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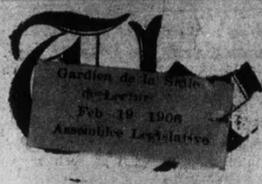
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True



Witness

Vol. LV., No. 14

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1905

PRICE FIVE CENTS

HOLY HOUSE OF LORETTO ELOQUENTLY DESCRIBED.

The first time, and the only time, that it has been our privilege to visit the wonderful shrine of Loretto, we entered by that marvelous road, the Potenge, richly wooded, rare in foliage, in coloring and in variety of sweet sounds. For several days before we started from the little fishing village, from which we prosaically took train, we had observed curious-looking carts and wagons, containing apparently all the worldly possessions of the poor "Contadini," who conducted them and who relieved the tedium of the journey by singing—as far as the air went, at least—for the meaning of the word did not reach us—some of the most lugubrious strains it has ever been my lot to hear.

"There," said my companion in tones of deepest compassion, "look at those poor creatures, obliged to give up home and country, poor things," thinking as did I also, that we had come across a band of emigrants on their way to the station. Several times on our journey I observed the same kind of wagon, and still thought the groups were indeed leaving their sunny land, to find work and food on some foreign shore, but, when quitting the railway, we turned our steps towards Loretto, the meaning of the procession was clear to us. Here were real pilgrims. They had been several days on the journey, and when they reached the Basilica, all went down on their knees, and, in this posture, recited prayers and litanies, made their way up the long aisle to the chapel containing the Holy House. It was September, too, nearing the 8th, and crowds of pilgrims from all parts were here for the keeping of the special festival.

But many picturesque spots did we pass before we actually arrived at the Basilica. Girls and women washing clothes with great splashing of water at the river, a pretty sight with rich background of mountains and forests. They stopped us to beg that we would recite an "Ave Maria" for them in the Holy House, which, needless to say, we promised to do. As we entered the quaint little city we were literally besieged by the vendors of rosaries, medals, pictures, tiny images and such like, who all pressed their wares upon us, making their supplication and commending their several articles of merchandise in French, Spanish, German and a little English, but we were very obturate.

It has been said, and I think truly, that few places have preserved more perfectly the character of their origin than has Loretto. The little town has risen up about the Holy House, which alone gives it the importance it now boasts, and the interest is centered expressly in the Holy House and in the magnificent structure which now contains it. Full of light and immensely spacious, the Basilica is adorned with images and symbols which breathe of joy and triumph. Its very statues appear living and exultant.

According to the opinions of many the desire of later days to complete what was evidently not in the mind of the founders of the Loretto Basilica, tends rather to destroy than to improve its special mark and character. It was evidently intended to be an edifice of metal and stone, almost exclusively. All the churches, they argue, of the latter end of the XV century distasteful the painter's art. The walls, chapels, altars, porches, etc., were rich in bas-relief or stat-

uary, and the first sculptors of that epoch contributed to enrich the House of the Mother of God. Antonio Calcagnini chiselled the monument to Sixtus V., the Pope whose native city was in the neighboring marshes, and who, in 1586, made a city of the Borgo, or hamlet, which arose about the Church of the Miracle. Lombardo wrought the great bronze gates, Cendrea Sansovino, Tribolo, Baccio Bandinelli, Guglielmo della Porta, enriched with bas-reliefs the marble walls with which Sangallo enclosed those of the Holy House. Domenico Almo and Raffaele de Montelupo, crowned the roof with the history of her whose House was contained therein. Tiburzio Vergelli wrought in bronze the beautiful urn of the Baptismal Font. It is a triumph of XV century sculptor, and offers typical examples of those long-limbed, slender female figures which were so dear to Benvenuto Cellini, and which were held at that epoch as the ideal type of Italian grace and beauty. The impression produced by the outer Basilica is eminently one of richness and strength, which the later addition of the frescoes rather impairs than adds to. The church enclosing the House of the Mother of God should have been permitted to preserve intact the beauty with which it was clothed by the art of the XVI century. A magnificent white pile where triumphed only marvels of art in marble and bronze, indestructible materials, eternal almost, and most fitting the faith and art which animate them. In no other church, perhaps, if we except St. Peter's in Rome, is this impression of grandeur so marked. The principle is the same and the result is the same.

And this spectacle of beauty harmonizes well with the bent of the Latin races. Those who lament the want of dim Gothic cathedrals, and aver that the Italian Basilicas are not made for prayer, little know the temperament of this people. The marble steps surrounding the Holy House are deeply grooved with grooves worn by human knees. Thousands, nay, millions, of sorrow-laden souls come year by year to lay their load of affliction at the feet of the Mother, whom their warm faith renders so near, so dear and familiar to them, in this house where so many years of her mortal life on earth were spent. It is real prayer, and the light and splendor of the outer Basilica, the grandeur of the sculptured marbles, neither distract their simple earnestness nor offend their sorrow-stricken souls, and the marble, which remains seemingly indestructible, bears in itself the impress of their passing pilgrimage. Indeed, this continual stream of human suffering seems to infuse a new and mystic life into the old statues. The contadini of the Marches have carried something of their own mystic spirit into the rich Basilica whose great cupola seems to protect the entire region, and those far fields of Castelidardo, where the last brave battle for Papal independence was fought.

The old tradition is keenly alive amongst the population of the outlying hamlets, and the pallor of the complexion, with the peculiar fashion of draped garments which marks the inhabitants of the district, giving something of an Oriental air to the villages, strike the stranger with the idea of indeed entering an Eastern village, though this is of course a purely incidental circumstance.—Beatrice Della Chiesa, in New World.

"Gladstone," says Archbishop Keane. "These were reasons enough to make me eager to see and know him, when I first visited Europe on my way to Rome as Bishop of Richmond. There were two other reasons of a more personal character. The first was that he was the most influential advocate of a special devotion to God the Holy Ghost, the devotion of the interior souls who stop not at the externals of religious duty, but are led by the grace of God into its inner spirit, of which St. Paul says: 'The love of God is poured forth in your hearts by the Holy Spirit who is given to you.'"

"The second reason was that he was the leading advocate of Catholic total abstinence. 'The Father Matthew of England.' The Providence of my life had led me to an active though humble share in these two great movements for the purification of Catholic morals and the elevation of Catholic piety. Therefore, did I stop in London to offer my homage to our great leader, and to derive fresh inspiration and zeal from personal contact with him.

"I lodged with the Oblates of St. Charles, the community of zealous missionaries whose superior he had been, and through the kindness of their then superior, the saintly Father Rawes, I was introduced to the great Cardinal. From the very first those two grand objects of pastoral endeavor in which we were both so profoundly interested, formed links that bound us in sympathy and affection for life. Thereafter he insisted on me always lodging at his house, that we might have better opportunities for familiar talk. And never shall I forget the blending of simplicity with greatness which made his home, as well as himself, unique in all the world.

"Often did we converse, away into the late hours of the night, on those momentous concerns of the Church and of the world, which formed the usual themes of his meditations.

"Not only in London, but throughout Great Britain he established the League of the Cross, numbering tens and tens of thousands of true-hearted children of the Church, men and women, who, at the voice of their great leader, and for love of Jesus crucified, had crushed under their feet the appetite for drink, and were laboring with him to save their fellow-Catholics from the curse, and to deliver Mother Church from the disgrace of it. Their annual rally in the Crystal Palace was an event which, up to his death, he never failed to honor with his presence. And even in his death he taught by example what his words and writings had so eloquently advocated.

"In his extreme weakness, his physicians urged him to take some stimulant. Calmly but almost sternly he refused. Then they gave him a drug that had a similar effect. Beckoning for his faithful attendant, Megr. Johnson, he whispered: "That drug has flushed my face and dimmed the clearness of my brain, and I will take no more of it." And so, with unclouded mind, and true to the League of the Cross, he passed to our Eternal Judge.

"In the midst of the aristocracy of England, who honored him as a prince among men, he was always a Catholic democrat. One day he said to me: 'I have been giving some statistics to my aristocratic friends. We Catholics in England now number about a million and three hundred thousand. I told them I would give them the three hundred thousand (the English who had held to the faith) and I would keep the million—the poor faithful Irish who, having kept the faith in their own country, had come over and saved it for us.' The last time that I bade him farewell, fearing that I would never see him again, I told him that among the many things for which I had to thank God, I was especially thankful for the intimate acquaintance with His Eminence that had been granted me. After some words of most gracious reply he added: 'Yes, I believe I am better understood and more kindly thought of in America than even in my own England.' And in America he looked for the highest and best results in his two chief aims: the apostolic spirit in the clergy and Christian sobriety, self-denial and virtue in all ranks of the Catholic laity.

"One day, in company with another American prelate, I spent the whole afternoon in most intimate communion with Cardinal Manning. The hours had slipped away unnoticed, and the shades of evening were on us ere we knew it. As we left the house, my companion turned to me, and, standing still, in the intensity of his emotion, exclaimed: 'For the first time in my life I have felt what it was to sit at the feet of a great man.'"

CHILDREN AFTER SCHOOL DAYS.

The above is the general intention for October recommended by His Holiness. We reproduce from the Canadian Messenger the able article from the pen of the Rev. E. J. Devine, S. J.:

The real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures; habits that time will improve on, not destroy; occupation that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and death less terrible. The famous writer who penned these words—Sydney Smith—knew well that the effects of sound education should persevere long after a child had closed his career at school. What benefit is it to youth if the habits of virtue, barely formed during the impressionable school-years, disappear under the first adverse pressure that is brought to bear against them? However, no sane educator may seek for effects greater than the causes that produced them: only time and careful cultivation can give him the results he is looking for. A youthful body must wait for years to attain to manly vigor; and thus it is with the youthful soul, whose education is not complete when its schooling is ended. The seeds of virtue are undoubtedly sown; but those tiny grains already sprouting in favorable soil, need careful watching and tending, if the roots are to sink and spread. There are many fathers and mothers who think that their duty is done when their children have reached the end of their school-days. This is a strange error; a child's training then is merely begun. He still needs to be guided, encouraged, strengthened. Religious instruction, good example, pious practices, are to be continued in the years that follow. These are precisely the years when life presents itself to a young man in new phases; when he begins to reflect more deeply; when the essential difference between right and wrong, lawful and unlawful, virtue and vice, forms new and vivid concepts in his mind. New sources of knowledge, not always healthy, are opening up to him. This knowledge must be controlled; else its very abundance may overwhelm him. The child's mind, through lack of experience, is not able to think, judge, reason; and even if it could, the untrained will, drawn into so many alluring paths, is neither free to lead, nor prone to follow, whither it should go. It is an uncommonly hard task to put an old head on young shoulders; hence the absolute need of direction for the young after school-days.

When a farmer plants a sapling by the roadside, he puts a strong guard-rail around it, to prevent injury to it from outside sources. After a few seasons, the sapling, grown in strength, may brave the winds and storms; the guard is removed, and the tree begins its career alone.

Similar methods should be followed by parents and others having the responsibilities of children. The age fraught with danger to young souls is hardly the school age, especially in centres where Catholic teachers supplement the watchfulness of parents. The dangers lie hidden in the years immediately following the abandonment of school. These are the years—say from fourteen to twenty—when bread-winning begins, when youth is left to its own devices, when the tendencies of character and temperament are asserting themselves. Too much care cannot be taken to cultivate the virtues that are still only in germ.

If fostering care on the part of parents and guardians is needed over those who have had the advantages of Catholic teaching and religious training, how much more do they stand in need of it who have passed their tender years under the blighting influences of non-sectarian and public schools? Institutions from which religion and religious instruction are excluded, are destructive of the basis of morality, even though positive doctrinal errors are not taught; the very absence of religious influence suffices to do the baneful work. The human frame may be destroyed merely by poison, but quite as surely by want of nourishment. Human

souls, in like manner, may perish by lack of religion, or infidelity, as well as by the poison of heresy. Non-sectarian institutions may boast of their comprehensiveness, but if they starve the souls of children who naturally crave spiritual food, what difference is there between them and the most bigoted schools? The results are the same. How deeply to be pitied are the youths who have been brought up under such hurtful influences. What a meagre spiritual outfit they possess to face the world with. What sympathy and care should be shown them by those on whom the responsibility rests.

Now, what are the peculiar dangers youths should be warned against after they have survived their school-days? This is an easy question to answer. In our large towns and cities, the dangers are: (i) the newspaper, with its shocking record of crimes; (ii) the theatre, with its demoralizing tendencies; (iii) the pool room, with its fatal fascinations; (iv) bad companions, with their filthy language and their blasphemies. These are the influences that our boys and young men must be warned against. Young minds are debased by them, and untrained wills, unaccustomed to struggle against these new forms of debasement, are quite sure to succumb, when all within them is clamoring for independence.

Parents, guardians, pastors, teachers, friends, you who value young souls purchased with the Precious Blood of our Redeemer, put forth your best efforts. Children just out of school have need of your services. Before they can face the world, with its thousand dangers, they must still be guided both by word and example. Teach them the value of reflection. Accustom them early to realize that there is something noble and more excellent than the enjoyment of the insipid pleasures of life; that this world is a place of labor and trial; that all their aspirations should be directed to the attainment of higher things. To these serious thoughts, which should be uttered in words simple and forceful, add the duties of submission to law and legitimate authority, the sacredness of conscience, the sanctions of religion. Those solemn truths cannot fail to impress minds hungering for impressions.

The Church, conscious of the dangers to which youth is exposed after school-days, encourages every effort at "child-saving." She throws the mantle of her protection around juvenile sodalities, clubs, guilds, etc. It matters little among what classes of her children they are formed; all need her staying arm.

