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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 distanced 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.

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 attending colleges of their own faith?"—Fortnightly Review.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.



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.

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 threshers here on Monday. I had a nice drive last Sunday to Ribouct. 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 absentmindedly, 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 laundress.
"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!"

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 with you to supper, Josie?" called a fresh 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.

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 what 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

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.

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 draws 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 pied sleepers on the grass tops open their wings and begin their daily rounds.

CONSTITUTION
CURE CONSTIPATION
LAXA-LIVER PILLS
CURE CONSTIPATION

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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. No 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 book 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.

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, plaied 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 reproving 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

conversation, and mixed with gravity. It cannot be remembered that any have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. In proportion of body most excellent—a man for his singular beauty surpassing the children of men."
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 tumbled 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.

FITS CURED

If you, your friends or relatives suffer with Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vincent's 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.

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.

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

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.

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 psalms 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.

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, Randall 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.

OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN KANE.

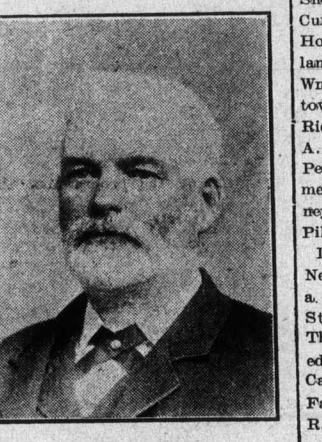
The death occurred of Mr. John Kane, at his residence, 38 Donegani street, on Wednesday evening, the 4th of October. Although he had been ailing for some time past, his death came suddenly, but he was well prepared. The late Mr. Kane was born in Ireland in 1837 and came to Montreal with his parents when 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,

HUSBAND, WIFE AND HOME.

BY CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS.
Author of "The Redemption of David Corson," etc.
CHARACTER-BUILDING book for the home. Charles Frederic Goss needs no introduction to the reading public. His very first book of fiction, "The Redemption of David Corson," immediately caught the public and it went into repeated enormous editions, and was recognized as one of the most powerful stories of the day. As a weekly contributor to the Sunday-School Times his name is a household word in thousands of homes throughout the world. We have had essays on the strenuous life, the simple life, and now Dr. Goss treats of the greatest of all—the home life. Its blessed common sense is more valuable than radium to bring and keep sunshine in the home. "Glim and grumpy people will feel like going out of business after reading this book." Tears, laughter and wisdom in every chapter. Send your order to-day for a copy of this fascinating book on home life. CLOTH, 288 PAGES. \$1.00 POSTPAID.
WILLIAM BRIGGS, PUBLISHER
29-33 RICHMOND ST. WEST, TORONTO.

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.



MR. JOHN KANE.

which was largely attended, took place to St. Ann's Church on Saturday at 9 o'clock, where a solemn requiem was said. Rev. Father Reitelveldt, C.S.S.R., received the body, and also sang the Mass, with Rev. Father Vanbomden 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.

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.

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 T. 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. Tullion, 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-

ITEMS OF

MONTH OF THE
October is always
and most enjoyable
months in this coun-
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and golden colors
leaves? To the Ca-
October has other charms
with which nature is
lightful days. It is
apart by Catholic
Lady of the Rosary
dian Angels.

Next Sunday afternoon meeting of St. George's Society will be held.

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

Rev. Father Martin pastor of St. Patrick's Church, delivered the sermon at the funeral of the late Michael's Church, held Sunday next.

Rev. Dr. Luke Callahan confined to his room since for some days, were attacked of grippe and returned to the morning.

The concert to be held day evening at St. Michael's Church, St. Craig and Panet streets, the organ fund of St. Michael's Church, promises to be a great gold mine to be ward for the ticket sales.

At St. Agnes Church morning the second requiem service was offered in repose of the soul of Father McDermott.

was Rev. Father M. C. St. Patrick's, assisted by the Fahey, St. Gabriel and Rev. Father Cullin as sub-deacon.

MORE MISSIONS.

Three Redemptorist missionaries lately from Belgium, gone to Brandon, and go to Ste. Anne de Belleville.

CHANGES AMONG.

Rev. Father R. E. O. Michael's, has been transferred to Agnes Parish, and Singleton, of St. Agnes' Parish, has been transferred to St. Patrick's, assisted by the Fahey, St. Gabriel and Rev. Father Cullin as sub-deacon.

REHEARSAL OF

On Sunday evening and Benediction, the James Cathedral gave Prof. Couture's new which is a composition. The music of this Mass with the new chant as His Holiness Pope Pius X.

A RETREAT AT THE

Rev. Father Fiset, Redemptorist, gave a retreat to the boys of St. Mary's School, Demontigny, under the direction of the Charity. There were attendance, 40 of the fish-speaking.

ORDAINED AT

Rev. Father Walsh, St. Ann's Parish, Montreal, ordained to the priesthood at the Redemptorist Convent, Beaufort, St. Michael's, St. Agnes, as well as for Mass. The True Witness new Redemptorist convent, the sacred ministry.

ST. AGNES' LOSSES.

CHAELE'S GARDEN.
Rev. Father Singleton, St. Agnes, has been transferred to St. Michael's. Father's appointment to St. Agnes' Parish, and during his career he has been successful for the good. Every enterprise he took was crowned with success. The bright parish are due to his able efforts. Father Singleton's death is a great loss to St. Agnes.

CANDLES And Oils for the Sanctuary.

Best quality—as cheap as the cheapest. All goods absolutely guaranteed.
W. E. BLAKE, 123 Church St. Toronto, Can.

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...

Death of Cardinal Pierotti.

Rome, Sept. 18.—Cardinal Raffaele Pierotti died in the Monastery of the Dominicans, near the Church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, on Sept. 8, the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. He had lived 69 years, during fifty of them wearing the white wool of St. Dominic.

Great humility and love for the poor characterized him all through his career from Dominican novice to the Cardinalate. There are those here who praise rather his great learning and keen insight into the world's ways.

SURPRISE SOAP A PURE HARD SOAP. We Tell Our Friends there isn't any soap made, as good as "SURPRISE," which is "A Pure Hard Soap" that washes well and wears well.

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.

CARDINAL MORAN AND SOCIALISM.

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TOURING IRELAND IN AN AUTO.

From an Irish exchange we learn that Most Rev. Dr. Glennon, Archbishop of St. Louis, arrived in Malloy, August 19th. With a friend he was making a motor car tour through Ireland.

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.

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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.

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.

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ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1863; revised 1840. Meets 1st 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. Tansy.

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.

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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 we 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 feast 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 surpl coiffers 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 disappea "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 phye," laughed Miss Ruf Job we all dodge, Miss D

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 coffers 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."

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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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