



Church and State in France.

Anti-clericals Denounce Vatican and Praise Action of France.

Venerable Archbishop and Parish Priests Under Orders to Evacuate their Residences.

Paris, Dec. 11.—The struggle which began in 1880 with the banishment of the Jesuits, culminated to-day in the legal rupture of the bond which for practically a thousand years had united Church and State. By refusing to make the required declaration under the public meeting law of 1881, public Catholic worship, except by schismatic organizations, to-morrow becomes illegal.

The scenes in some of the churches were very touching. Not in years had there been such an attendance at mass. The number of women was especially conspicuous, indicating the religious indifference of the male population. Although seven-eighths of the inhabitants of this city nominally are Catholics, in no parts of the city were the churches crowded. Even at Notre Dame Cathedral, where a solemn High Mass was celebrated, the edifice was only half-filled. The officiating clergy read the regular offices for the week as usual without alluding to their illegal status to-morrow. Nevertheless the depression of the Catholics was manifested. Many women emerged from the cathedral weeping and lingered outside to discuss what to do when the clergy are turned out of their churches.

It is becoming more apparent that both the government officials and higher ecclesiastics are resisting the advice of intemperate-minded persons. M. Briand, the Minister of Public Worship, announces that the government "cannot be driven into the trap by closing the churches," and Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, has strongly censured the placarding of appeals to the clericals to make violent resistance to the officers of the law. "No violence," he says, "but passive resistance to the unjust law, after exhausting all protests at every step." This is the disposition so far as the higher ecclesiastics are concerned, but their followers evidently have no intention to submit and are preparing to assume the rule of martyrs, abandon the churches and organize private worship.

Cardinal Richard and many of the bishops have already begun the removal of their private effects from the episcopal mansions, and the clergy are preparing to leave their rectories and remove into hired lodgings. It is announced that the parish priests have received many offers of places in which to hold religious services, but there is no indication that they intend to take advantage of the sole remaining chance to retain their churches, namely, by making the declarations called for by the law.

The government continues to present a calm front. Receivers have been appointed everywhere to assume charge of the sequestered property, and three policemen will be stationed to-morrow at the doors of all the churches to report law violations.

The government probably will accept the bill introduced in the Chamber of Deputies yesterday by M. Munier, Republican, providing that all buildings, presbyteries, and so on, occupied by ecclesiastics, shall be definitely escheat to the state, the departments and the communes upon the enactment of the law, providing for the separation of Church and State and at once make arrangements that the sequestered property shall not be used, like the hospitals, for special purposes or public charities, to suppress the pensions of the clergy who do not conform with the laws of 1905 and 1881, and to summons all the priests of military age to the colors, to serve their turn in the army with other Frenchmen

liable to military duty.

The Republican press says the temper of the people forms a more hostile attitude toward the Vatican. The *Republique Francaise* declares: "The time has passed when a Pope could successfully threaten to release French subjects from their allegiance. Defiance of the law will only expose the priests to being regarded as the subjects of a foreign power by which they would forfeit their rights as Frenchmen."

After a meeting of the Cabinet ministers it was announced that on Dec. 14 Premier Clemenceau will ask parliament to suppress the pension of the clergy, to liquidate the public property of Catholics and to distribute the presbyteries, seminaries, and so on.

CONGRATULATES FRANCE.

Rome, Dec. 11.—Signor Mirabelli, Republican, to-day in the Chamber of Deputies introduced a resolution, which was adopted, congratulating France on its anti-clerical policy, as "tending to secularize the state and render the human conscience independent."

MGR. MONTAGNINI, SECRETARY OF THE PAPAL NUNCIATURE EXPELLED AND HOUSE SEARCHED.

Mgr. Montagnini, secretary of the Papal Nunciature in Paris, since the recall of the Nuncio, was arrested upon an order expelling him from France, and was conducted to the frontier on Tuesday night. His residence was searched by the police.

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESI ISSUED APPEAL.

The following appeal of His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi was issued on Monday to every part of the diocese: "To-morrow, Dec. 11, will be a very solemn date for the Holy See, and for France. Catholics the world over cannot remain indifferent to the serious events that are approaching and the issue of which is known by God alone. The Church of France is going through a terrible crisis. All believers are full of anxiety and anguish, for the future is threatening.

"Meanwhile, the Sovereign Pontiff, although plunged in grief, shows admirable firmness and courage. His confidence rests in God alone; from Him alone he expects help. He prays and requests us to pray with him. Let us readily comply with his appeal.

"To that end, we wish that to-morrow, Dec. 11, the Blessed Sacrament be exposed during the whole day in the churches and in the chapels of the religious communities throughout the diocese. The exposition will close with solemn benediction, during which the 'Miserere' will be chanted. We trust that the faithful will attend these religious services in large numbers, and will make the day one of fervent prayer to implore divine protection for their Pope, the Church, and France, our dear Mother Country."

In compliance with the above order the officiating priest at Low Mass in every church and chapel of the city on Tuesday morning made the announcement to those attending, immediately afterwards exposing the Blessed Sacrament on the altar. In the evening Benediction took place,

PRESS OPINION.

Toronto Mail and Empire:—"It is war between the Church and the State. The Church will not yield, and France, far from proposing to compromise or to conciliate, threatens once again to meet opposition with new restrictions. It was the fight against the education law that brought on the expulsion of the religious orders. It was the struggle against expulsion that led to the separation of Church and State. It is the separation of Church and State that is threatening to take France out of the category of Catholic nations. History, as written on the other side of the Channel, appears to be repeating itself in France. England objected to the exercise within the realm of any authority, save such as was absolutely religious, by the Pope. France is doing the same thing. The wonder is that the able statesmen who give advice at Rome do not see that the modern nation is determined to rule itself in secular concerns, and that it is impolitic to oppose such a situation instead of turning it to account."

Toronto Globe:—"This is likely to become a red letter day in the French national calendar. The time allowed for compliance by religious denominations with the provisions of the law effecting a complete separation between Church and State expires to-day. To-morrow and the day after, measures will be taken to enforce the law throughout France. As no 'Cultural Associations' have been formed under the law of 1905, to take over Church property, it will be taken over by the State. What disposition will be made of it hereafter only time can reveal. Not unlikely it will find its way back into the hands of its present owners, through some diplomatic modus vivendi. Certainly the Government, which has no interest, in creating a permanent change, is not likely to refuse any reasonable compromise during the year of grace which the law allows. It may be conformable to the genius of the French people to effect a separation between Church and State, but it is not likely that national prestige abroad will be promoted by inflicting upon a large proportion of the people a final loss and a religious insult which to them can wear no other aspect than that of persecution. One of the possible developments, if the trouble goes farther, is the enactment of a law depriving the Roman Catholic clergy of their privileges and making them liable for military service as ordinary civilians with the still more drastic resort of treating them as foreigners reserved in the background.

"All well wishers of France will earnestly hope that none of these measures will be deemed necessary. Any one of them would give rise to a protracted and useless struggle, which would entail serious loss and lasting injury to the nation even more than to the Church."

Ottawa Citizen:—"To those who have followed the course of the political development of this antagonism there has seemed something almost cruel and forbidding in the determined manner in which the succeeding governments of the Republic have sternly forced on the issue. Each in turn has been adopting more drastic and radical measures to accomplish the purpose in view. France has a historical reputation for accomplishing in periods of excitement and popular tumult changes of a far-reaching and unexpected nature, but the manner in which it has with cold and implacable purpose carried forward to its logical conclusion this legislation shows the church a new

side of development of the national character."

After noting that the predecessors of the present government were forced to resign because their policy was not energetic enough, the *Citizen* continues: "Commencing to-day services in churches can only be conducted under a license from the Government. The Vatican has taken up the gauntlet and declared that the Church shall not recognize governmental authority by conforming to this law. It is now up to the Government to prosecute those who hold services in contravention of the law and the logical outcome will be that the churches will be closed by the state and those who resist the Government by endeavoring to hold services without the required legal authority will be prosecuted. It now remains to be seen whether the ecclesiastical authority of the Vatican or the temporal power of the French Government is the stronger in France."

LOCAL COMMENT.