The simplest organization in favor of the spiritual welfare of youth is undoubtedly the Juvenile Branch of the Apostleship of Prayer,—the practices are so easy and so efficacious. When our parish children, in school and out of school, organized in circles, are taught to be faithful to the Morning Offering, the Daily Decade and the Monthly Communion, there is a strong presumption that the Church will not have to regret a leakage among her members after they have reached the age of manhood.

There is no more consoling work in the Church or the home than that of tending the lambs of the flock of Christ. "Suffer little children to come unto Me," with all their tenderness of sentiment and their depth of love, have inspired many a human shepherd in ages past, and shall inspire many a one in the ages to come. We are asked during the present month to bend our energies to the work of saving—out. We may confidently rely on help and abundant grace from the heart of Him who was the friend of little children.

IRELAND; HER FAITH AND HER FUTURE.

Summary of Archbishop Ryan's Address at Queenstown.

Speaking at Queenstown, previous to his departure for home, Archbishop Ryan, pointing to the cathedral, said that it was a great monument to religious zeal. It would be a great cathedral in any city in the world, and that Ireland in her poverty should be able to aid as she had done in the building of that church was a touching tribute to her spirit of faith; for though aid had been forthcoming from beyond the water, yet without the perseverance shown at home, and without the faith that inspired liberality, and without the poor, the offerings of the rich could never erect such a temple. It was faith indeed the liberality and effected wonders which the outside world could not understand, and because of this misconception it was that some people blamed them, and said to them, "Why not use the money for other objects?" Dearer than any other object, as the very foundation of all prosperity, personal and national, was the faith that inspired Christian civilization, and Catholicity was the only faith that perpetuated what it inspired. It was that deep abiding faith that would in the future produce the changes that he firmly believed were in store for Ireland. He believed that Ireland had the ingredients of a great nation. She had the religious and moral foundation, without which a people could never be permanently great. People might become great as the Roman Empire was great, but greatness to be perpetuated required a mastery over human passions. These moral elements Ireland pre-eminently possessed, and wherever Irishmen went they carried with them that abiding faith and hope and liberality which characterized them. Ireland had given to America and Australia Bishops, priests and nuns, and it was only fair the country which had done so much for them should receive back something at least to help her to build her cathedrals and her parish churches, and to aid her in the work of elevating a religion to spread and extend which she had done so much for the lands beyond the seas.

Speaking to the address, His Grace said he would certainly endeavor to do what was in his power in the mission that had been given him as a Christian Bishop, and also to do all in his power for the dear country of his birth. As he journeyed through those beautiful vales and saw those green fields, the scenes of his youth, and scenes which though not of his youth were dear to him because they were scenes in Ireland, he thought to himself, was it possible that this land should be abandoned by so many of her strong and should-be-hopeful children? Everything, however, was in the hands of God. Sometimes they did not see His wise designs. What was best for the individual and best for the nation was best for all time. That was best which was best for eternity. The Almighty had His designs in making their nation a nation of apostles. Their countrymen had carried the faith to the ends of the earth, and when the designs of God were accomplished in this respect He would bless a glorious young nation. He believed that a day of hope was coming for Ireland. The local councils of the country had shown in their limited extent—the ability of local communities to govern themselves and if the people had proved themselves fitted for this government in miniature there should be an extension of the law, and the nation should be allowed to govern itself. Irishmen governed in other lands, and Irish ability, Irish energy, Irish purity, Irish faith and Irish push had made their mark in America and Australia, and why not in Ireland? Therefore, let them hope that the days of her sorrows would be few, and that, retaining the faith that sanctified her in the beginning, she should be sanctified again and be again a great nation.

WHY, INDEED?

The Sacred Heart Review refuses to join in the enthusiasm shown by some other Catholic papers over the number of young men with Irish and Catholic names who are prominent in athletics in the big non-sectarian i. e., Protestant Colleges. "Why," it asks, "why are not these Cooney and Doyle and O'Briens and McCarty and Driscoll and Crowley and Mahers and Donalys and McCarthys and Donalys attending colleges of their own faith?"—Fortnightly Review.

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MSGR. KEANE ON MANNING.

"While I was still a young priest, Cardinal Manning was renowned over the world, both as the learned, eloquent and majestic head of the Catholic hierarchy in England, and because of the leading part he had taken in securing the definition of Papal Infallibility by the Vatican Council and in defending the dogma against the unfair attacks of Mr.

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HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

At this season of the year, with its cool, crisp breezes, our blood courses a little faster and we feel invigorated. While thus inspired with renewed energy, and as this is the off-time between seasons, we might profit by it and put in order the many things we had laid aside in the heat of summer "to do some other time." There is a certain amount of fixing up of garments to be done, which have been neglected, and no better time could be chosen. All sorts of ingenuity will be called into play to create original ideas in stocks, cuffs, ties, kimonos and the hundred and one necessary accessories to a woman's toilet. And though it be not possible to give day-time to these little occupations, the evening hours having lengthened nothing is quite as pleasant as a happy party, each with favorite work in hand, the soft glow of a pretty light over all, and as the fingers ply needle, listening to a favorite author or mayhap the very latest and much talked about work, and about which a discussion must necessarily arise. And all the while much is being accomplished, and so autumn is voted to have its compensations.

TIMELY HINTS.

The enamel of the bath will be kept in good condition if when a hot bath is required the temperature of the water is tested before it is poured in, and if cold water is to be added it is poured first into the bath. Too hot water cracks the surface.

To revive a dying fire scatter over the embers a tablespoonful of granulated sugar. Old corks should be saved for the same purpose, and they are very useful to add to the wood employed for fire kindling.

To make silk handkerchiefs look as good as new, put some alcohol or methylated spirits in the rinsing water and iron while wet.

Carroll oil is made of equal parts of linseed oil and limewater shaken together, and it is a most effectual remedy for burns and scalds. As these accidents generally occur in the kitchen, it is well to keep the remedy there. The way to apply it is to saturate some lint, or, failing that, any soft, clean cotton or linen cloth with the mixture and then to cover the injured part so as to exclude the air. It is astonishing how quickly the pain of the wound ceases after this remedy has been used.

Ointment paste can be made at home by rolling ordinary oatmeal to a powder and sifting it. Add to this flour enough sweet almond oil to make a moderately stiff paste. Cover the hands with the paste and sleep in loose gloves. This will soon show a great improvement in the condition of the hands.

When overtired and restless bathe the neck and temples with hot water. Bathe the back of the neck particularly. This seems to relax the muscles and the veins that supply the brain with blood. A headache will often be relieved, even cured, by hot applications to the back of the neck.

RECIPES.

Iced Ginger Mousse—Take half a cupful of sugar and boil with a fourth of a cup of water until it reaches the thread stage. Whip the whites of two eggs very stiff and pour the syrup on them, whipping until the two are thoroughly mixed. A cupful of whipped cream is folded into this mixture, and a cupful of preserved ginger chopped very fine is mixed in at the last moment. Place in a mold, seal carefully and pack in ice and salt for several hours. The syrup in which the ginger was preserved makes an excellent sauce for this mousse.

Orange Tapioca—Orange tapioca may be made with milk or water, according to circumstances. Soak two tablespoonfuls of pearl tapioca in hot water to cover until the water is all absorbed; place the tapioca in a double boiler with a pint of milk, a scant half cupful of sugar, a pinch of salt, and cook until the tapioca is soft and transparent; add the beaten yolks of two eggs, cook two or three minutes until it thickens like boiled custard, and take at once from the fire, add the white of one egg beaten to a foam, and a half teaspoonful of orange extract, then pour in a glass dish, in the bottom of

which are a couple of sliced sweet oranges; beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff meringue, with two tablespoonfuls of sugar; flavor lightly with orange and pile up roughly on the pudding; set in a cool oven until the meringue rises and turns a delicate brown. The oven must be cool.

Hamburg Fried Oyster—Take two dozen large, frying oysters; dip them into slightly beaten egg, then roll in freshly grated Parmesan cheese. Let stand for fifteen minutes, then dip again into the egg and roll in cracker crumbs. Immerse in smoking hot fat and drain on unglazed paper.

Plums Glaze—For this delectable sweet choose a can of large California plums. Turn into a porcelain-lined pan and bring to the boiling point. Drain until the plums are dry, then roll them in powdered sugar until coated a snowy whiteness. To the juice add a cupful of sugar syrup, mix well, turn into the freezer can and, when frozen stiff, pile in on the plums, which have been placed in a pretty dish.

HOW HE BECAME A CYNIC.

Some lovable traits of character in Prosper Merimee, the famous French novelist, who has left to posterity the reputation of a misanthrope and a cynic, are revealed in the pages of Augustus Filon's "Merimee and his Friends."

Monsieur Filon tells us how this celebrated author devoted one hundred louis of his salary as senator toward pensioning an old prefect of Louis Philippe, who had been ruined by the Revolution of 1848, and how, for twenty years, he assisted and protected an humble sculptor in whom he had become interested.

Monsieur Filon relates an incident of Merimee's childhood that shows how susceptible his nature was to strong impression, and how responsible older people, and particularly parents, are for the development of certain traits in children.

When the future novelist was five years of age he was once punished by his mother for some naughtiness of which he was guilty. Madame Merimee, who was an artist, and who was at the time engaged at her easel, put the culprit out of the room, and closed the door upon him.

The little Prosper, already penitent, anxiously besought forgiveness through the closed door, expressing great contrition and promising good behavior; but the door remained inexorably shut. Finally, after much effort, he opened it and dragged himself upon his knees toward his mother. His piteous supplications and his pathetic attitude so amused Madame Merimee that she began to laugh.

Instantly arising from his lowly posture he exclaimed indignantly, "Since you mock me, I will never ask pardon again." He kept his word. Thus was sown the seed of a certain cynical philosophy that tainted his after life.

THE PERFUMED BATH.

No woman of fashion fails to perfume her bath in these days. By this method the body becomes saturated with a faint, delicate odor. Tablets for perfuming the bath come in every scent, from plain violet to all sorts of bouquets. One of these dropped into a tub of water will perfume not only the bath and the bather, but the room and the whole house.

DON'TS FOR MOTHERS.

Don't entertain all your friends with a detailed account of your children's marvelous sayings and doings.

Don't permit a fear to be implanted in your child. Deal summarily with those who would dare implant it.

Don't delude yourself with the idea that at six months baby cannot understand the difference between your "yes" and "no."

Don't fret your children by perpetually worrying about them. They must have some common sense; teach them to make use of it.

Don't treat your son and your daughter at twenty as you would have treated them at twelve; remember that they are now a man and a woman.

Don't forget that the fire of curiosity may be smothered, but not easily extinguished, and that some one else will surely be called upon to explain if you do not.

STRONG AND VIGOROUS.

Every Organ of the Body Toned up and Invigorated by



Mr. F. W. Meyers, King St. E., Berlin, Ont., says: "I suffered for five years with palpitation, shortness of breath, sleeplessness and pain in the heart, but one box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills completely removed all these distressing symptoms. I have not suffered since taking them, and now sleep well and feel strong and vigorous."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure all diseases arising from weak heart, worn out nerve tissues, or watery blood.

BE KIND TO-DAY.

Less spent on the dead and more spent on the living would bring about many happy results. Hearts are breaking, loved ones wait and tears flow all because of the withholding of kind words unspoken and letters never sent. The aged father and mother far off in the country would often be cheered did the son or daughter more frequently send them a letter. Behold the sad mistakes of others, their remorse, and profit by the same before it is too late. To-day, now, speak the loving word, send the tender message, write the letter you put off day by day, and don't wait until you forget it or until bitter memories haunt you.

COLOR SCHEMES.

If the room is without sun, says the Scientific American, make pale yellow the color key. If it is cold, (on a cliff or in the mountains or in the shadow of high, neighboring walls) warm it with a blending of mahogany and pink or old rose and old gold hangings combined with a relief of curtains in ivory or ecru tint. If it is sunny, mahogany or other dark woods and blue will give the desired effect. If it is too dark, light it up with maple or white enamel, with cream or golden brown or with rose tones on the walls, and put some bright blooming plants and ferns about the windows.

THE HOME IN FRANCE.

The father and mother in France eat at home when they do not eat out, but absolutely no informal social intercourse invades the apartment, which is more than anything else a sort of factory in which is produced whatever the family needs for life outside. A vast amount of sewing is done here. French girls of even wealthy parents, after they finish school, attend courses of dressmaking and millinery and to a great extent the industry which turns out the French woman as a model of good dressing, to be followed by the world, is carried on by the women of the family in what would be the home if the French knew the meaning of the word. A reception day is rigorously kept, and much entertaining at dinner and dejeuner may be done, but always of a formal character. A person having the penetrating qualities of a book agent might venture to try "dropping in" on a French woman on a day when she is not regularly receiving, but in the natural course of ordinary social experience in Paris this would never happen. Such order of living readily permits great economy. One has not to waste time, good clothes or house room in daily preparation for the unexpected guest. Six days of the week a French woman may run her sewing machine in the middle of her salon if she likes, secure from interruption of chance callers. It is said that the chief function of the petit salon of a Paris apartment is to provide storage room for ball gowns which on reception days are taken down from the chandelier and locked up in a bedroom until the guests have departed.

BOOKS.

