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The True Witness

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1905. PRICE FIVE CENTS

VINDICATED BY HIS ENEMIES.

The following letter, addressed to the editor of the New York Times Saturday Review of Books, by Jean B. Sabate, a well known Hawaiian journalist, at present in New York, living at 128 West Twenty-ninth street, will be read by the admirers of Father Damien, the martyr priest of Molokai, with mingled feelings of gratitude and indignation. They will be grateful because it removes, even from the minds of his enemies, the slightest taint that clung to the memory of the saintly Damien by reason of the vile slander circulated by Rev. Dr. Hyde. Catholics and honest persons of every creed will thrill with indignation when they learn that the absolute and definite vindication of the apostle of the lepers has been delayed for sixteen years through "the almost criminal silence of the person or persons in possession of the facts."

"My attention having been called to a paragraph in the queries department of the Times's Saturday Review of Books, in which the old charges against Father Damien, the martyr priest of Molokai, are revived, I hereby appeal to your sense of justice to print the following at your earliest convenience:

A MANLY AND GENEROUS DEFENCE OF THE APOSTLE OF THE LEPEERS.

"The whole controversy originated in the now famous letter of Rev. Dr. Hyde, to a brother clergyman, written about sixteen years ago. You will remember, if you think the matter over, that Dr. Hyde did say worse things of Father Damien than Robert Louis Stevenson ever permitted himself to say, and it was for this very reason that Stevenson wrote his manly and generous defence of the apostle of lepers. Dr. Hyde never went to the leper settlement, and never saw Father Damien.

"Stevenson went to the leper settlement as a guest of the Hawaiian Government, remained there eight days, but, strangely enough, failed to hear a single word against his morality, even from the bitterest enemy. Stevenson as a Protestant went to Molokai in the hope of finding something against the priest, something which would tend to his discredit in the eyes of mankind; but after a rigid investigation on the ground returned with the conviction that Damien was a 'man with all the grime of mankind, but a saint and a hero all the more for that.' And Stevenson was right, as has lately been proven.

TESTIMONY FROM AN EYE WITNESS.

"The mysterious thing in the whole affair was the silence of Dr. Hyde's information. Notwithstanding your statement that 'the cult of the leper priest was largely among Protestants and non-Catholics,' the only assailants of Father Damien's memory have been Protestants. And while it is true that some Protestants in the United States, and England have generously come forward in his defence, his only champions in Hawaii have been members of his own Church. The writer has been for seven years a resident of Hawaii, has visited the leper settlement of Molokai as a newspaper man, and therefore knows whereof he speaks.

"At Honolulu the members of the Congregational Church—the church which was the first on the ground and had the best opportunities, but failed to utilize them—have been until a few weeks ago the bitterest enemies of Father Damien. Probably because he accomplished that which none of them dared to do. Dr. Hyde, Dr. Pond, Mrs. Caselle, Mr. Brigham were and have been the leaders in the long campaign of vilification and misrepresentation. The late Bishop Gulstan, Bishop Liberty, Father Clements and Father Woodson (Damien's comrades and co-laborers), John A. Hughes, Thomas McTigue and Frank D. Creedon—these were the energetic and tireless defenders of the leper priest whenever his memory was assailed. And their performances have lately been rewarded.

"After sixteen years of almost criminal silence, after sixteen years of malevolent efforts to blacken the memory of a good and noble and saintly man, Dr. Pond, a Congregational

POPE CLEMENT VIII. AND IRISH LIBERTY.

The letter, to which the following is an answer, recently was copied into the True Witness from The Tablet:

Sir,—Your correspondent, who signs himself 'A Loyal Irish Catholic,' accuses me of 'gross misrepresentation of the teaching and acts of the Catholic Church.' This is a serious charge, and one which, if true, would justify my expulsion from the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland. In justice, therefore, to me, I ask you to allow me to give to your readers the text of the Bull of Clement VIII. as published in the Abbe MacGeoghegan's 'History of Ireland,' which proves that I have not been guilty of misrepresentation and which I read at the Catholic Truth Conference. It is as follows:

Pope Clement VIII., to all and each of our venerable brethren, the archbishops, bishops and prelates; also to our dearly beloved sons the princes, counts, barons, and the people of Ireland; greeting, health and apostolic benediction. Having learned that, through the exhortations of the Roman Pontiffs our predecessors, and those of the Holy See, and ours, you have been encouraged to recover your freedom, and to defend and maintain it against the reformers, also that you have and are united to second and support with all your means, first, James Fitzgerald, of happy memory, who, as long as he hath lived, has made generous efforts to shake off the cruel yoke of slavery which the English who have deserted the Holy Roman Church, have imposed upon you; subsequently John Fitzgerald, cousin-german of the said James, and latterly our dear and illustrious son, Prince Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, Barga of Dungannon, and Captain-General of the Catholic army; that these generals and their troops, aided by the God of Armies, have performed many heroic deeds, in fighting valiantly against their enemies, and are determined to persevere in opposing them; in order, therefore, to secure your attachment and that of your Generals and of the said troops to this cause, it is our desire to bestow on you our spiritual favors, as our predecessors have done. Trusting to the merces of God and to the authority of His apostles Peter and Paul, we grant to each and every one of you, who follow the said General O'Neill, and his army for the defence of the Catholic Faith, aid, in provisions, arms, or other warlike stores, or assist him in any manner whatever, provided you have confessed your sins, and if possible received Holy Communion, the full remission of your sins; and likewise grant all the indulgences which the Roman Pontiffs have been accustomed to bestow on those who fight against the Turks, for the recovery of the Holy Land.

LAST OF THE SEASON.

Last evening witnessed the close of another series of the Catholic sailors' concerts. The entertainment was in the hands of the Jas. McCreedy Co., and Mr. Smith, who was expected to act as president for the evening, being confined to his home by sickness, was replaced by Mr. P. C. McKenna, who acquitted himself most worthily. The programme was long, and called forth the presence of many a well-known and welcome performer. The parts taken by Misses Marion O'Rielly, Flossie Lynch, Walker and Ferguson, in their respective specialties, as well as those of Messrs. Danphy, Leroux, Lamoureux, Grimes and Cloutier, deserve special mention. This being the last regular entertainment of the season, the lady performers were all presented with bouquets as a souvenir of the occasion, and a flash light photo was taken by Mr. P. J. Gordon.

On the whole the evening was a delightful one and well calculated to assure the many Catholic sailors who frequent our port that here in Montreal there are friends ever ready to assist in making their stay amongst them both happy and attractive. While we have just announced the last regular concert of the Catholic Sailors' Club for the season, yet we were informed by the chairman that on next Wednesday evening an entertainment would be given to Messrs. Mallon and Grimes, both seamen, and both favorites, in recognition of the special services which they have rendered to the Club during the season just closed, and we wish them every success with their well-earned tribute.

CUBAN POET DEAD.

Jose Maria de Heredia, the poet and member of the French Academy, is dead at Paris. He was born in Cuba in 1842. He was a son of Jose Maria de Heredia, who was considered the greatest of the Spanish-American poets.

A Cure for Fever and Ague—Farrar's Vegetable Pills are compounded for use in any climate, and they will be found to preserve their powers in any latitude. In fever and ague they act upon the secretions and neutralize the poison which has found its way into the blood. They correct the impurities which find entrance into the system through drinking water or food and if used as a preventive fever is avoided.

STRANGE MARRIAGE CASE.

The Penal Laws and Their Effect Upon Catholic Marriage.

The strange case of Swift v. Swift, the decision in which was given recently by the Irish Master of the Rolls, has resulted in a verdict for the defendant. The crucial point in the case was whether a marriage contracted in Austria between a Protestant and Catholic and solemnized by a Catholic priest was valid in Britain. The Master of the Rolls held it was. Perhaps the most interesting circumstance in the case was the glimpse afforded of the Penal Laws, on which the plaintiff relied to invalidate the Austrian marriage.

The remarks of the Master of the Rolls on the Penal Laws are worth republishing. He said in part: The writ in the present action was issued on the 3rd of February, 1904. The first question that arose was obviously as to the marriage in Austria with the Baroness. The certificate that had been produced was conclusive proof that it was celebrated in the only way that would have been lawful in Austria, and the evidence of the two Austrian lawyers who had been examined, Dr. De Griez and Dr. Krenn, was that that certificate would be accepted in an Austrian court as evidence of a marriage legally concluded; that there was absolutely no machinery in Austria then and even at the present day by which a marriage legally celebrated between a Catholic and a non-Catholic could be dissolved; and that such a marriage could only be annulled on grounds that existed before marriage. The disability that was relied on by the plaintiff was created by the 19th George II., chapter 13, an Irish statute of the year 1745, which was in force in the year 1833. Its first section recited that the law then existing to prevent Popish priests from celebrating marriages had been found to be ineffectual. A previous statute had made it a hanging matter for the priests. The section then provided that after the 1st of May, 1746, any marriage celebrated by a Popish priest between a Papist and a person who had been or professed to be a Protestant within twelve months before the celebration, or between two Protestants, should be absolutely null and void to all intents and purposes, without any process, judgment, or sentence of law whatever. There could be no doubt that the Austrian marriage was celebrated by a Roman Catholic priest. But some restriction must be imposed on the language of this section. It contained no reference to the locality in which the marriage was celebrated; but it manifestly gave no power to avoid marriages between the subjects of foreign States over whom this country had no jurisdiction. It must receive a rational interpretation. No doubt if the priest had celebrated the marriage in Ireland he would have been within the enactment. But that was not the present case. The act was to prevent Popish priests from celebrating marriages but not to prevent Protestants and Catholics from contracting marriage. Such marriages had always been lawful in Ireland. Even the cruelty of the Irish native Parliament never dreamt of rendering them illegal per se. It had been stated that this Act was part of a code. That was quite true; but the code dealt exclusively with subjects of the King and with the celebration of marriages within the Kingdom of Ireland. The 12th George the 1st, passed in 1725, made the celebration of such marriages penal and a felony, but it did not annul them. It did not say that the marriages should be null and void; it made it penal on the part of the clergyman who celebrated them. From the code it was to be deduced that mixed marriages were discouraged and were rendered void after the 1st of May, 1746, if celebrated by a Popish priest; but that did not extend to marriages celebrated abroad. On the contrary, marriages celebrated abroad had been always perfectly good and valid if unimpeachable on some other ground. He was therefore of opinion that the marriage of the 3rd of February, 1833, was perfectly valid.

The papers, as a matter of fact, consist of the marriage certificate, duly witnessed; the mortgage on the palace at Brighton; a letter written by George IV., and also a will written by him; and a letter written by the clergyman who performed the marriage ceremony, with a note to it by Mrs. Fitzherbert herself. One may add that the news of Mrs. Fitzherbert's vindication is received with particular gratification in Catholic circles. It was, it will be remembered, with the sanction of the Catholic Church that Mrs. Fitzherbert continued her intimacy with the King after his unhappy 'marriage' with Caroline of Brunswick. It may be recalled that Mrs. Fitzherbert was by birth a Smythe, and a member of the family whose present head is Sir John Walter Smythe, of Eshe Hall, Durham.

Pope's Envoy Honored in Japan.

Prince Fushima, representing the Emperor, gave a luncheon last week at the Shiba Palace, Tokio, to Bishop O'Connell, the special envoy of the Pope to Japan, Baron Katsura, the Prime Minister, was one of the guests. The Jiji Shimbun, the leading independent journal, expresses great satisfaction at the re-opening of direct communication with the Vatican.

TWO SCHOOLS.

I put my heart to school,
In the world where men grow wise,
"Go out," I said, "and learn the rule
Come back when you win the prize."
My heart came back again,
"And where is the prize?" I cried,
"The rule was false, and the prize
Was pain,
And the teacher's name was Pride."
I put my heart to school,
In the woods where wild birds sing,
In the fields where flowers spring,
Where brooks run cool and clear.
"Go out," I said, "you are only a fool,
But perhaps they can teach you
here."
"And why do you stay so long,
My heart, and where do you roam?"
The answer came with a laugh and a song,
"I find this school is home."
—Henry Van Dyke.

ACTOR BECOMES A TRAPPIST.

Otero Nelsonetti, an Italian actor of acknowledged ability, has entered the Trappist order at Gethsemani, Ky. From the glitter and applause of the Roman and Florentine theatres Nelsonetti went to Oberammergau seven years ago to study for the character of the Saviour, in which role he eventually played. When the last Passion Play was given in 1900 he won the plaudits of the world.

Romance of a Royal Marriage.

Last week the book which tells the true story of the marriage of Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV. was published by Longman's, London, the author being Mr. W. H. Wilkins. It is full of very interesting material. The long disputed marriage, it appears, took place in Mrs. Fitzherbert's own drawing-room. The Prince wooed her long and earnestly, and she consented to become his wife only on her return from a tour to the Continent undertaken to escape his solicitations. That the fickle-minded monarch had some tender regard for her, even at the last, is shown by the statement that on his deathbed he was found to be wearing her portrait upon a chain about his neck. The

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

"A bump of destructiveness, like a soft voice, is an excellent thing in a woman," remarked the housekeeper. "In a place where the faculty of getting rid of useless possessions, is a sine qua non of physical comfort and mental repose. But some women cannot bear to part with anything if there is the slightest possibility of its ever being of any use, and if about once in five years some of the treasured rubbish does come in handy they shout triumphantly, 'I told you so!' And sometimes things are hoarded without even the possibility of usefulness as an excuse, merely because one cannot bear to part with them. Old toys, old articles of clothing, once worn by children, old furniture, all come under this category. The bump of destructiveness is much needed here. It is bad enough to be encumbered with the infinity of necessary things that one has to have without hoarding those that are useless or only remotely so. But of course it does not do to let the bump of destructiveness run away with one. The faculty, like all others, must be exercised with discretion.

A DAINY TOILET.

The value of the toilet must not be underestimated by the woman who would charm. The ordinary, everyday good looking girl, who finds life a serious thing and cannot command the lovely garments that make pretty women wondrously beautiful, often wistfully wonders why she, too, should not at least look fresh, well groomed and fair. So she may, but she must be persuaded to give a little more thought and time to her daily toilet, and then, in spite of her plain attire, the woman of ordinary good looks may be quite transformed and the plain girl really pretty.

The girl who puts on her clothes "anyhow," who brushes her hair but perfunctorily, and who is careless as to the little details of attire will never look anything else but dowdy and unattractive. She should remember that the woman who looks "so beautifully" dressed does not owe all her daintiness to picturesque clothes—she bestows time and care on her daily toilet. The busiest girl should try and find time to be neat and fresh.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

Chloral as a sleeping draft is dangerous for old people. Use ipecacuanha as an emetic in sudden attacks of croup, bronchitis or whooping cough. Slight bleeding from the lungs may be treated by giving twenty drops of liquid extract of witch hazel every two hours. To cure warts dissolve as much sal ammoniac as will be taken up in an ounce of rain water and apply three times a day until the warts disappear. When anything gets into the eye it is a good plan to dip a clean feather in sweet almond oil, raise the lid and brush the feather across the eye surface toward the nose.

A sore throat should never be neglected, especially in the time of epidemics. A cleansing gargle is made by dissolving a heaped teaspoonful of salt and carbonate of soda, mixed in equal quantities, in half a tumbler of water.

THE VENERABLE EUGENIE.