Daily Witness:—"On the same day we have the crisis of the conflict of the British Government and Parliament with the ecclesiastical authorities of England, and that of the conflict between the French Government and Parliament against the Roman ecclesiastical authorities. The Archbishop of Montreal has issued instructions that the Holy Sacrament shall be exposed in the churches all day and that the faithful shall pray for the Pope and for the French believers in the day of their anguish. More than a hundred years ago France revolted against Rome and made ecclesiastical positions democratically elective. Napoleon Bonaparte, coming in on a wave of reaction, wiped out the premature republic with imperialism, and with it wiped out this democratic order of things, restoring papal authority on terms to suit himself, afterwards modifying that authority by the 'false' concordat of 1813, the Pope being then his prisoner at Fontenbleau. France has since then ripened in national responsibility and capacity for self-control. The question is whether she is yet fit for and able to assert ecclesiastical freedom."

Gazette:—"Developments in France would indicate that the Government has every intention of enforcing the law relating to associations. After a thousand years it is naturally difficult for the Church to surrender the privileges it has so long enjoyed. Resistance, however, would appear a mistaken policy. The Church as a moral agent, owes much respect for the law. If it is a bad law, its enforcement will condemn it."

The *Patron*, in part, *La Patrie* seeks as follows: "It is the first religious crisis through which France has passed. Under all regimes governed by ambitious and autocratic monarchs, the Vatican and France have had differences. 'We will mention but one: That between Bonaparte and Pope Pius VII. The conqueror made the Head of the Church his prisoner. In the palace where resided the august pontiff Napoleon treated him as if he were the meanest of his subjects. The Church has survived all these assaults perpetrated on her.

"It is impossible to suppose that to-day we will see a repetition of the dreadful scenes of the French revolution. The triumph of the elements of disorder which compose the Commune do not appear to us in the order of things to be feared. Warfare exists between forces of another nature. The Holy See does not wish for an armed revolution, which is but the organization of disorder in France. The resistance of the French hierarchy, of the French Catholics who have followed the instructions of His Holiness, will be dignified resistance, calm but energetic, which does not sanction bloody conflicts. The Holy Father and the French hierarchy have no battalions at their command. Since the Sovereign Pontiff, in the exercise of the supreme duties of his charge, has resolved that the Church must not be affected by the laws adopted by the French Parliament, the battle will henceforth be between the influence which controls the Catholic Church in France, and

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the entire world, and that which France in a measure at present commands. Bismarck, who governed a Protestant country, made his peace and that of the German Empire with Rome before the close of his career. The Catholics of the Empire are organized with the determination to obtain their legitimate liberty and the possession of their rights one day or another. If there remains in the French Catholics sufficient energy to imitate their German co-religionists they will hear sounding in their ears the just vindication of their rights and will salute an area of conquest and liberty.

La Presse, under the heading, "Where is France Going," says in part: "They do not want God, M. Viviani, one of the members of the Clemenceau Ministry, cried out the other day, blasphemously: 'We have extinguished the light of heaven.' But he was mistaken. . . Many others before him boasted of having vanquished the Galilean, and, like Julian the Apostate, had finally to acknowledge that it was the Galilean who had conquered. . . We love France. She has safeguarded our faith, our language and our traditions. If our young race has, on this American soil, battled with honor to retain her place, we owe it to the French Catholic pioneers. We have prayed for France, and will continue to do so. In spite of all, we still hope that the statesmen in charge of affairs will halt in the road of atheism in which they are leading the people, and for the honor of our chivalrous country join forces with the Supreme Head of the Church."

THE POPE'S WORDS.

The Pope, referring to the action taken by the French Government yesterday, said: "Neither persecution nor martyrdom will stop us in protecting religion. Our cause is God's cause."

The excitement in Vatican circles is naturally great. All the clergy, from the Cardinals to the humblest priests, are devoutly invoking the aid and protection of God for the faith and their co-religionists in France. The anti-clericals seem to be disposed to make capital for themselves. One of the anti-clerical clubs, the *Giordano Bruno*, has issued a manifesto denouncing the Italian Government as a slave of the papacy. The document was so violently worded that the censor confiscated it and would not allow it to be issued until the gravest phrases were excised. Even as it is now, it fiercely denounces the action of the Vatican and praises the energetic action of France, contrasting it with Italy's attitude toward the papacy.

IMPRESSIVE SERVICE AT ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL.

On Tuesday evening was witnessed a ceremony of intense solemnity at the Cathedral. All day long the Blessed Sacrament had been exposed, as it was in all churches of the diocese, and at 7.30 o'clock crowds had filled every available space to assist at the closing exercises. The sweet young voices of the orphan girls of the Hospice St. Joseph rendered in a touching manner a hymn imploring God's pity on France, after which His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi addressed a few words to the congregation, making allusion to the children's canticle in which they made supplication for God's mercy and pity on the Mother Country—France. He went over in very few words the actual state of affairs and concluded by saying that notwithstanding all this, hope need not be

abandoned, inasmuch as the Church had passed through as great trials, but had always come out victorious, and that the Sovereign Pontiff, in taking the stand he had, had been assuredly inspired by the Holy Spirit. His Grace then read the cablegram which, after issuing his appeal for Tuesday's observance as a day of prayer in behalf of France, he had sent to the Holy Father:

Montreal, Dec. 10, 1906.
Most Holy Father:—
Admiring your apostolic firmness, sympathizing with your grief, the diocese of Montreal will pray in union with you to-morrow before the Blessed Sacrament, which will be exposed in all the churches.

PAUL BRUCHESI,
Archbishop.

The Sovereign Pontiff immediately replied through the Cardinal Secretary of State:

Rome, Dec. 11, 1906.
Mgr. Bruchesi,
Archbishop of Montreal.

The Holy Father thanks you for your renewed testimony of devotedness.

CARD. MERRY DEL VAL.

Benediction was then given by His Grace, during which the orphans chanted the "Miserere."

William O'Brien's Generous Offer.

William O'Brien is the recipient of numerous congratulations from all over the country in connection with an offer made by himself and his wife, in Cork, recently, to bequeath upon their demise practically every penny they are worth as a contribution towards the endowment of a Munster University in Cork, if the local authorities are willing to assume a slight temporary debt in the meantime.

As Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien are worth between \$250,000 and \$500,000, their offer is regarded as the only practical scheme for settling the Irish University question at the present time.

"As I calculate," remarked Mr. O'Brien, in outlining the terms of his offer, "if the borough councils and county councils of the province are willing to assume a temporary burden, which would be an excessively slight one, and every shilling of which would be repaid at our death, a sum of say £50,000 could be at once made available, and the arrangement would have the double advantage of persuading England that the people of the south mean to have a people's university, governed by the representatives of the people, they are willing to prove the faith that is in them by making the people of the south in some degree also contributory to the work. As I figure it out, even if the burden was confined to the city and county of Cork alone, it would not involve a debt of more than one farthing in the pound for a very few years, with the absolute security of being then recouped the whole sum, and if the borough and county councils of the other counties in the province desired that their children should share in the privileges of university education, the temporary rate would scarcely amount to half a farthing in the pound. You would thus have immediately at your command an additional endowment of £10,000 a year for five years, added to the present endowment of £10,000 a year."

Why go limping and whining about your corns when a 25 cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial and you will not regret it.

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HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

The girl who makes friends wherever she goes is delightful. She comes into a room like a sea breeze fresh, laughing, nodding right and left with happy impartiality.

A TRAINED NURSE WHO HAS BECOME AN EMBALMER.

A new field for the trained nurse has been recently opened up, and a way for her entrance therein is pointed out by one of the profession.

"I felt for a long time that there was an opportunity for the trained nurse in the ranks of embalmers, and my experience has shown me how much she is appreciated in this new role."

ARTISTIC CHRISTMAS DINING TABLE.

A very effective Christmas table had for a centerpiece a Jerusalem cherry tree, with many berries, the earthen pot being concealed by tissue papers matching the red fruit.

HOW TO DISTRIBUTE SMALL GIFTS.

One of the prettiest suggestions for distributing small Christmas gifts is to have them imbedded in artificial oranges.

greatly to the appearance of the tree itself. They should be suspended from the tree by orange satin ribbon or by braided lengths of crepe paper, which is more effective to carry out the idea.

THE CHOCOLATE CURE.

In an obscure but picturesque little village of far-off Germany there is a place called the "Chocolate Cure," where thin people go to become stout.

MOTHERHOOD.

Gray gloomed the hillside. Through the solemn hush Of dole, the third dark hour—reluctant, shamed— Slow yielded to its close.