Books are true friends. We cast always have them with us. As a clear-sighted writer says, they never take offense, they never betray our confidence, they are ready to counsel, to interest us at any moment. They have no moods. A word from them often falls into our minds like a stone into a clear pool. It makes ripples that reflect in prismatic hues the face of the sun of heaven. No we must not underestimate the influence of books. And in these days when it is truer than it was in Solomon's time, that of the making of books there is no end, we must be careful how we choose our books. Bad books have ruined as many men as bad whiskey, and sentimental love stories have made as many women useless and unworthy of their high destiny as evil companions. The mission of women is the highest mission on earth. When God sent His Son on earth He entrusted Him to the care of her—the Virgin—blessed among women. Women, as mothers, as teachers, by precept, by example, rule the world. Therefore they owe to themselves, to society, to God, to make themselves worthy of their vocation.

There have been women, like George Eliot and George Sand, who held literature to be the best thing in life. There is a woman writing to-day who holds the same opinion. Her name is Vernon Lee, and all her knowledge and all her literary skill are wielded against God. The life of George Eliot shows that genius and the finest literary skill cannot compensate for the loss of God as revealed by Himself. Her life was sad, as you can see by the letters which her husband, Mr. Cross, has left us. Practically rejecting Christianity, she committed a breach of morality for which her greatest admirers dare not apologize. You see that literature without God does not make men and women virtuous. For without God it is only part of itself. Cardinal Newman well says that a university without a chair of theology is incomplete. It is so with literature. Literature without Christ is futile. So futile is it, that all poets since the time of Augustus, in spite of themselves, are Christians in their best moments.—The Republic.

The Poet's Corner.

THE LITTLE AND THE LARGE.

Who shall affront the mountains? Who deride The columbine? Come hither, pigmy man, And learn thy nothingness. Thy vaunted span Takes not one handbreadth from these peaks; These calm rebuking flowers outlive thee age On age; thy puny wars, thy tiny strifes, Are but one random idle leaf that fell In last night's canyon storm. Thou thinkest earth Doth bate its breath to watch thee battle, that The little ripple thou dost make doth fret The farther shore. But in these vast retreats Thy loudest din is but the breathing of the pines; Thy clash and clangor but one zephyr faint That stirs the smallest blossom on the brim Of these cool mountain streams. Peace! Peace, oh man! For when the curtain falls upon thy little scene, And when the vastest thing thy hand hath made Shall be the litter of the child's play-hour, These peaks shall rear their verdured heads in God's Fair sky as for the ages gone; these flowers Shall blossom on and on, to shame thy hate With their sweet oneness with the Mighty Plan. Oh would I dwelt within the shadow e'er Of these great fingers of Thy law, oh God. They point to things not taught in cities' lore: They turn the leaves not read in malls and towns, So shall Thy Greatness teach me Little-ness— The Little teach the Large. —Collier's.

THE OUR FATHER.

Teach us, dear Lord, all that it means to say, The words, "Our Father," when we kneel to pray: Our Father Thou, than every child of Thine Is, by the bond, a brother, Lord, of mine.

Teach us, Dear Lord, all that it means to say, "Thy will be done," when we do kneel to pray. Thy will be done, then our proud wills must break And lose themselves in love for Thy dear sake.

Teach us, Dear Lord, all that it means to say, "Give us our daily bread," when we do pray: We will be trustful when we understand, Not grasp the loaf from out a brother's hand.

Teach us, Dear Lord, all that it means to say, "Forgive our trespasses," when we do pray: Forgive! the word was coined in Paradise, And this world's hope and trust within it lies.

Teach us, Dear Lord, all that it means to say, This prayer of Thine when kneeling day by day, For when we know—and live—its meaning deep, No hearts will need to break, no eyes to weep. —Caroline Vinton Henry, in New World.

FATHER AND CHILD.

You are so helpless and I so strong, Oh, but the way is so lone, so long! Would I but fare with you thus always Down to the dusk of your latest day, Wee little wanderer out of the dawn, Would I might walk with you on and on,

Even as now, in the day's decline, Holding your frail little hand in mine, Guiding your steps o'er each rugged mile, Greeting with kisses your childish smile, Kissing the tears from your dimpled cheek— I am so strong and you are so weak!

You are so helpless—I am so strong, Oh, but the way is so lone, so long!

Would you might fare with me thus always, Down to the dusk of my latest day, Brave little waif of a vanished dawn, Would you might walk with me on and on, Even as now, in the day's decline, Still with your warm little hand in mine, Guiding my steps o'er each rugged mile, Soothing my fears with your trustful smile, Kissing the tears from my withering cheek— You are so strong and I am so weak! —E. O. Laughlin, in Youth's Companion.

AN ANSWER.

Through the long dark she watched beside her dead, "Grant me a sign, O God of life and light! Lest in the ocean of despair, and dread My lost soul sink to-night!" Then in the east the dewy roses stirred; A soft breath crept amid the whispering corn; And the sweet shrillness of the piping bird Hailed the awaking morn! —Margaret Elizabeth Blake.

YESTERDAY.

Ship of To-day! I watch you sail Across the lessening hours to me. What storm can those brave wings assail, What tempest toss that peaceful sea?

All happy things you seem to bring, A cargo of long-sought desires, Rebirth of joy, glad songs of Spring, And the subtle hints of hidden fires.

Yet stand I silent and apart, Unwelcoming your fair array, With eyes turned toward you, but with heart Still with the Ship of Yesterday! —Margaret R. Schott, in the Century

TALK HAPPINESS.

Talk happiness? Not now and then, but every Blessed day, Even if you can't be sure Of half of what You say: There's no room here for him Who whines as on his Way he goes: Remember, son, the world is Sad enough without Your woes.

Talk happiness each chance You get—and Talk it good and strong! Look for it in The byways as you grimly Plod along; Perhaps it is a stranger now Whose visit never Comes: But talk it! Soon you'll find That you and Happiness Are chums. —J. Wainwright.

SIT STILL.

Sit still, my child. 'Tis no great task I ask, No glorious deed, no mighty task; But just to sit and patiently abide, Wait in my presence, in my word confide. But, oh! dear Lord, I long the sword to wield, Forward to go, and in the battle field To fight for thee, thine enemies o'erthrow, And in my strength to vanquish every foe.

The harvest fields spread out before me lie, The reapers toward me look, and vainly cry— "The field is white, the laborers are few, Our Lord's command is also sent to you."

My child, it is a sweet and blessed thing, To rest beneath the shadow of my wing; To feel thy doings and thy words are naught, To trust to me each restless, longing thought.

Dear Lord, help me this lesson sweet to learn, To sit at thy pierced feet and only years To love thee better, Lord, and feel that still Waiting is working, if it be thy will. —Selected.

Dear Girls and Boys I am sure you are this fine weather, and run and jump and heated as you would have not heard anything putting experience light out in the How I wish I could Your loving

Dear Aunt Becky: As I have not some time, I thought you a few words. I old. I go to school am in the first reader old enough I am going teacher. I am learning book, arithmetic, geography with my grandma. Vesting, and we have dug. We have fifty spect the thresher here had a nice drive last chibucto. The trees are all beginning to yellow. I have a new term. Our last teacher teaches at her own house. The mail driver has his every day. It is feel like winter. I th my letter to a close saying good-bye from Your loving CHRISTIE Kouchibouguac, Ken

A HALF-DONE "I don't know what could have meant," I absent, as she part open book she was reaps 'twas nothing at makes me feel uncomf I hadn't heard it; but fault; I wasn't over "Something you h Emily's troubles you, I had almost forgot in the room, mother turned quickly in her flush indicating her e "Yes; it was when I c morning for her patte something she said to it's made me feel unco since. The worst of i can't understand what meant." "Do you mind telling I can explain. I'm s never would have said tentatively to cause l slightest pain."

"I know she wouldn't said Edith, looking so grate. "Florence want some slippers like those ed for father's birthday tated, the flush on her a deeper tinge. "Well, dear?" "Aunt Emily told her finished the breakfast grandmother, she mi didn't want her to be cousin Edith—a half-do Mrs. Ferguson was sil her expression, however dicated that her sister understood.

"What was it, mother asked Edith, anxiously, silence. "To-morrow morning you, dear," replied M slowly. "Come to m the work is done, and "It's just the oppo waited for to make Edi unfortunate habit, a growing upon her thought Mrs. Ferguson, evening, as she gathere to room an armful of pae articles. "I trust m after her aunt's remark, plish what my suggestio vice for months have fa and, with a sigh, Mrs. F on the table her collecti half-finished articles.

The next day, after th work was over, Mrs. F Edith into her room. "Is what Aunt Emily very bad?" asked Edith "Is it something I'll dre you tell?" "I think I shall not h My exhibition will expla "Exhibition!" exclai curiously, looking aroun "Come over to the tal said Mrs. Ferguson, kinl this explain!" "I don't see how! Here' you get all these thing dollies I started for you mas! I'd forgotten all

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

I am sure you are all delighting in this fine weather. You can romp, and run and jump and not get overheated as you would in summer. I have not heard anything about the nutting experiences. It must be delightful out in the woods these days. How I wish I could be there.

Your loving AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I have not written you for some time, I thought I would write you a few words. I am seven years old. I go to school every day. I am in the first reader. When I am old enough I am going to try to be a teacher. I am learning a drawing book, arithmetic, geography. I live with my grandma. We are done harvesting, and we have our potatoes dug. We have fifty barrels. We expect the threshing here on Monday. I had a nice drive last Sunday to Richibucto. The trees look nice. They are all beginning to turn red and yellow. I have a new teacher this term. Our last teacher, Miss Barry, teaches at her own home this year. The mail driver has his dinner with us every day. It is beginning to feel like winter. I think I will bring my letter to a close for this time, saying good-bye from

Your loving niece, CHRISTINA C. J. R. Kouchibouguac, Kent Co., N.B.

A HALF-DONE GIRL.

"I don't know what Aunt Emily could have meant," reflected Edith absent, as she partly closed the open book she was reading. "Perhaps 'twas nothing after all, but it makes me feel uncomfortable. I wish I hadn't heard it; but it wasn't my fault; I wasn't eavesdropping!"

"Something you heard at Aunt Emily's troubles you, dear?"

"I had almost forgotten you were in the room, mother," and Edith turned quickly in her chair, a slight flush indicating her embarrassment. "Yes; it was when I called there this morning for her pattern. I heard something she said to Florence, and it's made me feel uncomfortable ever since. The worst of it is, mother, I can't understand what it was she meant."

"Do you mind telling me? Perhaps I can explain. I'm sure your Aunt never would have said anything intentionally to cause her niece the slightest pain."

"I know she wouldn't purposely," said Edith, looking soberly into the grate. "Florence wanted to make some slippers like those I have started for father's birthday." Edith hesitated, the flush on her face taking on a deeper tinge.

"Well, dear?"

"Aunt Emily told her when she had finished the breakfast shawl for grandmother, she might, but she didn't want her to become like her cousin Edith—a half-done girl!"

Mrs. Ferguson was silent a minute; her expression, however, clearly indicated that her sister's remark was understood.

"What was it, mother, she meant?" asked Edith, anxiously, breaking the silence.

"To-morrow morning I will tell you, dear," replied Mrs. Ferguson, slowly. "Come to my room after the work is done, and I'll explain."

"It's just the opportunity I've waited for to make Edith realize her unfortunate habit, a habit that's growing upon her constantly," thought Mrs. Ferguson, late that evening, as she gathered from room to room an armful of partly completed articles. "I trust my exhibition, after her aunt's remark, may accomplish what my suggestions and advice for months have failed to do," and, with a sigh, Mrs. Ferguson laid on the table her collection of Edith's half-finished articles.

The next day, after the morning's work was over, Mrs. Ferguson called Edith into her room.

"Is what Aunt Emily referred to very bad?" asked Edith, anxiously. "Is it something I'll dread to have you tell?"

"I think I shall not have to, dear. My exhibition will explain it all."

"Exhibition!" exclaimed Edith, curiously, looking around.

"Come over to the table, Edith," said Mrs. Ferguson, kindly. "Doesn't this explain it?"

"I don't see how! Here's—where did you get all these things? The set of dollies I started for you last Christmas! I'd forgotten all about them."

I remember I gave you a book instead. And there's the cape I began for grandmother, and the fruitpiece Aunt Emily wanted me to paint for her dining-room. I remember I was going to finish it after the oranges came into the market, for one needs the very best—when painting from still life. Where did you find that little book of pressed mosses I was beginning to arrange for the sociable? Oh, I remember so well the day Margaret Leslie and I tramped through Townsend's woods after those. We were so very particular to get the very softest and greenest mosses, for that book was a wonder. And!"

Mrs. Ferguson looked into her daughter's face. "But I don't see what these things have to do with what Aunt Emily said to Florence." Edith picked up part of a doll's dress she had begun weeks before for little Mary, the sick child of her mother's landlady. "Don't they explain?" asked Mrs. Ferguson, gently. "In what condition are all the things you find on the table?"

"I see now," faltered Edith, slowly, the look of inquiry on her face giving place to one of pain. "They are all half-done! That's what Aunt Emily meant when she called me a half-done girl!"

"And that's the kind of girl my daughter doesn't wish to be," said Mrs. Ferguson. "And now how can she best show that she doesn't intend longer to be what her aunt not unjustly called her?"

"By giving another exhibition—my exhibition this time—in which every article, mother shall be finished. And I'll not begin another thing, either, till my exhibition is ready for its opening!"

A BRIGHT MESSENGER.