The rumor as to the grave indisposition of the ex-Empress Eugenie happily proves to have been unfounded, but it must be remembered, all the same, that her majesty is now nearly an octogenarian, having been born in 1826, only seven years later than Queen Victoria. It argues marvelous vitality that she has been able for so long to resist the sorrows which began to fall on her so thickly just five and thirty years ago, when she and her consort lost their empire, and the heavier blow of nine years later, when her only son fell under the assegais of the Zulus. But then, the ex-Empress has always shown herself to be possessed of a certain amount of iron in her composition, derived no doubt from her Scottish grandfather, a Kirkpatrick, of Clovenstone, who settled at Malaga as a wine merchant.—London Chronicle.

A NURSERY SCHEME.

A very beguiling nursery plan for a professional lady had the walls covered with a stout, plain green material with both dust and germ proof. The dado was of a darker shade than the walls above and was bounded at the top by two shelves running all around the room, and not too high for the children to keep their books and toys upon. Just under the shelf a frieze of bright hued Mother Goose prints, framed, were set into the wall all the way round as a finish to the dado. These prints had been varnished with white shellac making them waterproof. The floor was covered with a green filling, with a green druggist in the centre. All the woodwork and furniture were white enamel, and there were no curtains or upholstery in the room.

How to Spice Onions.—Peel and cut into slices, some good, sound onions. Sprinkle a little salt over them, and place them in a stone jar put into a pan one quart of good vinegar, half a pound of moist sugar, one teaspoonful each of cloves, allspice and pepper. Place the pan on the fire, and when it is scalding hot pour the vinegar over the onions. Let them stand twenty-four hours, then drain off the vinegar, and heat in a pan as before, pouring it over the onions when scalding hot. They will be ready for use in three or four days, and will be found very delightful to eat with cold meat of any kind.

HOW TO BRIGHTEN UP A DARK CORNER.

A dreary corner and one which is difficult to handle from an artistic point of view is a dark angle of the wall in any room. The best remedy for it is a twofold screen made out of an ordinary clotheshorse, which costs but little. The framework should be stained walnut, and a length of bamboo should be fitted into each "fold" just under the top bar and quite down at the bottom, close to the ground. Before gluing and nailing these bamboos in a position slip a dozen small brass curtain rings in all. They take a handsome piece of brocade, satin or tapestry, half as wide again as the screen, and gather it up top and bottom with a two inch heading, sewing an equal number of hooks on it to match the rings. If this screen is made in daffodil yellow brocade, for instance, it is evident what a bright patch of color it will make. On the floor before it put a jardiniere in pale green or deep yellow china and let it hold a very tall fern or palm.

TIMELY HINTS.

On removing a jardiniere and plant from a table the other day, I discovered a broad white circle on the table, which was of highly polished oak, said a provident housewife. I knew of nothing to take it off, and had nothing in the house but smelling salts and a bottle of peppermint. I tried peppermint as an experiment and was surprised that the mark came off the table as easily as dust without even dimming the polish. For brilliant windows take a pad of cotton rag soaked in glycerin and rub the glass all over inside. Then take a piece of clean dry rag and lightly polish the glass until the glycerin is invisible, but not entirely rubbed away. Do this when the glass is fairly warm and dry, and you will get brilliant windows no condensation and a great saving in the amount of cleaning.

Have a short piece of hose fitted to the faucet in the kitchen. It should be of sufficient length to reach to the range and will save you backaches and useless steps. Put a few grains of rice in the salt cellars to keep the salt from caking. As the cellar is shaken the rice will keep the salt moving. An old bookcase set on the kitchen table, back to the wall, makes a very respectable imitation of a kitchen cabinet and saves many steps.

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PSYCHINE

(PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

LAGRIFFE That "PSYCHINE" positively cures all forms of LaGrippe, Coughs, Colds, and Pneumonia, is abundantly vouched for by scores of men and women in different parts of the Dominion who have been restored to health through this really remarkable remedy. "PSYCHINE" is not a patent medicine in the true sense of the word, but a regular professional prescription prepared after carefully approved scientific methods. Its efficacy has been tested in thousands of severe cases.

READ THE PROOF MR. HERRELL writes, Sept. 24th, 1905, about his remarkable recovery from acute complications. "About a year ago I was taken down with La Grippe, then Pneumonia and Typhoid Fever, which soon affected my lungs. I was under treatment of several physicians and also in the hospital at Halifax, but the disease gained such headway that I was regarded as a hopeless case. Words cannot express my gratitude for what the Dr. Stinson Remedies, particularly Psychine, have done for me. I am daily giving my testimonial to friends and acquaintances."

GREATEST OF ALL TONICS ALL DRUGGISTS—ONE DOLLAR—TRIAL FREE The Dr. T. & S. Co., Limited - 179 King Street West, Toronto

Thick sour milk will polish silver without the trouble of rubbing. Put the silver into a pan, cover with the sour milk and let stand for half an hour. Wash and rinse as usual. Every little crevice will be found bright and shining.

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

RECIPES.

How to Spice Onions.—Peel and cut into slices, some good, sound onions. Sprinkle a little salt over them, and place them in a stone jar put into a pan one quart of good vinegar, half a pound of moist sugar, one teaspoonful each of cloves, allspice and pepper. Place the pan on the fire, and when it is scalding hot pour the vinegar over the onions. Let them stand twenty-four hours, then drain off the vinegar, and heat in a pan as before, pouring it over the onions when scalding hot. They will be ready for use in three or four days, and will be found very delightful to eat with cold meat of any kind.

Casserole Kidneys—Casserole kidneys make a very good luncheon or supper dish. Slice a small onion and fry it in butter until a golden brown. Add a generous spoonful of chopped parsley and fry the kidneys for several minutes. Add a cupful of stock, a little sherry and a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Season with salt and tabasco sauce, cover the casserole tightly and cook in a very moderate oven for two hours. Mushrooms may be added if liked. This greatly improves the dish.

Escaloped Cheese—Escaloped cheese is a great favorite in one family. Cut slices of bread from a stale loaf, trim the crusts, and, if desired, halve the slices; butter a baking dish and lay the slices in, alternating them with layers of grated cheese mixed with salt and paprika; pour a cupful of milk over all, dot with bits of butter and bake for twenty minutes or half an hour in a moderate oven. A richer dish is secured by beating one or two eggs and adding to the milk before pouring it over the slices.

Scalloped Cauliflower with Cheese.—For a cooked cauliflower of medium size make a sauce of three level tablespoonful each of butter and flour, a scant half teaspoonful each of salt and paprika, and a cup and a half of rich milk. Butter an au gratin dish, and in it arrange the cauliflower separated into florets and each stem trimmed to a point. Dissolve half cup of cheese in the sauce; then pour the sauce over the cauliflower and sprinkle the whole thickly with cracker crumbs mixed with melted butter. Set in the oven to brown the crumbs.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

A miserly man engaged the artist Hogarth to paint for half-price a representation of the "Destruction of Pharaoh's Host in the Red Sea." Hogarth sent the miser a canvas painted red all over. "Why, where are the Israelites?" asked the surprised purchaser. "They are all gone over," retorted Hogarth. "Where are the Egyptians?" was then demanded. "They are all drowned."

A "FOR LET" SIGN AND THE RESULT. Jacob Schaefer, aged seven, had been out of school, and his absence was being inquired into.

"I was out walking," he explained

How Is Your Cold?

Every place you go you hear the same question asked. Do you know that there is nothing so dangerous as a neglected cold? Do you know that a neglected cold will turn into Chronic Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Disrupting Catarrh and the most deadly of all, the "White Flag," Consumption. Many a life history would read differently if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all those very pine principles which make the pine woods so valuable in the treatment of lung affections. Combined with this are Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other potent herbs and barks. For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. You will find a sure cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Mrs. G. M. Loomer, Berwick, N.S., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for coughs and colds, and have always found it to give instant relief. I also recommended it to one of my neighbors and she was more than pleased with the result."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup 25 cts. per bottle at all dealers. Put up in yellow wrapper, and three pine trees the trade mark. Refuse substitutes. There is only one Norway Pine Syrup and that one is Dr. Wood's.

glibly; "I was out walking with my mamma and papa." "Oh, were you?" returned the teacher. Then, fixing stern eyes on the culprit, she continued: "I thought you told me your father was dead!" Here she paused and waited for Jacob to wilt. Jacob did nothing of the sort; instead, bristling with importance, he answered: "An' so he is dead, but my mamma put a 'for let' sign in our parlor window last month, an' now I got a new papa."—New York Sun.

HIS "NEWS" PAPERS.

A man who was travelling through the Ozark Mountains on horseback stopped before a typical Arkansas farmhouse to inquire the way. "What's the news?" asked the mountaineer as he leaned his lank frame against the fence and pulled his long beard thoughtfully.

On finding what had become a part of history was news to him, the traveller asked why he did not take some weekly or even monthly periodical, that he might keep in touch with the world at large. "Wal," said the old man, "when my pa died, ten years ago, he left me a stack of newspapers that high"—indicating a height of about three feet—"and I ain't done readin' of 'em yet."

A PUZZLING "CATCH."

As William Morris was an Englishman, it may not seem remarkable to Americans that he did not always get his jokes right and first. In a biography of her husband, Mrs. Edward Burne-Jones tells of the case with which he reversed them. They had all been asking conundrums. "Who killed his brother Cain?" asked Burne-Jones. Morris fell into the trap at once. "Abel!" he shouted. "Later in the day he came in laughing. 'I trapped the parson, by jove!' he exclaimed. 'I asked him, 'Who killed his brother Abel?' 'Cain,' he said at once. 'Ha!' I said. 'I knew you'd say that. Every one does.' I came away and left him puzzled enough, and I doubt if he's found out yet what the matter was."

DEVOTION.

If I were dying, you would come, I know, Through avenues of pleasure as one blind But footed like the wind; the stream show In you no lofterer would find. The music and the laughter and the thrill Running along the pave like fairy hordes Would not one instant reach you; for too shrill Were silence slanting on the heart's tense cord. Nothing would stay you till you gained a room Haunted by sleepless watch and ticking train. It you would enter though it were a tomb; O love, how deep, how splendid, and how vain.

—W. H. Channing, in London Outlook.

MARRIAGE OF GEORGE IV.

He Was Legally Wedded to Mrs. Fitzherbert.

London, Nov. 11.—By permission of King Edward, the Daily Chronicle asserts, a package of papers consigned to the care of Coutts' Bank by Mrs. Fitzherbert (Marie Ann Smyth) under the stipulation that it was not to be opened for a long period, has now after seventy years been opened and proved to contain the marriage certificate and other indisputable proofs that George IV. was actually married to Mrs. Fitzherbert.

Mrs. Fitzherbert became the wife of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., in December, 1785. The marriage of the Prince was invalid under English law, though it was sanctioned by the Catholic Church, of which Mrs. Fitzherbert was a member. It was expected that the papers in Coutts' Bank would settle a question which agitated the British public for over a century as to whether there was issue from the marriage, but there is nothing in the foregoing despatch to indicate that the question has been solved. It has long been reported that there actually was a male child, and that this child emigrated to the United States and settled in Washington, where he died some years ago, after having quietly, but in good circumstances.

If your children moan and are restless during sleep, coupled, when awake, with loss of appetite, pale countenance, picking of the nose, etc., you may depend upon it that the primary cause of the trouble is worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator effectually removes these pests, at once relieving the little sufferers.

A HANDCAR MISSIONARY.

For five years Father Basilius, of the Capuchin Order of Monks of the Church of St. Joseph, has journeyed once a month from Appleton, Wis., to Norris, Marathon county, to preach to a small congregation. It has been found necessary for the priest to travel by handcar most of the time alone. During the cold days of last winter when the thermometer registered far below zero the priest made his trips regularly. The distance covered by handcar is 60 miles.

RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS

Will Find a Certain Cure in the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Rheumatism is a disease of the blood. Every doctor now admits this to be a fact. Doctors used to think that rheumatism was brought on by colds in the joints and muscles. Now they know that cold never started the disease—cold only sets the pains going. Rheumatism can only be cured by curing the bad blood which causes it. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills always cure rheumatism, because they actually make new, rich, red blood, which drives out the poisonous acids, loosens the stiffened aching joints and muscles and restores the rheumatic sufferer to health and happiness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured thousands and thousands of rheumatic sufferers, some of them when they were almost hopeless cripples. Mr. T. H. Smith, Caledonia, Ont., says:—"For a number of years I was badly troubled with rheumatism and was so crippled I could scarcely do any work. I tried quite a number of medicines, but they did not help me. Then I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised as a cure for this trouble, and got a supply. After I had taken a few boxes I saw they were helping me, and I continued taking the pills throughout the winter, and am now completely cured. I have since worked out of doors in cold weather without a coat, and did not feel even a twinge of the trouble."

If you are suffering from any disease due to bad blood or disordered nerves, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure you, because they make new rich blood, which goes right to the root of the disease and drives it from the system. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such troubles as anemia, indigestion, palpitation of the heart, neuritis, headache and backache, kidney and liver troubles, St. Vitus Dance, paralysis, and the special secret ailments of girlhood and womanhood. But only the genuine pills can do this, and these always have the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere, or sent by mail at 50 cents a box of six boxes for \$2.50, by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Lowell, Mass.

Blessed are they who die in Him, Who sleep Death's tranquil sleep; And yet our longing eyes are dim, Our hearts with sorrow deep. Grow faint and weary by the way As, one by one, they go; Blessed are those He calleth, yeal, His best beloved, we now. Blessed are they who die in Christ; He is their Judge—but His Who for their dear souls sacrificed Himself on Calvary. Will, like a loving parent, greet And gather to His breast Earth's children who, with woe'sy feet, Have sought in vain for rest. Blessed are they who in Him die; Life's troublous journey o'er; Within their Father's arms to lie In peace forevermore. Our human hearts ne'er understand His mercy, so we weep When leading loved ones by the hand He giveth them sweet sleep. Blessed are they who die in Thee; We strive to pierce the veil Which shrouds death's deep mystery. But human efforts fail To learn the secret, God most just; We will that we, Thy love, should ever trust.

The Poet's Corner.

RELIANCE.

Not to the swift, the race; Not to the strong, the fight; Not to the righteous, perfect grace; Not to the wise, the light.

But often faltering feet Come surest to the goal, And they who walk in darkness meet The sunrise of the soul.

A thousand times by night The Syrian hosts have died; A thousand times the vanquished right Has risen glorified.

The truth the wise man sought Was spoken by a Child; The alabaster box was brought In trembling hands defiled.

Not from my torch, the gleam, But from the stars above; Not from our hearts, life's crystal stream, But from the depths of Love.

—Henry Van Dyke.

NATURE'S MAGNIFICAT.

Through dusky clefts the sunlight shines, Where brine from ocean waves comes; With living fragrance of the pines.

I stand as in a minister aisle, Hearing the voice of God the while— Catching the radiance of His smile.

Our hearts are slow to understand; But here the lights on sea and land Seem like the stretching of His hand.

Four, voices of these woodland ways, Your full Magnificat of praise, Your triumph song of night and days.

Four, marvelous embracing sea, Your grand "Te Deum" ceaselessly, Your "Gloria tibi, Domine."

One hymn that shall its notes prolong, Thy every voice of sin and wrong Be lost in love's eternal song.

—Arthur L. Selmon.

SO MUCH—SO LITTLE!

Is there no debt that thou dost owe To lighten others' care and woe? Is there no comfort thou canst give To help another creature live?

Hasst thou no peace thou canst bestow And let a sadder being know? Oh, Fellow Pilgrim, stop a while To give a helpful, loving smile, Thy life is not thine own to live, As, thou hast gained, so must thou give!

But give not only of the wealth, Give, too, a little of thyself. Oh, do not answer thus to me—"I've greater cares that first must be."