Below the doors The Holy Mother knelt in quivering calm, Her waiting arms in anguish upward reached To take again her Son, her little boy—

Then near at hand, there broke A woman's sobbing, low and wrenched and fierce. The cry of one whose hurt is worse than death; And Mary, bending sweet within her veil, Laid her high grief aside, to pray, "Dear God!

TRUE HOSPITALITY.

In a home that I have in mind the real spirit of hospitality is shown at its best. There is often no maid, and sometimes the mistress of this household is nearly overworked, but invariably the guest is made comfortable.

Many a hostess will ask her guest if he will have refreshment, and it is rare that one replies that he will, for the question itself implies effort, something that should never appear in a hospitable offering.

CHRISTMAS RECIPES.

Christmas Mince Meat—Here is a recipe that has always given satisfaction. Take a large beef tongue—if dried, soak it over night in plenty



Was In Untold Misery.

I should have written before now about that precious Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, but I thought I would first see what effect it would have. I have used only one bottle this time and am happy to state that I have improved wonderfully.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Four patients also get the medicine free.

Koenig Med. Co., Chicago, Ill. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, 6 for \$5.00. Agents in Canada—The Lyman Bros. & Co., Ltd., Toronto; The Wingo's Chemical Co., Ltd., Montreal.

of cold water, then in the morning put over the fire in a large boiler, well filled with cold water. Let the water gradually come to a boiling point, then let it boil steadily but gently for an hour.

TIMELY HINTS.

It is well to know that brooms of green straw do not wear as well as those of the natural color. More brooms are used in the kitchen than almost any other part of the house, so do not buy green ones under the impression that they will outlast the others.

To remove those distressing white spots on your polished mahogany, rub gently with a white flannel cloth moistened with spirits of camphor or even eau de cologne if the former is not in the house at the moment.

Disease Born of Carelessness

Because Poisonous Impurities are left in the Blood which can be removed by the use of

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

Disease results in most cases from the presence of poisonous waste matter in the body, and may, therefore, be said to arise from ignorance or carelessness.

Bilious spells, sick headaches, attacks of indigestion, kidney pains and backaches—such are the indications of failure on the part of the liver to remove the poisonous waste matter as rapidly as it accumulates.

Neglect to afford assistance at such a time is to invite the attack of such ailments as Bright's Disease, dropsy, rheumatism or appendicitis. Mr. John Wilson, 918 Esplanade Avenue, Montreal, Que., writes: "Last February I was taken sick and had to have the doctor, who said my ailment was a disordered liver."

"I obtained some of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and as a result of this treatment was completely cured. My water became a natural color and is still so. The cure was thorough and lasting."

By using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose at bedtime, as often as is necessary to keep the bowels in regular healthful action, you insure yourself against kidney disease and subsequent suffering from Bright's disease, dropsy, apoplexy or other equally dreaded ailments. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, 25 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE POET'S CORNER

THE DEAREST CORNER.

The dearest corner in our home— Which is it, do you say? Where rich old heirlooms, queer and quaint,

With Time are stowed away? Where ancient gods of good and grace

Smile from the dusk and dim— Venus and Buddha's double face— Like spectres dark and grim?

The dearest corner? Can you guess? Where forebears proudly stare

From days that died long, long ago To days that are young and fair? Is this the dearest corner? Ah!

Think you I choose this spot? (I love the dear old people, ah!) And yet, I choose it not.

The dearest corner? Do I seek The little flower hill

Where ivies climb the trellis tree And tumble from the sill? Where orchids turn their pointing lips

Up to the lover sun? Think you I love this corner best? Or choose this shining one?

The dearest corner? Not for gifts Of gold, and time, and space

I choose a cozy little spot And bless the precious place; To love's own gift I softly steal,

And watch, and pray, and peep And bending o'er the cradle, kiss My little babe, asleep! —Aloysius Coll.

THE WAYSIDE CROSS.

A wayside cross at set of day Unto my spirit did say:

"O soul, my branching arms you see Point four ways to infinity.

"One points to infinity above, To show the height of heavenly love.

"Two point to infinite width, which shows That heavenly love no limit knows.

"One points to infinite beneath, To show God's love is under death.

"The four arms join, an emblem That in God's heart all loves will meet."

FUNNY SAYING.

A CHILD'S REASON.

The late Henry N. Pillsbury, the famous chess player, was fond of children, and delighted in incidents that illustrated the originality of the child mind.

At the Mercantile library, the haunt of the Philadelphia chess players, Mr. Pillsbury said one day: "I cultivate children because they teach me new ways of looking at things. They give me new points of view."

"I showed a little girl an aquarium of Japanese goldfish the other day.

"How would you like to be a little fish?" said I.

"Not much," said the little girl. "Why not?" I asked.

"Because," she said, "if you were a little fish your mamma wouldn't have any lap." —Philadelphia Bulletin.

BACKWARD IN COMING FORWARD.

It was on a suburban train. The young man in the rear car was suddenly addressed by the woman in the seat behind him.

"Pardon me, sir," she said, "but would you mind assisting me off at the next station? You see, I am very large, and when I get off I have to go backward, so the conductor thinks I am trying to get aboard and helps me on again. He has done this at three stations."

JOHNNIE AS A PROMOTER.

"I'm afraid you don't like me very well, Johnnie," said the young man who thought he was interesting to Johnnie's sister.

Johnnie shook his head. "I ain't down on you," he replied. "I'm only sorry for you 'cause you ain't wise. If you'd put less money on sis' an' more on me you'd stand a blazesight better chance with her. See?" —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SILENCED THE RINGLEADER.

The head teacher in a Sunday-school was much worried by the noise of the pupils in the next room. At last, unable to bear it any longer,

I thanked the cross as I turned away For such sweet thoughts in the twilight grey. —Frederick George Scott.

GUARDED.

"I made believe," thus said my little maid, "That you were in the next room watching me.

All day I was as good as good can be, And tried to please you as I sang and played."

So strong the safeguard of a loving eye, The simple parable I read aright. The Father sees me though hid from my sight.

If only this I kept in memory.

And tried to do the thing to please Him best, How unafraid I'd see the close of day!

Or if he came at noontide, not cry nay, How free from fear my life, and death, how blest!

A SONNET.

What are we set on earth for? Say to toil, Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines

For all the heat o' the day, till it declines, And Death's mild curfew shall from work assail!

God did anoint thee with His odorous oil To wrestle—not to reign; and He assigns

All thy tears over, like pure crystallines, For younger fellow-workers of the soil

To wear for amulets. So others shall Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand.

From thy hand and thy heart and thy brave cheer And God's grace fructify through thee to all.

The least flower with a brimming cup may stand And share its dew-drop with another near.

LETTER TO

Dear Aunt Beck I am ten years school every day, there and one brother is a baby old. He is a name is Bernard printed, I will get long, I close. Good-by cousins.

JUST L

"What a beautiful said Faith pansy bed; "With morning-tree, And dozens of red."

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

Two correspondents wrote to a country editor to know respectively, "The best way of assisting twins through the teething period," and "How to rid an orchard of grasshoppers."

The editor answered both questions faithfully, but unfortunately got the initials mixed, so that the fond father of the teething twins was thunderstruck by the following advice:

"If you are unfortunate enough to be plagued with these unwelcome little pests the quickest means of settling them is to cover them with straw and set the straw on fire."

While the man who was bothered with grasshoppers was equally amazed to read:

"The best method of treatment is to give them each a warm bath twice a day and rub their gums with boneseat."

President Suspenders. Style, comfort, service. 50c everywhere.

LUBY'S The great success and reputation that it has already obtained proves that Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer restores gray hair to its natural color, and from its balsamic properties, strengthens the growth, removes all dandruff, and leaves the scalp clean and healthy. Can be had of all chemists. 50 cents bottle.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1908. TO P With the pu test closed, a names of suc next week's jo make an wers in th the morning day, will NO look back to first set you was the limit The names o fered will app ANSWERS NOV. 1. RIDD Plum puddin 2. DOUB Christmas. 3. BUR 1. Daisy. 2. Rose. 3. Pink. 4. Peony. 5. Fanny. 6. Yew. 4. BEHE 1. Grave, rav 2. Smart, me 3. Strap, tra 5. WHAT I A tree. 6. Tars, Rats, 7. WO C A L F 8. CHA Cabbage, For 9. Because he a trunk with him ANSWER Harold O'Sullivan Walter O'Sullivan Mary Sanders, Emma F. Hunt Maude C. Quet A. Cecelia, St. Letter to Dear Aunt Beck I am ten years school every day, there and one brother is a baby old. He is a name is Bernard printed, I will get long, I close. Good-by cousins. "Your l Cranbourne, P "JUST L "What a beautiful said Faith pansy bed; "With morning-tree, And dozens of red." "And may be, earnest the Illuming her fa and fair, "We can make every sort, For the hotel la wear." "That's just like dolent Joe, As he spilled h seeds; "But the worms I know; And the gard with weeds. "When the tender bake, And the others horns scratch You will find no mistake In counting you they are hat "What dire predict with a laug "Don't prophes beg!

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

PUZZLE COMPETITION

TO PUZZLERS.

With the puzzles of Dec. 6 the contest closed, and in order to have all names of successful competitors for next week's paper, I must ask you to make an effort to have your answers in time.

The names of winners of prizes offered will appear in issue of the 20th AUNT BECKY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF NOVEMBER 29.

- 1. RIDDLE-ME-REE. Plum pudding.
2. DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Christmas. Mince Pie.
3. BURIED FLOWERS. 1. Daisy. 2. Rose. 3. Pink. 4. Peony. 5. Pansy. 6. Yew.

- 4. BEHEADED WORDS. 1. Grave, rave, ave. 2. Smart, mart, art. 3. Strap, trap rap.

- 5. WHAT IS MY THOUGHT? A tree.

- 6. REBUS. Tars, Rats, Stars.

- 7. WORD SQUARE. C A L F A R E A L E F T F A T E

- 8. CHARADES. Cabbage, Forest, Mistletoe.

- 9. RIDDLE. Because he always brings his trunk with him.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

- Harold O'Sullivan, Quebec 9
Walter O'Sullivan, Quebec 9
Mary Sanders, city 7
Emma F. Huntington 6
Maude C. Quebec 5
A. Cecilia, St. Lambert 2

Letter to Aunt Becky

Dear Aunt Becky: I am ten years old, and I go to school every day. I have four brothers and one sister. My youngest brother is a baby nearly four months old. He is a dear little lad, and his name is Bernard. If my letter is printed, I will write again, as it is getting long. I will draw it to a close. Good-bye. Love to all the cousins.

Your loving niece, LAURA M. Cranbourne, P.Q.

"JUST LIKE A GIRL." "What a beautiful garden it's going to be!" Said Faith as she planted her pansy bed; "With morning-glories to cover that tree, and dozens of roses, yellow and red."

"And may be," she added, the earnest thought illumining her face that was sweet and fair. "We can make little nosegays of every sort. For the hotel ladies to buy and to wear."

"That's just like a girl!" said indolent Joe, As he spilled his sister's begonia seeds; "But the worms will ruin the roses, I know; And the garden will be overrun with weeds."

"When the tenderest seeds decay or bake, And the others are all by the Leg-horns scratched, You will find you have made a silly mistake In counting your chickens before they are hatched."

"What dire prediction!" said Faith, with a laugh; "Don't prophesy further, I beg, I beg!"

you must be careful not to let your horses run away again. As they turned away they saw the little doctor rub his bushy hair. "Is that to make it grow, I wonder?" thought Julia. "What a funny place!" she said, laughing in Aunt Fanny's face.—Catholic News.

LITTLE ODDITY

By the Author of "Served Out."

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Then Bonny saw that he had a "box" in each hand. When he opened them there came out two "little musics," one smaller than the other. The professor put this into Bonny's hand.

"There, little one, that is your own little fiddle; and what will you say to Herr Papa for that?" But Bonny had no ears or eyes for anything else. He laid the fiddle on his shoulder and drew the bow across the strings; then, when he found the music was not as nice as he wanted, he said peremptorily to the professor, "You play, I tell you."

The Herr Papa played a little strain, which Bonny watched intently and tried to imitate. This went on for a little while, and then the professor took the fiddle away and brought a blackboard and a lump of chalk, with which he drew lines and wrote funny little round dots with tails to them. These were notes of music, which the Herr Papa was trying to teach Bonny, but Bonny did not like that part and would not look at them, however much Herr Papa tried to persuade him, so the fiddle was taken away, and Bonny had another little page.

"It is but a baby," madame remonstrated, "you must not worry him to learn."

"If he learn not now, he will never learn," her husband replied. "He will amuse himself easily and be content."

"It is a passionate little heart, but a loving one, too," madame said. "Johann," the professor said gravely, "I think I must take you back to the street where I found you, all cold and desolate."

Bonny only stared stubbornly. "Come then with me now." Still Bonny did not move or speak. The professor took his hand and drew him towards the door.

Then Bonny began to kick and struggle and howl. "You bad nan!" he cried, "I pinch you and stick knives in you, and kill you berry dead, I will. I shall stay with 'tittle mudder'."

"Little mudder will not have a naughty boy. Come, we will go upstairs and have this battle out." So Bonny was carried upstairs and left alone, where he raged and stormed to his heart's content.

Though Bonny did not know it, the Herr Papa sat outside listening very sadly. After a while Bonny seemed to think he had enough of it, for he stopped quite suddenly, and with a heavy sigh sat down on the floor and began playing with the fringe of the counterpane. Then the professor opened the door and came in.

"Little one, are you ready to go away and leave Herr Papa and little mudder?"

Bonny hung his head and went on knotting the fringe.

The professor held out his arms. "Will you come and be Herr Papa's good little child?"

The wistful tenderness with which the big man spoke went straight home to the childish heart, that had known so little affection. The next moment Bonny was tightly clasped in the big arms, and was sobbing away all his stubborn obstinacy on the Herr Papa's broad shoulder.

The professor thought it best not to try the lesson again just then, but he did not bring out the little fiddle either. And when they went downstairs Bonny saw something that made him stare, for there, on Madame Bruder's knee, was a little girl with long fair hair and the face of an angel.

"Why, Herr Papa, what have you got there?" she asked. "It is a little cousin of yours, Liese, whom you have never seen before."

"And is he going with us to-morrow, too?"

"We may not go to-morrow, but when we do go I think he will go with us."

"Oh, Herr Papa, how nice! What is the name of my cousin?"

"It is Johann, Liese." Liese looked from one to the other. "I thought," she said hesitatingly, "Cousin Johann was dead."

"The little one has come back again." Liese did not like to say any more, but she wondered how it was that she seemed to remember something of little Johann's face, for she did not remember having ever seen her German cousin before. "Liese," Madame Bruder said, "I want you to stay and amuse Johann while Herr Papa and I go out to the shops a little while this afternoon."

So the children made friends, and while the older folk continued their preparations for the journey, Liese, who was very good-natured, did everything that Bonny told her to do. They played at window-trains, and Liese consented to be "deaded" for quite a long time. Then Bonny was the doctor, and felt her pulse and made her put out her tongue, and pretended to stick a little knife into her, and pour "nasty medicine" down her mouth; and when the professor and Madame Bruder returned he was giving Liese a lesson on the blackboard, and she was being very naughty over it, and Bonny was saying severely, "You got to come along with me out into the street, and not be my little boy any more. Come along, I tell you."

"She didn't wouldn't learn the music, and I berry angry," he said solemnly. "I going to take her upstairs till she be good."

"It's all a game, Herr Papa," Liese laughed. "Isn't he a funny little oddity?"

"Come along," Bonny cried, tugging at her hand; and nothing would do but that Liese must be dragged upstairs and shut in the bedroom, after which Bonny said, "Now you're good, and won't be naughty any more, and you can come downstairs, you can."

"If Johann carry out his music as earnestly as his play, he will make von great musician," the professor said, as he watched the children.

CHAPTER X.—BONNY JEALOUS.

That day passed without any news and it seemed that the professor's idea that the child was not being sought after must be true. Bonny made himself perfectly happy, and was so much at home with his new friends that each day made it harder to think of giving him up.

Professor Hans Bruder had two hobbies: one was his music, which he loved most passionately; the other, little children. He was a very big man, with a big brown beard, and a quantity of long tawny hair, that made people say he looked like a lion when he shook his head to toss back the locks that would sometimes fall over his forehead when he bent down over his violin.

He played so beautifully that the people of every country in Europe were always eager to hear him. Perhaps it was because he had such a tender gentle heart that his music was so much better than that of other people.

He longed above everything to have a little child of his own. All little children were dear to him, but his very own child would be dearest of all. He dreamed of how he would teach his little one the beautiful art and how, when he was unable any longer to make sweet music, there would be another to come after him and take his place.

The little child came, and was so beautiful, and sweet, and gentle, that his parents adored him. Madame Bruder watched him with a great pain at her heart, for he seemed scarcely to belong to this world, he was so fragile-looking, but the professor would not see it, and loved him.

Many Women Suffer UNTOLD AGONY FROM KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Very often they think it is from so-called "female disease." There is less female trouble than they think. Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, and a dragging-down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female trouble." Why, then, blame all your trouble to Female Disease? With healthy kidneys, few women will ever have "female disorders." The kidneys are so closely connected with all the internal organs, that when the kidneys go wrong, everything goes wrong. Much distress would be saved if women would only take

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ed his little Johann more every day of his life. "He grows quickly," he would say to his wife; "see how tall he is, and how quick and intelligent. By-and-by he will be stronger. It is only care he needs."

"But little Johann fell ill and died. How desolate and lonely the poor bereaved parents were at first I could never tell you.

People wondered why the great violinist was not seen or heard on any of the platforms where he was wont to play. Very few of them would believe that his heart was so broken with grief for the loss of a little child that even his beloved music was no longer sweet and pleasant.

After a while he roused himself and said, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." He saw then that he had made an idol of his child, and had planned out all his future without considering God's will about him.

By degrees the professor's sore heart was healed, and though he still sorrowed, it was with a different kind of sorrow—one that opened his heart instead of shutting it up in selfish grief.

Two years afterwards Liese's mother died, leaving her an orphan. "This little maiden must come to us, my wife, and be a daughter to you," the professor said. So he sent over the money to England that Liese might stay with kind friends until he could go again to London.

Now you can understand how it was that when he saw Bonny asleep in the archway, his face wet and smudged with tears, his bare hands blue with cold, that he caught him up in his arms and carried him away to a safe shelter. And when he saw the rapturous delight with which the child listened to the music, and tried, baby as he was, to imitate it, then the kind musician seemed to see that God had sent this little desolate forsaken child to him for shelter and love and guardianship, instead of the one who had passed on to his other home.

Liese was very kind to "Little Oddity," as she called him; she had learnt to play the piano, and astonished Bonny by playing him all sorts of pretty tunes. He would bring his little fiddle and try to imitate her; for which purpose she went patiently over them again and again. Sometimes her uncle would sit by and teach her. Bonny saw that she went very slowly and carefully over everything that he told her; and then Bonny, who, as you already know, was a great mimic, was so eager to be taught too that he was inclined to be troublesome.

Sometimes Liese had to take a violin lesson from Bonny. It was wonderful to see how well he remembered what he had been told, when he came to tell it in this way. But he was very impatient with her when she did not do all he told her; and as determined over it as if it were really earnest, and not playing; and if Liese didn't do her lesson well, he knew plenty of punishments to give her.

"You berry naughty girl; you have not got von soul of music," he said one day to her, which sent Liese off into peals of laughter. "You mustn't laugh, I tell you; you got to play dat music nicely, dat's what I tell you."

"But, Johann, you do talk so drolly. You shouldn't say 'berry,' and 'music,' and 'dat.'" "De Herr Papa say 'dat.' Is dat drolly too?" Bonny asked, "cos I think you's berry bad girl to say 'drolly' to Herr Papa."

"Herr Papa cannot say the English words very well," Liese replied. "But you should say 'that,' and 'think,' and 'then,' and 'very,' like I do."

"Is you more plever, then, than Herr Papa?" "Plever!" laughed Liese. "Oh, what an oddity you are, Cousin Johann!"

"You berry rude little oddity too," Bonny replied, very much offended, "and you got to play dat music before you have any tea, dat's what I tell you."

"But I'm tired of playing at lessons," Liese said, putting down the bow. "You got to do it," Bonny said determinedly. "You grieve me berry much, if you do not try to do all I tell you, my child," he added, in just the tone that Herr Papa used to him. But he suddenly changed it, and added, "Sides, I'll be berry angry if you don't, and punish you, and so you'd better be krick!"

"You're dreadfully domineering," Liese said, just a little crossly, but she gave in and did it; and when the professor came in again Bonny jumped on his knee and said, "Herr Papa, I got something to tell you. Liese says you are 'derolly,' 'cos you say 'dat' and 'den,' and 'think,' and it isn't plever to talk like that. Now look here," and Bonny caught hold of the big brown beard to ensure attention, "you are to say like this—that say it now."

"Well, little one, you have picked out a hard task for poor Herr Papa," and then the professor spluttered and stammered, but couldn't manage it at all, however much he tried. "You're a bad boy too," Bonny said delightedly, quite believing that Herr Papa would not say it. "Now Herr Papa must be punished 'cos he won't say it. I think he'll have to go in the corner till he's good." On which Bonny slipped down and tugged at the professor's hand to drag him into a corner.

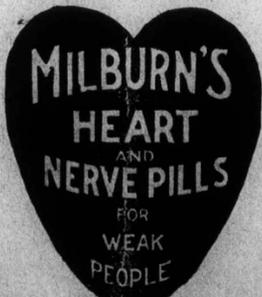
Then Herr Papa got up and went where Bonny pulled him. Liese, who was a very tender-hearted girl, did not quite like to see it, because she thought so much of her clever famous uncle that it seemed to her quite a dreadful thing to treat him so irreverently. But Bonny had no such scruples. He pushed him into a far corner, and then came and sat down in the big arm-chair by the fire, looking the picture of sorrowful gravity.

"Herr Papa really can't say it, Johann," said Liese, who was taking it all in earnest. "Then he got to be punished," he replied. "You're a very nasty boy; I don't like Herr Papa to go into the corner," Liese said, almost carefully. Still Bonny preserved a stern, unmoved face, and the professor watched with curious interest to see what would happen.

(To be Continued.)

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1906.

THE FRENCH PERSECUTION.

The political screw has been given another turn in France and the Vatican has spoken once more. But the voice of the Holy Father is in no way altered. The attitude of the Church is what it has been from the outset of the persecution. Still the politicians in power affect to discern a note of rebellion against the State this time. The parish priests are to observe essential recognition of the Separation Law, and a continuation of that passive resistance which has been their attitude in every chapter of its enforcement and which must continue to be their attitude.

And this is rebellion! Terrible reprisals are threatened; it is even hinted that all Catholic priests may be treated as foreign subjects. It is inevitable that a fresh wave of discontent will be excited among the Catholics of the Republic; but no amount of incitement in the manner of enforcing the law from the present juncture, onward can move the Church from its calm demeanor and in the end the Church will be in control of the confidence of the people. The persecution in a word has taken on a wanton and reckless sweep, and to this there must be a limit. Religious freedom has already been banished. Religious toleration is but a name. In order to compel the Church to yield the rights of the faithful, new devices may be tried. But they will fail. And the children of the Church by obedience to the instructions given must ultimately win the recognition due to loyal citizens as well as to Christians who prize their freedom.

THE STORER INCIDENT.

The publication by both parties of letters that passed between President Roosevelt and Mr. Bellamy Storer after the retirement of the latter from the embassy at Vienna is an incident in many ways regrettable. It is rarely that men accustomed to matters of State allow themselves to break the seal of confidence and secrecy in their relations. Whenever it happens the element of friendship that has been deeply wounded almost invariably plays its part. And so it is with the Storer. They were on terms of intimacy with the President; and friendship failed to cover the fault of mismanaging a personal service that friendship inspired. The reputation of the nation may or may not have been affected in some way. At all events friendship could not balance the scale against a consideration of that nature, and in the upshot Mr. Storer considered himself badly treated. The correspondence that has been published during the past week cannot well be judged by itself. There must be more held back. But Mr. Storer should not have come before the public for a verdict where the issue is so much bound up in personal relationship and the confidence with which letters are penned between friends. If the President acted hastily and unjustly,

Mr. Storer suffered nothing more than men are suffering in every state and have suffered from the historic day of Cardinal Wolsey. To be sure in a republic the party who holds himself injured is free to give vent to his grieved feelings. This solace Mr. Storer has had recourse to. A stronger man would have borne the consequences of what may have been more his misfortune than his fault in silence.

A PALTRY MISREPRESENTATION.

In a recent cable despatch Mr. T. P. O'Connor was represented as saying to a distinguished company at a London dinner that although the royal coach was placed at his disposal in Canada, he found travelling in this country tiresome. The True Witness is in a position to denounce this silly story as a slander on the good sense of Mr. O'Connor. In the speech in question or in any other utterance there was no reference to Canada or to the royal coach. Mr. O'Connor, by way of complimenting Mr. John Redmond on his powers of physical endurance, told the company that the chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party could get along as comfortably on a railway train as anywhere else; but for himself he could not become accustomed to the long journeys between American cities in filling appointments to speak night after night. Canada was not mentioned by Mr. O'Connor any other way than in terms of the highest appreciation of the public men and people of the Dominion, especially Sir Wilfrid Laurier, to whom Mr. Redmond sent a special message of thanks.

PROGRESS OF ENLIGHTENMENT

In connection with the unveiling at Bromham, Wiltshire, on November 25, of a memorial cross to Thomas Moore, Judge Adams, who was one of the speakers from Ireland on the occasion, illustrated the progress of knowledge since the day of Ireland's greatest poet by saying that it was when Tom Moore first went to England the popular ballad-writer sang:

"I met with Napper Tandy, he took me by the hand,
 And he said, 'How's poor old Ireland, and how does she stand?'
 'Tis the most distressful country that ever yet was seen,
 And they're hanging men and women for wearing of the green."

To-day, added Judge Adams, in looking into an English crowd he could see nothing but green flags, favors and ribbons worn in honor of Ireland. The fact itself and the happy reference to it by the Irish visitor are portents of a happy understanding between the people of both countries.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

One of the most interesting of the many ecclesiastics of the Roman court has just passed away in the person of Mgr. Costantini, Archbishop of Patrasco, and secret almoner to Pius X. It may be said of the dead prelate that he had lived from his boyhood on into old age under the eyes of the last three Popes. It was by his brilliant defense of a thesis in theology before Pius IX, and many Cardinals in the Church of St. Apollinaris, in November of 1858, that the future Archbishop first attracted the Pope's attention. On this occasion the Pontiff decorated the young theologian with a gold medal. After this young Costantini was a marked man and in due time he held the positions and titles of secretary of state, vicar general of his native diocese, Titular Bishop of Nicea and Archbishop of Patrasco, canon of St. Peter's and Papal almoner. It was in the last position that Archbishop Costantini rendered the greatest amount of service to the Church. Speaking of it, the "Osservatore Romano" says: "The office of almoner to the Pope is extremely complex, and embraces many missions. It includes vigilance

over various beneficent works dependent upon the apostolic almonry, such as institutes, schools, orphanages, etc., all of which demand assiduity, prudence and uncommon tact. In the exercise of his duties Mgr. Costantini was tireless which gained him, besides the eulogies of the Sovereign Pontiffs, the esteem and gratitude of innumerable heads of institutions sustained by this bounty."

Commandatore Giulio Tadolini's

heroic statue of Pope Leo XIII. has just received its finishing touches. It is to be erected in the Basilica of St. John Lateran, whither the late Pontiff's remains are to be removed from their present resting place in the cathedral of St. Peter. It is expected that the ceremony will take place some time toward the end of December or early in the new year. The transportation and setting up of the statue will require six or seven weeks. The work is in marble and is about eight feet in height. It represents the Pope in the act of bestowing his pontifical blessing. He is in full robes and wearing the triple crown, and those who know him well in life say that the sculptor's portrait is a most excellent one. The Commandatore Tadolini is one of the best sculptors of modern Italy. He has made busts and statues of half a dozen kings and was knighted by the King of Italy.

The peculiar view of Irish agricultural conditions taken by Mr. John Dryden, an Ontario expert sent over to serve upon a royal commission, has been the subject of frequent notice. The Dublin Freeman's Journal raps Mr. Dryden hard over the knuckles when it quotes the Star of this city as advocating a Canadian Royal Commission to inquire into the subject of technical education abroad before beginning a system in the Dominion. It was from Canada, where technical education is unknown, that an expert was selected to tell Irishmen how they should face this very problem. Mr. Dryden was an ass to have served upon the Commission. He is more an ass to go around airing his lack of information.

Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, is a versatile man. He is an excellent amateur photographer, an expert shorthand writer, has written a grammar of Gregorian music, has toured the continent on his bicycle, and he was one of the early patrons of the automobile. Dr. Walsh has studied bimetalism, with the result that he favors that doctrine, regarding which he has written some pamphlets. He shines particularly as a newspaper controversialist, especially on the education question. Dr. Walsh's physique would not lead one to credit him with the amazing vitality which survives in his 66th year.

Dr. Von Lecoq, who has been travelling in the most remote parts of Central Asia on a scientific mission, with which he was charged by the Russian government, has arrived at Srinagar, capital of Kashmir, with an important collection of archaeological discoveries. These include several highly interesting paintings upon stucco, with gold-leaf backgrounds, like Italian work, and a number of manuscripts in ten different languages, one in a wholly unknown tongue. This is probably the greatest archaeological find since the days of Sir Henry Rawlinson and Sir Austen Layard.

The ratepayers of Notre Dame de Grace are agitating to have small property holders as well as large ones eligible for membership in the council. At present a man owning a farm worth \$5000 pays but \$12 in taxes, yet is eligible for the office of councillor, while a man owning town property valued at \$4900 pays \$99 in taxes and is not eligible.

Butterfly Suspenders. A Gentleman's Brace, "as easy as nose."

France is to-day legally without a national Church. Thus in the opinion of M. Clemenceau, she loses only "a few candlesticks." But it is an odd incident in such a trivial loss to arrest the secretary of the Papal Nunciature and have him expelled from France.

The people of St. Pierre-Miquelon are said to be extremely anxious to have the islands made over to Canada. There are at present about 600 of these people in Montreal, and thousands in the province.

The government has decided to reject the Education Bill as mutilated by the House of Lords and bring in a new one next session.

Struggling Infant Mission

IN THE DIOCESE OF NORTHAMPTON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK ENGLAND.

Where is Mass said and benediction given at present? IN A GARRET, the use of which I get for a rent of ONE SHILLING per week. Average weekly Collection...\$s 6d. No endowment whatever, except HOPE. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader. Ah, well! Who knows? Great things have, as a rule, very small beginnings. There was the stable of Bethlehem, and God's hand is not shortened, I HAVE hopes. I have GREAT hopes that this latest Mission, opened by the Bishop of Northampton, will, in due course, become a great mission.

Best outside help is, evidently, necessary. Will it be forthcoming? I have noticed how willingly the CLIENTS OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA readily come to the assistance of poor, struggling Priests. May I not hope that they will, too, cast a sympathetic and pitying eye upon me in my struggle to establish an outpost of the Catholic Faith in this so far as the Catholic Faith is concerned—barren region? May I not hope, good reader, that you, in your zeal for the progress of that Faith, will extend a helping hand to me? I cry to you with all earnestness to come to my assistance. You may not be able to do much; but you CAN DO LITTLE. Do that little which is your power, for God's sake, and with the other "littles" that are done I shall be able to establish this new Mission firmly. DON'T TURN A DEAF EAR TO MY URGENT APPEAL. "May God bless and prosper your endeavors in establishing a Mission at Fakenham. ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton."

Address—Father H. W. Gray, Hampton Road, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart. This new Mission will be dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua.

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Message of Love and Sympathy to the Pope.

The annual meeting of the Alumni Association of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, which marked the celebration of the patronal feast day of the institution, was one of the greatest events in point of interest that has been held at the seminary in many years.

A larger number of dignitaries, many of them from distant points, were present than has attended any meeting of the alumni in many years.

A programme filling the entire day with interesting events was observed, and late in the afternoon a banquet was served to about 185 visiting delegates.

Cardinal Gibbons presided at the Pontifical Mass, celebrated by Right Rev. P. J. Muldoon, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago. The sermon was

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 Euchre Tally Cards and Badges to match. Also Lapel Buttons for Clubs, ETC.
 210 St. James St., Montreal.

The Kane Company
 FUNERAL DIRECTORS
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A new firm offering to the public every thing in their line of the best quality and most modern type.

British American Business College
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Oldest, Strongest, Best.
WINTER TERM
 From Jan. 2, 1907. Enter any time. Excellent results guaranteed. Catalogue and lessons in business writing free.
 T. M. WATSON, Principal.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take; sure and effectual in destroying worms. Many have tried it with best results.

I, the undersigned, Arthur Content, of the City of Montreal, give notice that I will apply to the legislature of Quebec, at its next session, for the passing of a law authorizing me to become a member of the Association of Architects of the Province of Quebec, and authorizing the said Association to admit me amongst its members, provided I cause my name to be registered by the secretary and I do pay the fee and arrears payable in that behalf.

Smokers' Cancer.
 Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadians who have tried their painless home treatment for cancer in all parts of the body. Some of the cures are simply marvellous.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1906.

OPEN

A Ch

We make arriving, custom DRESSING Collar and Cuff sel to match. Scotch Tweed Plaid Pattern, Plain Grey, Co Red and White Scotch Mixture Fine Camel Hair Fine Camel Hair Paisley Pattern

MEN'S TU
 \$4.00, \$4.50. RIDERD mixtures, pri WOOL B SMOKING J Fancy Tweed M Black and Red Navy and Black Minister's Grey Navy and Red Drab Cloth, Co Black Velvet, p

Salve pots, seals, paper kn

Book mark butter knife, ha

ITEMS OF

Forty HOU

The devotions of -opened at the Chu Tuesday morning.

SUCCESSFUL FA THON

We learn that t -of \$700 was nette -the fancy fair held -a few weeks ago.

MISSION I

Already acknowle "Writer"..... Friend of the Sorri deriction, N.B.

Total to date ...

SOLEMNITY OF -ST. FRANCIS

Last Sunday at Gesu, the solemnity -St. Francis Xavi -The altar dedicat -prettily decorated. panegyric was pre Mass.

ST. GABRIEL'S DEMONSTRAT PONT

Out of courtesy to St. Gabriel Temper postponed their a demonstration until has been customary to observe the thir -vent as Temperanc

DEATH OF MARI

The death occu -cinthe of Rev. Bro -mer director and m -at the age of 52 ye -founder of the well -of "Les Petits Frè -man of renowned -tinguished educati -youth, whom it was -counsel, such was t -passed away. Hi

COLONIAL HOUSE, Phillips Square

OPEN SATURDAY NIGHT THE 15th INST. AND FOLLOWING NIGHTS TILL CHRISTMAS

Christmas Goods

A Christmas Suggestion

DRESSING GOWN OR SMOKING JACKET.

We make a specialty in these lines, always something new arriving, consequently our stock is always new and exclusive.

DRESSING GOWNS.—Made full skirts, good length, with fancy Collar and Cuffs to match, taped or stitched edges, girdle and tassel to match. all sizes:

Scotch Tweed Mixtures, price	\$ 6.50
Plaid Pattern, Mixtures, price	7.00
Plain Grey, Cord Edge, price	8.00
Red and White Scroll, price	8.50
Scotch Mixtures, price	10.00
Fine Camel Hair Cloth, price	12.00
Fine Camel Hair Cloth, price	15.00
Paisley Pattern Cloth, price	18.00

MEN'S TURKISH BATH ROBES, Crash material, prices \$3 50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$6 00 to \$12.00.

BIDERDOWN BATH ROBES—Navy and red and drab and red mixtures, price \$6.00 to \$7.00.

WOOL BATH ROBES, black and white checks, price \$10.00.

SMOKING JACKETS, with fancy Collar and Cuff's, perfect fitting

Fancy Tweed Mixtures, price	\$ 5.00
Black and Red Scroll, price	6.00
Navy and Black Mixtures, price	6.00
Minister's Grey, price	6.00
Navy and Red Plaid, trimmed, price	7.00
Drab Cloth, Cord Edges, price	10.00
Black Velvet, price	18.00

Silverware Department.

At 50c.

Salve pots, stamp cases, smelling salt bottles, manicure pieces, letter seals, paper knives, car-ticket cases.

At 75c.

Book markers, silver pencils, sugar spoons, coat hangers, files in case, butter knife, hat band markers, cigar cutters, pickle forks, tea bells.

MANTLE DEPARTMENT

For Friday and Saturday.

SALE OF LADIES' COATS.

360 LADIES' 48" LENGTH COATS in Plain Black, Beaver Cloth, Plain Fancy and Checked Tweeds in light and dark shades, also in light grey Covert Cloth.

All these Coats are new goods and made in the latest styles, a few Misses' Coats among them. Values \$12 50 to \$25.00. To be sold less 50 p. c.

At \$1.00

Shaving brushes, tooth powder bottles, pin trays, sugar sifters, bonnet brushes, mucilage pots, hair pin bottles, jelly spoons, tooth brush bottles, ink wells, cold meat fork, sugar tongs, bonbon scoops.

At \$2.00

Jewel cases, card baskets, sewing sets, photo frames, tea strainers, match cases, hat brushes, baby sets, bonbon dishes, hat-pin holders, manicure sets, fern pots, berry spoons, etc., etc.

At \$3.00

Match cases, fern pots, card cases (silver), butter dishes, jewel cases, bonbon dishes, card cases (gummetal), fern dishes, flower vases, photo frames, silver candlesticks, bonbon dishes, salad servers, toast racks, pair of salt sellers in case, silver flower vases, vaseline jars, six coffee spoons in case.

At \$5.00

Shaving cup and brush, card comports, cruets, hair brushes, pair of bird carvers, sugar bowl and cream jug, in case, flasks, manicure sets, bonbon dishes, powder jars, twelve oyster forks, twelve butter spreaders, sauce boats, salad servers, berry spoons, bread boards, cloth brushes, pair of pierced silver salt and pepper, hot water pots, chocolate pots, six sterling silver tea spoons in case, flower vase.

CHINA DEPARTMENT.

5c TABLE

Consisting of pretty cups and saucers, pink roses, B.B. plates, same decoration; glass vases, green or white salt shakers, fancy designs in pin boxes, fern pots, Doulton milk jugs, jardinières in crimson, green, yellow; fancy dishes.

25c TABLE

Ring holders, with pink roses, hair receivers, neat floral decoration cups and saucers, plates to match; English china porridge sets, in white and gold, and other colors; plates for decorating pin boxes, pink and blue salad bowls, neat patterns.

50c TABLE

Handsome jardinières in green, yellow and other designs and colors, hair receivers, fern pots in white and gold; cups and saucers, pretty Limoges patterns, ring stand, with pink roses; pin boxes, in blue and pink; pin trays, neat designs; cake plates, yellow and pink flowers; bouillon cups and saucers, in green band, pink roses, and porridge sets in pretty patterns. Entree dishes, white and gold, and Limoges decorations.

\$1.00 TABLE

Oil bottles in English glass, also marmalades, vases, jardinières, hair receivers, pretty colors and designs; candle sticks, in Dresden pattern; marmalades, in dainty designs; stud boxes, pin boxes, in blue and pink; muffin dishes, white and gold, and pink roses; tobacco jars, in Jap pattern; cake plates, in crimson and pink roses.

Hardware Department

Brass five o'clock teakettles on three styles of stands, hanging, tilting and ordinary, fitted with best spirit lamps.

Coffee machines, and Percolators, the latest and best, make delicious coffee.

Chafing and Baking dishes, plate stands in brass.

Hot water plates and dishes, dish covers in round and oval.

Fire place goods, brass hods, fire screens, spark guards and irons, fenders, fire brasses, trivets, hearth stands.

Trays, in oak, nickel, brass and copper; jardinières, in brass and copper; crumb trays, with scrapers and brushes.

HENRY MORGAN & CO., Ltd., Montreal.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

FORTY HOURS AT GESU.

The devotions of the Forty Hours opened at the Church of the Gesu on Tuesday morning.

SUCCESSFUL FAIR AT ST. ANTHONY'S.

We learn that the very nice sum of \$700 was netted as proceeds of the fancy fair held at St. Anthony's a few weeks ago.

MISSION IN INDIA.

Already acknowledged	\$25.25
"Writer"	50
Friend of the Sorrowful, Fredericton, N.B.	5.00
Total to date	\$30.75

SOLEMNITY OF THE FEAST OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

Last Sunday at the Church of the Gesu, the solemnity of the feast of St. Francis Xavier was observed. The altar dedicated to the saint was prettily decorated, and a magnificent panegyric was preached at High Mass.

ST. GABRIEL'S TEMPERANCE DEMONSTRATION POSTPONED.

Out of courtesy to St. Ann's, the St. Gabriel Temperance Society have postponed their annual temperance demonstration until January 6. It has been customary at St. Gabriel's to observe the third Sunday in Advent as Temperance Sunday.

DEATH OF MARIST BROTHER.

The death occurred at St. Hyacinthe of Rev. Brother Come, former director and master of novices, at the age of 52 years. He was the founder of the well-known monastery of "Les Petits Frères de Marie. A man of renowned culture, a distinguished educationist, friend of youth, whom it was his happiness to counsel, such was the man who has passed away. His funeral service

took place on Monday morning at 9.30 o'clock, which was attended by great numbers of the clergy and the laity. May his soul rest in peace.

FATHER TALLET'S JUBILEE.

The Rev. Abbe Tallet, of the Church of Notre Dame, will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood on Sunday next. On that occasion, there will be a special service at 10 a.m., at which the venerable priest will officiate, and the sermon will be delivered by the Rev. Father Hage, of the Dominican Order. The Rev. Abbe Isidore Tallet was born at Lather, Diocese of Avignon, France, in 1827. He was ordained a priest in December, 1856, and came to Canada in 1860. After his arrival he passed a few years in the North-West missions and afterwards entered the Order of St. Sulpice, since which time he has devoted himself to city work. He was one of the first pastors of St. Joseph's Church, Richmond street, and has been connected with the Church of Notre Dame for many years.

They Drive Pimples Away.—A face covered with pimples is unsightly. It tells of internal irregularities which should long since have been corrected. The liver and the kidneys are not performing their functions in the healthy way they should, and these pimples are to let you know that the blood protests. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will drive them all away, and will leave the skin clear and clean. Try them, and there will be another witness to their excellence.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION CHURCH.

As usual, the people of this parish prepared for the grand feast of the Immaculate Conception by a retreat, and on Saturday last the day was celebrated with great éclat. High Mass was celebrated by the Rector, Rev. Father Filiatreault, S.J., assisted by Rev. Father Rottot, S.J., as deacon and Rev. Father Porcheiron, S.J., as sub-deacon. The sermon of the day was preached by Rev. Father Carrieres, S.J. At 3 p.m. the young girls of the parish held their meeting for the closing of their retreat. At 7 p.m. Vespers

and Benediction were celebrated. A procession also formed part of the day's ceremonies, wherein the young girls took a leading part, carrying the statue of the Immaculate Mother through the church and singing the Litanies in her honor. A powerful and eloquent sermon was preached by Rev. Father Lord, S.J., thus bringing a day to a close not easily forgotten by those who had the good fortune of being present.

ANNUAL MEETING OF ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Immediately after the regular meeting of the above-named society, which was held last Sunday, the members adjourned to St. Patrick's Hall, where the annual meeting, under the direction of Mr. John Walsh, took place. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: Spiritual Director, Rev. James Killoran; President, J. P. Gunning; first vice-president, A. D. McGillis; second vice-president, M. J. O'Donnell, sr.; recording secretary, M. J. O'Donnell, jr.; financial secretary, M. E. Day; treasurer, J. E. Doyle; marshal, J. J. Milloy; assistant marshal, P. Moore; executive committee—T. R. Stevens, D. Vaillancourt, M. Kehoe, W. S. Neilan, J. Easton, L. Brophy, E. J. Carroll, Jos. Doyle, Wm. Palmer, T. Rogers, P. O'Donnell, M. Griffin.

Both the secretary and treasurer's reports were most satisfactory, the former showing that the society numbered some 179 members, fifty new members being received during the past year. The treasurer's report showed a balance of \$3,528.94 in the benefit fund, and \$14.53 in the contingent fund. During the year \$250 was paid out for mortuary benefits.

ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL.

The Cathedral presented the usual festive appearance on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. At 10 o'clock Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by His Grace Mgr. Bruchési, having as Assistant Priest Rev. Father Dorvaux; Deacons of Honor, Rev. Fathers Labrosse and Ferrin; Deacon of Office, Father Cormier; sub-deacon, Father Paquette, and four young seminarians. In the sanctuary were seated His Lordship Mgr. Racicot and Rev. Father Lecoq, P.S.S., Superior of

the Sulpicians. Seats of honor were also occupied by the theologians and philosophers of the Grand Seminary. The Professors of Laval, in their robes of office, attended with their students in a body, to do due honor to the patronal feast of their Alma Mater. An eloquent and powerful sermon was preached by Rev. Father Jasmin, superior of Ste. Therese College, in which he befittingly portrayed the spectacle presented in the Eternal City at the moment of the promulgation of the Dogma, and gave due prominence to the belief held by the Church from all time. After the Mass, a grand dinner was served at the Palace, at which the invited clergy and the professors of Laval assisted in a body, thus giving a befitting finish to a festival whose memory and character are so deeply and strikingly engraved upon their hearts and minds.

LOYOLA CLUB.

An evening meeting of the Club was held on Tuesday, Dec. 4, in the Library Hall, Bleury street, at which Rev. Father Devine presided. In the course of his remarks there was some reference made to the interest taken by the Club in the work of collecting and distributing good reading matter in the hospitals and homes. Contributions may be brought to the Free Library, care of Rev. E. J. Devine.

The study paper of the day, "The Early Organization and Spread of the Church," was read by Miss Christy, and proved a successful effort in a field which demands no little judgment and solid thought. Not only were the details concise and well chosen, and the whole plan carefully developed and easy to follow, but from a purely literary point of view the language and style were excellent.

"One Little Book" was a social talk on Irish wit and humor, embracing a list of Irish men and women whose writings Miss Brannen claims to be the first notes of a new literary school. It was good to listen to so enthusiastic a discourse on our present day national writers and the quotations at its close, gleaned from marked passages in favorite authors, were well read and much appreciated.

The musical items on the programme were due to the kindness of the Misses Schultz, Brannen, Mc-

Anally, McCabe, Conway and Elliot, and were thoroughly enjoyed. The meeting closed with coffee and cake and friendly talk.

The Flagging Energies Revived—Constant application to business is a tax upon the energies, and if there be not relaxation, lassitude and depression are sure to intervene. These come from stomache troubles. The want of exercise brings on nervous irregularities, and the stomach ceases to assimilate food properly. In this condition Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a recuperative of rare power, restoring the organs to healthful action, dispelling depression, and reviving the flagging energies.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Canadian Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held at the office, Canada Life Building, the following members of the Executive were present: George Gillespie, President; David Law, G. R. Hooper, E. F. Surveyer and J. C. Hickson.

Correspondence was read from Mrs. A. C. Sutherland re the establishment of a branch at Fraserville, P. Q., and the formation of same was approved. A letter was read from the Hon. A. B. Aylesworth, Minister of Justice, re a suggested Bill for the further protection of song and insectivorous birds, and ordered to be referred to Mr. Marechal, K.C., one of the Society's counsel.

It was reported that Mr. James R.

PERSIAN LAMB JACKETS A SPECIALTY.

It is the Jacket of the day. It is the fashionable Fur. To look well it must be well made, well fitted, well finished. The fur must be uniformly curled, fine lustre or brilliant. That is what we offer you at prices to defy the keenest competition. We invite your inspection.

CHS. DESJARDINS & CIE., The largest retail Fur House in the World. 485 St. Catherine St. East, Corner St. Timothy. Bell Tel. East, 1536, 1537.

in place of Mr. George Durnford, who desires to retire after 21 years' service. The Inspectors reported the following work done during the past month: Convictions 8, Warnings given 59, Special complaints attended to 104, Animals destroyed 37, Horses ordered off work 7, Homes found for dogs and cats 4, Ambulance calls 13.

Many inherit weak lungs and as disease usually assails the weakest point, these persons are continually exposed to attacks of cold and pulmonary disturbances. The speedy use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will be found a preventive and a protection, strengthening the organs so that they are not so liable to derangement from exposure or abrupt atmospheric changes. Bickle's Syrup is cheap and good.

GOOD WORK OF THE S.P.C.A.

A clever piece of work was done by Superintendent Fletcher of the Canadian Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals on Saturday. A horse fell into a deep excavation. Mr. Fletcher obtained slings and the services of a street railway derrick; and with the aid of this hoisted the horse out quite unharmed.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. J. P. Kiernan, pastor of St. Michael's, is confined to the house by illness.

The average family in Canada uses about 25 pounds of tea per year. If Red Rose Tea were used entirely, not more than 20 pounds would be required. You save real money when you use Red Rose Tea.

Red Rose Tea

"is good tea"

T. H. ESTABROOKS, ST. JOHN, N. B., WINNIPEG, TORONTO, & WELLINGTON ST., E.

How Rev. Father Charlebois, O. M. I. and His Indians Rejoice When Their Bishop, The Right Rev. A. