Christian truth. This power to control me said, was not in the and its stronghold in the. He might have added, that it dwelt too far, whether power of the leads."

The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

Gardiens de la Salle de Lecture Feb 19 1908. Assemblée Lective QUEBEC CITY

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1908

PRICE FIVE CENT

Note and Comment

Lord Lovat, baronial chieftain of the ancient Scottish Fraser clan, who is now a visitor in Canada, comes from an old Catholic family. He attended the Quebec centenary, where his presence had special interest from the fact that three hundred years ago the Fraser Highlanders scaled the bluffs to the Plains of Abraham, and led Wolfe's men up the path to liberty.

The Vatican printing office has facilities for publishing books in eleven languages.

It is rumored in London with how much truth is not yet apparent, that the Pope is so pleased with Archbishop Bourne's conduct of the correspondence with Prime Minister Asquith in regard to the ceremonial procession of the Host during the Eucharistic Congress that he has decided to make the Archbishop of Westminster a cardinal at the next consistory.

The First Italian Methodists of Baltimore have been celebrating the thirty-eighth anniversary of the fall of the temporal power of the Popes. The celebration was strong on the vocal side. The inspiring strains of "O Roma Morte" were not more thrilling than those of "Salva Roma" sung to a Garibaldian air. A stereopticon exhibition at night showed up the City of the Popes, and while the many-hilled city went up in mimic flames, the little Neros fiddled away on their own heart-strings. And still Rome lives—a rather lively corpse despite the walls of the Baltimore mourners, says the Chicago New World.

Persistent rumor has it that a new German Catholic weekly paper is soon to be launched in Cincinnati, says the Catholic Telegraph. A number of prominent Catholic gentlemen are said to be fully willing to assist the project financially.

A certain amount of enthusiasm has lately been shown all over the United States and Canada as regards the Federation of Catholic Societies. It is an interesting subject and one worth study. Catholics are absolutely one in all points of doctrine—hence the demand for some form of federation among the various Catholic corporations.

Declaring that he had discovered the error of his ways, the Rev. Francis Kowalski, pastor of the Polish Independent Church of the Sacred Heart, Bayonne, New Jersey, who renounced the Church to join the ranks of the Independents, has returned to the Catholic fold. On a recent Sunday he informed his congregation of the change, explaining to them the nature of the wrong he had committed, and his desire to do penance before it was too late.

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

The address to be presented to Pope Pius X. on the occasion of his jubilee from the Confraternities of Dublin will be a particularly beautiful specimen of the illuminator's art. The design is Celtic, the address being on vellum, bound on all sides with the Papal colors in Irish poplin. The artist is Mr. C. G. Bradshaw, Dublin. The address will be inclosed in a casnet and sent to Rome by the Confraternity delegate, Brother Robert Keely, a member of the Sacred Heart Confraternity, St. Francis Xavier's, Gardiner street.

Four hundred Irish harvestmen are to take part in the procession of pilgrims to the grotto in the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Spalding, England, which was blessed by the Bishops of Nottingham and Namur last week. The ceremony

marked the golden jubilee of the original Lourdes grotto, and the Pope gave his Apostolic blessing to

A French journalist, M. Gaston Bonnet-Maury, writing in the Revue Bleue of Paris, says: "Canadians enjoy as complete religious liberty as do the people of the United States. The Catholics of Canada have preserved the greater part of the rights and privileges that they possessed in France before the French Revolution. A century of life with the English and Protestant colonists has made them understand the benefits of religious liberty. The Canadian priests furnish, generally, an example of Christian virtue, and maintain the population committed to their care at a moral level incontestably superior to that of the United States. The Canadians furnish the spectacle of a happy and free nation, peaceful and united, almost as independent as Switzerland, and the Netherlands, and one, alas! that has no cause to envy the mother country."

The Paris Univers publishes a declaration which the French episcopate has addressed to all fathers of families in defence of free schools. The document concludes: "You will watch the public school in order to compel it by all legal means to observe an honest neutrality. If the school stubbornly persists in being a danger to your children's faith you must forbid your children to enter it, at whatever price."

Mass at 6 o'clock in the Evening.

Rev. A. M. Barbier, rector of St. Vincent de Paul's Church, New Orleans, who has been spending the summer in his native France, writes for the New Orleans Morning Star an interesting account of the magnificent celebration held at Lourdes this year in honor of the golden jubilee of the miraculous apparitions to Bernadette Soubirous. A feature of the celebration was the unique and unprecedented celebration of Mass at 6 o'clock in the evening.

The great festival closed on July 16, the anniversary of the last apparition day. Not a cloud overshadowed the sky, not a single accident in that immense gathering of people marred the beautiful fête. Every house in Lourdes was decorated with the colors of the Blessed Virgin, except the Government offices. Every window and portal was garlanded with flowers, and the road which led to the grotto was a veritable pathway of flowers, waving banners and arches, from which the colors of Mary Immaculate floated. Lourdes was indeed "The City of Mary," so beautiful and fair that even the infidel officers of the French Government felt their hearts touched by the zeal and devotion of the populace. All night the mountain sides were thronged with people, all night the praises of God resounded in the churches. With the first rays of the rising sun the city of Lourdes turned toward the grotto. The pilgrim throng was augmented by the arrival of over six thousand from Italy under the guidance of Mgr. Mander and presided over by His Excellency Mgr. Grasselli, Archbishop of Viterbo, who was delegated by our Holy Father the Pope to celebrate the Mass of 6 o'clock in the evening, which had been specially authorized by the Pope to commemorate the day and the hour of the eighteenth or last apparition of the Blessed Virgin to Bernadette.

With Mgr. Grasselli came a great number of Bishops and priests. They proceeded at once to the grotto, around which it was almost impossible to pass, so great was the throng. At 10 o'clock Mass was celebrated by His Eminence Cardinal Andrieu, who was especially delegated to represent Pope Pius X.

At 5.30 o'clock all the Bishops and clergy repaired to the grotto for the Mass at 6 o'clock. It was a privilege without precedent. Mgr. Grasselli, Archbishop of Viterbo, of the order of Friars Minor, representing our Holy Father the Pope, officiated. The sermon was delivered by Mgr. Schoepfer, Bishop of Tarbes, in whose diocese is located the city of Lourdes. The scene in and around the grotto surpasses any attempt at description. As far as the eye could reach stretched the great sea of human faces. The fields and gardens and hillsides, the banks of the Gave, the road to Pau, the heights on which stands the Church of Carmel, seemed to have been turned into one vast amphitheatre, and yet there was not a sound, not a whisper, as the great sacrifice of the Mass proceeded. All were wrapped in the great thought of the mystery that was being celebrated. At the close of the Mass the "Magnificat" and the "Deum" were sung. Mgr. Schoepfer then mounted the pulpit and in a few brief words told of the eighteenth apparition of the Blessed Virgin to Bernadette at that very hour. His Eminence Cardinal Andrieu then gave the Papal Benediction.

Incidents in Life of John Redmond Now touring United States, Whose Genius and Oratory Make Him a Conspicuous Figure.



MR. JOHN E. REDMOND, LEADER OF IRISH PARLIAMENTARY PARTY.

John Redmond, the great leader of the Irish party in parliament, and who is now with his associates, Joseph Devlin and John Fitzgibbons, touring the United States in the cause of self-government and Home Rule, engages the public attention to-day almost as much as the Prime Minister. The theme of personal liberty appeals to all classes, creeds, nationalities and sects. Fifty-three years of age, of a physique that, notwithstanding the constant strain that has been placed upon it for years, is still magnificent; eloquent, a tactician of the highest order, a man of learning and of the most remarkable self-control, Mr. Redmond occupies at the present time the foreground in the arena of English and Irish politics.

His career in parliament began at an almost youthful period in life. His father, Mr. Redmond, Sr., has often spoken boldly on the floor of the Commons against British misrule in Ireland.

John Redmond was educated by the Jesuits at Clongowee Wood College and at Trinity College in Dublin, where he had a distinguished career. For three years after his departure from college he regularly practiced law as a barrister, and it was during this period that the first incident happened in the life of the young man that portrayed better than words might have done, his feelings of sympathy for his countrymen that has ever made him beloved, not only by the leaders of the Irish party to which he belongs, but by the thousands of poor tenants throughout Ireland.

It was during his second year's practice as a barrister that he was sought by a solicitor to defend certain Irish tenants in a case of eviction. Mr. Redmond took the case and won it. A few weeks later he received from the solicitor a cheque for \$2000 for his own two days' work upon the case. Redmond opened the letter, looked at the cheque, then he immediately inclosed it in another envelope and returned it to the solicitor with the order that the money be turned over to the organization that had defended the tenants.

Only a few years after his leaving college he took his seat in the house of Commons. During his service there he stood for a division in Liverpool in 1885, but was defeated. From the time of his appointment he represented North Wexford until 1891. He then resigned and stood for Cork City and was the same year elected from Waterford City, which constituency he has represented ever since. That in brief, the political representation of this leader, but from the very first, his life as a political representative has been crowded with these successes that have carried him to the leadership of the Irish party in England and to that prominence that causes his name to be mentioned to-day amongst some people in connection with the

is the one which has been rarely paralleled in Commons, delivered early in 1904. For one hour and a quarter he stood upon the floor of the house, holding the attention of every hearer. His speech was an impeachment of the present government in Ireland and was a scathing analysis of the systems that prevailed in education, local government and land affairs.

HOW HE PUTS IN EACH DAY. During the time that he remains in London attending the session he rises every morning at 6, takes a light meal, and then may be seen riding for an hour in Rotten Row. At 8 o'clock he returns to his residence and takes a hearty meal, for he has the best of appetites. At 12 o'clock he appears in his room in the house. Here he first attends to the reading of the daily papers and arranges the plan of the debates of his party for the day. Then he proceeds to the smoking room to engage in conversation with members and to smoke the blackest of all black cigars, of which he consumes from twelve to fourteen daily. At his meals and between times he also has a great fondness for strong black coffee.

The house assembles at 2, and from that time until well on toward midnight he remains present, being usually the last man to leave. He is a slave to his work. Nothing is forgotten. He is always willing to give attention to any member of his party who may wish to talk with him. He is specially attentive to the younger members of his party. His disposition is never ruffled. He is on the whole inclined to the serious, having little or none of the wit that characterizes many of his race.

HAS NO TIME TO BE IDLE. Though it is said that there is not a place in the world where one may be more thoroughly lazy than in parliament, and it has been called a great club room, nevertheless Mr. Redmond never allows himself time to be idle. In fact, with the exception of a few weeks that he spends in hunting during the fall, after the close of the session, he is always busy.

Besides his London mansion he owns a residence in Dublin and another at Auch Avonah, this latter being a shooting lodge, to which he goes immediately after the close of Parliament. It is one of the most beautiful country residences in the most beautiful spot in Ireland. Here for two weeks Redmond, usually with a party of friends, spends his time in tramping for miles over the moors in search of grouse, plover and pheasants.