Thou canst not live this way, for, Friend, What wilt confront thee at the end, Since there is little comfort stored For those who live to merely—hoard, Oh, Soul, so stultified and mean, What bit of love canst thou then glean?

With not one voice to intercede And help thee in thy pressing need? Look then to it, Aye, count the cost Of precious, helpful moments—lost. So much to do—so little done! It is not strange the World's unwon, So little-love by you and me, So little done with Charity.

—Galveston News.

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHO DIE IN THE LORD.

Blessed are they who die in Him, Who sleep Death's tranquil sleep; And yet our longing eyes are dim, Our hearts with sorrow deep.

Grow faint and weary by the way As, one by one, they go; Blessed are those He calleth, yeal, His best beloved, we now.

Blessed are they who die in Christ; He is their Judge—but His Who for their dear souls sacrificed Himself on Calvary.

Will, like a loving parent, greet And gather to His breast Earth's children who, with woe'sy feet, Have sought in vain for rest.

Blessed are they who in Him die; Life's troublous journey o'er; Within their Father's arms to lie In peace forevermore.

Our human hearts ne'er understand His mercy, so we weep When leading loved ones by the hand He giveth them sweet sleep.

Blessed are they who die in Thee; We strive to pierce the veil Which shrouds death's deep mystery. But human efforts fail To learn the secret, God most just; We will that we, Thy love, should ever trust.

—W. H. Channing, in London Outlook.

OUR

Dear Girls and Boys

Well, we are getting mas. I know all you made up as to what Claus to bring you, to bring your dearest girls and boys must placing their orders; that there are some will not have any them and no pleasure ward to at Christmas, it would be so nice friends would look up the children (they are even if they have to pleasure very dear to so make at least one happy at the season only good will and p sure this little suggestion. Your loving AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Although I have not for a long time, I do read the letters and little corner. I have sleigh ride yet, but Papa and I were in M day last; we went in for about my leg. I would have liked to you, but I did not have dry and remember to when I get up. Love, cousins and a good sh Aunt Becky.

Granby Que.

(So sorry that you will valid. Hope you will Christmas. I thought little friends when I birds.—Ed.)

THE ELEPHANT'S LI

When Anita started the morning she found the with flaming posters w little folio of Riverb "really" circus was co It seemed almost too true; but there were their gaudy pictures of scarlet and gold. M saved her pennies to buy the elephant! For this poor little country circ one huge beast in it to countenance. When she longed-f dawned Anita came da breakfast so excited th hardly pour the cream meal. She popped a s her mouth, and the top seemed as if the top started to come off, and down again with an A. At her sharp cry of pain her in her arms and, father, said: "I was afraid she would "Poor little mumps! ther, trying to scare up his little daughter's w "Will her face puff out she had an orange in es so that everybody will some fat woman the ch behind?"

At the mere mention of a began to cry again, a very clear idea of what mumps was that all the having; but she knew it her little friends home f "But I won't have to from the circus, mother I may go this afternoon. How mother hated to die girl off from the tr she had been counting s Anita was told that sh be well for many a long a brave little child. As disappointed cry she di or fret, and even offered Tom all the bags of pe she had bought for the night before. While the rest were o poor Anita, who was s anything for fear of t the sharp pain, sat do broad window-seat, r rippling river. Sudden a shout from the moun down to the water's ed front of the house, can twenty, thirty horses— a circus owned to be n night. Anita was so them that she had mumps; and when the key came trotting down

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

Well, we are getting close to Christmas. I know all your minds are made up as to what you want Santa Claus to bring you, and what he is to bring your dearest friends. My girls and boys must not forget when placing their orders with old Santa that there are some little ones who will not have any one to think of them and no pleasure to look forward to at Christmas. Now, I think it would be so nice if my little friends would look up some poor little children (they are easily found), even if they have to sacrifice some pleasure very dear to themselves, and so make at least one lonely heart happy at the season which breathes only good will and plenty. I feel sure this little suggestion will be heeded.

Your loving,
AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Although I have not written you for a long time, I do not forget to read the letters and stories in the little corner. I have not had a sleigh ride yet, but winter is near. Papa and I were in Montreal Thursday last; we went in to see a doctor about my leg. I am in bed now. I would have liked to call and see you, but I did not have time. I will try and remember the little birds when I get up. Love to all my cousins and a good share for you, Aunt Becky.

JOSEPH C.

Granby Que.

(So sorry that you are a little invalid. Hope you will be better for Christmas. I thought I knew my little friends when I spoke of the birds.—Ed.)

THE ELEPHANT'S LITTLE JOKE.

When Anita started for school one morning she found the fences covered with flaming posters which told the little folks of Riverbeach that a "really" circus was coming to town. It seemed almost too good to be true, but there were the posters with their gaudy pictures and letters of scarlet and gold. My, how Anita saved her pennies to buy peanuts for the elephant! For this was only a poor little country circus, with but one huge beast in it to keep it in countenance.

When the longed-for day finally dawned Anita came dancing down to breakfast so excited that she could hardly pour the cream on her oatmeal. She popped a spoonful into her mouth, and then—it suddenly seemed as if the top of her head started to come off, and then settled down again with an awful wrench. At her sharp cry of pain mother took her in her arms, and looking at father, said:

"I was afraid she would catch it!" "Poor little mumps!" said father, trying to scare up a smile on his little daughter's weebegone face. "Will her face puff out as though she had an orange in each side of it, so that everybody will think she's some fat woman the circus has left behind?"

At the mere mention of circus Anita began to cry again. She hadn't a very clear idea of what this horrid mumps was that all the children were having; but she knew it always kept her little friends home from school.

"But I won't have to stay away from the circus, mother? Please say I may go this afternoon!" How mother hated to cut her little girl off from the treat on which she had been counting so long. When Anita was told that she would not be well for many a long day she was a brave little child. After one hard, disappointed cry she did not whine or fret, and even offered her brother Tom all the bags of peanuts which she had bought for the elephant the night before.

While the rest were eating supper, poor Anita, who was afraid to bite anything for fear of bringing back the sharp pain, sat dolefully in the broad window-seat, watching the rippling river. Suddenly there was a shout from the street-boys, and down to the water's brink, right in front of the house, came two, two, twenty, thirty horses—all that the circus owned—to be watered for the night. Anita was so busy counting them that she forgot her mumps; and when the little white key came trailing down to the river

she excitedly called her father and mother to come and see the fun.

Soon there came another great shouting. Anita couldn't make out what it was all about, but she could see that every one was watching something coming down the side street. Twisting her head away around the corner, what should she see but the elephant waddling heavily toward the river for its good-night drink.

His keeper, riding a sorry-looking horse, drove the great drab beast right down to the stream. Filling his long trunk with water, Mr. Elephant jauntily curled it aloft, sprinkling many a small boy who had ventured too near the edge of the bank. The peals of laughter grew louder and louder, till at last the boy who got the most sprinkles came to be the envied hero of the beach.

After a while the keeper thought the elephant had played his little game long enough, so he made his horse wade far enough out into the stream to head off the huge sprinkler and drive him back into town. But the elephant wasn't ready yet. There was another little joke he wanted to play—this time on his keeper. So, just as his master came riding up to him, down on his knees went the elephant, right under the water! Nothing could be seen of him but a small island of drab floating round in the river. Such a sudden collapse sucked the water in all around the unwieldy beast, and nearly drew the frightened horse off his feet, making him jump first this way and then that, and nearly pitching the angry keeper into the stream.

How the people roared and shouted! And the elephant laughed, too, rolling from one flabby side to the other, and splashing the water over his poor keeper till there wasn't a dry thread of clothes on him. The more his master tried to make him get up, the more the elephant chuckled and cuddled down under the water, spouting the spray over his back in a perfect ecstasy of watery bliss. "I shouldn't wonder," said Tom, "but that slab-sided old chap came down here just to show off for the mumps girl who sent him all those peanuts!"

"Perhaps," said happy Anita. "Anyway, I'd rather have funny circuses come to me after this than go to the New York Hippodrome."

CLARA'S WAY.

Clara's mother was sick. She was so sick that a nurse had come to take care of her. Clara was very sorry about her mother's illness, and a little sorry that the nurse was there. She would have liked to take care of her mother herself, and she felt very sure of being able to do it. Clara was a small girl with a rather big idea of what she could do.

On one of those days when her mother was the sickest, Clara stole into the bedroom while the nurse was telephoning the doctor. Her mother's face looked very pale against the pillow, and Clara decided that she must have a headache. Well, she knew what to do for a headache, if she didn't.

Clara hunted among the bottles on the table for one of camphor, and, pouring a little into her hand, she began to rub her mother's forehead. But she had poured out too much of the strong camphor, and part of it ran down into her mother's eyes. She cried out with pain, and the nurse coming in just then, turned Clara out of the room. Clara felt very much hurt. She had been trying to take care of her sick mother, and she did not see why she should be scolded.

But Clara needed another lesson before she learned a better way of helping. After her mother grew better, the nurse was very careful to prepare nice little lunches which would tempt her appetite. Clara stood watching her one morning, wishing that she might share in the operations. When the nurse was looking the other way, she caught up a salt-shaker and added a generous sprinkling to what the nurse had already used.

When the tray was carried, mamma did not seem to relish her lunch. "What is the matter?" asked the nurse, and when Clara's mother answered that it was too salty she took a taste herself.

"Dear me!" she cried, much surprised. "I must have salted it twice by mistake. Well, I'll hurry back to the kitchen and make more."

Clara followed her with a very sorry face. "I did it," she confessed.

chokingly, "I wanted to help mamma, but everything I do to take care of her is wrong."

"Oh, no; there's a great deal you can do," answered the nurse, cheerily. "You can keep very quiet around the house, and never on any account let her hear you cry, for that worries her. You can wear a bright face when you come into the sick room, and show her how much you love her and how glad you are she is getting better. You can not do just what I do, but I can not help her in the way you do. So let us both be satisfied to do our own part."

And Clara resolved to try that better way of helping without waiting a minute.

POLLY'S PROBLEM.

My teacher says two twos make four. And nothing less and nothing more. But when I wrote the numbers straight

Upon my pretty porcelain slate— My papa said 'twas twenty-two. Which one is right? I wish I knew! —Zitella Cooke, in "The Grasshoppers' Hop."

A TALK TO BOYS.

When George Washington was still a boy he wrote out for himself a set of principles for the regulation of his own actions. Daniel O'Connell did the same. For, by having positive laws for their behavior, written down and memorized, they were better able to think, and speak, and act, and keep silent, according to a definite standard, than if they had never adopted any principles.

Some boys and some men have few or no right principles. They have little control over themselves. They live for their own comfort, to gratify their stomach, to enjoy their ease, to yield to the passions of the body. In Baptism we all promise to fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil; and through Confirmation we get fortitude from the Holy Ghost to be strong to resist the unruly inclinations of our body. Now, those divine promises and graces are wasted if we don't have Christian principles and stick to them.

Every boy ought to draw up for himself a set of principles like these:

1. I will get up out of bed every morning at — o'clock.
2. I will say my morning and night prayers; I will offer myself, my life and my actions to God every day; often during the day I will say: "God save me—I will do nothing to displease Him!"
3. Every night I will think over my trespasses of the day and make an Act of Contrition.
4. I will obey my parents and my teachers for God's sake, who commands me to obey them; that will make my obedience divine.
5. I will say "No" quickly and firmly to every invitation or temptation to do wrong, no matter from whom it comes.
6. I will tell the truth and hate all form of lying.
7. I will be strictly honest and steal not a cent, or a pin, or anything else from anybody.
8. I will be industrious, keep busy and shun idleness.
9. I will say a special "Hail Mary" every day in honor of the Immaculate Virgin, asking her to keep me innocent; and I will never listen to any dirty words or laugh at them. I will not go with vicious boys, no matter at what sacrifice of pleasure in the way of sport that this principle will cost me.
10. I will be a practical Catholic, proud to belong to the one true Church that Christ founded, and I will cherish the faith as the best thing in all the world.
11. I will make some act of self-denial at table at every meal, to strengthen my will and to carry the

LIVER COMPLAINT.

The liver is the largest gland in the body; its office is to take from the blood the properties which form bile. When the liver is torpid and inflamed it cannot furnish bile to the bowels, causing them to become bound and costive. The symptoms are a feeling of fullness or weight in the right side, and shooting pains in the same region, pains between the shoulders, yellowness of the skin and eyes, bowels irregular, coated tongue, bad taste in the morning, etc.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

are pleasant and easy to take, do not grip, weaken or sicken, never fail in their effects, and are by far the safest and quickest remedy for all diseases of the bowels of the liver.

Price 25 cents, or 5 bottles for \$1.00, all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Cross, even if it be only a half slice of bread or a pat of butter.

12. I want to grow up to be a manly man, a true Christian, sober, abstemious, pure, charitable, kind, brave, high-minded, and faithful to every duty.

The boy who writes out for himself a set of principles like these, and lives up to them, will develop a noble character.—Catholic Union and Times.

A GAME FOR A RAINY DAY.

The following game is very popular with little French children and may help you to pass some pleasant moments:

Choose a letter of the alphabet, say "D," for instance. Each player with pencil and paper is told to write the name of a country, river, mountain, city, soldier, artist, writer, musician and statesman, all beginning with the letter "D."

At the end of five minutes the lists are closed. One reads the names from his list, and those having the same names on their list scratch them off. The winner of the contest is the one having the most names not on the lists of the others. The fact of his names being more uncommon shows him to have the greatest knowledge and memory.

This game will be well worth trying, and will be enjoyed by every member of the family.

A FEW DON'TS.

- Don't write letters with a lead pencil.
- Don't write on soiled or torn sheets of paper.
- Don't fail to enclose a stamp to carry an answering letter to a letter of business.
- Don't send a letter bearing blots or scratches. Make a new copy if necessary.
- Don't seal a letter of introduction. The person to whom it is given is supposed to inform himself of its contents.
- Don't write carelessly. Spell correctly and be painstaking about your punctuation and the language in which you express your thoughts.

THE BEAVER'S TOOTH.

No carpenter's chisel can do more effective work than is turned out with ease and neatness by the beaver's tooth. This is the principal tool with which these patient, clever builders construct their dams. The outer surface of the tooth is a scale of very hard enamel, while the body of it is of softer dentine. As the softer substance wears away in use the end of the tooth takes a chisel-like bevel, leaving a thin, slightly projecting edge of hard enamel as sharp as any carpenter's tool fresh from the oilstone. The thin scale of enamel gives keenness, the softer dentine supplies strength, and thus the combination forms a formidable tool, which actually sharpens itself by use.

TEETHING TROUBLES.

Teething is generally accompanied by nervousness, irritability and stomach disorders, which may lead to serious consequences if not promptly treated. Baby's Own Tablets is the best medicine in the world for teething children. They allay the inflammation in the tender swollen gums, correct the disordered stomach, and help the teeth through painlessly. Mrs. T. Nutt, Raymond, Ont., says: "My baby suffered terribly while teething, but as soon as I began giving him Baby's Own Tablets he improved in every way and is now a bright healthy child." The Tablets also cure colic, constipation, diarrhoea, indigestion, simple fever and destroy worms. They are guaranteed to contain not one particle of opiate or harmful drugs, and may be given with equally good results to the newborn baby or the well grown child. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PARTING.

Men have been known lightly to turn the corner of a street, and days have grown to months. And months to lagging years ere they have looked in loving eyes again, Parting at best is underlaid With tears and pain; Therefore, lest sudden death should come between, Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure firm the hand, Of him who goeth forth; Unless, Fate goeth too. Yes, find thou always time to say some earnest word Between the idle talk, lest with thee, henceforth, Night and day, Regret should walk.—Somerset Rowland.