A few mornings ago I was on an elevated train in New York City. Facing me, as I sat down, was a uniformed messenger boy. He had just finished reading a newspaper and was going to tuck it away under the seat. Not having a paper, I held out my hand. The little fellow looked up, smiled, rose, put the paper in my extended hand, bowed, touched his cap and reseated himself.

Messenger boys here have the reputation of being bumptious and impudent. You may imagine, then, how this nice civility astonished and pleased me. I smiled and said: "You nice little laddie, I'm very much obliged to you." The boy flushed, smiled and fidgeted awkwardly.

We began to talk, and I gently drew out of him his story. His mother was a widow, refined though poor. Knowing no business, she took any work she could find. This brought little money, so the laddie had to help out. And he was succeeding.

"It is all mother, sir. She told me always to get up when she comes into a room, get her a chair and wait on her. I always put mother's shoes on for her, and take them off when I'm home. I keep them cleaned and in order anyway. Mother says you have to wear old clothes, but there is no excuse for having them dirty"—and he looked down, as if to make sure, at his own fixings—clean as a new pin.

"Before I began here" (touching the buttons of his uniform) "mother told me everything to do. I shut doors quietly, keep my hat off in a room, clean my feet well before I go in, move around softly, and when I am told to do something, if at first I do not understand clearly, I excuse myself and ask what to do, all over again; but I never start on my errand till sure I know all about it."

He said he had quite a number of customers, who required almost all of his time; that he rarely took home less than \$15 for a week's work, and that his banner week was \$23.50. The lad was not 14 years old. He gave his mother all the credit. His employers liked his manners; his manners were his mother's. You know that when grown people part in the street, if they just know each other, they bow or nod. If, however, you are saying "Good-bye" to a real friend, you warmly shake hands.

When the time came for us to part I held out my hand and said: "Good-bye, little man. I'm very glad to have met you."

I wish you could have seen him. He flushed, breathed hard, looked up timidly into my face, then gently and nervously, put his hand in mine. I



CURE CONSTIPATION

Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Coated Tongue, Foul Breath, Heart Burn, Water Brash, or any Disease of the Stomach, Liver or Bowels.

Laxa-Liver Pills are purely vegetable; neither gripe, weaken nor sicken, are easy to take and prompt to act.

shook it warmly, and, walking away, turned after a few paces to nod another good-bye. There he stood, his eyes full of tears, the little messenger gentleman. No. I didn't go back to him. He was not sad, bless him; only over-happy; and, besides, I had to go quickly. I felt a kind of full feeling in my own throat.—Standard Union, Brooklyn.

GIRLS, DO YOUR SHARE.

School was just out, and a group of school girls came down the walk gaily. "Don't you want me to go home with you to supper, Josie?" called a frosh young voice. "Mother's cleaning house, and I hate to go home. Besides, I think it would be a real relief to have me out of the way."

The speaker was buxom and rosy. She walked with an easy swing, which told of plenty of strength in her little young body. And yet it did not occur to her that there was anything out of the way in her slipping off to a friend's and avoiding the hard work to be done at home. Nor did she seem mortified over the realization that her absence would be a relief rather than otherwise.

House-cleaning is not altogether pleasant. The sweeping and dusting and scouring and scrubbing, the smell of soap, the damp floors, the heaps of collected rubbish, all have their disagreeable features. But at the same time, the womanly girl is not going to slip away and refuse to do her share, whether agreeable or otherwise. She will come home from school, don her working clothes, roll up her sleeves and help wherever there is the most need. And her reward comes when all is clean and shining and sweet when the grime of the winter has disappeared, and she realizes that she has had a little share in working this miracle of order and beauty.

THE BEST THING IN THE WORLD

Bishop Spalding says: "We must cease to tell boys and girls that education will enable them to get hold of the good things, of which they believe the world to be so full. We must make them realize rather that the best thing in the world is a noble man or woman, and to be that is the only certain way to a worthy and contented life."

ROTHSCHILD'S GUIDE TO SUCCESS.

Baron Rothschild, the great financier, attributed his success to an observance of the following rules of conduct: Shun liquor. Dare to go forward. Never be discouraged. Be polite to everybody. Employ your time well. Never tell business lies. Pay your debts promptly. Be prompt in everything. Bear all troubles patiently. Do not reckon upon chances. Make no useless acquaintances. Be brave in the struggle of life. Maintain your integrity as a sacred thing. Take time to consider; then decide positively. Never appear to be something more than you are. Carefully examine into every detail of your business.

MAKING A CAMP FIRE.

Nobody should boast of being able to build a campfire unless he can do it in a rain when all the forest is wet and succeed in lighting the fire with the first match. Even in a driving rain that has lasted for days the clever woodsman can find bits of twig and other inflammable material that may be damp, but not sodden. He can

always find perfectly dry stuff in hollow trees and under roots. He will spend perhaps half an hour, perhaps even an hour, looking for the stuff of this kind and will not dream of starting his fire until he has collected at least a handful of tundry stuff and an armful of small twigs and branches as dry as any that can be found.

Having deposited all this stuff under the best shelter possible, he drags a log to the place where the fire is to be and turns it over, when of course it exposes a dry side, in which the tinder may be placed without getting wet. Then other logs are piled to form a wall against the wind. Now the tinder is piled up and then with a sharp knife the driest sticks are whittled so that a pile of thin shavings is accumulated. The more shavings there are the better. Then the driest sticks are laid over these and the shavings set afire. Carefully add wood as the fire burns up, but never put enough on to smother the flame. One wet twig will blaze when two may choke the fire.

THE PANSY FAMILY.

A pretty fable about the pansy is current among French and German children. The flower has five petals and five sepals. In most pansies, especially of the earlier and less highly developed varieties, two of the petals are plain in color and three are gay. The two plain petals have a single sepal, two of the gay petals have a sepal each, and the third, which is the largest of all, has two sepals.

The fable is that the pansy represents a family consisting of husband and wife and four daughters, two of the latter being stepchildren of the wife. The plain petals are the stepchildren, with only one chair, the two small, gay petals are the daughters, with a chair each, and the large gay petal is the wife, with two chairs.

To find the father, one must strip away the petals until the stamens and pistils are bare. They have a fanciful resemblance to an old man, with a flannel wrap about his neck, his shoulders upraised and his feet in a bath-tub. The story is probably of French origin, because the French call the pansy the stepmother.

HOW A BUTTERFLY SLEEPS.

The butterfly invariably goes to sleep head downward. It folds and contracts its wings to the utmost. The effect is to reduce its size and shape to a narrow ridge, hardly distinguishable in shape and color from the seed heads on thousands of other stems around. The butterfly also sleeps at the top of the stem. In the morning, when the sunbeams warm them, all these gray pig sleepers on the grass tops open their wings and begin their daily rounds.

BABY'S SLEEP.

One of the first signs that something is wrong with an infant is disturbed sleep. Usually the trouble is with the stomach or bowels. If your little one is cross and restless do not give it an opiate or "soothing" medicine of any kind. All these things are deadly poison, and the sleep they give is unhealthy, unnatural and injurious. Your baby will sleep and let you sleep if you treat it properly. In Baby's Own Tablets there is not an atom of poisonous "sleepy stuff," and yet by their beneficent, healthy action they give refreshing sleep. They remove the cause, and the result is healthy, refreshing, life-giving sleep from which the little one awakens bright and well. Mrs. S. T. Douglas, Petalocine, N.B., says: "My baby was troubled with constipation, was restless and uneasy and did not sleep well at nights. I gave him Baby's Own Tablets and the change they made was wonderful. They regulated the bowels and he now sleeps well at night." If your dealer does not keep the Tablets, send 25 cents to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and a box will be sent you by mail, post-paid.

HOW CHILDREN ARE WORRIED.

Children are often worried because their mothers are too attentive and continually reprove the small ones without reason. A child should be left alone and be allowed to play or amuse itself in its own way without the constant direction of a nervous mother.

We may not have riches; but we may be rich. Character is riches. To be, to get, should be our aim, for he who possesses the greatest measure of noble character extracts more true enjoyment from life than all others; and besides his capacities for enjoying the next world are enlarged.

Fruit-a-tives OR "FRUIT LIVER TABLETS" made from ripe fruit with the finest tonics added. Recommended by physicians all over the world for constipation, biliousness, headaches, &c. "Fruit-a-tives have done me more good than any other Liver and Kidney Medicine I ever used." Mrs. W. E. CARSON, Port William, Ont. At druggists—50c. a box. Manufactured by FRUIT-A-TIVES Limited, Ottawa.

JESUIT NOVELISTS.

America has now three famous Jesuit novelists, and one of them lived until very recently in Chicago. Everybody knows Father Finn, and many know Father Henry S. Spalding, but Father J. E. Copus, S.J., is the coming great Catholic novelist of the country. His first book ever made such a hit as did "Harry Russell." It was something new, full of incident, full of purpose, full of deft characterization. His boys were not mere automatons. They had blood in their veins—warm, rich, buoyant blood. The look came as a surprise, followed the next year by "St. Cuthberts." This, too, was judged phenomenally graphic. You seem to hear the people talking—you heard them laughing, just as in the pages of Thestylis singing in the dewy morning meads of Sicily. And there is something besides a photographic reproduction of human beings in Father Copus' novels. Deftly, unpretentiously, he takes us out loitering amid green fields and woods and along picturesque water courses, and shows us that he knows nature and her secret haunts. In his sequel to "Saint Cuthberts," "Shadows Lifted," just published, he is singularly happy in this respect. The book is a distinct advance, compared with its predecessors. Young people will read it because of the story and character-drawing, but older folks will find in its pages much of their lost youth and many heart touches that are irresistible.

And you would expect this of this new wizard who possesses the secret of reproducing youth and its gladness, if you knew him personally. Born and reared, at least in part, in England, Father Copus has seen a great deal of the world, both in its heights and its depths. He has been a journalist, an editor, a traveller. A man of fine scholarship, a student of men, with a vast field of observation, gifted and distinguished, personally he is one of the most amiable and unpretentious literary men in the country. Even Maurice Francis Egan is not more fascinating as a conversationalist, although Dr. Thomas O'Hagan possibly equals him in this respect. He is not as young as Father Spalding, but he is more boyish in heart. His voice is low, and musical, and both tears and laughter are always close to it. He is a hard worker. He writes, he teaches, he does missionary work down in the slums, striving to uplift the fallen.

IN TIME OF DANGER.

(From the Catholic News.) At the dreadful accident on the elevated road at New York last week, when one car of a crowded train toppled into the street, killing a dozen men and women and badly injuring fifty others, the Catholic priest, as usual, was quickly on the spot. We read in one newspaper report:

"A few blocks away is the Church of the Paulist Fathers. Several of them rushed to the scene and were active in their ministrations to the dying. Wherever a poor huddled-up form stretched on the sidewalk or on the floor of a store could be seen, these men were giving the last rites of the Church. Sometimes they were in time to give the comforting words, other times they were too late."

Another paper tells the story thus: "Two priests worked over the dead and dying, administering the last rites of the Church where it was necessary, and offering spiritual aid and consolation. They were Fathers Casserly and McMillan, who are connected with the Paulist Fathers' Church, at Fifty-ninth street and Ninth avenue. Some one had telephoned to the rectory that there had been an accident, and the priest immediately went to the place. When all of the injured had been removed to the Hospitals they went to Roosevelt Hospital, where they continued their ministrations. Then they went down to the West Forty-seventh street station, where they did what they might for those who were seeking to identify the bodies."

So prompt are our clergy in hurrying to places where lives are in peril that every one is more or less accustomed nowadays to see the priest brave all sorts of danger in order to render spiritual or material aid to any poor victim within reach.

MARQUIS ITO.

Marquis Ito is of comparatively humble birth. His father, Juzo Ito, was a rustic gardener. It is said that the marquis is the poorest prime minister, actual or retired, in the world. He first went to Europe by working his passage, having stowed himself away on board a ship bound for Liverpool in a bale of silk, in which he lay concealed for 36 hours, in order to escape the vengeance of the conservative party, which resented his advanced views and attempts to westernize Japan. He is now, perhaps, the most western in his tastes of all the Japanese and it is his custom to spend five hours a day in reading the European newspapers and magazines.

A PEN PICTURE OF CHRIST.

The following is the only reliable pen picture of Christ as seen in actual life, and is an exquisite piece of word painting. It is taken from a MS. now in the possession of Lord Kelly, and in his library. It was copied from an original letter of Publius Lentulus, at Rome, it being the usual custom of Roman governors to advise the Senate and the people of such material things as happened in their provinces in the days of Tiberius Caesar. Publius Lentulus, procurator of Judea, wrote the letter to the Senate:

"There appeared in these, our days, a man of great virtue named Jesus Christ, who is yet living amongst us, and of the Gentiles is accepted as the prophet of truth. He raises the dead and cures all manner of diseases. A man of stature somewhat tall and comely, such as the beholder may both love and fear. His hair is the color of a chestnut full ripe, plaid to his ears, whence downward it is more orient and curling, and waving about his shoulders. In the midst of his head is a soam, a partition in the hair, after the manner of the Nazarites. His forehead very plain and delicate; his face without spot or wrinkle, beautiful with a lovely red. His nose and mouth so formed and nothing can be reprehended. His beard in color like his hair, not very long, but forked. His look innocent and mature. His eyes grey, clear and quick and luminous. In re-proving he is terrible, his eyes piercing—as with a two-edged sword—the greedy, the selfish and the oppressor, but look with tenderest pity on the weak, the erring and the sinful. Courteous and fair-spoken. Pleasant in

FITS CURED

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

LEIBIG'S FITCURE

Sister Engelberta, who in private life was Miss Anna Ekel, succumbed to yellow fever at the Convent of the Perpetual Association, New Orleans. She was 33 years old. She sacrificed her life on the altar of duty, as she contracted the disease while ministering to the afflicted.

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SUBSCRIBERS in Westmount, Montreal Annex, Montreal West, Verdun, Point St. Charles, St. Henri, Maisonneuve, Ste. Catherines, St. Louis du Mile End, will in future have to pay \$1.50, owing to change in P. O. regulations. This takes effect with subscriptions commencing January, 1905. Subscriptions dating before then will not be affected until time of renewal.

All communications should be addressed to THE TRUE WITNESS P. & P. CO., P. O. Box 1138.

NOTICE.

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



THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1905.

THE MAYORALTY.

The opportunity is once more presented to place an Irish-Catholic in the position of Chief Magistrate of the City of Montreal. There seems to be a pretty unanimous opinion about it. Our French-Canadian and English-speaking Protestant leaders admit the time is due. Mayor Laporte has been a most acceptable representative of all classes of citizens, though he became Mayor as a representative French-Canadian. An Irish-Catholic going into office with a distinctive claim will in turn be found the dignified and impartial representative of all the citizens of Montreal. It is a good custom, and it is well to see it honored all round in the observance.

At the present time the Irish Catholics of Montreal can supply a choice of representative citizens. The choice, however, must be confined to one, and the first requisite of unity in regard to that choice is up to the Irish Catholics themselves. Senator Cloran is in the field.

JUDGE SICOTTE'S RULING.

Judge Sicotte has decided a point of law in favor of Pierre Gauthier in connection with the Ville St. Louis Salvation Army disturbances. The Judge has undoubtedly given a reasonable ruling. The accused was not a disturber, but was permitted to speak to those assembled in the hall. The sequel of the decision, however, like the result of the incidents of September 6, may be to advertise to a sympathizing public outside the militant efforts of the Salvation Army in Catholic Montreal. The disturbance of the meeting is therefore all the more to be condemned by Catholic as well as Protestant citizens. Catholics have no call to go near any Salvation Army gathering. They have no missionary work to perform there. Catholics are not proselytizing agents copying Salvation Army ideals. There is no city in America from which the appearance of religious intolerance and sectarian roughness are so continually absent as Montreal. And the reason of this happy condition of things is the championship of the faith is best understood by those who are faithfully united in the Church permitting others to perform their own peculiar religious exercises undisturbed. It is to be hoped that we have heard the last of the Ville St. Louis affair.

ANOTHER ORANGE KICK.

When the Orangeman kicks it is generally an interesting stunt. Once he threatened to kick the crown of the head of the late Queen Victoria. Her Majesty, of course, was in no way remarkable for height. Besides, the Orangemen knew the police would not allow it. So that nothing came of the boast. Once also the Orangemen of Canada imagined they could compel a representative of the Queen to enter the city of Kingston under an Orange arch. On that occasion likewise there was nothing doing. This event did not come off. Last week we were told that the Orangemen would not meet Earl Grey in Winnipeg unless they were given a place near the head of the procession beside the band wagon. The Earl would not change the programme and the minstrelsy of the Boyne Water was not heard in the land that day. The banner of King William was draped.

The trouble with the Orange brethren is that they are not progressive. They live too much in the past and are trying to perpetuate Portadown traditions in the new world of the 20th century.

The Crown of the Causeway in road or street
And the Papishes put under my feet
was all very well for Portadown or even Toronto of the fifties. But the tune won't charm any longer. The Orangeman in Canada is no longer a danger. He is generally a nuisance and always a joke. Is it not nearly time for him to quit?

NEWSPAPER TALK.

Our French-Canadian contemporaries have been giving us the affirmative and negative sides of a proposal to constitute in the Canadian Parliament a Catholic Centre party. The discussion will give a new theme to their Orange conferees up in Ontario, so that the declaration of another newspaper war is imminent. The Catholic membership of the Canadian Commons and Senate bears not the least resemblance to a third party. True, it is a religious minority; but it cannot be said to be conscious of the fact. Again, if it were organized for independent action, government in this country would become impossible. The essential motive in organizing a Catholic Centre party is to create a balance of power to disarm at least one hostile force. There is no force in the Parliament of Canada hostile to Catholics except the Orangemen, who are not a respectable minority, but as the Cosacks of the Tory party, amenable at all times to control and obedient to the party whip.

Catholic unity is a wholly different thing from a Catholic political party. Catholic unity looks to the harmony not of Catholics alone but of the community at large. If French-Canadians are united among themselves so much the better. If they are also united with their English Catholic brethren, so much more the better. They will contribute thus to the general harmony. A united household is never a nuisance in any neighborhood. Let Catholics, both French and English-speaking, live in amity among themselves; and they may well do so, since they have little cause to fear their Protestant neighbors. It is absurd to talk of a Catholic party in the Canadian Parliament. There is nothing in the constitution to agitate against, and there is no administrative peril to face.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

At the annual conference of the Catholic Truth Society of England, held in Blackburn last week, the Archbishop of Westminster delivered an address on the Catholic attitude on the Education question. He said if it was true that the prospective Liberal Government were to repeal or manipulate the Education Acts in a manner calculated to destroy the Catholic character of Catholic schools, that they were in the presence of a crisis more serious than any they had hitherto had to face. They must in

that event adhere to the principles of the past, and insist on definite religious instruction in their schools without lot or hindrance. There must be equal treatment for all denominations.

The French Freemasons have published a manifesto in which they completely endorse the system of delation, or spying and informing on army officers who go to Mass, and whose children are educated in Catholic schools. All liberal-minded persons, all men of honorable character, enemies even to the Church, have branded as despicable the delation and fitches or confidential reports of Masons, who were either military men or civilians. Their action is, however, defended by the Grand Orient. Deputy Lafferre in the Chamber last year, said, as a Mason, that the Republic belonged to the brotherhood, and that the Masons would defend it by every means in their power, even including delation. What a tribute to the traditional honor of France!

Col. John MacDonnell, of Ballinlig, Glenariffe, in County Antrim, the last male representative of his branch of an old Celtic family that remained staunch and true to the old Catholic faith, died last week. When his father, Randal MacDonnell, died fifty years ago, aged 82, the Illustrated London News, of September 2, 1854, stated that he was the fifth son of John MacDonnell, of Glenariffe, whose grandfather, Coll, retired there, after the death of his father, the celebrated General Sir Alexander, who commanded Lord Antrim's Irish under the Duke of Montrose in Scotland. The writer adds that the MacDonnells of Glenariffe are descended from the Lords of the Isles, who were allied by ties of blood and marriage with the Stuarts, Kings of Scotland.

Monsieur Hoyak, the Maronite Patriarch, has informed the representative of the Paris Temps that the Maronites had been attached to France for five centuries and that their protectorate was still dear to them. France could count on them, but their protectorate must be active and effective. Financial assistance was only of secondary importance. The essential thing was prestige. The Maronites had not listened and would not listen to proposals from any other Power, but it was essential that France should show them that her protection was still of value. The Patriarch said it was not for him to criticize the domestic policy of France, but he could not help noticing the fact that other creeds profited by that policy to the utmost. Nothing, however, was irreparable. He did not know what the consequences of the rupture of the Concordat between France and the Vatican would be as regarded French influence outside of Lebanon, but he emphasized the fact that the object of his visit was to attract the attention of France to the Maronites.

THE LATE MR. STEPHEN TOBIN.

The remains of the late Mr. Stephen Tobin were laid to rest yesterday at Cote des Neiges. The deceased was at one time Mayor of Halifax, in fact so popular was he with his fellow-citizens that they elected him for three terms. He was educated at the Jesuit College of Stonyhurst, studying French later in France. He had pleasant memories of a great military review at St. Cyr, in honor of Emperor Napoleon III, who had just been married to the beautiful Eugenie de Montijo, and the Nova Scotia boy, who had been a guest of Marshall Canrobert, also attended a ball which the town gave to the then powerful Emperor and his Spanish bride.

His health had been failing for some time, hence his removal to the Home for Incurables, Notre Dame de Grace, where he ended peacefully on Tuesday. The funeral service was held on Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock, in the chapel of the hospital. Messrs. Thos. E. Kenny, of Halifax, Dr. D. A. Hingston, Roderick MacKinnon, Austin Mosher, R. A. Smith, John Meagher and John M. Quinn followed the remains to the grave.

WAIT AND SEE!

It is Not Well to Exploit the Catholicity of Prominent Persons Until They Have Proved It.

(From the Casinet.)

There is a regrettable tendency on the part of some Catholic journals to claim as Catholics those who have even a distant affiliation with the Church, if they happen to be people of prominence. A few years ago they made quite an ado over the Dutch-French novelist, Huysmans. His books, written before his conversion, had been so putrid that it would have been wiser to wait to see what he wrote next. If they did so, they would have praised him very gingerly. At present they are quoting, one after another, an article which he wrote about Lourdes, but they feel obliged to leave out one or two sentences in which he indicates his dissatisfaction that heaven does not work such an overwhelming miracle as to restore an amputated leg. Thus spoke the Jews when they said: "Come down from the cross and we will believe you." The same journals were delighted with Myra Kelly's school stories, because she was the daughter of an Irish Catholic. Yet it was plain to any careful reader of the stories that the writer was not a Catholic. And her marriage in a Lutheran church the other day sets the matter at rest. When Thomas F. Walsh's son, Vinson—we wonder if he was christened Vincent,—was killed in an automobile accident recently, and buried with Protestant Episcopal services, the same papers lamented that "poor Tom" had been led away by a mixed marriage. As a matter of fact, the Colorado millionaire makes no pretensions to be, or ever to have been, a Catholic. While John W. McKay was alive, he was often referred to by the Catholic press as "one of us." We know his wife had the priest at his deathbed, but as we never heard of his being connected with any Catholic movement during his life, we preferred not to boast of him. When his son and successor in business got married, the same papers, or some of them, said his wife was going to become a Catholic. Now they are loud in their indignation because she refused to contribute to the parochial school, and said she believed "Romanist schools" to be the curse of the country. Some, at least, of the indignation might be reserved for the woman who exposed herself and her co-religionists to such a snub from one whose religion she knew nothing about. We do not believe in assuming every one guilty till proved innocent, but we do believe in assuming no one to be a Catholic because their father or mother, husband or wife, is one; let them prove their own Catholicity by their acts. If an actress is presenting a play which no respectable Catholic woman would go to, let us assume that this actress is not a Catholic, or at least let us say nothing about her. Sarah Bernhardt says she is a Catholic; our journals never refer to her as such, and they are right. But they do claim other actresses of inferior talent, whose plays differ from those of the great tragedienne only in the lesser degree of their salaciousness. Less unwise is it to eulogize Thomas F. Ryan or the King of Spain; yet we should like to be sure that the former is not one of the pirates of Frenzied Finance, and the latter is going to be a better man than his father before intoning any paeans in their honor. To acclaim a boy of nineteen as a great Catholic sovereign because he behaved as any well-instructed Catholic would do in Notre Dame or Westminster, seems to us to be going beyond the limits of prudence, to say the least.

SIGN OF THE TIMES IN ITALY.

For the first time in thirty-five years a Cardinal Archbishop has been invited to bless an Italian warship. His Grace of Naples performed the ceremony a few weeks ago. The Duke of Aosta was present to represent the King. A brother of Victor Emmanuel stood for the House of Savoy. Evidently His Majesty wants his battleships launched under proper auspices. This incident is worth remembering as it is the first time that an ecclesiastic of Rome has been pressed into such a service since the unification of Italy.

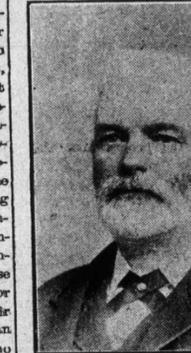
Knowledge is likely to mean disillusionment in some degree. We adults see the world with sober eyes because we know so much. The children are happier; to them the gilt and glitter of a pageant is real gold; the woods are alfalfa, and the light comes in at the window every morning just for them.—Dorothy Fenimore.

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OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN KANE.

The death occurred of Mr. John Kane, at his residence, 38 Donegan street, on Wednesday evening, the 4th of October. Although he had been ailing for some time past, his death came suddenly, but he was well prepared. The late Mr. Kane was born in Ireland in 1837 and came to Montreal with his parents when eight years of age. He received his education from the Christian Brothers of this city, and by his own industry started business on Notre Dame street west, which he carried on successfully until ten years ago, when he retired. The deceased was a valued member of St. Ann's Church and was for several years a trustee of the parish. Mr. Kane was a devoted husband and a loving father, and he was highly esteemed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. He was kind-hearted and charitable, honest and upright. His death is a severe blow to his two surviving daughters, who only nine months ago had to mourn the loss of their loving mother. The funeral,



MR. JOHN KANE.

which was largely attended, took place at St. Ann's Church on Saturday at 9 o'clock, where a solemn requiem was said. Rev. Father Reitelveld, C.S.S.R., received the body, and also sang the Mass, with Rev. Father Vanbendene as deacon and Rev. Father Holland as sub-deacon. In the sanctuary were Rev. Father Rioux, C.S.S.R., rector, and Rev. Father Perrier, of the Archbishop's Palace, and the acolytes and Christian Brothers. The church was heavily draped, the many lights around the large catafalque and the altar, relieving the sombre appearance. The choir rendered the Requiem Mass impressively. At the end of the service they sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee." At the Cote des Neiges Cemetery Rev. Father Trudel, C.S.S.R., officiated. May his soul rest in peace.

MR. MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

The death occurred of Mr. Michael Williams, after an illness of only a few hours. On Sunday morning he was stricken with apoplexy, and despite the best medical attendance and loving care he passed away on Monday night, the 18th ult., fortified by the rites of the holy Catholic Church of which he was a devoted member. The deceased was one of the most respected residents of Read, and was a true friend and good neighbor, and his death is universally regretted. He was a native of Ireland, being born in Palacé Kenry, County Limerick, in the year 1830. In 1837 he came with his parents to Canada, and settled on the 5th concession of Tyendinaga. He subsequently married Miss White, of Marysville, and then located on a farm on the 6th concession, where he has since resided. He has been a subscriber and reader of the True Witness for nearly forty years. Deceased leaves a widow and seven children, four boys and three girls, to mourn the loss of a loving husband and father. The funeral, which was one of the largest ever seen in this vicinity, took place on Wednesday to St. Charles Church, where a solemn requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father McCarthy, after which the remains were laid in the family plot. Deceased was a life-long Liberal, and was well known in political circles. His sudden death has cast a gloom over the neighborhood, and the family have the sympathy of the entire community in their sad bereavement. R. I. P.

JOSEPH CHARLES REYNOLDS.

The funeral of Mr. Joseph Charles Reynolds, son of Mr. P. Reynolds, of the City and District Savings Bank, took place Sunday afternoon from the family residence, 180 St. James street, and was largely attended. In the funeral cortege were the members of the Knights of Columbus and the members of Branch 26, C.M.B.A., the deceased being a member of both organizations.

The chief mourners were Messrs. P. Reynolds, father; W. P. Doyle and E. F. Butler, brothers-in-law; M. E. Field, uncle; W. Field and Fred. Field, cousins; Lieut. Thos. Holland, J. Sheehan; Thos. Butler, F. Butler, P. Doyle, J. E. Doyle and Joseph Doyle. In the funeral cortege were: Rev. Bro. Henry, Hon. L. O. Tullon, Mr. A. P. Levesque, ex-Sub-Chief Jackson, ex-Ald. Tamsey, Dr. Harrison, Hon. Justice Purcell, Capt. Doolan; Messrs. W. E. Doreau, John Fallon, H. Tri-

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MONTH OF THE
October is always
and most enjoyable
months in this coun-
try are generally magni-
ficent, light and
of sunshine, light and
sired than those that
to the gaze now, w
and golden colors
leaves? To the Ca-
October has other char-
with which nature is
lightful days. It is
apart by Catholic
Lady of the Rosary
dian Angels.

Next Sunday after-
noon meeting of St. Ge-
orgy Society will be held.

Tuesday morning
requiem service was
Franciscan Church for
the souls of deceased

Rev. Father Martin
pastor of St. Patrick's
the sermon at the de-
Michael's Church, Bel-
Sunday next.

Rev. Dr. Luke Callan
confined to his room
Dion for some days,
vere attack of grippe
and returned to the
morning.

The concert to be
day evening at St. Ste-
Craig and Panet str-
the organ fund of St.
promises to be a great
gold rings are to be
ward for the ticket s-

At St. Agnes Church
morning the second
gulum service was off-
repose of the soul of
Father McDermott.
was Rev. Father M. C.
St. Patrick's, assisted
ther Fahey, St. Gabri-
and Rev. Father Cullin
as sub-deacon.

MORE MISSIO-
Three Redemptorist
ed lately from Belg-
gone to Brandon, and
go to Ste. Anne de Be-

CHANGES AMONG
Rev. Father R. E. C.
Michael's, has been tra-
Agnes Parish, and
Singleton, of St. Agne-
Michael's. Both curates
ed to the congregation
tors last Sunday.

REHEARSAL OF
TURE'S MA-
On Sunday evening
and Benediction, the
James Cathedral gave
Prof. Couture's new
which is a composition
The music of this Mas-
with the new chant as
His Holiness Pope Piu-

A RETREAT AT TH-
TORY.
Rev. Father Fiset,
Redemptorist, Convent
and Rev. D. Holland, S-
a retreat to the boys o-
tory School, Demontg-
der the direction of th-
Charity. There were
attendance, 40 of the
fish-speaking.

ORDAINED AT BE-
Rev. Father Walsh,
St. Ann's Parish, Mont-
dained to the priestho-
demptorist Convent, Be-
feast of St. Michael, S-
father of the young Le-
sent, as well as for
Mass. The True Witn-
new Redemptorist eve-
the sacred ministry.

ST. AGNES' LOSSES
CHAELE'S GA-
Rev. Father Singleton,
St. Agnes, has been tr-
St. Michael's. Father
appointed to St. Agnes
his ordination, and du-
but successful career he
seamlessly for the goo-
fish. Every enterprise w-
took was crowned with
success. The bright p-
the parish are due to
able efforts. Father S-
deared himself to both
old. The parishioners
their best wishes for th-
cess. Father Singleton
a severe loss to St. A-
is a great gain to St.

PRIESTS STAYING IN ROME. Important Regulations by the Holy Father.

The following instructions, which should be noted by priests who wish to settle down in Rome or stay there some time, are contained in a letter from the Holy Father to Cardinal Respighi: 1. Those priests of other dioceses who wish to fix their residences permanently in Rome must first send to the Cardinal-Vicar their request...

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CARDINAL MORAN AND SOCIALISM.

Cardinal Moran has always evinced a deep interest in the democratic movement in Australia as well as in the affairs of his native land. His chief concern, outside of Irish politics, is to see the masses of his adopted country advance in happiness and prosperity...

received the Pope's blessing—and passed quietly away. Cardinal Pierotti's Requiem was sung in Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, all the Cardinals in Rome being present, and all the Dominicans, including the Master General, Father Cormier.

TOURING IRELAND IN AN AUTO.

From an Irish exchange we learn that Most Rev. Dr. Glennon, Archbishop of St. Louis, arrived in Malin, August 19th. With a friend he was making a motor car tour through Ireland. He is deeply interested in the economic and political questions of the day...

THE SWORD AS AN ORDER.

An Irish correspondent writing from Paris says: "News reaches us from Riobamba, which is an object lesson of modern civil brutality. We have had many lessons already in France. Without notice, without trial, without any legal form, a company of soldiers scalded the walls of the Redemptorist Convent in Riobamba at night...

Massacre of Catholic Missionaries

A special correspondent of the Kolnische Volkszeitung, writing from Kurasim on August 25, gives a detailed account of the murder of Bishop Spiss and the party who accompanied him in German East Africa. Dr. Spiss, who was a Vicar Apostolic and Titular Bishop, left Dar es Salaam on July 31 with two lay brothers, Andreas Scholzen and Gabriel Sonntag, and two nuns, Sisters Felicitas and Kordula...

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IRISHMEN IN BUSINESS.

(Catholic Union and Times.) Visitors to New York sometimes remark that in the business signs along Broadway Celtic names are scarce, and this is cited as proof that the race has not its former eminence in business. Old residents recall dry goods houses conducted in the earlier history of the city by Irishmen and their descendants...

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS. ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age...

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

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

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

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

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

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

SOCIETY DIRECTORIES.

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

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 8.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Killoran; President, J. H. Kelly; Rec. Sec., J. D'Arcy Kelly, 18 Vallee street.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1868.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; treasurer, M. J. Ryan, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, Branch 26—Organized 18th November, 1888. Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month at 8 o'clock p.m. Officers: Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. P. Killoran; Chancellor, W. F. Wall; President, J. M. Kennedy; 1st Vice-President, J. H. Malachuk; 2nd Vice-President, J. P. Dooley; Recording Secretary, R. M. J. Dolan; 16 Overdale Ave.; Assistant Sec., W. J. Macdonald; Financial Secretary, J. J. Cosigan, 325 St. Urban street; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Marshal, J. Walsh; Guard, M. J. O'Regan; Trustees, T. J. Finn, W. A. Hodgson, P. J. D'Arcy, R. Gahan, T. J. Stevens; Medical Advisers, Dr. H. J. Harrison; Dr. E. J. O'Connor, Dr. G. H. Merrill.

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FOR INFORMATION ADDRESS: P. E. EMILE BELANGER, Supreme Deputy, Secretary, Quebec Grand Council, 85 D'ARIGLON STREET, QUEBEC.

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5 lb. will repair.....25c 10 lb. will renew.....40c This is the best Stove Cement in the market to-day, and is fully guaranteed. GEORGE W. REED & CO ROOFERS, &c. 875 Craig Street.

AT It was small but sturdy Society at St. numbered seven ladies whom were veterans in vice. Indeed, there v current among the irro red immunity from death and matrimony that when a daring of upon the maiden band Miss Mary Grey, all th nuptial Mass with sur not prevent a certain Add when the gap in filled by Daisy Dunn a world of change, in Flaherty, who had sw under three pastors, an ominous nod. Daisy Dunn! a mere whose short frocks Mr washed not half a do Daisy Dunn, whose w never touched any w tic implement than a needle. Daisy Dunn! kept five servants and True, Daisy was a g Miss Mosley, the pres S., and so had a certa pull. 'I'm not saying said Mrs. Flaherty, gu who knew the weight o church matters; 'but i see such a bit of a bu the holy altar, very qu But 'bit of a butter was in the outer world busy bee in the sanctu Mrs. Flaherty was forc Whether it was nature, ply inborn domestic hitherto by the five s French maid, she took ties like a duck to wat of every fast found he from which no golf to baseball game or social lure the season's belle. huge gingham apron th concealed the chic gown pretty gaudier—pompad a white handkerchief, gloves on her dainty Daisy was ready to scr dust vases, mend suppli cofers at her senior's It was a busy group day in the Sunday Scho paring the Repository i ting feast. Palms, potted plan vases, candlesticks, wer pictures profusion rangement, while, potse ladder at a perilous alt lady of her avardupis, surveyed the situation of a practiced general knows the field. Rumors had gone abr adjoining parish was p unusual efforts this y was unanimous reso Malachi's must not be s its labor of love; so it decisive voice the comm issued her orders. "Old Mrs. Morton's ill come, set them aside, Grace, for a while. Th always expects to see the front of the tabernacle. to ask you, Miss Ellen, rent in Father Flynn's ad put his foot into it to-m And what is that you say Fenton has sent only a I put in my order for a fully a month ago! He or lose St. Malachi's cists really seem to lose a at times like these. Let have all the candlesticks twelve, fourteen—My d forgotten the Calvert can A dismayed pause follo nouncement. Then Miss had simply stepped in to tured the flippant suggest "Oh, cut them out this Mosley, they're so big." "Cut them out!" echoed lay, in a shocked tone. wouldn't dare. They wen to the church fifty years General Calvert, and ev grandchild of his—and th Repository to-morrow w know how, where, and v candleabra have disappear "Let me get them," Daisy, cheerfully. "Get them—child! Y lift one of the six branched Flynn keeps them locke house. He told me he ha out in the dining-room will ask Brother Bernard them over inter. Moanin wouldn't mind giving the rubbing up where they s "I call that imposition phyte," laughed Miss Ruf Job we all dodge, Miss D

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS CURES Dyspepsia, Bolls, Pimples, Headaches, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, and all troubles arising from the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood. Mrs. A. Lethbridge, of Ballyduff, Ont., writes: "I believe I would have been in my grave long ago had it not been for Burdock Blood Bitters. I was run down to such an extent that I could scarcely move about the house. I was subject to severe headaches, backaches and dizziness; my appetite was gone and I was unable to do my housework. After using two bottles of B.B.B. I found my health fully restored. I warmly recommend it to all tired and weak women."

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AT ST. MALACHI'S.

(By MARY T. WAAGAMAN)

It was small but select, the Sanctuary Society at St. Malachi's. It numbered seven ladies only, six of whom were veterans in the altar service. Indeed, there was a tradition current among the irreverent that active membership in the S. S. conferred immunity from all mortal ills, death and matrimony included. So that when a daring cavalier broke in upon the maiden band and carried off Miss Mary Grey, all the prestige of a nuptial Mass with surpliced choir did not prevent a certain sense of shock. And when the gap in the ranks was filled by Daisy Dunn! "Ah, it was a world of change, indeed," as Mrs. Flaherty, who had swept the church under three pastors, declared, with an ominous nod.

Daisy Dunn: a mere slip of a girl, whose short frocks Mrs. Flaherty had washed not half a dozen years ago. Daisy Dunn, whose white hands had never touched any weightier domestic implement than an embroidery needle. Daisy Dunn: whose mother kept five servants and a French maid. True, Daisy was a goddaughter of Miss Moseley, the president of the S. S., and so had a certain amount of pull. "I'm not saying it's wrong," said Mrs. Flaherty, guardedly, as one who knew the weight of her words in church matters; "but it's queer to see such a bit of a butterfly around the holy altar, very queer."

But "bit of a butterfly" as Daisy was in the outer world, she proved a busy bee in the sanctuary, as even Mrs. Flaherty was forced to confess. Whether it was nature, grace, or simply inborn domesticity, suppressed hitherto by the five servants and French maid, she took to her new duties like a duck to water. The vigil of every feast found her at her post from which no golf tournament or baseball game or social tea could allure the season's belle. Muffled in a huge gingham apron that effectually concealed the chic gown beneath, her pretty golden pompadour tied up in a white handkerchief, thick chamois gloves on her dainty hands, Miss Daisy was ready to scrape, candle, dust vases, mend surplices, or polish censors at her senior's command.

It was a busy group gathered today in the Sunday School chapel preparing the Repository for the coming feast. Palms, potted plants, flowers, vases, candlesticks, were gathered in picturesque profusion for final arrangement, while, poised on a step-ladder at a perilous altitude for a lady of her avowed status, Miss Moseley surveyed the situation with the ease of a practiced generalissimo who knows the field.

Rumors had gone abroad that the adjoining parish was putting forth unusual efforts this year, and there was unanimous resolve that St. Malachi's must not be surpassed in its labor of love; so it was with a decisive voice the commanding officer issued her orders.

"Old Mrs. Morton's lilies have just come, set them aside, please, Miss Grace, for a while. The dear old soul always expects to see them directly in front of the tabernacle. I will have to ask you, Miss Ellen, to mend the rent in Father Flynn's alb, or he will put his foot into it to-morrow, sure. And what is that you say, Miss Rosa? Fenton has sent only a dozen palms! I put in my order for three dozen fully a month ago! He must fill it or lose St. Malachi's custom. Florists really seem to lose all conscience at times like these. Let us see if we have all the candlesticks ready—ten, twelve, fourteen—My dears, we've forgotten the Calvert candelabra."

A dismayed pause followed this announcement. Then Miss James, who had simply stepped in to assist, ventured the flippant suggestion: "Oh, cut them out this year, Miss Moseley, they're so big."

"Cut them out!" echoed Miss Moseley, in a shocked tone. "My dear, I wouldn't dare. They were presented to the church fifty years ago by old General Calvert, and every great-grandchild of his—and they are legion—who will bend a knee at the Repository to-morrow will want to know how, where, and why those candelabra have disappeared."

six-winged cherubim on those candlesticks have to be scrubbed semi-yearly—from angels of darkness into angels of light. Keep on your gloves, for you will be beyond the help of a manicure for weeks," she warned, as all undaunted, Miss Daisy tripped gaily away to her task.

"Stretch out in that big arm-chair of mine, Tom, and make yourself comfortable," said Father Flynn to the tall University man, who had slipped down to spend Easter week with "Uncle Larry," and recuperate, after a close call from pneumonia, in this softer air.

"Old Biddy is out, like the rest of the women, after an Easter bonnet, but she has put a bit of a girlie in her place that you can call on if you want anything like a glass of milk or a cup of tea. It's at home you are, remember, my boy, at home."

"Thank you, Uncle Larry, though home is a word that seldom enters my vocabulary just now."

"I know it, my lad, I know it," said the old priest, tenderly. "It's a hard, cold, lonely road you've walked since your poor mother, God rest her, left ye ten years ago. But since you won't follow my track, as I once hoped, Tom, the next best thing is to look up a good girl and make a home for yourself."

"Too heroic a measure, uncle. Girls don't like me, and I don't think I like girls."

"Tut, tut, tut!" said Uncle Larry, shaking his head. "That's heresy, or next to it, Tom, my lad. Holy Orders or matrimony is Mother Church's teaching to the men. If you don't like one sacrament take the other, but it's a poor sort of a Catholic that balks at both. But you're half sick now, and it's no time for preaching. Don't forget to take the milk, and, though I am a teetotaler myself, there's a drop of something stronger for weaklings on my sideboard if you should need it, lad. You want bracing up, body and soul, just now."

And with this kindly parting word, Father Flynn betook himself to his confessional, while Mr. Tom Bryan freed himself from collar and necktie, loosened the shirt button from his well-shaped throat, and sank back in the depths of the pastoral easy chair with the pipe and book that had so far supplanted for him all feminine charms.

Spring came early to St. Malachi's. Already the great oaks that shaded the grounds were veiled in tender mists of green, the crocuses that fringed the box-bordered garden were in yellow bloom, from the chapel choir came the silvery voices of the children practicing the Easter chants. Alleluia, they said, and the note of joy seemed echoed from the wakening earth, Alleluia, Alleluia.

The listener dropped the treatise on "Criminal Psychology" that he brought down to study during his holiday, and clasping his hands over his head, lay back on Uncle Larry's shabby cushions and gave himself up to unusual reverie.

Bare of all womanly touch as was

the dim old room, a paternal spirit pervaded its austerity with a homely charm. There was a pile of Sunday School books, a worn catechism on the desk, a lot of small shoes, left for gratuitous distribution, in a corner a half-munched apple under the big sofa, dropped by some little sinner called to pastoral judgment, while over the old colonial mantel, with its broken marble pillars, hung an exquisite copy of Raphael's Madonna, that gave life and color and glow to the bare monastic walls.

The sweet eyes of the Virgin Mother seemed to rest upon the young man with a tenderness that recalled to him the loss that had darkened his early youth. All since had been the cold, grave-academic life in which he had won brilliant place and name, but love and home were not for him—they were beyond his student reach. A strange, new sense of self-pity stirred in his heart. It had been a hard five weeks' struggle in the hospital, with death perilously near. He closed his eyes with a dull sense of weakness and weariness, and was startled to find his lashes wet with unshed tears.

"Good Lord, I must be in for brain softening," he muttered half angrily. "Uncle Larry is right. I want a brace indeed, when I go all to pieces like this." And, starting to his feet, he pulled the old-fashioned bell-ropes with an impatient hand.

But though the summons clanged harshly through the house, there was no response. Again Mr. Bryan rang, and again, with the natural irritability of the masculine convalescent, descended the stairs in no friendly mood to old Biddy's delinquent substitute.

Led by the sound of a fresh, rich voice, he pushed open the dining-room door and faced a young person polishing a pair of heavily branched silver candlesticks with an unusual amount of vigor, while she softly hummed an accompaniment to the children's Easter hymn.

There was a rustic flush on the velvet cheek, and a smudge on the pretty patrician nose that told the six-winged cherubim supporting the silver branches had taxed unaccustomed powers. But Mr. Bryan, as he had said, was not wise in woman-kind.

"My good girl," he began, "didn't you hear that bell?"

The good girl's start and stare were blank and bewildered. Such an introductory address from a collarless stranger, haggard in face and hollow of eye, was a shock, to say the least of it.

"I rang three times," continued the intruder, with the patience of long suffering, "but I suppose you don't know what a bell means. I want a glass of milk, and please be quick about it."

"You want a—a—I don't understand," faltered the "good girl." "A glass of milk—milk—milk—milk—milk," said Mr. Bryan, losing patience at such stupidity, "milk from a cow."

The violet eyes fixed on the speaker began to dilate. This must be either madness or intoxication: never in all her twenty years of life had man looked or talked so in her presence before. And the door was closed behind her and Father Flynn was out!

"I want a glass of milk," repeated the intruder, "and that bottle of brandy on the sideboard there behind you."

"Don't—don't come any nearer." The speaker's voice trembled, but the soldier's spirit in her rose valiantly. "Don't dare come a step nearer, or—" she grasped the silver cherubim in reckless disregard of cost or weight—"I'll throw this candlestick at you, you coward!" The violet eyes were blazing lightning bow. "Walk right out of this room, or—"

"Sure, what is it you're wanting, sur?" and a rosy, rotund person appeared at the door, tray in hand. "I had me hands all black wid polishing the stove, as Aunt Biddy could me, when the bell rang, an' I couldn't come at wanst. But I brought the milk, as his riv'ence bade me, and, sure, Miss Daisy, isn't this the thirty work for pretty hands like yours? Lave me to finish it, darlint."

There was a pause—an absolutely breathless pause—in which the two late antagonists stared at each other speechlessly. Revelation burst upon the daughter of Eve first.

"You—you are Father Flynn's Tom," gasped Miss Daisy, who had heard about the expected arrival of her brother's brilliant class-mate, a woman-hater on whom Dick had warned her it was useless to expend any feminine ammunition.

"And you—you?" Mr. Bryan's wits, although veritable searchlights on all sociological problems, were still in a hopeless haze.

"I am Dick Dunn's sister, Daisy. Perhaps you have heard of me," laughed the lady, roguishly.

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30 to 50 % more advantageous than anywhere else Chas. Desjardins & Co., 1533-1543 ST. CATHERINE STREET.

Heard of her! Heard of this matchless queen of hearts! Mess room and campus had echoed with her name and fame—even to his averted ears. Mr. Bryan clutched at his throat in a vain effort to conceal its reckless dishabille and wished he could sink quietly into some convenient rat-hole. "You see," exclaimed Miss Daisy, continuing to whisk off the disgusting kerchief from her golden pompadour as she spoke, "I am a member of the Sanctuary Society, and came in here to clean the candlesticks for the Repository to-morrow, and, and—" as she summed up the situation, she broke off in irrepressible laughter. "Oh, what a joke it will be on both of us—what a dreadful joke! Dick will keep it up to his dying day. Don't tell, Mr. Bryan, don't let's ever tell."

PSYCHINE

Taken promptly and faithfully according to directions will not only invariably prevent Consumption but will never fail to cure any of these lesser diseases which are always the forerunners of Consumption. CONSECON, May 30th, 1904.

It affords me pleasure to speak of the merits of Psychine, which I found to be a marvelous tonic and tissue builder. I was taken down with a bad cold, which settled on my lungs. In fact, I believe I was never free from colds for months previous, and tried many of the common cure-alls and cheap nostrums you see advertised, but obtained no relief. I had then learned that such remedies are merely palliative and not curative preparations. Friends advised Psychine, and after taking several bottles I became sound and strong again. Scores of my friends have been saved much suffering with Psychine, and I voluntarily give permission for the publication of this statement. C. W. MORRISON.



Psychine (Pronounced Si-keen.) For sale at all drug stores, \$1.00 per bottle. If your druggist hasn't Psychine in stock call at Dr. Slocum, Limited, 179 King street, west, Toronto, and a large sample bottle will be given you free as a test. To persons living outside of Toronto a sample mailed upon request.

young student face, a while ago so sad and weary. "I couldn't ask anything better for either of them. But," he added aloud, with a paternal twinkle in his eye, "isn't this a sudden conversion Tom, a wonderfully sudden conversion?" "It is," answered Tom, hastily; "Uncle Larry was lecturing me this afternoon on some unorthodox opinions of mine, Miss Daisy. I retract them all, uncle. You were right, altogether right. And I may call to-morrow, Miss Daisy?" And he called the morrow, and the next morrow, and the next. And before the crocuses in Uncle Larry's garden bloomed again, there was another Nuptial Mass with surpliced choir in old St. Malachi's, and the six-winged cherubim shone in all their glory upon the high altar that the Sanctuary Society had decked with loving hands as the "bit of a butterfly" fluttered from their maiden ranks forever.—Benziger's Magazine.

DIDN'T CONSIDER HIM A SUCCESS.

The late Protestant Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, made friends with the guide on a hunting expedition he took once, near Louisville, and they became quite intimate. After some good times together the guide asked, "Say, Dudley, what business do you follow?" "I am a preacher."

"Oh, got out! What are you giving me!" "But I am. I preach every Sunday in Louisville." "Well," said the guide, "you ain't stuck up like the preachers our way." And he accepted an invitation to hear his now friend preach the next Sunday. After the service the Bishop greeted him as familiarly as in the woods, and asked him how he liked it.

The guide hesitated for a minute, then said: "Well, I ain't much of a judge of this kind of thing, Parson, but I riz with you and sot with you, and saw the thing through the best I knew how; but all the same, if my opinion is worth anything to you, the Lord meant you for a shooter!"



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Don't experiment with new and untried remedies, but procure that which has stood the test of time. Dr. Fowler's has stood the test for 60 years, and has never failed to give satisfaction. It is rapid, reliable and effectual in its action and does not leave the bowels constipated. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES. THEY'RE DANGEROUS. Mrs. Bronson Linn, Aylmer, Que., writes: "I have used Dr. Fowler's Strawberry Cataplasms for several years past and I find it is the only medicine which brings relief in so short a time."

OCTOBER WEDDINGS.

LEPAGE-NICHOLSON.

St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, was the scene, on Tuesday last, of the 3rd instant, of a very pretty wedding, the contracting parties being Mr. Eugene Lepage, of Old Forge, N.Y., and Miss Theresa Nicholson, daughter of the late John Joseph Nicholson, of this city.

BRENNAN-MULCAIR.

Tuesday morning, at St. Anthony's Church, took place the marriage of Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Mulcair, to Mr. Joseph Brennan, cashier of the American Tobacco Co.

ENGLISH PRESBYTERIAN REBUKES A BIGOT.

We learn from the June number of the Catholic Magazine for South Africa that at the John Knox anniversary held at Pietermaritzburg, Natal, one of the speakers, a Presbyterian minister named Smith, took occasion to give the Church a few vicious digs—thereby showing himself a worthy son of the Scotch "Reformer."

Catholic Education Shows Another Success in Newfoundland.

The results of the Council of Higher Education examinations at Newfoundland have just been published. It is a noteworthy fact that St. Bonaventure's College and Littledale Academy of St. John's, and all the other convents and Catholic schools throughout the Island have done splendid work.

them being for first division work, and on several papers over 70 per cent were obtained by the boys of the College. In the preliminary grade the success of the College was phenomenal.

In the intermediate scholarships Littledale Academy (St. Bride's) captures two, the largest number for the city schools. In the intermediate subject prizes, Littledale wins first for English composition, and in the other grades the pupils have taken a large number of prizes.

In the intermediate grade scholarships (Jubilee Collegiate \$100, open to outport schools) a pupil of Harbor Grace Convent wins it. The convent at Burin wins two special prizes for fancy needlework, while the Catholic school at Kelligrews won the special prize for freehand drawing and several other Catholic schools won many prizes.

A pupil of the Christian Brothers who passed in the first division of the associate grade is the youngest candidate that has ever passed such an examination at Newfoundland. The pupil in question is only fourteen years of age, while the limit of age for those competing in the preliminary grade for prizes and scholarships is fifteen.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

FLOUR—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$5 to \$5.10; strong bakings, \$4.70 to \$4.80; winter wheat patents, \$4.50 to \$4.60, and straight rollers, \$4.25 to \$4.35 in wood; in bags, \$1.90 to \$2.00.

ROLLED OATS—\$2.30 to \$2.35 per bag.

PEARL HOMINY—\$1.85 to \$1.90 in bags of 98 lbs.

CORNMEAL—\$1.45 to \$1.50 per bag.

MILL FEED—Ontario bran in bulk \$15 to \$15.50; shorts, \$20 to \$20.50; Manitoba bran in bags, \$17 to \$18; shorts, \$20 to \$21.

HAY—No. 1, \$8.50 to \$9 per ton on track; No. 2, \$7.50 to \$8; clover, \$6 to \$6.25; clover mixed, \$6.50 to \$7.

OATS—No. 2, 34c to 34½c per bush; No. 3, 33c to 33½c.

BEANS—Choice primes, \$1.50 to \$1.55 per bushel; hand picked, \$1.65 to \$1.70.

PEAS—Boiling, in car load lots, 95c to \$1 per bushel; No. 2, 77c.

POTATOES—New potatoes in bags of 80 lbs., 50 to 55c; in bags of 90 lbs., 65c.

HONEY—White clover in comb, 12c to 13c per section in 1 lb. sections; extract, 6½c to 7c; buckwheat, 5½c to 6c.

PROVISIONS — Heavy Canadian short cut pork, \$22, light short cut, \$18 to \$19; American cut clear fat back, \$20.25 to \$20.75; compound lard, 5½c to 6½c; Canadian pure lard 10c to 10½c kettle rendered, 11c to 12c, according to quality; hams 12c to 14c, according to size; bacon, 14c to 15c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, \$9.25 to \$9.50 alive, \$6.50 to \$6.87½, mixed lots.

EGGS — Straight stock, 20c; No. 1 candled, 18½c to 19c.

BUTTER—Choice creamery, 22½c; undergrades, 21½c to 22½c; dairy, 18c to 20c.

CHEESE—Ontario, 11½c to 11½c; Quebec, 11c to 11½c.

ASHES—First pots, \$5.40; seconds, at \$4.70; first pots, none.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Board prices and the opinion of local produce dealers seem to indicate that there has been a further fractional weakness in the butter and cheese situation. Orders from British cheese buyers are not coming in very fast, but considerable quantities of September cheese are being shipped on account of old orders.

The butter market is quiet and jobbers report an appreciable dropping off in the orders from England. A dairy produce report for the week ending Sept. 30, received by mail from Liverpool, says that choicest qualities of butter have been in good request, and are again dearer on the week. Lower qualities have been moderately inquired for.

The local prices quoted are 22½c for finest, and from 21½c to 22½c for undergrades.

Sherbrooke, Oct. 9.—Boarded, 340 pigs; butter and 47 boxes of cheese; butter sold at 22½c and cheese at 11c.

The John Murphy Company Limited

Linens Again! This is Time at Actual Cost

We don't want you to get the idea that this is a "bargain" store, because it isn't. We never make "bargains," but for your sake as well as ours we do take advantage of every trade accident that happens our way.

TABLECLOTHS.

8-4 x 8-4, regular \$2.25, \$2.50, \$2.75, for \$1.65 each. 8-4 x 8-4, regular \$3.25 and \$4.00, for \$2.25 each. 8-10, regular \$2.25 and \$2.50, for \$1.50 each.

CHEAP RATES

Second Class from Montreal until October 31st, 1905. Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore. \$48.90. Spokane, Wash., Nelson, Rossland, Midway, B.C. \$46.40.

5000 CHILDREN'S PRAYER BOOKS, 10c EACH.

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DONAHOE'S.

A number of timely subjects are presented in the current issue of Donahoe's Magazine. The memorable visit of President Roosevelt to the Wyoming Monument is described by N. Newcome, who recalls the thrilling scenes in the Wyoming Valley, leading up to the massacre.

The Rev. Francis A. Cunningham has an interesting paper on Frederic Ozanam's great work for the poor; and Mother Paul depicts the life of American nuns on the African Missions. Many rare pictures illustrate the latter.

Mildred Brennan writes pleasantly of "The First Day in School," recounting many familiar experiences; and Caroline Domett tells of the house-keeping of an American girl studying art in Paris.

"An Australian Singer" and recent plays form the theme of the monthly dramatic review by the Rev. John Talbot Smith.

"The Preaching of St. Francis of Assisi" is considered in a thoughtful paper by Rev. Leo L. Dubois, S.M.

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

"No malaria around here?" said the man with a tourist's cap. "Nope," answered Farmer Corn-tassel. "Nor mosquitoes?" "Nope."

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM NEW YORK Excursion

From Montreal (Round Trip Fare) \$10.65

Going date, October 12. Return limit, October 22. MONTREAL AND NEW YORK. Shortest line, quickest service. 1 1/2 Montreal 7:45 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 7:40 p.m. Arr Montreal 7:15 a.m., 1:15 p.m., 12:15 p.m. Daily. Week days.

REDUCED FARES

Until October 31, 1905. Second Class Colonist Fares from Montreal to SEATTLE, VICTORIA, VANCOUVER and PORTLAND, \$48.90. ROSSELAND, NELSON, TRAIL, ROSSLAND, SPOKANE, \$46.40. ANACONDA, BUTTE, HELENA, SALT LAKE, \$45.90. COLORADO SPRINGS, DENVER, PUEBLO, \$45.50. SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES, \$49.00.

CITY TICKET OFFICES

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Cheap Rates

Second Class from Montreal until October 31st, 1905. Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore. \$48.90. Spokane, Wash., Nelson, Rossland, Midway, B.C. \$46.40. Missoula, Mont., Salt Lake, Utah, Helena, Butte and Anaconda. \$45.90. San Francisco, Los Angeles, via Chicago only. \$49.00.

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NEW ONTARIO

Low round trip Second Class rates from Stations in QUEBEC and ONTARIO, OTTAWA, WINCHESTER and East; also from HALEY'S and PEMBOKE TO STURGEON FALLS, VERNER, WARREN, MARKHAM, MANSFIELD, BLIND RIVER, OHELMSTADT, and DESBARATS.

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are the splendid advantages offered in every department of our school—The Central Business College, OF TORONTO.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB

ALL SAILORS WELCOME, Concert every Wednesday Evening

All Local Talent invited. The finest in the City pay us a visit. MASS at 9:30 a.m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Saturday evening. Open week days from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, Superior Court.

Dame Josephine Enlow has this day instituted an action in separation as to property against her husband, Edward Lawrence Wood, of the City of Montreal, in the said District of Montreal, trader.

MURPHY, LUSSIER & ROY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

S. GARSLEY CO. LIMITED THURSDAY, October 12, 1905.

LADIES, NOW FOR THE WINTER COAT!

All the town is finding out daily that there's no stock quite like the GARSLEY display. Everything here from a well-tailored and low priced coat to the most elaborate Parisian, or the most severely artistic New York styles. Now, read these Specials:—

5 LADIES' THREE-QUARTER LENGTH COATS, in fine Black Beaver Cloth, fancy braided collar, turn back cuffs, fly front, tailored collar, best mercerized lining, side pockets. We have every size in this group. A moderate estimate of their value would be \$9.50. Special Bargain.....\$5.95. 100 LADIES' THREE-QUARTER LENGTH COATS, of Brown and Fawn Herringbone Tweed, reversible, plain brown cloth facings, newest full top sleeves, fancy turn-back cuffs, full plated back, side pockets, fly front, perfectly tailored and finished in the best possible manner. Regularly sold at \$12.00, Special.....\$7.25. We have other Coats, in hundred of prices, up to \$125.00.

WHAT DO YOU PAY FOR YOUR DERBY?

The more you pay, the better the quality should be. That theory is put into practice at this store. We begin at \$1.59, because you cannot get an All Fur Silk Trimmed Hat for less anywhere. Every \$1.59 HAT we sell we guarantee to keep its shape and color. Besides being all fur and silk trimmed, it has an imported leather inside band. A man who buys one of these comes back again and brings his friends with him.

LOVELY MINK STOLE AND MUFFS.

Despite the increased price of skins, our prices are on the same moderate scale as in former years. Particularly does this apply to Mink and Alaska Sable Skins. We anticipated the advance in these Furs, and can consequently offer all the new shapes and styles at LAST YEAR'S PRICES. MINK STOLE, long fronts, finished with twelve tails, fit gracefully, lined with best quality satin. Will set off any costume to excellent advantage. Prices.....\$27.00 and \$33.00. MINK STOLE, all fur, finished with eight fine tails. Special at.....\$37.90. MINK STOLE, extra wide, trimmed with twelve splendid tails. Special.....\$43.60. MINK THROW OVERS, richly trimmed with chenille, best satin lined. Special value at.....\$30.00. MUFFS TO MATCH, in newest styles, round and flat shapes.

GREAT REDUCTIONS ON UMBRELLAS.

Only once in a while do you get such an opportunity as this. Just the sort of Umbrella you wish for, at a much smaller price than you anticipated paying.

THE S. GARSLEY CO. LIMITED

1675 to 1783 Notre Dame St. 184 to 194 St. James St. Montreal

MONEY TALKS

If you were offered Dollar Bills for 80c, it goes without saying that you would buy as many as you could. Well, that is just what we are doing. All our immense stock of CARPETS, OILCLOTHS, RUGS, MATS, FURNITURE, BEDS, BEDDING and CURTAINS, at 20 per cent discount till October 15th (just another week).

DOLLARS FOR 50c.

About 75 SQUARES, in WILTON, AXMINSTER and BRUSSELS, made up of odds and ends, at HALF PRICE. Whatever your needs in House Furnishings, this is your opportunity, and the place is

THOMAS LIGGET, 2474 St. Catherine Street.

THE NECESSITY OF GOOD EXAMPLE.

Non-Catholics are sometimes sorely puzzled by the actions of some of their neighbors who profess to be Catholic. These non-Catholics may not be good-living people themselves, they may understand very little of the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church, but they know at least that Catholics are expected to lead good lives. The religion they profess requires this; and when a Catholic falls short of what even those who profess no religion attain, these latter are often shocked.

There is, of course, a vast difference between natural morality and the supernatural virtues that the Christian aims to practice. This does not mean that natural virtue is to be neglected, or that its importance is lessened by the fact that the Christian aims at something higher. The practice of the natural virtues is a part of the complete Christian life which all are bound to attain, as far as possible.

Our Catholic people too often forget that good may be accomplished by good example. We speak not here of avoiding bad example. The Catholic who is unfaithful to the teaching of his religion, who publicly disregards his obligations as a Christian and as a citizen, is the greatest stumbling-block to those outside the Church. They point to him as a reason for their attitude towards the



BISHOP HEDD

The Right Rev. Dr. Hedd, of Newport, preaching a sermon on the occasion of St. Brigid's Day, Co. Longford, took occasion to say: "And it came to pass that the whole city of Jerusalem was men in the air, in armor, and armed with bands of soldiers" (II M 2). We take from the Journal the following report of the beautiful discourse. It is impossible for any set his foot on the soil much less to mix with her. learn to know them, with a strange sense of the need of the protection of God. arises from the conviction is to what one otherwise here is a people who have Catholic Faith in the face human attempt to make them up, and who keep it to the spite of every temptation. it.

SOMETHING SEEMS TO THEM.

Some power unseen appears than in its keeping. They have their frailties and their comings, but these do not other peoples, led to apostasy, they labor, they learn like other men; but, as a whole, neither their hearts, neither their intellect, neither learning nor piety, would seem to make them loyal to their faith, as if protection from above made weapons harmless and laid on poison that it should not them. This privilege of protection, this special blessing of Heaven, is without doubt, measure due to the merits intercession of the Saints. All good comes to men by nation of Jesus, by His Passion, by His Cross. They are a part of the earthly nation of Jesus. They stand they enforce Him, they comfort, and they make men ways comprehend Him. It is out of sight, but near; they neither near nor far, ping us round with spaces not earthly length or breadth—there are THE HOSTS OF THE SA IRELAND.

Are they any other beings

land once knew in the body they parted with their essences, or lost in their flight. Heaven the quickest and forces of their being? Is it truly burnt out—is their their brothers' souls all gone their ardor for all that God distinguished? Remember you were St. Patrick, the Patron of the nation, was its earliest greatest Evangelist. His history—which there is no detail upon here—is that of a man, by divine light, by the intense conviction, that he to the Irish race, and that him. It is of little consequence he was born, or whence he came, or how he traversed and the soil of Ireland. From Wick, from Meath to the south-west—from thence to the north-west—the triumph of his achievement of the conquest of historic Armagh—the coronation, he planted the Cross, bequeathed his conquest to of his own spirit who were called him. "For the good of the nation"—that was his own phrase—the love of Christ impelled him. "Therefore," he goes on, "may God never permit that I lose His people whom I have loved" ("Confession"). And on Patrick, as the gracious legend it was granted to him to of the people of Ireland around his stacks of birds, darkening the sky, thronged around the wicket where he prayed—the d the living, even those who were absent, and a divine voice came: "Go up, ye saints, to the mountain which is high and bless the people of Ireland the years since his body was