His correspondence requires the continuous employment of two private secretaries, besides the work which he himself attends to. Mr. Redmond is now married for the second time, his first wife having died a few years ago.

Imposing Ceremony Marked Opening of St. Boniface Cathedral.

The new cathedral of the diocese of St. Boniface was formally opened on Sunday morning with imposing ceremonies. Three archbishops and seven bishops were present from outside points, together with a large number of representatives of different

orders. The new cathedral is a magnificent building, capable of seating twenty-five hundred, and is by far the largest church edifice in Western Canada.

A striking feature of the day's proceedings was the parade of the Catholic laymen of the city. There were over five thousand men in the procession when it passed the City Hall, where it was reviewed by Archbishop Langovia. The only women in the procession were Ruthenians, who, to the number of one hundred, marched, as is their custom, with their husbands and brothers, all singing Ruthenian chants. The preacher in the morning was Bishop Racicot, auxiliary bishop of Montreal; Bishop Stanley, of Fargo, spoke in the afternoon, and Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, in the evening.

A Prayer for Ireland.

"Seldom has an especial prayer so admirably voiced particular aspiration" is the comment of the Boston Republic on Archbishop O'Connell's invocation at the convention of the United Irish League. It was as follows:

"Eternal God, Father of the Saviour of the world, hear in mercy Thy children who humbly implore Thy grace. O God, the Father of all men and the Supreme Ruler of all nations, grant to all Thy children the blessing of peace. Turn all minds to the knowledge of Thy holy law and all hearts to the observance of it, that the Kingdom of God may come among men and that the charity of Christ may reign supreme in all the world, so that nation rise not up against nation in the bitterness of fraternal strife, but Thy love change enmity into friendship. Let not, O Lord, the strong glory in the oppression of the weak, but in the help and service which the mighty may offer to the wronged. Look down, we beseech thee, upon the hand of our fathers which Thy blessed apostle, Patrick, by the preaching of the Faith of Christ, Thy Son, enlightened and sanctified, is mindful in her trials of the heroic faith of her children and their unswerving fidelity to Christ's Spouse, Holy Church, and to the Apostolic See of Peter.

"Grant her, we implore Thee, above all else, unyielding perseverance in that faith and fidelity, by the spreading of which wherever her sons have wandered she has brought manifold blessings and the most generous fruits. We know how inscrutable are Thy ways, O Lord, and we bow humbly before the mystery of Thy mandates, but we beg Thee in the name of the saints whose ashes sanctify the soil of Erin to hasten the fruition of her glorious destiny among the nations of the earth. Amen."

To Lonely Hearts.

The more consolation from creatures the less from God. This is the invariable rule. God is shy. He loves to come to lonely hearts which other loves do not fill. This is why bereaved hearts, outwaged hearts, hearts misunderstood, hearts that have broken kith and kin and native place, and the grave of father and mother, are the hearts of his predilection.—Father Faber.

St. Joseph's Home Fund

The actual date of Father Holland's birthday has passed and we had hoped that a goodly sum would have been realized to present to him on Sept. 19th; but so many have been out of the city during the summer that our appeal failed to reach them and consequently nothing like the necessary amount came in. However, every day is a birthday—somebody's—so if each one contributed, his number of years either in dollars or cents, quite a comfortable sum in a little while would be realized. We thank those who answered our appeal and trust that those who have not already done so will send in their mite to help a worthy cause—To pay off the debt on the St. Joseph's Home for Working Boys. A cent will be as welcome as a dollar and will be acknowledged in issue following receipt.

FILL OUT THIS COUPON.

FOR ST. JOSEPH'S HOME FUND. Name Address Amount

Bold and fearless, he has been several times in prison for political offenses. One of his greatest speeches

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A BECOMING BLOUSE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

No. 8262. Misses' Shirtwaist. Cut in sizes 15, 16, 17 years. 16 year size will require 1 3/4 yards of 44 inch material.

PATTERN COUPON.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

Form with fields for Name, Address, and other details.

SUBSTITUTE FOR LACE.

Not only is the coarse net widely used for this season's shirtwaists, but it has appeared as a substitute for lace in frocks and yokes, stocks, and transparent sleeves.

Many of the gimpes worn under smart embroidered or braided linen suits are of this coarse net. They are made with the wrinkled mousquetaire sleeves to the wrist, and the almost plain yoke enhanced by only a few stray tucks in small groups.

TO CUT BREAD THIN.

With one of the new bread boards and sliding knives bread can be cut as evenly as though done by machinery. The board is the size and the shape of a long loaf and there are several grooves in it close together, with a metal frame to hold the loaf in place.

KEEPING PETS.

Beginning at the early age of five all children have a collection of pets. Rabbits and chickens are no trouble,

for they live in the back yard, only to be visited in the short hours between school and supper time.

But when it comes to white mice, lizards and turtles, to say nothing of the numerous dogs and cats, life becomes hardly bearable for the older people.

All the menagerie has to be fed upstairs, and one cannot walk around without stepping on immovable bones, fish heads, and crusts of bread.

IRISH CROCHET COLLARS. The fad for knitting and crocheting seems to come and go with chronic irregularity.

Some years ago wash rags were the rage, and all the fashionables went in for crocheting face cloths with feverish eagerness and turned out any number of these useful little articles during the season.

Presently the feminine shawl changed with the times into the more useful and mannish sweater. This was really an achievement and meant intelligent and skilful work.

The knitting fever has not quite subsided, however. Silk ties came next, and every self-respecting man wore a tie knitted by the hands of some devoted female or other.

From wash rags to Irish crocheted Gibson collars is really quite a step, but such is the ruling of fate, and Irish crocheted collars are the latest thing in pick-up work for idle hands.

LIFE'S TRIUMPHS.

Each life has one grand day; the clouds may lie along the hills, and storm winds fiercely blow—The great red sunshine like a thing of woe

DON'T BE YOUR HUSBAND'S DRUDGE.

A certain wise and very happy woman was talking the other day to a girl who was about to be married.

"I have one bit of advice for you," she said, "one little guide-post on the road to content:—"

"Don't get your husband's slippers." The girl smiled, a little incredulously, and the woman continued:

to marry," objected the bride-to-be, sweetly, "and I want him always to be comfortable."

"I love my husband, too," smiled the older woman, "I have loved him and lived with him very happily for nearly twenty-five years. But I learned very early not to wait on him."

We hear a great deal about the marriages that are wrecked by woman's extravagance or woman's frivolity; but I firmly believe among respectable, well bred folks who are neither very rich or very poor, the thing that makes the most marital unhappiness is simply woman's mad passion for gratuitous slavery.

"Last winter, in the midst of the very cold weather, I visited an old friend who is about ten years younger than I. The first morning I was there I heard some one moving about the house long before daylight and I stuck my head out of my door to find out who it was. I saw my hostess, in stockings and kimono, coming up the stairs.

"Where under the sun—under the moon, rather—have you been?" I ejaculated, "is any one ill?"

"Oh, no," she replied, in a matter-of-fact tone, "nothing's wrong. I have just been fixing up the furnace."

I gasped. "Where's the man who looks after it?" I asked.

"He doesn't come until seven o'clock, and the house must be warmed up in time for tea, and I have to have breakfast and get the children to school and Tom to the office."

"And what about Tom?" I inquired, with veiled irony. But she answered in all simplicity:—

"He's asleep. He doesn't wake up, you see, and I do, so I go down and put the coal on. I always do, I don't mind it a bit."

"Of course you go back to bed and get a good sleep before breakfast?" I remarked questioningly.

"Well, no," she admitted, "I don't often get to sleep again. You see Tom'll get awake in an hour, and he'll want to get up and have his breakfast right away, and he says it's so cheerless to go down without me. So I always try to get downstairs first. But I get plenty of sleep, of course."

"I hadn't been in that house very long before I saw that Tom was a selfish pig,—there is no other word; he was a selfish pig. His wife waited on him like a slave. Everything he wanted he must have; everything in the world must be done for him. It never once occurred to him to think of his wife's comfort, or anyone's else. When he came in the room his wife got up from the comfortable chair she was sitting in, and he sat down in it. When he wanted to go to bed he got up and put out the lights and every one else had to go to bed, too. His selfishness was quite naive and instinctive, I suppose if he had ever thought about any one else he would have agreed that other persons had as much right to comfort and consideration as he. But he never did think of any one else. His wife never gave him the chance. I repeat, Tom was a selfish pig; and it was his wife's fault. She began by getting his slippers, my dear."

"Also—and consequently,—she was not at all a pleasant person to live with. She was always tired and sick and miserable. She never actively complained, to be sure—she was a confirmed martyr before she had been married half a dozen years. Now, she is an old woman; her head always aches and she never feels like dressing up and looking pretty and she never laughs,—poor soul, I suppose she doesn't see much in life to laugh about. Her husband realizes that she is a necessary part of his existence; he is eminently faithful to her, of course. To believe he is quite a model citizen. When he married his wife he loved her and she loved him,—and she wanted him always to be comfortable. Now he is a selfish pig and she is a worn-out trump. And it's all her own fault."

"I knew another woman who was her husband's valet and cook and general drudge. She pressed his suits and laundered his shirts and carried coal and blacked his boots and did everything that six servants would have done if they could have kept six servants. The house was always perfect. But she never had time to go out anywhere with him, and she never had time to do her hair. And when after a dozen years of drudgery on the one side and neglect on the other, he went away with another woman, she wondered why. She believed in all earnestness that she had always been a model wife."

The girl who was going to be married sat quite silent and looked into the fire thoughtfully. The front door opened and shut with a vigorous bang, and a man came into the living-room, happily, as if he were glad to get there.

"Hullo!" he said brightly, "Had a nice day, dear! How-de-do, Elizabeth; been planning your trousseau? Hollie's splendid to plan trousseaux; I believe; she knows so many silly things!"

They laughed, all three of them, merrily, and the man looked at the

open fireplace and then at the wood basket.

"You need some more fuel for that fire of yours," he remarked, "I'll get it. You see, when you aren't overly rich, Elizabeth, the man of the house has to be the man-of-all-work. That's what I am. I'm Mollie's humble slave, just as I was twenty-five years ago."

He looked from the girl to his wife and back to the girl again. His face had grown suddenly serious.

"My dear child," he said, soberly, "I hope you'll have as happy a life together as we have had, Mollie and I. And I hope when you have been married twenty-five years you'll be as devoted, sweethearts and as good chums!"

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION FOR SEPTEMBER.

"The most beautiful queen on any throne," this is what Kellogg Durland calls the Empress of Russia, in his great series of articles, entitled "The Romance of an Empress," which begins in the Woman's Home Companion of September. Mr. Durland, who is the author of "The Red Reign," spent a year in Russia, getting together all the facts of the romantic and sad life of the most powerful queen in the world.

In this issue Irving Bacheller begins a new series of Cricket Tales, which bids fair to be even more popular than was his famous "Eben Holden."