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

A DRUNKARD'S CONVERSION.

This is but a simple narrative, without a plot or a sensation, told by a humble priest in the hope that its perusal may stimulate mothers to pray for the erring ones who destroy the domestic and social comforts of the home.

"I should feel guilty if I let him slip away." These were the words of an old and highly respectable lady to a Catholic priest whose good offices she sought, to advise and endeavor to persuade her son to give up what she termed "the black evil"—the drink habit. The young man had become an almost inveterate drunkard and consequently grew selfish, worthless and ungrateful, but in spite of all he was dearer to her from his misfortune, and though disgrace settled upon his name, she loved and cherished him all the more.

He spent much of his time in the saloon—that attractive social centre, where men are wont to meet and drink, squander and destroy the food, education and social comforts of their children, and for which, as yet, no substitute has been found. His hours at home were few and uncertain so that it made it difficult for one outside the family circle and the home to get near him or to see him. One morning, however, a message came to the presbytery; it was a sick call; the young man had become very ill. The good priest, remembering the words of the old lady, responded without hesitation, and in a few minutes found himself by the bedside of the young but unfortunate youth. His aged mother stood there, too, and she wept as she smoothed his pillow and administered to his little wants. He was deathly pale, dejected and sick, and one would think from his general appearance that it was to be his last illness. Turning on his bed, so as to assume a position of ease, he saluted the priest saying: "Good morning, Father S. I am glad to see you," and he began almost immediately to regret his years of bad behaviour.

He told of how he fell from virtue's way, and how he affected to keep mean and scandalous company, and said, as his appetite for drink increased, he valued nobody but just as they drank and agreed with him in every opinion he thought best to take up, and in every subject that he wished to discuss. He spoke, too, of how he neglected his labor, spent his days in idleness, rioting and disorder, and at night instead of losing himself in that sweet and refreshing sleep, from which the good rise with new health, cheerfulness and vigor, he dreamed in stupor of the gambling halls, the social infernos, the mirrored bars and the games at chance, and waked only to regret the illusions that had vanished. With tears in his eyes he spoke of his home as not being the home of the past wherein domestic happiness knew no limit; for, said he, "I have destroyed its social comforts by my life and actions, engendered discord among my relatives and friends, and have been the cause of blasting poor mother's influence over the rest of the family, who have left home on my account. Oh, Father," he said, "the remembrance of all this, and the past, is bitter to one who has become wretched by the loss of every grace, but I ask our dear Lord, here and now, to pardon me and take me back—if I am worth taking," he added in a trembling tone of voice. "My present condition, my sickness, your presence and this change, must have been the effect of my poor mother's prayers, for living as I lived, I should have died amid the singing of profane songs and the speaking of blasphemy in the resorts that afforded me shelter. I did not pause to think," he said, "how far I was straying or had strayed from God, but my poor mother did, and redoubting her loving solicitude for my soul and body, she prayed more earnestly and in fact incessantly for my conversion, which, thanks to God who heard her prayers, she is able to witness and bear testimony to today."

Father S., who had listened attentively, became so full of sympathy for the young man, that he spoke kindly and gently to him. "My good young man," he said, "you are truly sick and I am sorry for you, but it delights me to see that you have realized your state before God. Your story is but that of many another prodigal, and your sincere repentance reminds me of what we read, for instance, of St. Thais, who, having led a very wicked life, was happily brought by prayer and sickness to a sense of duty and became a true penitent. You do well to attribute this complete change of heart to your mother's prayers, for do you know," said the priest, "that a mother, like your mother, is omnipotent, all powerful, with God. It is true that she may not be always able to keep her son a saint, but even if for a time he fall away, she can win him back to God by her prayers and heroic sacrifices. The only thing that God requires of her is that she should be a true Christian mother, a mother who persevered in prayer like St. Monica. Your mother was all of this. She spared no trouble, no fatigue, in her desire for your conversion. Every first Friday and feast day of our Lord and His Holy Mother she approached the Holy Table. On other days she could be seen making the Way of the Cross, sitting in meditation before the image of the crucified Christ by the side of the little altar of the Sacred Heart and telling her beads. She made novenas to St. Anthony for the recovery of her son, and was so quiet in all her movements about the Church which she loved, that few saw her goodness and none, save our dear Lord Himself, knew of the sorrow and desires that filled her Christian heart. To-day few know of her triumph and its resultant joy."

As the priest left the sick room and passed down the hallway that led to the door, the old lady following him, said: "You're going away, Father?" "Yes, but I shall return." And as he crossed the threshold, she asked whisperingly: "Is there any hope of his recovery?" "None whatever," answered the priest, shaking his head. The door closed and the poor woman, going to the bedside of her son, threw her arms around him and burst into tears. "My dear mother, I shall not live long; I feel it here. This piercing pain under my lung, at times it seizes me, and I cannot—no, I cannot breathe."

The mother was silent, but her heart spoke. Recovering herself, she spoke in his ear: "My son, have patience in your little sufferings, you will be better soon."

"Yes, mother, I shall be better soon, for sooner than you think all pain and sorrow will be over. It will be a reality. The beautiful prayer of the Church I have just heard from the priest, I shall never hear again on earth!"

The day passed, and in the evening Father S. was again at the bedside of the sick man, who was sinking visibly. "Well, friend," said the priest, "how are you to-night?" "Oh, Father, I am full of pain, and I fear."

The priest knelt and prayed, but ere he finished, the young man, raising himself upon his elbow, said: "Oh, Father, help me that I may sincerely and humbly confess all my sins, and that I may keep back nothing in my heart," and he, by a good confession, made his peace with God and was united to the Heart of Hearts. The priest then took from a bag which he carried a little silver oil stock, and dipping his thumb in the holy oil, anointed the invalid upon the eyes, ears, nose, lips, hands and feet in the form of a cross, saying: "May the Lord forgive thee whatever sins thou hast committed by the senses." Amen. When this ceremony was completed, the priest retired, leaving the mother alone with her dying son.

During the remaining hours of his life, he evinced the deepest sorrow for his sins and prayed much. He died on the feast of the Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin, saying: "Mother of Sorrows, pray for me. Merciful Jesus, have mercy upon me."

He was buried from the Church of St. Anthony, and a little mound at Cote des Neiges marks his final resting place.

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1905

MR. HAULTAIN AND THE FANATICS.

The press of Winnipeg and Toronto is characteristically employed on preparations for the Saskatchewan elections. The Western papers are dishing up garbled versions of a circular written by Archbishop Langevin, and are sandwiching in with their gratuitous charges the infamous assertions of a Galician Protestant minister accusing Catholic priests of loyally tolling upon penitents and performing illegal marriages for a money consideration. No notice need be taken of the Galician fanatic.

Readers of the Toronto News, the Winnipeg Tribune, and papers of that class cannot help but be sufficiently familiar with their methods by this time to know that they are merely developing sectarian prejudices for political purposes.

The North West Review brings the Winnipeg Tribune to book for its false accusations against Archbishop Langevin. In shows in what manner statements are attributed to the Archbishop which he never wrote. His Grace never dreamed of imposing or forcing the denominational qualification of an inspector of schools upon Mr. Haultain when Premier of the Territories. What the Archbishop did do was with the support of Bishops Legal and Pascal, to earnestly request that a Catholic inspector be appointed. With regard to the text books the entire charge against Mr. Haultain, to which, by the way, the Archbishop made no allusion, is nothing new in the Northwest. The Review says:

"Haultain has been most exacting and unfair towards Catholic teachers. He has refused to give permits to competent Catholic teachers, or to accept the certificates of competent Catholic teachers coming from England, where, whatever the Northwest Territories Educational Department may falsely plume itself on, schools are much better conducted than they ever were from Regina. The result is that in several Catholic centres the children do not know how to read or write."

There is no occasion to bring Archbishop Langevin or any ecclesiastic into a discussion of the Catholic attitude towards Mr. Haultain, who is the avowed enemy of Catholic education. He has never made any secret of it. He has recently threatened that he would continue, if returned to power, his crusade against Catholic teachers, text books, and doctrinal teaching. The Catholic elector who would not vote against him would be utterly dead to every impulse of principle or natural resentment of public wrong inflicted by a fanatic or a bigot in office.

IMMORAL PLAYS.

The circular letter of the Archbishop read in our churches on Sunday deals in no uncertain manner with the evil of bad plays becoming so prominent in Montreal within recent years. There is a dual phase of this problem. In the first case there is the constant exhibition of vulgarity so closely allied to indecency that it is unbecoming in women to attend some of the theatres in Montreal. Plays that in other cities of this Dominion and the United States are consigned to houses frequented by men alone, and at that by men who care very little for their reputation, have been exposed in Montreal in theatres filled by mixed audiences. This sort of thing should appeal to the press, if the press did not keep a single eye upon the receipts from advertising. Criticism could easily regulate the bowery element, for no theatrical manager or company could withstand for a single week a public protest against a state of things that brings ridicule and contempt upon the discrimination of the people of Montreal.

The second phase of the evil goes deeper and is the one dealt with more particularly in His Grace's pastoral. The evil of bad plays that are offered by playwrights under the guise of social reform afflicts us in common with the English-speaking world. Take for instance the sort of plays that are customary with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mrs. Langtry, Miss Nethersole and others. These players draw what is called "fashionable" audiences. The undertone is invariably demoralizing and the effect upon the ordinary mind is prejudicial to the standard of Christian and moral life. Yet these actresses and their playwrights fall not to assure the public that they are engaged in a moral crusade; and the press will back them up. There is no limit to the complacency of the moral reformer upon the stage. Bertha Shaw, who wrote a play some time ago that was suppressed instantly by the New York Police Commissioner, became indignant at the action taken against his work and published a furious article denouncing the New York police as partisans of the yellow journals. Virtuous wrath truly! What more could you have?

Discussion seems to be idle work as against the tendency of the modern stage. There are but two practical courses open. One of these was adopted by the Police Commissioner of New York, and the other has been recommended to the public of Montreal by His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, who warns the heads and members of respectable families against attendance at plays that cannot be otherwise than dangerous and demoralizing where they are not merely nasty and disgusting.

THE POPE AND POLAND.

The Pope has sent to the Catholic Bishop of Kielce, an instruction forbidding him to take part in Church processions of a political character.

Australian papers give long accounts of the celebration in Hobart, Tasmania, of the Diamond Jubilee of the Priesthood of the Archbishop of Hobart, Most Rev. Dr. Murphy. His Grace was the recipient of congratulations from all parts of the Commonwealth, and from Ireland. An address from the clergy and people of his diocese was presented, together with a cheque for £400. It is recalled as a matter of interest that when Father Murphy was made a Bishop at the age of 30 he was the youngest Bishop in Christendom, and now, 60 years later, he is the oldest Bishop in the world.

SOUTH AMERICA AND THE VATICAN.

The appointment of a Brazilian Cardinal to take place at the next Conclave, has caused some dissatisfaction in the other Latin American Republics, as Argentina claimed the same honor on account of her good relations with the Holy See, Chili on the ground that the Archbishop of Santiago is the senior prelate in South America, and Peru, because it

was the first country in that continent where a Catholic ecclesiastical hierarchy was established. The Vatican has succeeded in appeasing this irritation by informing the different States that the creation of a Brazilian Cardinal does not mean that Brazil is entitled to a representative in the Sacred College, as in future the South American Cardinals will be chosen in turn from among the other countries, including Mexico, notwithstanding the not very cordial relations existing between the Vatican and that Republic.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BROTHERS OF THE HOLY CROSS.

The above is the title of a little work by Rev. Father Trahey, C.S.C., Ph.D., sent to us from Notre Dame, Ind. As an accompanying note strongly emphasizes the object in publishing such a work is to give to the piously disposed young men a glimpse of the work done at Notre Dame as well as in the other establishments in charge of the Brothers, and, if possible, to secure more vocations to the priesthood. There are many who for one reason or another are unable to follow their desire of entering holy orders. Such as these drift in the world too often make but indifferent men, so it is well that such institutions as those conducted by the Brothers of the Holy Cross exist, in the United States and in New Brunswick, for therein is a haven of safety as well as compensation for the loss of the full privileges of the priesthood. The Brothers are crying out that "the harvest is great, but the laborers are few," in which case should any young man feel he has a vocation for the religious life other than that of the priesthood, he might communicate with Brother Paul, C.S.C., Notre Dame, Ind.

CHRISTMAS DELINEATOR.

The Christmas edition of the above-named delightful monthly has excelled any previous number, and that says a great deal. From the cover, which depicts a lady coquettishly attired for the bal poudre, to the last page, there is most interesting and useful reading matter, fine illustrations, helpful hints and suggestions. The following will give an idea of some of the articles: "Fashions in New York and Paris"; "Styles of the Month"; "A Christmas Carol, adapted from Beethoven's 'Moonlight Sonata'; "The President of Quex"; "A Club Story"; Castles in Spain; "The Mother of Bartimeus"; a poem; "The Fireplace," a story; "Some Heroines of Shakespeare"; "The Twenty-third Psalm," with eight pages in full color; "The rights of the child"; "Stories and Pastimes for Children"; "Needlework"; "Among the Newest Books"; "Illustrated Cookery." These are a few of the many articles to be found, and a very profitable as well as enjoyable hour may be spent over the pages of the Christmas Delineator.

Catholic Commissioners Appoint Principal for Edward Murphy School.

On Tuesday night the R. C. Commissioners appointed Mr. J. J. McGuire to succeed the late Mr. Leitch as principal of Edward Murphy School. It was upon the special recommendation of Director-General Lacroix that Mr. McGuire was chosen. He has been teaching at Montcalm School for eleven years.

The seven candidates agreed upon at the previous meeting were all qualified, but only four were recommended as eligible, Messrs. Brennan, McGuire, Malone and McCullen.

Commissioner Semple objected to the exclusion of Mr. Fitzpatrick, and reiterated his former demand, to the effect that the nomination of teachers and principals for the English schools be left with the English-speaking members of the board.

"I have to maintain the rights of my people, and the language they speak," he said. "I am sent here for that. As a matter of justice, I hold that such nominations should be left to us. Personally I represent the interests of Mr. Edward Murphy, one of our greatest benefactors, who has endowed the school which bears his name, and I again assert that we should be shown some consideration."

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PASTORAL LETTER OF HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP POINTING OUT MORAL DANGERS.

Following in the text of the letter: For the last few years theatres have invaded, to use the expression, our city of Montreal, and in spite of our reiterated warnings, in spite of the requests we have addressed to the city press, notices in their favor have appeared from day to day and, in consequence, crowds have been drawn to witness their representations. This, in fact, has been such as to cause us profound sadness. If indeed, we bless God for all that elevates the soul, deepens our faith and confirms it in the practice of virtue, how then can we be otherwise than deeply grieved at that which constitutes a danger to morals, and which is for the young a real school of sin. We therefore cannot lose sight of the fact that we have a mission to fulfil in your midst, and that one day we will have to account to the Sovereign Judge not only for our personal acts, but for your souls which are in our keeping. It is therefore in the accomplishment of the duty of pastor and father that we raise our voice and signal the danger which threatens our society.

The expression, threaten, does not, however, go far enough. The evil is already amongst us, and is exercising serious ravages. Simply warning our people against the ravages is not all that is required; it is the leaguing together of all the fathers and mothers of truly Christian families in order to combat the evil that the situation demands. It is proclaimed everywhere, and rightly, too—that intemperance is our great enemy, but the theatre is also an enemy, the enemy of good morals; the enemy of our doctrines and Christian traditions, which it often contradicts; the enemy of those principles which render the family happy and honest, because the theatre never ceases to place before the eyes of their frequenters scenes of passion and criminal love.

"Let it not be said that the theatre in itself possesses nothing reprehensible, and that it even exercises a moral effect upon the people. We do not here refer to theories, but rather to practices. We take the theatre such as it exists and such as we have it here in Montreal. Let those who frequent the theatres be sincere and let them say if they ever left these plays better men and better women, or if these plays have inspired lessons of virtue.

"Almost all of the pieces of the French stage are played here one after the other. Those pieces which they did not dare to put on a few years ago, for fear of alarming our people, 'simple and timid,' as was said at the time, are now produced without fear, without scruple and without the least modification. This sad education of the people has been gradually going on. Did not a certain actress, whose name we would not pronounce, repeat only a few months ago the ignoble scenes which is her custom to produce elsewhere? We know that more than one person was indignant, but why did those people who respect themselves go to hear her? We have no need in this Catholic city of such literature, of such plays, imported from a centre where Christian marriage is mocked at and where morality and modesty are only vain words.

"Unfortunately too many pious families and too many leading citizens frequent these representations. Their place is not there. They allow themselves to be drawn into it like the rest, but they forget that they are giving a very sad example to people whom they should edify. We do not pretend that all the representations in our theatres are bad, but the bad ones are, alas, too numerous, and how many there are really reprehensible? It is true that one becomes accustomed to sin, but this is certainly a lamentable symptom. During the present week our theatres in particular will attract large crowds, and we deeply regret the programme that has been decided upon, for amongst the pieces there are plays bad and condemnable. As for talent and genius in the execution and interpretation of the play, this can only increase the danger. We beseech, therefore, our pious families still attached to duty and truth, to be on their guard, and to abstain from what will be to them a scandal for sin and to prefer, instead, their household and the salvation of their children's souls."

Cardinal Logue and Fontenoy.

Mr. Barry O'Brien has received the following letter from His Eminence Cardinal Logue:

Ara Coeli, Armagh.
 My dear Mr. Barry O'Brien,—
 I enclose a small contribution towards the memorial to the Irish Brigade at Fontenoy. I think it will be a monument not only of the bravery of our countrymen in times past, but a monument of the folly which, by persecution and misgovernment, could turn such men into enemies.

"Unfortunately the folly still goes on. The persecution, though more covert and insidious, is not less real. Irish Catholics are no longer subjected to the violence which they had to suffer of old; but they are still effectually excluded from almost every position of trust and emolument in their own country, denied equal and even-handed justice and placed beneath the heel of an aggressive and intolerant ascendancy. The misgovernment of the country is a fact which no one can deny with any show of reason. And the olden consequence repeats itself in the fight of what is best, most promising, and energetic of our people to other lands which they enrich by their labor, adorn by their talents, and strengthen by their bravery. This is no mere flight of imagination. Even those to whose mismanagement the drain is due have begun to feel its consequences, but they are slow as ever to apply the remedy.

I am, dear Mr. Barry O'Brien,
 Yours faithfully,
MICHAEL CARD. LOGUE.

Mr. J. H. Walsh Promoted.

Mr. J. H. Walsh, General Passenger Agent of the Quebec Central Railway, owned altogether by English capitalists, has been appointed General Manager of the railway to succeed Mr. Frank Grundy, elected Vice-President. Mr. Walsh, who was born and educated in Quebec city, left by the steamer Vigilant last evening for England, to consult with the President and directors of the railway he resigned to his new duties. He is one of the ablest and most popular railway men in the Province, and his appointment meets with public favor.

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For Costumes, Boys' Suits, and Opera Cloaks; colors, royal purple, pink, cream, white, heliotrope, black, myrtle, drab, navy, mulberry, sky, roseda, gendarme; regular, 75c per yard, for 30c.

DRESS TRIMMINGS.

50 PER CENT. OFF.
Black, White and Colored Drop Ornaments.
Black, Black and White, and Black and Cream Velvet Fagoting.
Colored Jewel Gimp, and Black, White and Colored Satin Folds.
33 1-3 PER CENT. OFF.
Colored Beaded Gimp.
A line of Colored Fancy Military Braid.
Colored Cloth Embroidered Insertion, and Colored Cloth and Silk Collars.
20 PER CENT. OFF.
Colored Cloth Applique, White Pearl Gimp, and Black Sequin Fringe.

HAT DEPARTMENT.

1 Lot of Children's Grey Lamb Caps, Cupid shape, ear lap; regular \$3.00, for \$2.00.
1 Lot of Children's Persian Lamb Caps, Red top, Cupid shape, ear laps, very pretty shape; regular \$5 for \$3.50.
1 Lot of German Mink Caps, beautifully made, fine lining. Special \$6.00.
1 Lot of Boys' Persian Lamb caps, even curl, full skin. Special \$6.50.
1 Lot of Men's Persian Lamb Caps, very fine quality. Special, \$7.

Mantle Department.

100 Ladies' Black and Navy Walking Skirts, Values \$5.50 and \$6.50 for \$2.25 & \$3.00.
150 Ladies' Tweed Walking Skirts, \$10.50, \$12.50, for \$4, \$4.50 and \$5.
All of the newest shades and styles.

40 Ladies' Fur-lined Capes, less 50 per cent.
20 Ladies' Velvet Jackets, less 75 per cent.
125 Children's Long Coats, in Beaver Cloth and Tweed, less 75 per cent.
25 Japanese Quilted Silk Dressing Gowns, less 50 per cent.
150 Ladies' Cloth Jackets, less 75 per cent.
100 Misses' Cloth Jackets, less 75 per cent.
40 Colored Silk Underskirts, less 50 per cent.
100 Silk Moirette Underskirts, from \$6.00 to \$8.50, for \$2.00.
50 Ladies' Tweed Jackets regular, \$16.50, or \$10.50.
Ladies' Costumes, & Jackets, pleated skirts, less 33 1-3 per cent.

CURTAIN DEPT.

All Lace Curtains, less 10 per cent.
All Madras Curtains, less 10 per cent.
All made up Portieres, less 10 per cent.
All Table Covers, less 20 per cent.
Remnants of Furniture Coverings and Curtain Materials, less 20 per cent.

Dressing Gowns and Mantle Cloths

3 dozen Austrian Blanket Bath Robes, all sizes, \$7.00 and \$6.75, less 50 per cent.
1 dozen Dressing Gowns, size 34 only, \$8.00 to \$15, less 33 1-3 per cent.
2 dozen Smoking Jackets, sizes 36 to 39 only, \$6.50, \$10.00 and \$25.00, less 33 1-3 per cent.
1 piece Brown Cheviot, 54 inches, \$1.00, less 50 per cent.
1 piece All Wool Irish Grey Tweed, 54 inch, \$3.00, less 50 per cent.
1 piece Grey Irish Frieze, 56 inch, \$1.75, less 33 1-3 per cent.
1 piece Silver Grey Fur, 50 inch, \$4, less 33 1-3 per cent.
1 piece Imitation Ermine, 50 inch, \$3.50 less 33 1-3 per cent.
1 piece White Imitation Lamb, 50 inch, \$6, less 33 1-3 per cent.
1 piece All Wool Black Sealotte, \$12, less 33 1-3 per cent.
Fancy Sealotte, Grey, Brown and Black, \$4, \$5 and \$8, less 33 1-3 per cent.
Assorted colors in Reversible Cloth, 54 inch, \$1.75, \$2.00 and \$2.50, less 20 per cent.
2 pieces Grey Scotch Tweed, 54 inch, \$1.50, less 20 per cent.
1 piece Dark Brown Beaver, 54 inch, \$2.00, less 20 per cent.
1 piece Navy Blue Beaver, 54 inch, \$2.50, less 20 per cent.
2 pieces Light Drab and Fawn Cloth, 54 inch, \$4.00 less 20 per cent.
Pants Stretchers, 20c, less 50 per cent.
All Wool English Panting, Worsted, \$1.25, less 20 per cent.
1 piece Black Nap Cloth, \$1.50, less 50 per cent.

EMBROIDERY DEPARTMENT

10 PER CENT OFF.
Slip Waist Embroidery, Silk Mantel Drapes, White and Cream Lace Bedspreads and Shams, Canvas Slipper Patterns, Fancy Neck Bands, in Lace, Muslin and Chiffon, small articles for Pin Cushions, Hair Receivers, Card Holders, Key Racks, etc.
25 PER CENT OFF
Balance of Hardanger Centre Pieces, Crochet Mats, Tinted Cushion Tops, and Centre Pieces, Cushion Toys in Tapestry, Satin and Velour.

Smallwares and Notions.

50 PER CENT OFF.
Balance of Japanese Linen Drawn Work, in Doilies, Centres, etc.
20 PER CENT. OFF.
A line of White Figured Muslin and White, with colored flowers.
White Fancy Muslins, less 33 1-3 per cent.

Men's Ready-made Clothing Department

150 Suits in single and double breasted, very fashionable patterns; regular, \$15.00 and \$16.50, less 50 per cent.
A BARGAIN IN TROUSERS.
200 pairs of Pants for \$2.50 per pair.
OVERCOATS.
50 Overcoats, \$15.00, \$16.50, \$18.00, \$20.00 and \$22.00, less 25 per cent.
A large variety of Boys' Norfolk Suits, regular \$6.00, \$7.50 and \$8, less 50 per cent.
Boys' 3 piece Suits, S.B., size 28 to 31; regular \$9.50 and \$10.50, less 50 per cent.
Boys' Short Pants, good imported tweeds, for \$1.00 a pair.

Men's Shoes.

A few pairs only Men's Rubbers, pointed toes, regular \$1.00 for 50c.
Men's Wool Lined Rubbers, medium wide toe, regular \$1.25, for 75c.
Men's Box Calf Button Boots, exceptionally high grade, regular \$6.50 for \$5.00.
Men's Enamel Horseshoe, Blucher Cut Laced Boots, with grain calf quarters, kid lined throughout, regular \$6.00 for \$5.00.
A broken line of Men's Patent Colt Blucher Cut Laced Boots, regular \$7.50 for \$5.00.
Exceptional value in Men's Waterproof Boots, at \$3.50.
Men's Patent Coltskin Button Boots, with dull calf tops, regular \$5.50 and \$6.50, for \$5.00.
Men's Patent Coltskin Blucher Cut Laced Boots, heavy soles; regular \$5.00, for \$3.50; sizes 5 1/2 to 9 only.
Get a pair of the Eaton Cushion Sole Boots, made of fine Vici Kid with water and damp proof soles, patent cushion innersoles; a boon for tender feet; for Friday and Saturday, \$4 net cash.

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Men's Furnishing Dept.

1 New Lot of Men's Irish Knit 1/2 Hose in black, dark grey and Heather Mixtures, heavy rib; regular 35c, for 25c.
1 lot of fine quality Imported Sweaters, made in dark blue, red, white, also combinations of pale blue, navy, red, and all pretty shades; better value than anything ever shown by us before. Special \$3.
Men's Dent's Mocha Heavy Wool Lined Gloves, patent clasp, all first class goods, sizes 7 1/2 to 9 1/2; regular \$1.50 for \$1.00.
Men's Fine Quality Pyjamas, made of English Flannel, nice girdle, etc.; regular \$2.00 for \$1.50.
A new lot of Boys' Sweaters in all the school colors, also other pretty combinations, made of the best quality Australian Wool; regular \$1.50 for \$1.00.
40 doz. lot of English Natural Wool Underwear, winter weight; sizes 32 to 44, unshrinkable; regular \$2.25, for \$1.50.
A fine lot of Silk Four-in-Hand Ties, made in all the newest shades, a large assortment to choose from; value, 35c and 50c, for 25c.

WALL PAPER DEPARTMENT

Balance of Odd Lots, 8, 10 and 12 single rolls, less 50 per cent.
All Odd Borders, 18 to 21 inches deep, regular, 10c, 15c and 20c per yard, less 50 per cent.
Short lengths of Dyed Burlapa, 6, 8 and 10 yards; regular 45c per yd., less 33 1-3 per cent.

Quilts, Blankets, Linens, Etc.

Tablecloths and Napkins, less 20 per cent. and 33 1-3 per cent.
Special Lot of Unbleached Table Linen, extra value, less 20 per cent.
Hemstitched Sideboard and Bureau Covers, Hemstitched Tea and Tray Cloths, less 20 per cent.
Bedroom and Bath Towels, Sheets and Towelling, less 20 per cent.
Ends Table, Kitchen, Bath and Roller Towelling, less 20 per cent.
Special Cotton and Cambrics, less 20 per cent.
Special Blankets, a few odd lines in Scotch and Canadian, less 20 per cent.
25 pairs large size Fine Flannel-ette Blankets, less 20 per cent.
Special lot of 50 White Satin finish Quilts, \$2.75 to \$5.50, less 20 per cent.
A Table of French Flannels and Flannel-ettes, less 20 per cent.

FURNITURE DEPARTMENT.

50-1-Square Post English Steel Tubing Enam. Bed, green and brown; size 3 feet; price \$44.00, less 25 per cent.
5221-Brass Bed, 3 ft. wide; price, \$45, less 50 per cent.
1375-Brass Bed, size 4 1/2 feet, nice design; price, \$53.00, less 25 per cent.
68-3-B. E. Maple Dressing Table, triple mirrors; price \$30, less 50 per cent.
Wood Beds, size 4 1/2 ft. in B.E. Maple, Birch, Mahogany finished and Weathered Ash, all less 75 per cent.
60-188-1 Auto. Valet fitted with Shaving Mirror, Coat Rack, and large Drawers, Solid Golden Oak; price \$68.00, less 33 1-3 per cent.
155-1-Cellerette, G.O., nice design; \$39.50, less 50 per cent.
Some very fine Mahogany Dinners, broken sets, less 25 per cent.
21-41-1 only Solid Mahogany Mission Design Chair, rush seat, \$31.50, less 20 per cent.
46-146-Ladies' Desk, golden oak, hand-carved legs, \$34.50, less 20 per cent.
1 pair Mahogany Twin Beds, plain design; price \$100, less 50 per cent.
54-77-Hall Stand, golden oak, large plate mirror, \$36.50, less 25 per cent.
7611-Hall Seat, G.O., hand made, \$16.00, less 50 per cent.
27-59-Cellerette, fumed oak, \$15, less 20 per cent.
153-1-Cellerette, weathered oak, \$23.50, less 50 per cent.
27-38-Work Table, L'Art Nouveau design, solid mahogany, fine inlaid top and front, \$48.00, less 33 1-3 per cent.
20-54-Arm Rocker, solid mahogany, L'Art Nouveau design, \$26.00 less 20 per cent.
28-282-Table, G.O. Colonial design; price \$16.50, less 20 per cent.

Trunks and Bags.

Letherette Suit Cases, with steel frame and brass lock and catches, Special 20-in. for \$1.50, 22-in. for \$1.60, 24-in. for \$1.75.
Kerrol Suit Case, very light and durable, steel frame, and brass lock, leather straps, 22-in. for \$3.25, 24-in. for \$3.50, 26-in. for \$3.75.
Solid Leather Suit Cases, with steel frames and valances, heavy brass lock and catches, leather straps, 22-in. for \$4.50, 24-in. for \$4.75, 26-in. for \$5.00.
Ladies' Genuine Morocco Monitor Bags, silk-lined, fitted with best solid ivory and sterling silver fittings; regular, \$75.00, for \$50.00

5 Per Cent. Discount for Cash.

HERY MORGAN & CO., - Montreal.

THE LETTERS OF A LOST SOUL.

Correspondence That Passed Between Abbe Hogan and an Old-Time Seminarian of St. Sulpice.

I have in my possession copies of three letters that were given by the late Abbe Hogan to a Boston priest, now also deceased. Those letters stand in a class all by themselves. I have never seen anything like them in ancient or modern literature. I have labelled them, though I hope incorrectly, "Letters of a Lost Soul."

It appears that the abbe and the writer of those letters had been students together in the old Seminary of Saint-Sulpice, Paris, and had received the tonsure together. Shortly afterwards the young Levite fell heir to a large fortune, left to him by an uncle in Peru. He almost immediately declared that he had no vocation to a clerical life, so left the Seminary for South America, where his newly-acquired possessions were. For several years afterwards he kept up a correspondence with his old college chum, but in the course of time their letters grew less frequent and finally the young abbe had risen to a position of eminence among the fathers of Saint-Sulpice.

A CHRISTMAS LETTER.

According to the letters, a period of some thirty years must have elapsed from the time of their separation and the young man, returning to the great city, discovers that his old friend is still alive and is doing the Master's work faithfully and well. He goes to hear him preach, and comes away with the impression that he is still the earnest and zealous Levite of the olden days. He himself has nothing left but the remnant of a ruined and dissipated life. His body is the prey of disease, and, at the best, only a few months of life remain. He has come to Paris to be there when the curtain closes; and, sitting at the window of his room, he is listening, as he writes the first letter, to the bells of Christmas Eve. The time and the occasion are propitious.

DIABOLICAL SPIRIT.

He looks out from his window upon the little children, dressed in white, hastening to take part in some childish drama bearing on the great Nativity. He hates the children, he tells the abbe as he writes. They bring back to him the memory of the days when he, too, was an innocent child, and the remembrance of how far he has wandered from the ways of righteousness fills his bosom with a diabolical hatred for the innocence and purity of all children. He cannot help remembering, in spite of himself; and as he writes a great day in his young life comes up before him. It is the day on which, kneeling by the side of his young friend, he pronounced the words of sacred tonsure. "Thou art the portion of my inheritance and my cup. Thou it is who will restore my inheritance to me." Since that day he has wandered far from God. With every means at his disposal for the gratification of his passions, he has sought for happiness in sinful pleasure, and with the usual result. The happiness which he has found has been of the counterfeit variety. It has left him a physical and moral wreck, and his wasted life, as he looks back upon it, seems to be filled with bitterness and vain regret.

PRIDE OF LUCIFER.

He will not, however, as he says, "fling the dregs of a wasted life in God's face." He will have none of "the death-bed repentance." He has run his course in open defiance of God and His commandments, and he will die as he has lived. He has, by his own acts unfitted his soul to dwell with the saints of light, and so he is ready to dwell with the spirits of darkness, if such there be. Such is the purport of the first letter. The second goes more fully into detail as to his life. The third and last was written on the eve of his death by his own hand. In none of them did he give the venerable abbe a single clue which might enable him to seek him out and save him. When he found physical pain unbearable he snapped the thread of life and went to meet his God, as he himself said, "without a cry of repentance on his lips."

AN ARGUMENT FOR HELL.

There is a remarkable passage in one of those letters. It is this: "I believe in hell. If there be a God at all, there must be a hell. The good and the evil cannot dwell together in peace in this life; they must be separated in the next. If this

soul of mine be immortal, and I believe it is, a future life among the virtuous and the good would be a species of punishment. I have dwelt so long among the depraved and the wicked and the ungodly, that the company of the saints would be intolerable. I feel that life is a process of evolution, and from that evolution flows the retributive justice. "As ye sow so shall ye reap." The closing words of the last letter are full of pathos: "Adieu, my friend. Our boyhood's friendship was sweet and pleasant to me. My example may help to strengthen you in your conflict. I do not mean to grieve you, and I am not wanting in courage. Adieu."

A DOUBT.

It seems incredible that such letters should have been written by one who appears to have retained a species of faith down to the very last, and yet such cases are not unusual. Those who give themselves up entirely to the lusts and pleasures of the world seem to acquire a species of diabolical spirit, in which pride shuts them out forever from repentance. They appear to forestall the condemnation of the immediate judgment and to judge themselves with justice. It is one of the most terrible forms which impiety can assume, and one which ought to make every "ought-to-be" stop and think. God grant, however, that the author of those letters belied his own prediction, and in his last moments raised his eyes and heart to the throne of mercy. I feel, somehow, that the prayers of the good priest, now dead, must have prevailed in the end over the arch-enemy of souls.—Rev. J. T. Roche, in Catholic Standard and Times.

Often what appear to be the most trivial occurrences of life prove to be the most momentous. Many are disposed to regard a cold as a slight thing, deserving of little consideration, and this neglect often results in the most serious ailments entailing years of suffering. Drive out colds and coughs with Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the recognized remedy for all affections of the throat and lungs.

Father of Five Religious.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." These words may very aptly be applied to Mr. Mathias Ostendarp, one of Cincinnati's most respected citizens, and a pioneer settler, who departed this life aged 76 years.

He was a native of Osede, Amt. Jburg, near Osnabrueck, Germany. In 1847 he emigrated to this country and settled in Cincinnati. In 1850 he married Agnes Ostendarp (nee Stricker). God blessed their union with seven children, of whom five gave themselves to the service of religion, and two died in infancy. The only son, Father Bonaventure, O. S. B., the artist of St. Anselm's College, Manchester, N.H.; Mother Mechilde, superior of a community of Dominican nuns, of Jersey City, N. J., and Sister M. Bonaventure, O. S. D., of New York city, still survive. Two other daughters, M. Gertrude, O. S. D., and Sister M. Celestine, O. S. D., died in 1885, the former in New Jersey and the latter in Michigan.

Mr. Ostendarp was a fervent and staunch Catholic, who not only performed all his Christian duties with heroic fortitude and fidelity, but with his loyal wife, who survives him, lived rather like a religious than a man of the world. Neither the heat of summer nor the wintry blasts could deter him from assisting daily at holy Mass. He was faithful to this pious practice until three days before his death.

WEAK TIRED WOMEN

How many women there are that get no refreshment from sleep. They wake in the morning and feel tired when they went to bed. They have a dizzy sensation in the head, the heart palpitates; they are irritable and nervous, weak and worn out, and the lightest household duties during the day seem to be a drag and a burden.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are the very remedy that weak, nervous, tired out, sickly women need to restore them the blessings of good health.

They give sound, restful sleep, tone up the nerves, strengthen the heart, and make rich blood. Mrs. O. McDonald, Fortage la Prairie, Man., writes: "I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and weak spells. I got four boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after taking them I was completely cured."

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

SURPRISE SOAP



The name "SURPRISE" stands for Pure, Hard, Solid Soap. The best value in Laundry Soap.

CORNWALL NOTES.

The casual visitor to Cornwall becomes at once impressed at the healthy and prosperous tone attending almost every branch of industry reflected from the unusual profitable returns of the farmers in the surrounding country during the past season, with which they were happily blessed. Besides the yield having been extremely abundant, they were favored with exceptionally high prices for all their marketable productions, especially regarding cheese, which went closed with an upward tendency, thus rendering the dairy branch of their industry most encouragingly profitable as compared with other years.

In addition to the number of factories already affording employment to many skilled and other employees, there is probability that another will soon be added to further increase the industry of this truly 'factory town.' The corporation is now offered a furniture factory employing at least 85 hands whose annual wages alone would be \$75,000 or \$100,000, on condition that they be granted a bonus of \$20,000 spread over a number of years so as to lighten the burden on the ratepayers. The vote on this by-law will be taken on the 17th inst., and from the present appearance it will be carried.

Along the different streets are noticed some substantial improvements in the way of both public and private structures, well advanced towards completion. Notably among them is the addition to the High School, doubling its former capacity, which from its now imposing and stately appearance, together with the modern indoor arrangements, appliances and general completeness for school purposes, is certainly second to none in the Province, to say nothing as to the efficiency of the school staff. This addition reflects creditably upon the enterprising spirit of the trustees, as well as upon the generosity of the ratepayers who supplied the required means, amounting to at least \$12,000. Next, again, is the new brick Catholic separate school to be ready by January coming, constructed in the vicinity of the church, convent and priest's residence, which with \$2000 more for furnishing will eventually cost \$12,000. The general architectural design of this massive edifice is certainly to be admired, with its spacious high ceilinged rooms for the various compartments, to say nothing as to the modern conveniences for the promotion of education in its different branches, and the sanitary condition of the institution. It will rank among the best of its kind in Ontario. Thanks to the energy and ever zealous interest of the Rev. Vicar General Corbett in educational matters and works of material progression, this structure has been brought into existence during the past summer, affording employment to quite a number of mechanics and other laborers of the town.

Next again is the new hotel of Mr. Joseph Duguet, now in the course of preparation, and well towards completion on the site of the Clifton House, adjacent to the Court House, Pitt street. The former Clifton House is undergoing a thorough change both in and outside, with carpeting and furnishings of the latest style to render the different rooms the most inviting and comfortable of any to be found in any other hotel outside the city. An addition is being added to double the capacity of the former Clifton. It will contain spacious dining-room, parlor and sitting and other rooms for the guests. The bar will be supplied with all the improved brands of the various kinds of liquor such as can only be found in the high-class hotels. There is, therefore, ample reason for assuming that Mr. Duguet will elevate the standard of the hotel line in Cornwall, and consequently enjoy in return a patronage commensurate with his outlay and commendable energy.

A QUARTET OF BIGOTS.

George T. Angell, the venerable president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, one of the most broad-minded and beloved citizens of Boston, contributes to the last issue of Our Dumb Animals (a paper that should be put into the hands of every child in this country) the following article on bigots: In our evening paper of Sept. 25 we found that the Baptist Minister's Conference in Tremont Temple that morning passed unanimously a strong resolution in praise of our good friend, and late Mayor, Patrick A. Collins, with the exception that one clergyman present voted against it because Mayor Collins was a Catholic.

It reminded us of a call we had some years ago from our good friend Patrick A. Donahoe, to whom we said as we shook hands with him: "We have just received a letter this morning from the editor of a little paper way out west, who says he never wants to see Our Dumb Animals in his office again because we have spoken kindly of the Catholic Church." Mr. Donahoe thought a moment and then answered with the utmost seriousness and sincerity, "I will pray for him." It reminds us also of the last time we met Evangelist Dwight L. Moody, and said to him, "We see that Mr. — has been pitching into you in the newspapers because you gave the little Catholic Church in Northfield some money to help them buy an organ."

"Oh," said Mr. Moody, "that man is crazy; he is crazy! When we have converted all the Protestants then we will convert the Catholics, but it will take three or four days more to convert the Protestants." And then it reminded us again of how a devoted Protestant woman wrote us, some years ago, that she had destroyed her will, giving our Societies several thousand dollars, on account of the mention we had made of the Catholic Church, whose Archbishop was one of our vice-presidents and he himself one of the first members of our Parent band of Mercy—her opinion seeming to be that her money should never be expended for the conversion of Catholics, but only for the conversion of Protestants.

Our opinion has always been that we need all the assistance we can get from both Catholics and Protestants to carry humane education for the prevention of cruelty and crime and the protection of property and life, not only through our own country, but into all Catholic as well as Protestant countries over the entire world.

M. J. MORRISON, Advocate, ROOM 587 - TEMPLE BUILDING

T. J. O'NEILL, REAL ESTATE AGENT, 180 ST. JAMES STREET.

Loans, Insurance, Renting and Collecting of Rents. Moderate charges, and prompt returns.

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Whitewashing and Tinting Orders promptly attended to. Terms moderate. Residence, 75 Aylmer Street, Office, 67 Dorchester street, east of Bloor street, Montreal. Bell Telephone, Up 205.

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Advertisement for 'The Angle Lamp' featuring an illustration of the lamp and text describing its benefits for lighting.

COLORED STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS. FINEST EVER ISSUED. Our large and complete collection of colored stereoscopic views, the most improved and most popular of the day. Includes views of Europe, America, Asia, Africa, and Australia. Write for catalogue and prices. THE BACH SPECIALTY CO., 285 1/2 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

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THE RISK TOO GREAT. "I may be young," said the very young man, "but my love for your daughter is as strong and true as if I were whitened by the snows of innumerable winters." "Oh, I don't doubt your love," replied the stern father, "but have you ever had the measles or the whooping cough? It wouldn't be fair, you know, for us to take you into the family and have to nurse you through those complaints some time or other."

ROOFERS, Etc.

ARE YOUR STOVE BRICKS IN BAD ORDER? DON'T WORRY! "Presby" Stove Lining WILL FIX IT. 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.

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ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1860; incorporated 1863; revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committees meet 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. H. Tansy.

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 Valen street.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—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, 1863. 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. Maides; 2nd Vice-President, J. P. Dooley; Recording Secretary, R. M. J. Dolan, 16 Overdale Ave.; Assistant Rec. Sec., W. J. Macdonald; Financial Secretary, J. J. Conigan, 325 St. Urban street; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Marshal, J. Walsh; Gaud, 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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And a Little

"Come on, Tim, your waiting for you," called from the foot of the stairs morning, shortly after returned from 7 o'clock. No answer from the household, save his re- along the hall, and the usual note of scarcely in evidence up her ears as she heard ing. He was in a mood before he reached the stairs thirty years of study of Kerry wit and eccentric- ed Tim Doolan had made in reading him. "She as Tim himself would rather than she knew her name what she didn't know you could put in your 4 As soon as Tim was c his better half's presence deepened in mystery, and died shake of his head. "Well, sir, the ways of wonderful."

Mary smiled. She kno- toms and she entered once her line of attack. "Wirra, Nellie," she r her daughter-in-law, who ped in; as usual on Sunday "would you look at you'd think 'twas a fast Where's your manners, went on. "Don't you know me any more?"

But Tim ignored her secret to tell, and he kn- curiosity. "Excuse me, Nellie," he ty, "but something happen that kind of upset me. health, dear?" And pay to her answer, he resumed throwing a shell or two Doolan just to draw her Mary saw his position strong to be carried by try, so she brought her into play.

"Drink your coffee, I cried. "Don't you see cold? I'm not going to going all day, just because your dices." Behind his breastwork happily. The enemy was was playing into his hand another shake of his head. "And a little child them."

Mary saw that smile, a at once that her husband's ations were imprecable. was made up instantly, off her artillery she settled starve him out.

"Nellie," she asked, as Tim wore in Jericho, "di- tice the number of long women are wearing this puff sleeves seem to again. But wasn't that bonnet that Mrs. Quinn looked like a rooster pinned to her hair. Well, ten remarked since my there's no accounting for tastes."

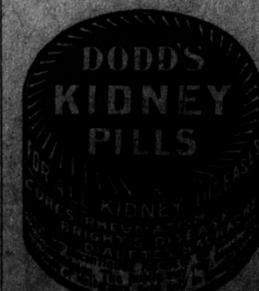
Tim was agitated at this front. He knew she could guerrilla fire until her to worn of its hinges. Not bold stroke could save him climbing out of his trans- ed fire.

"Mary," he remarked "do you know that Frank forward with the sodality?"

Bravo, Tim! That w- move. Mrs. Doolan, you ly betan. All her sagaci- to the winds. Surprised den attack in front, and behind by irresistible cur- assistants, wavers and the unconditionally.

Like all great conquer- magnanimous and no sig- tion is visible on his c- But, of course, to the right of dictating the Mrs. Doolan must writhe long preamble before Tim fancies her womanly cravi- sweet morsel of news be part.

"Do you remember, Ma- splendid couple they ma- and Susie Hamilton, when at the altar ten years a- ther Malachy spilled the the whole parish looked family matter, and the he was the noblest boy, men swore she was the e- ever born away from the fish; and all the colla- young lady avowed they for each other, though in they wished it was other "Don't you remember the rag man, but they were out with they were



And a Little Child Shall Lead Them

"Come on, Tim, your breakfast is waiting for you," called Mrs. Doolan from the foot of the stairs last Sunday morning, shortly after Tim had returned from 7 o'clock Mass.

No answer from the lord of the household, save his responsive step along the hall, and, strange to say, the usual note of elasticity was scarcely in evidence. Mary pricked up her ears as she heard him coming. He was in a mood—she knew it before he reached the staircase. Her thirty years of study of the bundle of Kerry wit and eccentricities men called Tim Doolan had made her expert in reading him. "She knew him," as Tim himself would tell you, "better than she knew her neighbors, and what she didn't know about them you could put in your eye."

As soon as Tim was conscious of his better half's presence his face deepened in mystery, and with a studied shake of his head he muttered: "Well, sir, the ways of the Lord is wonderful."

Mary smiled. She knew the symptoms and she scented victory. At once her line of attack was laid.

"Wirra, Nellie," she remarked to her daughter-in-law, who had dropped in, as usual on Sunday mornings, "would you look at him! Sure you'd think 'twas a fairy he'd seem. Where's your manners, Tim?" she went on. "Don't you know Mrs. Johnson any more?"

But Tim ignored her. He had a secret to tell, and he knew his wife's curiosity.

"Excuse me, Nellie," he said, slowly, "but something happened at Mass that kind of upset me. How's your health, dear?" And paying no heed to her answer, he resumed his silence, throwing a shell or two at Mrs. Doolan just to draw her on.

Mary saw his position was too strong to be carried by light infantry, so she brought her heavy guns into play.

"Drink your coffee, man," she cried. "Don't you see it's getting cold? I'm not going to keep the fire going all day, just because you're on your didoes."

Behind his breastworks Tim smiled happily. The enemy was nettled and was playing into his hands. With another shake of his head he murmured, "And a little child shall lead them."

Mary saw that smile, and she knew at once that her husband's fortifications were impregnable. Her mind was made up instantly, and calling off her artillery she settled down to starve him out.

"Nellie," she asked, as calmly as if Tim were in Jericho, "did you notice the number of long cloaks the women are wearing this winter? And puff sleeves seem to be the style again. But wasn't that a fright of a bonnet that Mrs. Quinn had on? Sure it looked like a rooster's top-knot pinned to her hair. Well, as I've often remarked since my wedding day, there's no accounting for women's tastes."

Tim was agitated at this change of front. He knew she could keep up a guerrilla fire until her tongue was worn off its hinges. Nothing but a bold stroke could save him now. So climbing out of his trenches he opened fire:

"Mary," he remarked suddenly, "do you know that Frank Reilly went forward with the sodality this morning?"

Bravo, Tim! That was a master move. Mrs. Doolan, you're hopelessly beaten. All her sagacity is thrown to the winds. Surprised at the sudden attack in front, and pressed from behind by irresistible curiosity, she hesitates, wavers and then surrenders unconditionally.

Like all great conquerors, Tim is magnanimous and no sign of exultation is visible on his countenance. But, of course, to the victor belongs the right of dictating the terms, and Mrs. Doolan must write through a long preamble before Tim finally satisfies her womanly craving for the sweet morsel of news he has to impart.

"Do you remember, Mary, what a splendid couple they made, himself and Susie Hamilton, when they stood at the altar ten years ago and Father Malachy officiated? Sure, the whole parish looked on it as a family matter, and the women said he was the noblest boy, and the old men swore she was the sweetest girl ever born away from the Emerald Isle; and all the children and the young lads swore they were made for each other. Though in their hearts they wished it was otherwise."

"Don't you remember how Tim used to look at her, like a frying egg

on a gridiron, when his reverence suddenly paused and said solemnly: "My friends, here's something that will appeal to you stronger than any words of mine. It is a clipping from a New York paper:

"A TOPER AT SEVEN!

"A seven-year-old boy was found by Officer Smith at 3 a.m. He was dead drunk, and hugging a half-empty whisky bottle.

"There, you fathers of families, if you are willing to have a crime like that laid at your door, just keep on the way you're going."

"Mary, you should have seen Frank when Father Riordan read that clipping. He threw his arm round the boy and trembled—Lord, he shook worse nor a man with the tremens. He waited for no more, but catching Frankie up bodily he stole from the church, like a murderer.

"During Benediction, I tell you, I said things I never read in a prayer-book; and I believe I'd have stayed there till the padding was gone from my kneecap if Tom hadn't come round, when he was closing up the church, and told me not to take it so hard, as Father Riordan wasn't referring to any one in particular.

"During the rest of the week Frank was as scarce as a December mosquito, and I began to fear that the sermon would prove but his further undoing, when, lo and behold! as I was passing round the badges this morning who did I bump against but himself, down on his knees, with his face in his hands and the beads going at a mile a minute.

"Well, sir, I stood and stared like an 'omadhawn, and when he noticed me up he jumps and catches my hand and says he, 'God bless you, Tim,' with a smile like you wore the night I proposed to you, only a thousand times happier."

And honest Tim, forgetting his breakfast, strode up to his room, threw on his cap and overcoat, and went out to talk it over with Father Malachy. And Mary, good soul, when her spotless apron had brushed away the last trace of her crying, turned to help Nellie clear up the table and echoed in her heart of hearts Frank Reilly's ejaculation—"True for him, ashore! God bless you."—Seumas, in the Western Watchman.

Libelling the Galicians.

The remarks of Mrs. Chisholm, of Winnipeg, at the W.C.T.U. convention in Hamilton recently, have created quite a sensation here. Mrs. Chisholm is reported to have asserted that young Galician and other slave girls are frequently sold for \$25 or \$50 to husbands they do not know.

Father Kulawy, O.M.I., is greatly incensed. He declares it is a crime to give utterance to such statements regarding the Galician people. "It is absolutely untrue it is a pure invention. The Galician people are known as a most docile race; they are sincerely and deeply attached to their children. During my residence among them I saw daily proof of the devotion of the people to their children, and I never on any occasion heard of anything of this character. I think it necessary that the most positive and direct denial should be made to this statement. It is the invention of some one desiring to create a sensation."

PEACH STONES AS FUEL.

In California, where coal is scarce, it is found that peach stones are equally good for fuel and give out more heat than does coal in proportion to weight. Large quantities of stones taken out of the fruit at the canning factories are now dried and sold. Apricot stones also burn, but not as well as peach, and do not command as high a price.

DYSPEPSIA AND STOMACH DISORDERS MAY BE QUICKLY AND PERMANENTLY CURED BY BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Mr. F. A. Laballe, Montevideo, Que., writes us as follows: "I desire to thank you for your wonderful cure, Burdock Blood Bitters.

Three years ago I had a very severe attack of Dyspepsia. I tried first of the best doctors I could find but they could do me no good. I was advised by a friend to try Burdock Blood Bitters and to my great surprise, after taking five bottles, I was perfectly cured. I cannot praise it too highly to all sufferers. In my experience it is the best I ever had. Nothing else has done it for me. I am now as well as the best."

Don't forget to get Burdock Blood Bitters. There is nothing else to get.

A BISHOP ON BAD PLAYS

In all the Roman Catholic churches of Limerick a pastoral was read from Bishop O'Dwyer with regard to plays about to be produced at the local theatre, one of which is understood to be an adaptation of Daudet's *Sapho*. He feels, he says, it is his duty to warn the Catholic people of the city against the danger even performances involve. Against sound and healthy plays he has no word of disapproval. They were a delightful form of recreation, refining the mind and conveying often deep and true moral lessons. This very fact, however, was a reason why they should all have an interest in preserving so powerful an instrument of good, from being perverted into an agency of moral corruption, and that beyond all doubt, theatrical representations were fast becoming. Plays had recently been performed in Ireland that catered only to prurient and corrupt inclinations, but this kind of performance could be put down by the people simply staying away from the theatre where improper plays were performed. Most, if not all of such plays—"abominable stuff," the Bishop terms them—came from England, and dealt with phases of English life to which the Irish people were strangers.

LIFE ON THE RAIL IS A HARD ONE

C. P. R. Engineer's Experience With Dodd's Kidney Pills.

They Brought Back His Strength When he Could Neither Eat nor Sleep

Winnipeg, Man., Nov. 27.—(Special)—Mr. Ben Rafferty, the well-known C.P.R. engineer, whose home is at 175 Maple street, is one Winnipeg man who swears by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Long hours on the engine and the mental strain broke down my constitution," Mr. Rafferty says. "My back gave out entirely. Terrible, sharp, cutting pains followed one another, till I felt I was being sliced away piecemeal. I would come in tired to death from a run. My sole desire would be to get rest and sleep, and they were the very things I could not get. Finally I had to lay off work.

"Then I started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills, and the first night after using them I slept soundly. In three days I threw away the belt I have worn for years. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me."

A DIFFICULT MISSION.

Bishop Pascal, an Oblate, laboring in British North America, with thirty-eight missionaries of his own order, has been striving to better the condition of an abandoned people called the Crees.

Bishop Pascal writes: The Crees live in huts fit only for dogs. Their beds are the skins of wild animals. The winters are intensely cold, the thermometer registering more than 50 degrees below zero. Clad only in rags, many of them die of consumption. Their food is bannocks and what fish or wild animals they can secure.

The Oblates of Mary Immaculate live among those people in a country made almost unbearable by the extremes of heat and cold.

In summer myriads of fleas and mosquitoes pursue the traveler. They seem to want the last drop of blood.

The priests travel from camp to camp and sleep in the snow under a blanket or skin, through which the intense cold penetrates, the falling snow often covering them to a depth of three or four inches. One priest from Regina was found frozen to death.

There have been many escapes from drowning. Recently Father Paquette, who had been among the Crees for thirty years, died as a result of hardship and starvation, his stomach having shrunk from want of food.

Here is one of his experiences: Called to visit a dying Cree in a distant camp, he brought with him a young man of the tribe whom he wrapped up in skins and placed in the wagon at his feet. Lashing themselves with willow branches to keep from freezing, they rushed on facing a fierce north wind, and reached the sick man's hovel as they were on the point of dropping from fatigue and cold.

The Father had only one pair of woollen mittens, which he loaned from time to time to the young Cree. The priest's eyes were so swollen and burnt from the wind that he could not read his breviary.

"In that cabin," he wrote, "where

To BE PUBLISHED THIS WEEK.

Irish History and the Irish Question

By PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH

Author of "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence," "The Founder of Christendom," "Shakespeare: The Man," "The United Kingdom; A Political History," "Life of Cowper," "Bay Leaves," etc.

Days and Nights in the Tropics

By REV. W. R. HARRIS, D.D.,

Author of "History of the Niagara Peninsula," etc.

About two months ago Dean Harris had a series of letters in *The Mail and Empire*, Toronto. These letters have been revised, enlarged and compiled into book form.

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By Mrs. Mary Wood Allen, M.D., and Mrs. Emma F. A. Drake, M.D.

- "What a Young Girl Ought to Know."
- "What a Young Woman Ought to Know."
- "What a Young Wife Ought to Know."
- "What a Woman of 45 Ought to Know."

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Belvidere Pepsin Tablets	25c	15c
Dr. Chase's K. L. Pills	25c	15c
Earl's Fountain Syringe	1.25	25c
N. Y. Plastic Truss	1.50	35c
Dr. Hammon's Nerve Pills	1.00	50c

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ADOPT GREGORIAN CALENDAR.

The new era in Russia will be marked by a change from the Julian to the Gregorian calendar. The use of the old calendar, which is thirteen days behind that of other civilized countries, has been the cause of infinite confusion. The Academy of Sciences has already submitted a plan to shorten the Russian February by thirteen days, and to begin March 1 in the new style.

SISTERS AS TRAINED NURSES.

Nine of the Nursing Sisters of St. John of God, Wexford, Ireland, have successfully passed their examination in elementary anatomy and physiology and in medical, surgical and fever nursing, having completed a course of instruction given by an experienced nurse from London, who has had many years' experience in training probationers and nurses in public hospitals. An arrangement has been made by which the training of the Sisters will be regularly carried out so that a certain number will every year present themselves for examination.

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 tracts on such diseases to THE LARSEN CO., 175 King Street, W., Toronto, Canada. All druggists sell or can obtain for you.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

SENIOR'S FIRE.

St. Anne's Orphanage, Agricultural College and Asylum for Old and Infirm at St. Damien de Buckland, County of Bellechasse, were totally destroyed by fire on Tuesday morning. The loss is estimated at \$50,000.

NEWLY APPOINTED DIRECTOR FOR ST. ANN'S Y.M.S.

St. Ann's Young Men's Society have for new director, to succeed the late Father Strubbe, the Rev. Father Rioux. He is very popular, and it is felt that the work will be done as it was by the deeply regretted former director.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. ANNUAL CELEBRATION.

Next Sunday evening St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society will have its annual gathering in St. Patrick's Church, at which all sister societies are cordially invited to be present. The preacher for the occasion will be the Rev. P. McDonald, of St. Mary's.

FUNERAL OF MR. WALTER KAVANAGH.

On Saturday morning the funeral took place of Mr. Walter Kavanagh, to St. Anthony's Church, where a requiem Mass was celebrated by Father Isidore Kavanagh, brother of deceased, assisted by Rev. Father Heffernan, and Rev. Father Doyle, S.J. A large concourse of citizens followed the remains, testifying to the great respect in which deceased was held.

MISSION SERVICES.

The placing of the mission cross marking the opening of the mission took place at St. Ann's Church last Sunday morning, the sermon being preached by Rev. Father Borgman, C.S.S.R. The usual exhortations were made to the congregation to avail themselves of the time of grace, and to attend without fail all the exercises. The same evening the women's mission commenced. The preachers are Rev. Fathers Borgman, Mulligan and Coughlin, members of the Redemptorist order.

EXCURSION TO QUEBEC.

An excursion is being organized to Quebec by the Canadian Pacific Railway under the auspices of the choir of St. James Cathedral, to leave Montreal, Place Viger, by special train at 8 a.m. Friday, December 8th. Tickets will be good to return by any train up to and including the last train on Monday, December 11th.

Excursion rate \$3.35, children between 5 and 12 years, \$1.70. Tickets are on sale at Place Viger station, at 129 St. James street, and at Deom Bros., stationers, 1877 St. Catherine street.

MEETING AT FRANCISCAN PRIARY.

The English-speaking members of the Third Order held their usual meeting last Sunday. They were addressed by the Rev. Father Ebbelbert, O.F.M. The preacher pointed out the deplorable state of the world to-day, which was, he said, in the same condition as it was before the Saviour came upon it. The tertiary, he maintained, had a special apostolate to fulfil, inasmuch as they, if they followed strictly the rules as laid down, by their example might urge the erring ones to live uprightly and so bring them back to God.

OBSEQUIES OF MME. ARCHAMBAULT, MOTHER OF BISHOP OF JOLLETTE.

At St. James Church on Monday morning took place the solemn requiem service of Mme. Archambault, at which His Grace Archbishop Bruchési officiated. Among the distinguished churchmen present were: Bishop Racicot, Bishop Enard, of Valleyfield, and Mgr. Bernard, of St. Hyacinthe. The chief mourners were Hon. Horace Archambault, president of the Legislative Council; Henry Archambault, K.C., and Mr. Henry Archambault, her grandson. The Hon. Jean Provost represented the Government at the service. Others present were Senators Casgrain, Roland and Leblanc, the Hon. Israel Turle, Mr. R. Forget, M.P., and Justices Loranze, Saint-Pierre, Lavigne, Robitoux, Desnoyers, Tallier and Stotelle.

CHURCH PROPERTY EXEMPTION.

Amendments had been proposed to the city charter regarding the exemption of church property which were simplified at the Legislative Committee meeting on Tuesday by the acceptance of an amendment by which

rectories, manse, etc., situated outside of church grounds, when valued at \$20,000, shall be taxed.

The law which grants general exemption to church property remains unchanged. The principal clause of exemptions reads as follows:

"Every building or portion of a building used for the purpose of religious worship, including the land on which the same is erected, as well as fabriques, bishops' palaces and parsonages, when occupied as a residence by the priest or the minister in charge of any church in the city, provided that but one parsonage for each church shall have the benefit of exemption."

MEETING OF ST. MARY'S Y.M.S.

A largely attended meeting of St. Mary's C. Y. M. Society was held in their hall on Monday evening, when resolutions of condolence were passed to St. Ann's Young Men's Society on the death of their spiritual director, Rev. Father Strubbe, and a committee composed of the President, Mr. J. A. Heffernan, and Secretary, Mr. J. J. Kicallan, were appointed to forward same. The Rev. Father McDonald, spiritual adviser of the society, was present, and entertained the young men for upwards of an hour with a description of his recent visit to Rome and Ireland after which a hearty vote of thanks was passed to the Rev. Father for his very instructive remarks. The next meeting will take place on Monday evening next, at which officers will be nominated for the ensuing year, and two weeks later will be the election. From present appearances some lively contests are looked for.

LA PATRIE AND "LA SORCIERE."

Commenting editorially on Sardou's drama, "La Sorciere," played at the Francais by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, La Patrie says:

"The tirades of Mme. Bernhardt, or, rather, of M. Sardou, over the inquisition, elicited much clapping of hands, we are told, last night. These tirades are directed against the Church. It is difficult to appreciate the actions of the Catholic Church and the governments, in centuries so far removed from us. Each epoch has its particular customs and institutions. Time fails us to-day to speak of the inquisition at length. Suffice it to inform our readers that the inquisition was not exclusively the work of the Church. It is principally in Spain that the inquisition was carried on with the most cruelty. Its excesses were the objects of protests on the part of Popes Sixtus IV., Paul III., Paul VI., Pius XIV., Gregory XIII., Alexander VI. In 1519 Pope Leo. excommunicated the inquisitors of Toledo."

THE LEADER.

To keep abreast of all competitors is the aim of Principal Shaw, of the Central Business College, Toronto. His latest movement has been to open a special office distinct from the school, in which his graduates are employed until they gain such additional experience as will better enable them to accept the best positions going. All interested in practical education should write for the catalogue of this College.

SURELY MIXED UP.

Mrs. Allicash, who has not as yet got over the novelty of riches, is not inclined to admit the fact. On the contrary, it is her great desire that the society with which she is now entitled to mix by virtue of her husband's wealth shall think she was born in the purple.

Recently she was at a big dinner party and as she was being piloted from drawing room to dining room she noticed a marble bust on one of the pillars in the hall.

"Do you know what that is?" she inquired of her cavalier.

"That is Marcus Aurelius," was the answer.

"Oh, is it now?" ejaculated the lady. "But can you tell me," she added, "whether it is the president marquis or the late marquis? I get so mixed up with dukes and things."

Nothing looks more ugly than to see a person whose hands are covered over with warts. Why have these disfigurements on your person when a sure remover of all warts, corns, etc., can be found in Holloway's Corn Cure.

Just the Thing That's Wanted—A pill that acts upon the stomach and yet is so compounded that certain ingredients of it preserve their power to act upon the intestinal caecum, so as to clear them of secretions, the retention of which cannot but be hurtful, was long looked for by the medical profession. It was found in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are the result of much expert study, and are scientifically prepared as a laxative and an alternative in bile.

MONTRÉAL WHOLESALE PRICES

Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$5; strong bakers \$4.60; winter wheat patents, \$4.25 to \$4.50, and straight rollers, \$4 to \$4.25 in wood; in bags, \$1.90 to \$1.95.
Rolled Oats—\$2.55 per bag of 90 lbs.
Pearl Hominy—\$1.85 to \$1.90 in bags of 98 lbs.
Cornmeal—\$1.40 for ordinary, \$1.00 for granulated.
Mill Feed—Ontario bran, in bulk, \$15 to \$15.50; shorts, in bags, \$20 to \$20.50; Manitoba bran, in bags, \$16 to \$17; shorts, \$19 to \$20.
Hay—No. 1, \$8.50 to \$9 per ton on the track; No. 2, \$7.50 to \$8; clover, \$6 to \$6.50; clover mixed, \$6 to \$6.50.
Oats—No. 2, 39c to 40c per bush, No. 2 at 38c.
Beans—Choice primes, \$1.60 to \$1.85 per bushel; hand picked, \$1.70 to \$1.75.
Peas—Belling, in car load lots, \$1 to \$1.05 per bushel.
Potatoes—New potatoes in bags of 80 lbs.; 55c to 55c; in bags of 90 lbs., 60c to 70c.
Honey—White clover in combs, 18c to 14c per one pound section; extract, 7c to 8c; buckwheat, 5c to 6c.
Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, \$21; light short cut, \$18 to \$19; American short cut, \$19; American cut clear fat back, \$18.50 to \$20; compound lard, 6c to 7c; Canadian pure lard, 11c to 11c; kettle rendered, 12c to 12c; hams, 12c to 14c, according to size; bacon, 14c; fresh killed atattoir, dressed hogs, \$8.25 to \$8.50; alive, \$6.25 to \$6.50, mixed lots.
Eggs—Straight stock, 20c to 21c; No. 1 candled, 20c.
Butter—Choice creamery, 23c to 23c; undergrades, 22c to 22c; dairy at 19c to 20c.
Cheese—Ontario, 12c to 12c; Quebec, 11c to 12c.
Ashes—First pots, \$5.30 to \$5.35; seconds at \$4.70; first pearls, \$7.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Quiet reigns upon the local butter and cheese markets and conditions are practically unchanged. There is very little export demand for cheese at the present prices and indications are that there will not be much of an improvement in the trade till after the new year. Stocks are ample in Britain, according to most ideas, and the high values asked by houses on this side are causing the English buyers to stay out of the market unless supplies are wanted for immediate use; they prefer in most cases to let some one else carry the cheese and to run the risk of having to pay a higher price for it later in the season.

Quotations on the local market vary to a large extent and are governed largely by the date of the production of the cheese. October make western, is worth from 12c to 12c, and eastern from 11c to 12c, while late November cheese, which is nearly all the output of Ontario factories, can be bought for 11c to 11c.

Butter is weaker to-day, and sales of fancy stock have been made at 23c to 23c. Trade, which is mostly of a local nature, is quiet, and very little business of any sort is being worked.

A Liverpool produce report for the week ending Nov. 17, says that the cheese market has ruled firm all week after the earlier free trading demand has been quiet, but no weakness is manifest, and there is a general anticipation that as buyers come into the market to replenish stocks, values will further harden. Medium grades are in request, but in small supply.

Butter is without special feature. Strictly choicest qualities are in small supply, and bring full prices. Lower qualities are more plentiful and are offered at irregular values. Medium grades of butter are in moderate request.

The local egg market is steady, with a firm tendency on account of a good demand and light receipts. Selects are worth 25c; No. 1 candled at 20c, and cold storages, which is largely replacing straight gathered country eggs, is selling for 21c.

THE ACTIVE MOSQUITO.

Father Jullotte, S.S., C.O., of Molokai leper settlement, puts forth the theory that leprosy is inoculated by mosquitoes.

OUR FURS.

In the matter of Furs, we have a stock of high quality inseparably and of high quality inseparably linked with low prices.

With this end in view we employ our own experts, whose work it is to superintend every process of the garment from the selection of its raw skins to its finishing, and so it is that we can afford to give an unequalled guarantee with every garment we sell, as well as associate with its high quality, a low price quite out of proportion, for instance—

Natural Dark Alaska Sable Cape, high storm collar, stole fronts, 70 inches long, 10 sable tails, heavy satin lining, \$37.50.

Dark Natural Canada Mink throw-over Scarf, 70 inches long, brocaded satin lining, \$38.50.

Natural Dark Canada Mink Scarf, fine selected skins, 45 in. long, trimmed with 10 mink tails, \$35.00.

Natural Canada Mink Muffs, large Coronation shape, 6 skins, trimmed with five tails, \$35.00.

Mink Marmot Scarfs, 58 in. long, trimmed with tails and ornaments, \$7.25.

Coronation Muff to match, \$6.00.

35 to 75 Values in Linens 25.

A large assortment of plain and damask hemstitched tray cloths, bureau and sideboard scarves, hand embroidered and hand made lace and linen doilies, shams, laundry bags, etc. Regular values up to .75, for 25c.

This store closes at 5.30 p. m. daily.

The S. Carsley Company Limited

NOTICE.

During November and December I offer very special reductions in all lines of religious goods as follows:

Colored Statues—Sacred Heart and Blessed Virgin, regular \$5.00 each for \$4.00, and St. Anthony, regular \$4.00 for \$3.00.

Prayer Books from 10c up. Prayer Books from 6c up.

J. J. M. LANDY, JEWELLER, 416 QUEEN ST., W. TORONTO, Can. Phone Main 3758. Mail and Phone Orders Promptly Executed

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 20, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age; to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is 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. COOBY, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

Small orders promptly and accurately filled. We do not issue a catalogue, but our prices are gladly sent upon request.

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED

Store Closes at 5 o'clock daily. THURSDAY, Nov. 30, 1905.

Hosiery—Special Prices

Boys' heavy ribbed black Woolen Hose, shaped, very elastic and tough wearing, suitable for Overstockings 33c
Ladies' heavy ribbed wool Overstockings, cut heels, very elastic, well shaped. Sizes 8 1/2 to 10 60c
Size 10 1/2 70c
Ladies' natural color elastic fleeced ribbed cotton vests, over sizes, high neck, long sleeves, Special 38c and 49c

Shoes—Inexpensive but Good

We have so many specials in good shoes at low prices that to-day's story is confined to telling of these—
Boys' Shoes at 99c. Sturdy shoes for lively boys, made of good buff leather, heavy soles, laced. Sizes 11 and 13 99c
LADIES' SHOES AT \$1.55
Ladies' Black Dongola Kid Laced Boots, with dull led uppers, patent tips, good medium weight soles, and military heels. Sizes 2 1/2 to 7 \$1.55

\$2.50 Clocks for \$1.95

Dainty little timepieces. Height 8 1/2 in. Width 4 1/2 in. We have only six of them. Handsomely gilt. Fitted with reliable American movements, fully guaranteed. It would be hard to imagine anything more suitable for the home or as a gift. Sold everywhere at \$2.50. Special \$1.95

\$1.25 Desideratum Corsets 95c

The model is in the most recent, popular style, made of fine quality French Cord, low cut, steel lined, medium bust, prettily trimmed with lace and ribbon. With or without double pair of garters attached. Sizes 18 to 39. Regularly \$1.25. Special 95c

OVERHEAD

Conversation overheard in the Main Aisle, Ground Floor, Saturday, Time 3.30 p.m.
1st Lady—"Is it always as crowded as this?"
2nd Lady—"Always. If you want to see people, this is the place to come."
Further comment is needless.

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED

1167 1/2 to 1783 Notre Dame St., 184 to 194t James St., Montreal

This Combination Outfit

BED SPRING and MATTRESS

This is undoubtedly the best offer in house-keeping needs on the market and is made solely to introduce our large new catalogue of Furniture. The outfit consists of Iron Bed, enamelled white, heavy posts and solid brass trimmings, one of our new designs in all widths. Woven Wire Spring, good quality, to fit bed, and All Mattress of durable quality, ticking and wool both sides. Our special price for this combination complete \$8.50

Send for our Large Illustrated FURNITURE CATALOGUE "H" containing nearly 500 illustrations of new designs in furniture for the home and showing a saving of from 20 to 30 per cent. on furniture purchases. Sent free for the asking.

THE ADAMS FURNITURE COMPANY LIMITED

CITY HALL SQUARE, TORONTO, ONTARIO

GOD PROTECTED HIM.

"I never come into my station house that I don't ask God to protect me and the work I have to do, and I guess He had His eye on me when that infernal machine was pried open from the bottom, instead of the top."

Police Captain Mike O'Reilly, of New York, named by former Commissioner Partridge the "only honest police captain in New York," made this remark recently in speaking of the home-made bomb that some miscreant sent to him at the Ralph Avenue Police Station, Ralph Avenue and Quincy Street, Brooklyn.

The grizzled veteran, thirty-two years on the force, and the victim of riot and personal encounters with the vicious all over the two boroughs was profoundly affected.

"Some coward who wished only to blow my eyes out—not to kill me," he said; "some coward who didn't dare come up and beat me with a club like a man! I'd sell a few years of my life just to find out who did it."

CARDINAL CLOTH.

The red cloth worn by the Cardinals has for several centuries been made by a German firm at Aix-la-Chapelle. The manufacturer of this material is said to be carried out in a peculiar and secret way, known only to the firm.

GET THE BEST

LUNN'S LIMITED SKATE

THE ONLY SKATE

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

Vol. LV., No. ARCHBISHOP ISSUES PAST Expresses Sorrow th ing in Many C Not Heed

The following episode regarding the Archbishop week ago, regarding read on Sunday from pulpits in the city.

"In raising our voice against bad theatre you not to attend the plays which were presented week we were only charged of a conscientious position as first upon us.

"In spite of all that to the contrary we know words fell upon attentive in fact, of the most citizens, in order to me sacrificed the tickets already purchased, and being a noble example are happy to offer the relations.

"A great many other ly took no notice of went to hear plays. Church is insulted and rals are trampled under have to confess to-day- duct on their part fills and surprise.

"The plea has been pastoral warning came this is a sad excuse, in the warning was given been announced, and, tickets were purchased, tre was not open. If learn, very dear brethren decline which had been an excellent remedy was than a fatal poison, was the same even if it l for?

"It has also been sa plays were interpreted of irreparable merit, fact render them less in dangerous?

"Oh, how little logic some minds, and are convictions very far deeply rooted in certain.

"We defy the most. tors and the most cresses to come here to ridicule our history or honor of the Canadian. Know that they would rather than applause.

"In a word, the patriotic of the country would r.

"Remember also, vren, the excitement ca in society circles by th of a novel quite insigni self but in which some tering things for our said as well as for ce evidently aimed at in th.

"No one appeared to plot, which was immo many protesting article ten, and how much manifested because of t of our national pride?"

"Likewise at the the should be permitted to country, or the memory parted statesmen. But i case it is the Church wh ed. Her history is fals blessed influence down t ages, is strangely ignor.

"The scenes offered to tors in the theatre are, scene of criminal pa grace, of jealousy, of murder and of suicide. Indeed scrupulous to be flee from these scenes? exhibited with the actual and is this not a suff for contemplating it and the actor or actress who before our eyes.

"Alas I see how here of the soul, painful, to to realize.

"Believe us, very few would never have dream ing you would play in of a nature to provide elevated thoughts in minds. Today, however, all sincere men to which we are to