Other stories are "The Golden Wedding," by Alice Brown; "The Dervish," by Juliet Wilbur Tompkins; "The Girl in the Mirror," by Hulbert Footner; "Dare You to Love Me," by Annie Hamilton Donnell, and "The Minister's Barrels," by Hettie Bosley Goldrick.

Jack London on his trip around the world which he is making for the Woman's Home Companion in his little boat, the Smack, has stopped long enough to send to the magazine from far-off-Tahiti a description of "The Nature Man" whom he ran across in that distant Pacific island.

Jean Webster, who wrote "When Patty Went to College," has been in Japan and tells in the September number how she, with three or four

that day, I learn, are not legally binding."

REAL DIFFICULTY.

"John," said the Colorado woman delegate to the convention, "I want your advice."

"Sure," answered her husband, flattered. "Now, as to that labor plank—"

THE SOFT ANSWER.

It was a wise young man who paused before he answered the widow who asked him to guess her age.

"You must have some idea of it," she said, with what has intended for an arch sidewise glance. "I have several ideas," he admitted, with a smile. "The only trouble is that I hesitate whether to make you ten years younger on account of your looks or ten years older on account of your brains." Then, while the widow smiled and blushed, he took a graceful but speedy leave.

"Tommy, my son, what are you going to do with that club?"

"Send it to the editor, of course."

"But why are you going to send it to the editor?"

"Cause he says that if anyone will send him a club, he will send them a copy of his paper."

"But, Tommy dear, what do you suppose he wants with a club?"

"Well, I don't know," replied the hopeful boy, "unless to knock down subscribers that don't pay for their paper."

A French boy, returning from school, joyfully told his parents that he had received the second premium in catechism. "I am very much pleased," said the father. "But I would be still more so if you had as good a premium in mathematics or history. Your catechism will not help you to pass your examinations to get your degree of Bachelor of Arts. It will not open for you any doors for your future life."

"Excuse me, papa," said the child, "you are mistaken. It will open for me the gates of heaven!"

ANECDOTE OF A YOUNG PRINCE.

The young dauphin of France (afterwards Louis XVI.), showed, even at a very early age, a lively wit, and was often admired for the ease and spirit of his repartees. One day, while studying his lessons, he began to hiss. The queen reproved him, and he answered: "Mamma, I know my lessons so badly that I am hissing at myself!"

"What are halcyon days, father?" "Halcyon days, my son," replied Mr. Henpeck, as he looked around to assure himself that he and his son were alone, "are the glorious summer days when your dear mamma is far, far away from the wicked, noisy city, enjoying freedom from household cares, and getting the sweet, pure air she needs so much."

Wiggs—My wife gets off a joke very much as she gets off a street car. Wiggs—How's that? Wiggs—Backward.

Neighbors—I have no secrets from my wife. I tell her everything. Nextdoor—I know you do. Nextdoor—How do you know it? Nextdoor—Oh, your wife tells what you told her to my wife, and she tells me.

"I've got a washing machine here," began the inventor. The capitalist looked at him in the cold, calculating manner common to capitalists, and answered: "Well, I were you, I'd run a straight home and use it."

Son—Father, what is the rest of the quotation, "Man proposes and—?" Father (sadly)—"Woman seldom refuses."

"A man has to draw it fine these days." "What do you mean?" "Staying ten minutes after office hours each day will probably make a good impression, but staying fifteen is liable to excite suspicion that you are monkeying with your books."

Sweet and palatable, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is acceptable to children, and it does its work surely and promptly.

TABLE D'HOTE.

French cooks in the kitchen and French words on the menu. Perhaps the language will survive in the literature of gastronomy. To some of us plain English might indicate more clearly what we are eating. This was probably the case with the colored waiter in a hotel in San Francisco, who handed an Englishman a table d'hote menu.

The gentleman in question did not care for the set dinner and selected what he wanted. "You don't keep for xda tab dote dinnah, then, sah?" said the waiter. "I told you what I wanted," returned the Englishman. "You want dat off de tab dote bill?" queried the darkey. "I don't care. I suppose so. Just as you like, only be certain that I get it." "Well, sah," replied the waiter, "ef you want it off de tab dote, you has to have it all. Tab dote can't be selected from, sah. Tab dote is French, and means jest de whole hog, sah!"—Rochester Post Express.

Used according to directions, Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial will afford relief in the most acute form of summer complaint. Whenever the attack manifests itself no time should be lost in seeking the aid of the Cordial. It will act immediately on the stomach and intestines and allay irritation and pain. A trial of it will convince anyone of the truth of these assertions.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS WILL CURE YOUR BABY.

If your little ones are subject to colic, simple fevers, constipation, indigestion, worms, or the other minor ailments of childhood, give them Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine will give relief right away, making sleep still an occasional dose will keep little ones well. Guaranteed to costain no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Good for the newborn baby or the well grown child. Mrs. Ronald L. Seafield, Palmer Rapids, Ont., says:—Baby's Own Tablets are the most satisfactory medicine I have ever used, and I would not like to be sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont.

"Hurry Out" Catholics.

Many persons, particularly among the young people, seem to be too shy, when they go to mass, to get much farther than just inside the door. There they remain, the boys and men on one knee, and the women in the nearest pew. The occasional glimpse which they obtain of the priest and the altar is quickly obscured by some one's head, or a nodding and far away. They seem to wish to be where they can make their escape at the earliest possible moment.

When you go to the house of one you love, do you perch on the edge of a chair, near the door and busy a little to him in a careless, indifferent way from a book? No, you fly to his embrace, you pour out your joys and sorrows, your hopes and fears; you remain until the last moment; you tear yourself away with reluctance; you bid him "good-bye" over and over; and you promise to come again just as soon as you possibly can.

We are, at best, poor creatures of the earth. The body is tired and stupid, the mind is dull and busy with other things. Sins and weaknesses drag us down, and the spiritual side of our nature is poorly developed.

And the mass is a wonderful ceremony, full of symbolism and mystical beauty, to be seen by the eye of Faith, and felt with the heart of Love. Alas, that the eye is so dull and the heart so cold!

But, at least, let us, during the brief hour which we give to our immortal souls, make the conditions as favorable as possible. Let us gather around our Lord as they did long ago when "the crowds pressed upon Him." Let us come as near to His feet as we can, and try to catch upon our upturned faces and upon our waiting hearts, some little gleam of light which radiates from that countenance divine.

The right way, of course, is to have a seat of your own, but if you cannot afford that, you can always find some spot where you can hear mass without distraction. There are always seats which are not rented, and at the earlier masses the pews are seldom occupied. It is your Father's house to which you have come your Savior is being offered upon the altar, you are (or should be) contributing your share, according to your means, to support the church you attend; no one can question your right to more than standing room at the door. You can always be the courteous Christian lady or gentleman you will always be treated in a courteous manner in return.

To unite our hearts, desires and intentions with those of the priest, to follow every motion in order to realize its significance, to make our offerings in union with his, and to say, as far as it is possible to us, the prayers which he says—this is an ideal way in which to assist at mass. Prayer books were meant to instruct us as to what is going on; to supply us with words and even with thoughts when our own are lacking, but they were never meant to take the place of the spontaneous outpouring of the heart to God, or of that union with Him which is the object and fruit of all devotions and without which all ceremonies would be but idle mockeries.

Any method is good which helps us to realize the stupendous miracle which is taking place,—which brings before us our Lord's tender love and complete sacrifice for each one of us,—which takes us to Calvary and causes us to kneel at the foot of the cross. If, in addition, we can draw near still, at the proper time, and receive our Lord in holy Communion, with suitable dispositions, then, indeed, will the holy sacrifice be, in our regard, perfected and consummated.

If we can but leave the world, with its cares and distractions, outside for that brief hour, and can come with our whole hearts and souls into our Lord's presence, going to mass will cease to be a duty which we fulfil with lagging feet, and will become a privilege and a joy, above the joys of earth, to which we will turn with an ever-increasing desire. Our eager hold upon the treasures of this world will relax a little, our stumbling feet will journey upward towards the mount of God, and "the peace which passeth all understanding" will begin to be ours.

There will surely come a day when we will not be able to go to mass, a day when the glare and din of earth having for us passed by, the sight of the minister of God, bringing to us the Bread of Life, will fill us with consolation unspeakable. Then the masses which we have heard with reverence and devotion—the communions which we have received with love and fervor,—will be near to us what they really are—the sure pledge of eternal life and a foretaste of the joys of Paradise.

Blue Ribbon Tea advertisement with logo and contact information.

Cowan's Perfection Cocoa advertisement with logo and product description.

Funny Sayings advertisement with a list of humorous quotes.

THE BUSINESS INSTINCT advertisement with a story about a man's business sense.

Vertical advertisements on the right margin including 'A Creed', 'Hurry Out Catholics', and 'Surprise'.

The True Witness

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

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

—Pope Pius X.

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

I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work.

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1908.

ANGLICANISM AND EXTREME UNCTION.

We publish a letter herewith upon this subject. We are not desirous of rubbing the salt of wisdom into the tender flesh of Anglicanism. Trying to restore the Mass, seeking to re-establish confession and now eager to renew Extreme Unction—all for the sake of popularity—that is the figure Anglicanism presents.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

This new would-be religion is not going to fail for want of advertising. Whatever it practices humility is not among them. Nor does it when struck upon one cheek turn the other.

of any reality for the same reason, that it is a privation, the missing or absence of something which should be in a reality. Blindness will serve us again as an example. It is undoubtedly an evil; it is in an individual, but it is by no means a part either essential or integral of his reality.

that not a word should be lost, but that all would be preserved to make history. This the congress will surely do. It was no ordinary devotion of the members of a special league. It was the earnest proclamation before the world of Catholic faith in the Real Presence, a message to the doubtful, hesitating Anglicans, a noble assertion of freedom's rights in a free land.

THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS. Marvellously universal does the Catholic Church always appear. Whether it be in her teaching, her liturgy or her discipline, she rises above national customs and reaches beyond national boundaries.

RE-SENTED. The Daily Witness has a chronic jaundiced eye when Rome is concerned. It cannot see things in their true light. So distorted is its vision that its elfs are angels, the Pope unseemly and the whole Church a target of righteous scorn and hatred.

to the vitriol scribe whose aim is bad—it is praiseworthy. In a word the Daily Witness looks upon this line as the only one it could conscientiously follow. The office of the Daily Witness has plenty of mud—never without it, ever ready to pelt it at Rome.

Correspondence.

ANGLICANISM AND EXTREME UNCTION.

To the Editor of the True Witness: Sir:—"The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small."

Light Reading.

(Specially written for True Witness) The rapidly shortening days, and the approach of the long winter evenings make the question of home recreations of personal interest to all our readers.

responsibility rests upon the author who so far degrades his noble profession as to knowingly pen thoughts which cannot but be baneful and pernicious in their influence over the mind.

Correspondence.

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The PEDLAR People

mege appeared," comments the Aragonian Castile, "we were asked by a university professor who admired it if we did not think the Pope had instructed clever priests here and there to write novels, since the novel was now the most effective form of writing."

History of

We see God everywhere we turn. He is everywhere, in every creature, in every man, in every woman, in every child. He is everywhere, in every thing, in every place, in every time.

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History of the Church.

(Continued.)
We see God lavish of his gifts everywhere we turn, even the most repulsive, tiny insects, caterpillars, offers us the most astounding marvels. Addison, in the early part of the eighteenth century, wrote: "A flea has a thousand invisible insects that tease him as he jumps, and revenge our quarrels upon him." and speaking of a whale, he writes that there are more invisible creatures about the Leviathan than there are visible things upon the face of the earth. Those insects multiply at a prodigious rate every year, because of every year they must be the food of a prodigious multitude of birds. Sometimes they multiply to excess in order to chastise us and humble us for our want of gratitude to our Creator and ours. The very thought of them is repulsive; nevertheless it is to us, both as to form and color, and in consequence, threads of silk, and, in consequence, the beautiful and most precious stuffs that go to make the richest garments in kings' palaces and in the temples of God. And it may be that the caterpillars that are in our gardens will some day furnish us with something similar. Like the worm which gives us silk, the garden caterpillar comes from an egg laid by a butterfly. After having crawled about for some time and lived on grass, it lies down to sleep. For this end some wind cocoons around their bodies, while others hide in little well built cells, others again suspend themselves from behind, while still others weave a belt around their bodies. In these self-inflicted sepulchres they get rid of their skin, their legs, the outside covering of their head, their skull, their jaws and weaving tool, their stomach and part of their lungs. It is a transition from one existence to another. In this state they are called pupae on account of their form; they are also called chrysalides, because in some cases they look like gold; they are sometimes called nymphs or nymphs because it is in this covering that they appear to multiply the species by generation. Soon you will see the creeping, blind, repulsive caterpillar come out of the tomb transformed into a light-winged butterfly, decked out with most beautiful colors, gifted with eyes that will see the fair flowers in the distant prairie, flying from one to the other, to suck out the honey and the dew, and living apparently only for pleasure and happiness.
A beautiful picture of what the passing away of the just will be. After having lived on the earth, subject to error and passion, the just man recollects himself and prepares for his last departure. His body goes down into the tomb; it goes down a motionless, decaying mass, ready for corruption. But one day he will arise, incorruptible, glorious, active, even spiritual. The new man will rise above the world, will take his flight to heaven and will there enjoy eternal delights.
Alas! we only know a very feeble part of the creatures which God created on the fifth day, and of these few we know but little. But in this little what a multitude of beauties and wonders! A lifetime is not enough to know them. Linnæus, has written a large book full of interest about the anatomy of a caterpillar. What would it be if we knew perfectly what we do know partially? What, like God, we know perfectly everything that swims in the sea, or that flies through the air? Doubtless we would see as He does that everything is good. It is said that God blesses the fishes and the birds. Does it not seem that in turn they bless Him by their harmonious voices morning and evening, and at the rising and setting of the sun? Do the fishes, although they are mute, jump out of the water at the same time in the day to praise, in their own way, the Creator, who made them? Or rather, do they not one and the other seem to invite the priest and pontiff of all nature, that is to say, man, to be their interpreter before the throne of the Most High!
But when will we see this king of creation, this noble vessel of the Creator? When will our first ancestor appear? When will we learn to know ourselves instead of studying only the animals? Soon, because soon the earth will be prepared for him. The fifth day has peopled for him the air and the waters, the sixth day will finish the formation of his empire by peopling the earth with living creatures, and then we will show him to himself.
"And God said: Let the earth bring forth the living creature in its kind, cattle and creeping things, and beasts of the earth, according to their kinds. And it was so done."
And the bull and the ox, king of toiling animals, came following as if to call his masters. At his side the cow is ready to give her milk, her cream, and her butter. Both of them for a little stray, and why will serve man all their lifetime to plow and fertilize the ground, to draw heavy loads, and when they will have left a number of descendants, their flesh will nourish him, and their skins make covering for his feet. Alongside of them the ram and bleating ewe will offer him their fleece to clothe him, and when he wishes to offer a feast to a friend, they will allow themselves to be put to death, with their lamb, without a murmur. A little further on beside her mate, the goat presents herself as a nurse for the children of the poor man, and when the guilty man will have incurred the wrath of God, these animals will suffer themselves to be put to death to obtain his pardon, in place of a holier victim whose immolation will merit that pardon later on. Hence in the old law, these bulls, heifers, rams, sheep and goats, as also their

Pledges \$100,000 For Ireland.

(Catholic Citizen, Milwaukee.)
For the second time within six years the United Irish League of America held its biennial convention in Boston. The assemblage, which brought together famous men of Irish blood from every section of the United States met on Tuesday, Sept. 22, and Wednesday, Sept. 23, in historic Faneuil Hall.
The representatives of Ireland, Messrs. John E. Redmond, M.P., chairman of the Irish National party; Joseph Devlin, M.P. for West Belfast, and John Fitzgibbon, chairman of the Roscommon county council, were present and received a most enthusiastic welcome.
At the opening session Most Rev. Archbishop O'Connell offered prayer. Chairman Donohoe of Philadelphia, of the credential committee, reported 915 delegates present.
The national treasurer, T. B. Fitzpatrick, then read his report. The total amount received during the year was \$60,927.05. Of this, Pennsylvania contributed \$15,292, Massachusetts \$13,365, New York \$10,899.75, Maryland, \$3,735.40, Illinois \$3,689.75, Toronto \$1,320, Montreal \$1,000, Ottawa, \$800, the State of Washington \$1,584, the city of Washington, \$810, and New Hampshire, \$85. The expenses for the year were \$7,528.27, cash on hand \$4,813.78, amount sent to Ireland, \$48,585.
REDMOND'S ADDRESS.
Amid the ringing chorus of "God Save Ireland," sung by a thousand voices the national convention of the League closed on Wednesday evening, the most enthusiastic and successful convention held since the formation of the League.
Mr. Redmond, in his address, said in part:
"I am here in the name of the Irish people to return our heartfelt thanks to the Irishmen of America, who, since the last convention, have given us such magnificent support. The support, moral and material, which we have received during the last two years, have been largely due as it is the case with all political struggles, to the self-sacrifice and the genius for organization of a few men."
"It is four years since I last stood in a national convention in America. You then made certain promises to Ireland, and I, on behalf of Ireland, made certain promises to you. I am here to acknowledge with profound gratitude, that you have kept your word to Ireland. And I am here to claim and show that the Irish party and my colleagues and I have both in the spirit and in the letter kept our word to you."
PROMISES FULFILLED.
"I promised you four years ago that we would speedily restore the evicted tenants to their homes, and I am able to report that 2000 evicted families have been restored to their homes since I last stood before you. We have had new houses built for them, and they have had new stock and agricultural implements bought for them at the public expense, and they are starting life again under far better conditions than before they were evicted."
"And at last, after thirty years of struggle, we have won a national university for Ireland. When I spoke here four years ago, it was the universal belief of political leaders in England that the university question was the most thorny with which they had to deal, and most men in Ireland believed it would never be settled until after we got Home Rule. But it has been settled once and for all upon a broad, free national basis."
"Fresh legislation is needed on the land question to alter its financial basis, so that it will work more rapidly and without any loss to the ratepayers of the country. The government is pledged publicly to introduce immediately when we go back to London a bill to carry those recommendations into law."
\$100,000 PLEDGED.
When Mr. Redmond had finished speaking, National President Ryan called for subscriptions from the various states. The response was extraordinary. With a wave of enthusiasm state after state, through their delegates, announced pledges of money to support the Irish Parliamentary Party for the next two years. Philadelphia pledged \$12,000, New York \$10,000, Boston \$10,000, Chicago \$5,000. By the time President Ryan had heard from the last state, \$100,000 had been subscribed.
The following national officers were re-elected unanimously:
National president, Michael J. Ryan, Philadelphia; vice-presidents, William Temple Emmet, New York; Michael E. Smith, St. Louis; Charles F. Cooke, Chicago; Patrick F. Martin, Baltimore; John Fitzpatrick, New Orleans; Hugh McCaffrey, Philadelphia; national treasurer, T. B. Fitzpatrick, Boston; national secretary, John O'Callaghan, Boston.
Tuberculosis Caused By Decayed Teeth.
(Specially Written for True Witness)
Men of science are often called "cranks" because of their discoveries, their advanced ideas and advanced results. All honor to the men and women who are devoting their work for the benefit of humanity for the free preservation of health; and studying and planning and introducing bills before our legislatures, so that laws may be enacted to protect your health. We cannot help but admire these people, and every man, woman and child should heed the warning and listen to the instruction of their

The Litany of the Blessed Virgin.

(By Rev. J. T. Roche, LL.D., in Catholic Citizen.)
One of the most beautiful passages in Siendewicz's famous novel, "With Fire and Sword," is that in which is pictured the last moments of the great Polish warrior, Pan Yan. Wounded to the death, with the bodies of his Tartar foes piled high about him, like a true Christian soldier, he prepares to meet his God. Slowly and deliberately he makes his act of contrition; and then as his life-blood slowly ebbs away, he turns for aid and comfort to the gentle mother of the Savior and pours out his soul to her in the beautiful words of the Litany. As his lips murmur "Queen of Angels," with his face still to the foe, he sinks down, and the author tells us that, "the Angels of God took up his brave soul, and laid it down as a pure pearl at the feet of their Queen." In these words the writer bears testimony to a prevalent middle-age practice of the faithful.
They memorized the Litanies of the Church, and made them an essential part of their daily prayers. In those days long prayers were the rule, rather than the exception; and they had not yet arrived at the stage where brevity was considered the first characteristic of effective prayer. I sometimes feel that our Catholic people do not appreciate our beautiful form of prayer our approved Litanies are. Too many of them never think of opening a prayer book except on Sunday. The few minutes of oral prayer offered up by the average Catholic generally includes the Our Father, the Hail Mary, the Creed and the Confiteor.
Morning and night prayers, as they are given in our manuals of piety, are seldom recited. Mental prayer is not even so much a thought of; and yet many Catholics complain that they cannot pray, aye more than that, they do not know how to pray. The Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus is a veritable mine of spirituality. Our Lord Himself is addressed by a great variety of beautiful titles; and it is impossible to report this prayer without being moved to sentiments of contrition, and without being inspired with a deeper love and confidence in the Savior and Redeemer of the world. The same is largely true of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Mother of God is appealed to under a great variety of titles. The heights above and the depths beneath—in fact, the whole realm of nature has been searched for terms in which to pay tribute to Mary's charity and zeal for souls. Every term is a hymn of praise; every title is a sublime prayer.
All spiritual writers agree that the ejaculatory form of prayer is most effective. The Litany is a long list of beautiful ejaculations, with a simple "pray for us" at the end of each. I believe that every Catholic boy and girl ought in early years to memorize this Litany of the Blessed Virgin. They will find in the very armor of God in the hour of temptation. So long as they know it prayer will never be wanting to their lips.
It furnishes material for all moods and all spiritual conditions. It tells a story of Catholic faith and love and confidence coming down through the ages, and finding expression in poetical terms of the rarest beauty, as well as of the deepest spirituality. It can be recited anywhere—at work, on the streets or in the privacy of one's home; and it has an eternal newness and freshness not possessed by many other forms of prayer. Fathers and mothers and girls learn this beautiful litany by heart. I believe, too, that what the great novelist says of the Polish warrior, will be true of all those who die with this beautiful Litany upon their lips—the angels of God will take up their souls and lay them down forever at the feet of God's Blessed Mother and the Angels' Queen.
Posting Bills on Churches in Rome.
Rome, October 3.—A stormy debate is to be expected in Parliament when the latest action of the anti-clerical mayor of Rome is brought forward. The mayor, who is a Jew, admitted the posting of bills and advertisements on the walls of Rome a municipal undertaking. Heretofore a private firm secured these contracts, and by an ancient custom the bills were never posted on the walls of churches. The mayor has now secured the abolition of this custom and soon bills of all descriptions will cover the churches. The Catholics, aided by the artistic and archaeological societies, have naturally raised a loud protest.
Positive Denial.
In response to a cable message from the Robert Appleton Company, publishers of The Catholic Encyclopedia, making inquiry in Rome as to the truth of the recent reports in the public press that an article or articles in the Encyclopedia had been condemned by the Roman authorities. Most Rev. John M. Farley, Archbishop of New York, under date of September 28, 1908, sent the following cable from Rome:
Press reports concerning Papeal Ban on Catholic Encyclopedia absolutely false.
ARCHBISHOP FARLEY.

Death of Very Rev. Dean Ryan, of St. John's, Nfld.

Another faithful priest and an apostolic and pioneer missionary in the person of the Very Rev. Dean Ryan, of St. John's, Nfld., has yielded up his trust and gone to his reward.
Very Rev. John Ryan was born in 1843 in the parish of Dovay, County Tipperary, Ireland. His birthplace was not far from the town of Thurles, and it was at the latter place that he received his early education. When 14 years old he was sent to the famous Trappist Seminary at Mount Mellary. Here he remained four years. He then entered All Hallows College, Dublin, to study for the priesthood, and completed his theological course there. His uncle, the Rev. John Ryan, was parish priest at St. Mary's at that time, and prevailed on the young student to come to Newfoundland. At the age of 22 he landed in St. John's, in October, 1865. Early the next year he was ordained priest by Bishop Mullock.
His first mission was as curate with his uncle at St. Mary's, a mission situated at the western part of the island, and at that time was attended with many hardships. He remained there for five years, when he was transferred to Argentina. He stayed at Argentina two years, when he was removed to St. Patrick's, Riverhead, where he labored uninterruptedly for 35 years till he stepped upon him on Sunday morning, Sept. 27th.
On assuming charge of St. Patrick's Parish, his energy soon manifested itself. His first work was to consolidate St. Patrick's Church. This was ready for religious service in 1881, after eight years of assiduous labor. He also had the new deanery completed. He took a prominent part, too, in having the Christian Brothers' schools established in the west end of the city. He was a man of great learning, solid piety and an eloquent pulpit orator. His funeral took place Tuesday morning, Sept. 29th, the Feast of St. Michael. The office of the dead was recited and a solemn requiem Mass chanted by Right Rev. Monsignor Roche, assisted by Rev. J. Ashley as deacon, and Rev. E. McCarthy as sub-deacon. His Grace Archbishop Howley of St. John's, and His Lordship Bishop March of Harbor Grace, together with a large number of priests from the three dioceses assisted in the sanctuary. At the conclusion of the Holy Sacrifice, His Grace Archbishop Howley delivered a most touching panegyric. He took his text from the Holy Scriptures, "Praise no man before his death," etc. "If ever there was a man whom it would be safe to praise before his death it was the beloved Dean Ryan. During life he was in a certain sense dead to the world, and all that was worldly. He was a priest in the true sense of the word and loved by all his people with a love and sincere regard that was pathetic. His life was spent in a higher sphere of spiritual contemplation than falls to the lot of most men. His humility and piety were truly wonderful. He was so humble that he tried even to conceal the great wisdom and the great light that God gave him. Though his life was one of virtue, piety and retirement, he never shirked the call of duty. He was always ready to go to the bedside of the dying at the home or in the hospital and to give his consolations to the sick and the poor. His time was spent chiefly in the confessional and at prayer. In spite of his retiring disposition his great talents were known. It is safe to say that there was hardly a priest in the diocese who did not at some time seek his

Knights of Columbus Hold Church parade in Vancouver.

Vancouver, Sept. 29.—With visiting members of the order from Mexico, the eastern provinces and the United States, Victoria, New Westminster, Portland, Seattle and Bel-lingham, the annual church parade of the Knights of Columbus was easily the most successful and the largest ever held by the order in the province. The parade formed yesterday morning in front of the Hotel Vancouver, 357 of the Knights falling in line, and proceeded to the Church of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, where Mass was celebrated by the Rev. J. Welch, O.M.I., and a special sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. O'Boyle of New Westminster.
After the service the parade reformed and marched to the Pender Hall, where the first degree was exemplified. Then the assembly adjourned and met again at the O'Brien hall at 2 p.m., when the second and third degrees were exemplified. After the completion of the degree work the local Council entertained the visitors at a banquet. The affair was well arranged and carried out, and marks an era in the progress of the order on the Pacific coast.
Among the prominent people present were C. H. Cran, of Seattle, J. T. Lawler and Dr. Buckley, also of Seattle, A. A. McPhillips, M.P.E., of Victoria; Dennis Murphy, Ashcroft; F. Sehl, grand knight of the Victoria council; Father Nicolay of Victoria; Father O'Boyle of New Westminster; members of the local clergy W. E. O'Brien, grand knight of the Vancouver Council; Captain E. J. Hickey, of Victoria; J. D. Byrne, territorial deputy of British Columbia; R. L. Clyde, grand knight of Bel-lingham.
Gaelic in Vatican.
The city council of Dublin, Ireland, has decided to send an address of congratulation, Irish and Latin, to the Holy Father on the occasion of his golden jubilee.
One of the features in connection with the Irish pilgrimage to Rome on the occasion of the jubilee celebration will be a special display of hurdling in the Vatican gardens. The team will march to the field headed by an Irish piper. The members of the Catholic Young Men's Society will present an illuminated address to the Pope and sing "God Bless the Pope" in Gaelic. It will be the first time on which a distinctly Irish game will be played in Rome, and the first time for many years that the old tongue of the Gael will be sung at the Vatican.
The University Act.
(N. Y. Freeman's Journal.)
The Irish Gazette, the official organ of Dublin Castle, at the beginning of the week published a proclamation announcing that the new University Act, which establishes a National University in Ireland, would go into effect on September 30. The Act establishes two branches of the University with headquarters in Dublin and Belfast. The Dublin branch of the University, which will be under National auspices, will be organized immediately. It has a foundation revenue of \$2,100,000 a year. This will be considerably increased by fees and by moneys contributed by local councils. It is reported that funds for equipment of buildings are insufficient and will have to be reinforced by public collections.
The establishment of a University in which Irish Catholics will be able to obtain the advantages of University training without endangering their faith is the third instalment of justice to Irish Catholics wrung from the British Parliament in the last eighty years. We have applied advisedly the words "wring from the British Parliament." From the time the Catholics of Ireland undertook to free themselves from the shackles imposed upon them by the atrocious penal laws they have been compelled to fight for every inch of ground they have won in their long struggle for religious liberty. Never once have they been treated by England with any semblance of generosity.
When in the opening years of the nineteenth century Irish Catholics be-

Advice and counsel. As an orator and a preacher he was truly gifted.

Those who have in times past presented him with addresses know that when called upon suddenly to speak in what beautiful language he used to clothe his thoughts, but it was as a pulpit orator that he excelled. His eloquence reminded one of Elijah and the heavenly fire. When preaching a sermon the heavenly fire of the Dean's eloquence kindled even the hardest hearts. His lips are now cold in death, having been called away to the great Saint Michel, on whose day his funeral takes place. His life is finished, his work is done. He will be missed by all who knew him, especially the Sisters of the convents whose spiritual director he was. Only Saturday last he had visited the convents to give spiritual help and consolation to the good sisters. Now he lies cold in death. Carry him forth my brethren and lay in the earth that body that was the anointed living temple of God, whose consecrated hands offered up every day the Holy Sacrifice. Lay him in the earth at Bellevue to await the day when the last trumpet shall call him forth. Many a quiet hour did he spend in Bellevue lingering by the priests' bural plot to reflect and say a prayer for the souls of those who were buried there. A few days before his death he went there on his last visit. As he gazed on the graves he said "there is where I wish to be buried by the side of my lifelong friend Monsignor Scott."
The funeral was attended by thousands, including prominent citizens of all creeds, the Catholic Cadet corps, the officers of the various Catholic societies, the members of the Legislature, judges of the Supreme Court, City Councillors, the medical fraternity and nearly 1200 pupils of the Christian Brothers' Schools marching four deep. While the cortege was passing down Water street all business was suspended, blinds were lowered on the windows of private houses, flags were at half mast on all the mercantile premises along the harbor front, and on the different vessels in port. Thousands viewed the sad cortege and many shed tears as it passed, for to know the late Dean was to love him. He had labored well in the vineyard of the Lord, as one of the pioneer missionaries in far off Newfoundland. In his early priestly career he had planted the seed which to-day is bearing much fruit in parts where he had labored. He served under three bishops, their Lordships Mulock, the eminent Franciscan, Power, and His Grace Archbishop Howley. At the time of his death he had reached his 65th year, after laboring 42 years as a devoted priest. Truly it may be said of him:
"I do not love mere matter cold and
I love a mind whose thoughts are
great and high.
I do not love a body, blood and
bone,
I love a soul that soars above, the
skv.
I do not mourn for you, I make no
moan,
Because the friend I love can never
die."
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THE FRIAR'S HEAD

A Story of The Penal Days in Ireland.

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

(Continued.)

Late that night Father O'Rourke reached Taaffe Hall. He was garbed as a peddler and carried a pack on his back—a pack of jewelry, trinkets, ribbons he had brought from France as a trader. With them he passed from village to village, from town to town, gained entrance to houses of the rich and put himself in guarded communication with his widely scattered flock. The facade of the house was dark as he approached it from the ancient avenue of elms, and a feeling of apprehension—the sense of some unknown danger or disaster—suddenly chilled him. Christine Taaffe met him in the hall. She was pale and haggard and her eyes were red, as from weeping. "Oh, James," she cried, running towards him. "God has answered my prayers." She was wringing her hands and her distress, clearly visible, smote him to the heart. "What is it, Christine?" he asked, catching her trembling hands in his own. "What is it?" "Father," she sobbed, her tears flowing suddenly, "father is very ill. He was stricken last night and we thought he would not live to see you. We did not know where to seek you; but we prayed for you to come, and the good God has sent you."

"I've done me besht, Your Honor," growled Bill, "and a man can do no more." "Pshaw!" sneered the Viscount, "you've run down friars before this, so you're no novice at the game. You needn't be scrupulous at taking him alive. Remember, he's a felon, and his head is as good as his hide. But I'll drive a hint into that thick skull of yours. I suppose you know that Sir Lucas Taaffe is dead?" "Every one knows it, Your Honor," whined Bagshaw. "The news of his death is the talk of Boyle." "Very well, then! Suppose you watch Taaffe Hall? At such a time the friar is not likely to be absent from there, with his pretty cousin in distress. He'll be buried to-morrow at Killoonan Abbey, so you might be on the lookout for strangers. Do you follow me?" "I do, Your Honor," growled Bill. "And you, Birmingham, do you understand?" went on the Viscount. "Very well, then. A nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse. I'll expect to hear from you here the evening of the funeral." And he dismissed the twain. "What do you say, Bill? Are you going to Taaffe Hall?" asked Birmingham. "Are you?" queried Bill. "No, not I," answered Birmingham. "I take no shock in such stories. The friar's not likely to be there with the whole country, Catholic an' Protestant, flockin' to the Hall to pay their respects to the dead." "Do as you please," snorted Bill, "but I'm goin' to watch the Hall this very night." "I'll be a wild-goose chase, I'm thinkin'," smiled Birmingham. "Think as you please, but I'll do it," growled Bill as the worthies parted on the bridge of Boyle. When Bill had left him, Jack Birmingham went his way to the Green. There he entered the whitewashed cottage and was greeted with a smile by Mary Fanshawe. "Mary," said he excitedly, "I've more news for you." "What is it?" queried the girl eagerly. "You told me that Father O'Rourke was hidin' at Trinity Island and that you warned him away from there yesterday?" "Well, what of it," asked Mary. "Well, to make a pretense of doin' my duty, I went to the island this mornin', mesel', an' found this book—a priest's book." "You did?" questioned Mary, in astonishment. "You surely aren't playin' thraitor, Jack Birmingham?" "Nonsense; but I did it to clear my conscience with Lord Kingscourt. He thinks I'm hot on the scent of the priest, and he regards this book, which the priest must have dropped, as good evidence. The truth is, Mary, Bagshaw's watchin' the priest and I'm watchin' Bagshaw, so's I'll counterfoist him. Now, Mary, if Father O'Rourke's at Taaffe Hall—an' he's likely to be there, with his uncle dead—go at once, this very hour, an' tell him to leave. Bagshaw an' mesel' have just come from Kingscourt, and Lord Kingscourt has ordered us to watch the Hall till after the funeral. I tried to dissuade Bagshaw from goin' there, 'cause 'tis a fool's errand," says I; but he's goin' there this very night. An' he has orders to take the priest dead or alive. As for me, I'll not stir hand or foot in the dirty work, except to throw Bill off the trail. An' it's all for you, Mary."

Cold Settles on Kidneys

Cure is obtained promptly by using Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Medical authorities place colds as the most frequent cause of kidney diseases. It is customary to consider the lungs alone in danger from colds. This is a mistake. The kidneys are quite as susceptible and the effect is to congest and clog these filtering organs until the whole system is poisoned and there comes backaches, lumbago, aching head, painful limbs and urinary derangements. In a wonderfully short time Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills afford relief and cure. By reason of their direct and combined action on kidneys, liver and bowels they cleanse the system, purify the blood and carry away the poisons generated by reason of the cold. The great secret of health lies in keeping these filtering and excretory organs regular and active and this can best be done by using Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose 25 cts. a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont. On the extraordinary success of this medicine as well as on the reliability of this great Receipt Book rests the fame of A. W. Chase, M. D.

appearance and his voluble prayers for the soul of Sir Lucas won him easy admission to the study on the hall, where he was regarded on a good deal, after which he unfolded to the rosy, good-natured cook the prime purpose of his visit. "I heard in Boyle that Sir Lucas was dead, God rest his soul, for he was ever a kind friend to the poor and distressed. The laughey gentleman—be was, indeed, may God give him the light of glory 'tis blessed night! And, of course, passin' this way on me way to Sligo, it would ill bessem me not to turn aside and say a prayer for his soul, may the heavens be his bed! But I had another reason for comin' here, an' 'twill be a charity if any of ye kind good people can help me. I came by Castlereagh, yesterday mornin', an' in the town I met the coachman of Mister Nicholas Blake—an' old friend of Sir Lucas. He was lookin' for a priest and said that Mr. Blake was on the point of death and beggin' some one to find him a holy soggarth before he died. The Lord bless ye, sez I, 'there's ne'er a priest in these parts. I've travelled all the country over an' over an' ought to know. But, sez I, 'I hear that Sir Lucas Taaffe has a nephew who's a holy friar, an' as I'm goin' that way I'll stop at the Hall an' have word to have the priest sent to Mister Blake. It's more than likely,' sez I, 'that some one at the Hall 'll know this Father O'Rourke, the nephew, is an', of course, in all good Catholics, they'll only be too glad to help a dyin' man.' So that's me chief reason for bein' here now." "Ah, then," said the cook, when he had finished, "you come too late. If you wor here two hours earlier you'd ha' found the priest himself—God bless an' save him from informers an' spies!" "Amen, amen, asthor!" sighed the beggar. "But if ye should chancst to know where he's hidin', I'm sure ye'll let him know." "It's more than likely that poor Miss Christine, the heart-broken colleen, knows where he went. I'll spake to her when I get a chance. Of course she's too much taken up now wid the gentry and the high quality in the house, comin' an' goin' from mornin' till night to pay their respects to him that's dead—God rest his soul!" "Thank you, ma'am, thank you. You wor ever kind an' good, an' if you wor doin' anythin' for poor Mister Blake 'twill be a charity—a great charity out an' out," replied the beggar. "I don't think we can do anythin' till after the funeral to-morrow," said the cook. "Miss Christine'll be too busy, distressed an' all as she is now, poor little colleen! But do you think Mr. Blake's that bad that he'll need the priest at once?" "Well, maybe he'll lasht a couple of days longer. At last the man thought so," said the man cogitatively. "But the sooner the friar's found the better," he added. "Of course, if nothing can be done till after the Master's funeral—an' it's reasonable to suppose there can't—it may be just as well. At all events, I know ye'll do yer best, an' may God bless ye all. I've done my part any way, and ye'll do the rest, I'm sure." "Deed, then, we will. You may be sure of that. But, me poor man, as the beggar rose to go, 'ye'll want a bite.' So hand me yer bag." The poor man gladly surrendered his bag to her solicitous hands, which placed in it a roast fowl, a loaf of bread and some cold meat. "God bless ye this night!" he mumbled at the kitchen door, hat in hand, "bless ye and save ye an' all ways sind ye full and plenty!" After which, shouldering his bag and taking his staff, he hobbled out of the kitchen yard and was lost amid the trees. It was a warm harvest night, and the sweet smell of after-grass and newly mown meadows was in the air. The beggar rounded from the stables and out-houses back of the Hall and emerged into the avenue, chequered with moonlight. There, close to the main entrance, he lay down in a clump of ornamental shrubbery, safely screened from view by the dense foliage of the laurels, but clearly in sight of the door and all who came and went. All that night he lay there, not sleeping, but keenly alert, his eye on the hall door. No one passed it after midnight, and in the morning, when the larks began to quiver and carol heavenward, he arose and sought a neighboring field. There in the shelter of the haycock he ate his roast fowl and awaited until about noon, a shrill wailing of women's voices came over the field. It was the signal of the funeral, and in an instant the beggar was on his feet. But now he stood actively erect, discarded his staff, and with surprising agility crossed the field broke through the hedge to the Killoonan road and went along that highway at a rapid gait. When some miles away, he reached the gray ruins of Killoonan Abbey with the circumjacent graveyard, he once more resumed his staff and there at the gate he stood, mournful, mendicant and dejected, the picture of abject misery in his patched cloak and venerable white hair. Hat in hand he stood thus, until, heralded by the keening ululations of the women, the funeral hoen in sight—along cortege of gentlemen on horseback, riding two abreast, their hats draped in streaming white, the manes of their horses beribboned in white, followed by coaches and chaises with emblazoned panels containing the ladies of the country families, and the tenantry of Sir Lucas trudging afoot and bearing in their midst on the shoulders of four young men the black-palmed coffin of Sir Lucas Taaffe.

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1908. BOYS WA... wanted! Boys that... stood for the right... wrong; Boys who have... sides among; To say on which side... belong. Wanted! Boys not a... work. Who'd scorn, although... duty to shirk; Who do not stand wa... ler or smirk—In whom idlen... lurk. Wanted! Boys who'll... where mother or sist... to be seen; Whose lips are kept... hearts—ah! but t... What's wanted is... sometimes be nat... Our country is needin... to-day; The future will need... wanted away; So, boys, hasten now... backs to the fray... The oncoming years... repay. For lawyers and sta... sidents, too; Must come from t... boys such as you... Then God bless t... courage brave; Wanted! Brave boys... and true. + + + WHEN PAPA'S... When papa's sick, n... Such awful, awful t... He speaks in oh! such... And gives such gha... groans; And rolls his eyes a... head; And makes ma help h... While Sis and Bridg... Ho water bags to w... And I must rest the d... We have to jump whe... When papa's sick ma... Right side the bed an... While Sis she has to... For he says he's 'a... And wants the childr... Be there when 'suffe... through'; And kiss us all and t... Then moans and says... thick; It's awful sad—wh... When papa's sick he... Until he hears the d... 'You've only got a c... You'll be all right'n... And then—well, say!... sec; He's different as a m... And grows and scold... night; Just 'cause his dinner... right; And all he does is fu... We're all used up t... + + + VACATION TR... The folks at home d... And that's why summ... A time of tribulatio... There's always someth... Some kind of horrid... And prim Aunt Jane... The duties that I s... My sister Nell insist... The worst she ever... And she says that I'r... keep; Ten thousand househ... And brother John, de... 'tall; He helps to rub it w... By saying 'I'll grow u... Of less use than a p... He tells of all the w... When he was home fr... To hear him talk you... His boyhood went by... And pop and mom rog... By lecturing on slot... Though I'm sharp eno... It's just a trick wit... I'm want to stir me... I'm as bad as they a... But underneath their... Can see they're ver... I'm this, I'm that, I'r... An imp, a plague, a... To make me think the... They try their level... But no one dares to s... When grandma is ar... They keep the peace a... As if they were all b... 'Cause grandma has... And knows they use... Far worse to urge to... When they were youn... —Edwin Angelo Lem... + + + BOB'S PRIZ... A group of boys wou... day by a village pond... evidently tormenting... water and enjoying t... each. Only now and... hardened than the othe... claim; 'Let the poor... be!' Fortunately for t... ten which was struggl... ter there was more g... at hand, or it must h... and then the great... might not have won... Suddenly a deep-to...

BOYS and GIRLS

BOYS WANTED.

Wanted! Boys that are valiant and strong; to stand for the right and put down the wrong; boys who have courage when comrades among; to say on which side of a cause they belong.

Wanted! Boys not afraid of plain work; who'd scorn, although irksome, a duty to stand waiting, with grin, for or smirk; boys in whom idleness never can lurk.

Wanted! Boys who'll not enter a den where mother or sister would blush to be seen; whose lips are kept pure and whose hearts—ah! but then—what's wanted is boys who will sometimes be men!

Our country is needing just such boys to-day. They will need them; they're wanted always. So, boys, hasten now, bend your backs to the fray, the coming years will your labor repay.

For lawyers and statesmen and presidents, too, must come from the ranks of the boys such as you. Then God bless the boys and their courage anew. Wanted! Brave boys who are earnest and true.

WHEN PAPA'S SICK.

When papa's sick, my goodness sakes, such awful, awful times it makes, he speaks in oh! such lonesome tones and gives such ghastly kind of groans.

And rolls his eyes and holds his head, and nakes ma help him up to bed; while sis and Bridget run to heat the water bags to warm his feet.

When papa's sick ma has to stand right side the bed and hold his hand, while sis she has to fan an' fan, for he says he's "a dyin' man."

VACATION TROUBLE.

The folks at home don't understand what's meant by a vacation, and that's why summer seems to me a time of tribulation.

There's always something to be done, some kind of horrid work; and prim Aunt Jane gets preaching on.

BOB'S PRIZE.

A group of boys were standing one day by a village pond. They were evidently tormenting something in the water and enjoying themselves very much.

ed near at hand. At the first notes, the bullies dropped the pebbles or grass they held and listened; but when the second cry came nearer still there was a cry from all—"It's Bob!"

All the boys took to their heels like the cowards that they were. Bob, the squire's bull-dog, came bounding to the scene of action. He hated boys of any kind, but most of all he hated ragged, naughty boys and he never saw a knot of them together without considering it was his duty to disperse them.

Bob looked round with a sneer on his already well turned nose, and was perhaps reflecting on the cowardice of bullies, when he caught sight of something struggling to climb up the edge of the pond.

"My!" exclaimed Jack Hunter, the boy who had pleaded for mercy, "I wouldn't give much for the little beggar's life if Bob gets hold of it."

But Jack was wrong. Bob could be gentle as he was strong. He seized the poor, exhausted kitten and trotted gravely home with it in his mouth.

"No, Bob, no; we don't want any drowned rats here," said the squire as he met his favorite dog. But Bob trotted majestically on till he reached his own kennel, then he dropped the poor kitten on the nice clean straw and began licking it all over.

"That was the beginning of the strange friendship between the wee kitten and the big bull-dog. Where Bob went, there pussie was bound to go, too. Sometimes she would ride on his back, sometimes Bob would carry her in his mouth, and sometimes the kitten would leap about by his side; but wherever one was, there you would find the other.

"Never fear, Bob will be all right. You'd better take the kitten away over-night. Lock her up in the loft and tell your boy George to feed her but not to let her out all day tomorrow."

"I suppose it was the moon," he remarked next morning to the squire, but his eight-year-old son knew better.

"I thought Squire Strange's bull-dog was to be here," said one of the judges. "He ought certainly to take the first prize."

"How on earth did the kitten get here, I wonder?" said the squire, when he saw them together. He did not know for a long time that little George had carried her all the way, and then given her a push in among the dog kennels to find her friend.

It was a critical point in the game between two teams representing two high schools. The last half of the ninth inning had been reached. The score stood five to four in favor of Plainfield, two men were out, two were on bases, and Dick Ransom, catcher for the Greenvilles, was at bat.

game for Greenville. The voice of the first-baseman, however, was heard above the yell that arose. "Hold on!" he shouted to the umpire. "He was out, fair and square. I'll leave it to him if he wasn't!"

"The umpire raised his hand and walked over to first base. "Ransom," he said, "he leaves it to you. How was it?" "Tell him the truth, Ramsy!" panted the baseman. "Honor bright, now, did you have your hand on the bag when I put the ball on you?"

"Ransom hesitated a second. The eyes of all Greenville were upon him. On his answer hinged the game. "No, I didn't," he said, simply. "Out!" proclaimed the umpire.

"The two runs, of course, did not count. But the game was over, and Plainfield had won. But the real honors of the game belonged to Dick Ransom—Youth's Companion.

"Cheapest of all Oils—Considering the curative qualities of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil it is the cheapest of all preparations offered to the public. It is to be found in every drug store in Canada from coast to coast—and all country merchants keep it for sale."

"O father, I wish I could sing! It's so nice to give pleasure to people. Florence sang at the club to-day, and we all enjoyed it so much. She sings every night to her father, too. I'd give anything if I could, but there's no use wishing; there isn't any music in me."

"That's the kind of music I like best. Don't tell me my little daughter hasn't a sweet voice!"

THE TORTURES OF NERVOUSNESS The Sufferer Feels That Unless Relief Comes Insanity Will Follow.

There is no torture more intolerable than nervousness. A nervous person is in a state of constant irritation by day and sleeplessness by night. The sufferer starts at every noise, is shaky and depressed.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new rich blood which feeds and soothes the irritated nerves. There is absolutely no doubt about this; thousands can testify of the blood-making, nerve-restoring qualities of these Pills.

Do Women Do Too Much. These timely inquiries are suggested by an article by "Looker-On" in the Boston Pilot, in which the writer seems to admit that his attitude is that ordinarily assumed by the male Catholic.

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cities of the Empire, many noble, devoted and wealthy women became real foster mothers to the infant churches, providing for them a place of worship and of burial.

The layman all too easily convinces himself that there is nothing for him to do except pay money and present himself more or less regularly at Mass.

bound steamer. That the British journalists was most favorably impressed with the I. C. R. train service is shown by the following extract which appears in a recent number of the magazine.

"The activity of women in the service of God has been and is so great and continuous that sometimes one may wonder if indeed they have not done too much, not for the Church or themselves, but of the work that that outside the priesthood, laymen often consider their duty done when they attend Mass and contribute money.

"All honor to women for what they have done, and are doing every day. This does not free us from our responsibilities. The spiritual prosperity of any parish is at stake when all the practical work of the laity is done by women, and the men content themselves with nominal attendance and service.

"One of the features which we fully appreciated was the most excellent service on the dining-cars. Each meal costs 75 cents, and a splendid choice is given. On each occasion we enjoyed well cooked meals served by courteous and obliging waiters, and were struck by the variety of the carte. After our experiences of the slipshod meals on other railways the change was delightful.

"It would be a very sad and lamentable thing if the praiseworthy zeal and devotion of women cooled the spirit of Catholic men towards their plain and well understood duty towards their religion.

"We have all read of what has lately taken place in France. After a glorious Catholic history, extending through centuries, the Catholic Church of France has been put in the street. Many circumstances have contributed to this deplorable result, and he would be a very unwise man who would attempt to lay his finger on the ultimate cause of it.

"The editor of The Colonizer and English magazine devoted to colonization, exploration, emigration and travel, was in Canada recently, and part of his journey was from St. John, N. B., to Halifax, and from thence by the Intercolonial Railway Maritime Express to Quebec, where he connected with the homeward

Burdock Blood Bitters. Has been in use for over 30 years, and is considered by all who have used it to be the best medicine for BAD BLOOD, BAD BOWELS, BAD BREATH. The World Will Not Miss Us. We lay us down to sleep, And leave to God the rest; Whether to wake and weep Or wake no more be best.

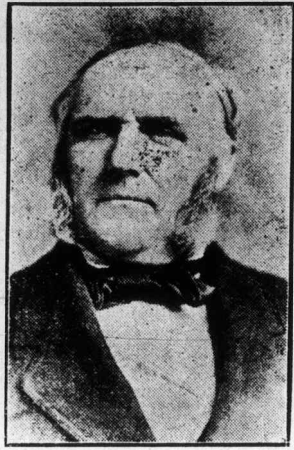
British Journalist Praises the I. C. R. Editor of the Colonizer Writes of Splendid Train Service. Compares it Favorably With That of Any Railway in Great Britain, America or Europe.

Parish News of the Week

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes subscriptions to the Father Holland Birthday Fund, such as P. McDermott \$100.00, Robt. Archer 50.00, etc.

ESTEEMED PARISHIONER OF ST. ANN'S GONE TO REST.

One of the patriarchs of St. Ann's parish, and an old subscriber, was called to his reward on Sept. 25. Mr. Hugh Gallagher's beaming face will be missed from St. Ann's Church where he might be seen at Mass and evening prayers every day since a good many years.



THE LATE MR. HUGH GALLAGHER.

Service was celebrated last Monday morning. Rev. Father Flynn officiated, and his old friend, Father Holland, performed the burial rites at the grave. The Third Order of St. Francis and the Society of the Holy Family assembled at his late domicile the three nights of his wake and said the rosary for the repose of his soul. May he rest in peace. Amen.

IN MEMORIAM.

Intelligence has reached here of the death of the Reverend Sister Anicet, who departed this life on the 7th of June, 1908, in Seattle, Wash., in the Providence Sisters' Hospital, and to whose congregation she belonged. Devoting her labors to the care of the sick, she worked there for over twenty-five years. Being of a kindly and charitable disposition, she is mourned by her Community of Sisters, the near relatives and many others.

MONTHLY CALENDAR

Monthly calendar for October 1908, listing feast days and saints for each day, such as St. Ignace, St. Francis, St. Elizabeth, etc.

ed to return to the city. It was hoped to stay the progress of the disease, but a complication setting in and his constitution already weakened could not stand the strain.

Mr. Duffy was a member of St. Patrick's Court, C.O.F., and a charter member of the Canada Council of the Knights of Columbus, and was also deeply interested in every good work in connection with St. Patrick's Parish, of which he was a devoted member. He had worked for the old Royal Electric Co., for eighteen years until it was bought out by the M. L. H. & P. Co., in which he worked for three years, and for the past two years he has been connected with the Alist-Chalmers Bullock Co. at Lachine. The funeral took place to-day at eight o'clock at St. Patrick's Church, and interment took place in Cote des Neiges Cemetery. The True Witness extends its sympathy to Mrs. Duffy. May he rest in peace.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIAL AND EUCHRE.

The members of the St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society have completed arrangements for their eucharistic and social in honor of the Father Mathew anniversary, to be held to-morrow, Friday, evening, in Conservatory Hall, St. Catherine street west. Tickets have been selling splendidly, which leaves no doubt in the minds of those interested that the affair will be a great success.

Golden Wedding at Farnham.

Farnham, Oct. 6.—Monday morning the 21st inst., the Church of St. Romuald was the scene of a very memorable event. Mr. and Mrs. John Kavanagh celebrated the 50th anniversary of their marriage. The venerable couple, aged eighty-four and seventy-seven respectively, have been residents of Farnham nigh to forty years, consequently legion were the friends and acquaintances who assembled to make the day one never to be forgotten. At 8 o'clock in the morning, as the carriages approached the main entrance to the church and the jubilations alighted therefrom, the merry chimes pealed forth their melodious sounds. The aged couple were accompanied by their daughters, Margaret and Deborah, their son, James, their grandson, Fred, and granddaughter, Pearl. The magnificent temple was made still more gorgeous by the tasteful decorations of the main altar, the pious Dieu and elaborate seats occupied by the jubilant guests, who walked up the main aisle slowly and reverently, as the organ pealed forth some soul-stirring strains. High Mass was celebrated by the pastor, Rev. Father Lafamme, who, after communion, pronounced a very touching allocution in French and English. The vast edifice was well filled. Apart from the many friends and acquaintances were present—the pupils of the Sacred Heart School, the Sisters of the Presentation, and the pupils of their boarding school, the Sisters of Charity of St. Elizabeth Home, the Mayor and other prominent citizens of the town. At the offertory of the Mass an "O Salutaris" was sung by the Children of Mary in the most creditable manner, as also the Sanctus and a hymn at the end of the Mass.

DEATH OF MR. PATRICK A. DUFFY.

After an illness of three weeks, Mr. Patrick A. Duffy died on Monday evening last, the 5th inst. He was stricken with pneumonia while on a holiday in Quebec, being obliged

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SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES \$54.00 MEXICO CITY, Mex. \$59.50 Low rates to many other points.

TOURIST CARS leave Montreal daily, Sundays included, at 10.15 p.m. for Winnipeg, Calgary and Vancouver. Price of berth—Winnipeg, \$4; Calgary, 6.50; Vancouver, 9.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

BONAVENTURE UNION DEPOT

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Reduced Fares TO ALL POINTS IN Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia.

Good going October 6th to Nov. 3rd. Returning until December 5th, 1908.

Maritime Express

Leaves Montreal at 12 Noon, daily except Saturday, for Lewis, Quebec, River du Loup, Campbellton, Attonton, St. John, Halifax, and the Sydneys.

11.45 P.M. Night train for Lewis and Quebec. The passengers can occupy the Sleeping Car from 9 o'clock. Except Sunday.

CITY TICKET OFFICE. 141 St. James street, Tel. Main 615. GEO. STUBBE, City Pass & Ticket Agent. H. A. PRICE, Assistant Gen. Pass. Agent.

General Intention for October is the Christian Family.

For this month the general intention of the League is announced to be "the Christian Family," says the main programme. "Let women be subject to their husbands, as to the Lord; because the husband is the head of the wife as Christ is the head of the Church. . . . Husbands, love your wives, as Christ loved the Church and delivered Himself up for it. . . . Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is just. Honor thy father and thy mother. . . . that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest be long lived upon the earth. And you, fathers, provoke not your children to anger; but bring them up in the discipline and correction of the Lord. Servants, be obedient to those that are your lords according to the flesh. . . . not serving to the eye, as it were pleasing to men; but as servants of Christ doing the will of God from the heart, with a good will serving as to the Lord, and not to men. . . . And you, masters, do the same things to them, forbearing threatenings, knowing that the Lord, both of them and you, is in Heaven; and there is no respect for persons with Him." To those directions for the sanctification of the family, St. Paul adds, in the same place, the prescription of frequent prayer: "Speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual canticles—giving thanks always for all things in the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ to God and the Father" (Eph. v. and vi.). The faithful saying of morning and evening prayers, and of grace at meals, will to a great extent, fulfill these requirements in the truly Christian family.—Charles Coppens, S.J.

ALL DO THEIR SHARE. While we thus pray for the grace of God to perfect the Christian family, every one of us must do his share in benefiting his own home, and making it more and more conformable to the holy house of Nazareth. We need not indulge in learned speculation to find out how this is to be done; the Apostle St. Paul was specially inspired by the Holy Ghost to lay down the lines of conduct which will perfect the Christian family. He enters into considerable detail, when he writes to the Ephesians: "Let women be subject to their husbands, as to the Lord; because the husband is the head of the wife as Christ is the head of the Church. . . . Husbands, love your wives, as Christ loved the Church and delivered Himself up for it. . . . Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is just. Honor thy father and thy mother. . . . that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest be long lived upon the earth. And you, fathers, provoke not your children to anger; but bring them up in the discipline and correction of the Lord. Servants, be obedient to those that are your lords according to the flesh. . . . not serving to the eye, as it were pleasing to men; but as servants of Christ doing the will of God from the heart, with a good will serving as to the Lord, and not to men. . . . And you, masters, do the same things to them, forbearing threatenings, knowing that the Lord, both of them and you, is in Heaven; and there is no respect for persons with Him." To those directions for the sanctification of the family, St. Paul adds, in the same place, the prescription of frequent prayer: "Speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual canticles—giving thanks always for all things in the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ to God and the Father" (Eph. v. and vi.). The faithful saying of morning and evening prayers, and of grace at meals, will to a great extent, fulfill these requirements in the truly Christian family.—Charles Coppens, S.J.

Very Rev. Dean Harris, who is now engaged in writing an early history of Catholic Missions and Missionaries in Utah, finds from ancient documents preserved in the Washington Library that the missionaries visited Utah as early as 1776.—Chicago New World.

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St., 184 to 194 St. James St., Montreal THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1908. STORE CLOSSES AT 6 P.M.

Extraordinary Sale of BLACK DRESS GOODS

A manufacturer's stock of Black Dress Goods will be offered at prices that will effect a speedy clearance. Black Fancy Serge, all-wool, made to sell at 45c. Special 29c. Black Chevrons, in a large variety of stripes. Reg. 65. Special 47c. Black Panama, all-wool. Regular 75c. Special 52c. Tricot Cloth, in pretty stripe effects. Regular 79c. Special 56c. Llama, in shadow stripes. Regular 55c. Special 39c. Diagonal stripes. Regular 75c. Special 72c. Crepe de Chine, silk and wool. Regular 80c. Special 59c. Herringbones and Silk Embroidered Cloths. Reg. \$1.30. Special 95c.

Black Wool Voiles. 48c to \$1.25 Black Eoliennes. 75c to \$1.05 Black Vicuna. 48c to 62c Black Armures. 72c to \$1.10 Black Broome. 62c to \$1.00 Black Koxanas. 56c to \$1.50 Black Striped Vicuna 75c to 85c Striped Worsteds. 47c to 94c Nun's Veiling. 23c to 60c Black Crepoline. 52c to 95c Black Llama. 32c to 94c Black Tricot. 71c to 84c Black Vicuna. 70c to \$1.35 Black Broadcloths. 49c to \$2.45 Black Venetian Serge. \$1.35 Black Cheviots. 56c to \$1.25 Black Etamines. 41c to 82c Black Poplin. 46c to \$1.00 Black Lustran. 23c to \$1.25 Black Sicilian. 47c to \$1.00

Three Exceptional and Timely Values From the Ladies' Whitewear Section!! Ladies' Good Heavy White Flannelette Night Dresses, made in high neck, frilled neck, front and sleeves, finished with silko edging, made in full width. Special 67c. Ladies' Fancy Striped Flannelette Drawers, made in knickerbocker Style, full size garments. Special 24c. Ladies' Llama Cloth Shirt Waists, neatly trimmed with fine tucking and rows of wide tucks set in between, made in open back and long sleeves, shades are black, cream and navy. Special \$2.45

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against the marital union of the Christian parents. It is for the friends of the Sacred Heart of Jesus to unite their prayers and efforts against the enemies of God. The voice of our beloved Supreme Pontiff marks out the point on the battlefield where our efforts are presently most needed. True, each one of us by himself is extremely feeble, but combined in the vast army of the Apostleship of Prayer, under the guidance of Christ's Vicar on earth, and in union with the prayers to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, we constitute a power for doing good the full extent of which is beyond all human calculation.

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 510. CHIEF CLERK, Arthur V. Keynolds, Plaintiff vs. Madame William Armand, Def. On the 17th day of October, 1908, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the domicile of the said Defendant, No. 282, Mars Street, Town of St. Louis, District of Montreal will be sold by authority of Justice, all the goods and chattels of the said Defendant, seized in this cause, consisting of one piano and household furniture, etc.

OLIVIER C. COUTLER, B.S.C. Montreal, October 6, 1908.

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

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Very Rev. Dean Harris, who is now engaged in writing an early history of Catholic Missions and Missionaries in Utah, finds from ancient documents preserved in the Washington Library that the missionaries visited Utah as early as 1776.—Chicago New World.

THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at 816 LaSalle Street, Montreal, Can., by Mr. G. Plunkett Magann, Tereon

CONCERT IN AID OF NEW PARISH OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS

On Monday, Oct. 19, a benefit concert will be given in Monument National in aid of the new parish of St. Thomas Aquinas. An excellent programme has been arranged. The interest taken is very gratifying to those having the entertainment in hand and they are looking forward to a full house.

ST. MARY'S PARISH WILL AID POOR.

As is customary every winter, the St. Vincent de Paul Society of St. Mary's Church will again this year extend its assistance to the poor of the parish. In order to obtain sufficient funds to help them in the good work, they are going to give a concert on the 26th inst. The members of the committee in charge are working hard to make it a big success.

ST. MICHAEL'S.

Next Sunday will be a memorable day for the people of St. Michael's. The church, which has been thoroughly renovated, will lend itself to the graceful decorations which are being got in readiness for the proper celebration of the patronal feast of the parish. The preacher for the occasion will be Rev. Father Cox, S.J.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

Last evening again saw the concert room of the Catholic Sailors Club well filled with an audience as appreciative as it was numerous. The evening's performance was in the hands of Branch 26 of the C. M.B.A., with Mr. Geo. Carpenter acting as chairman of the occasion. The programme was a really good one, and carried out with skill and spirit. Miss Dorlan, the Misses Donaldson, Messrs. McEntee, King, Walsh, McNamara, MacRae, McPee, O'Hara, Carey, Langley, and the members of the Sailors' Impromptu Band contributed to the enjoyment of the evening.

The chairman announced that next week's concert would be in the hands of St. Anthony's Young Men, and expressed the hope that a large audience would attend.

Addresses of congratulation and encouragement were delivered by Rev. Father Kavanagh, S.J., spiritual director of the Club, and Dr. Atherson, who, it appears, is to become the new superintendent. Both these gentlemen expressed themselves as fully satisfied with everything that is being done, and confident that those who had been so kind in the past would still gladly continue their grand and noble work in the future.

Advertisement for DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES. BRIGHT'S DISEASE, GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, DIABETES, BACKACHE, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY SYSTEM. The public may be assured that the pills are genuine. Sold only in original packages.

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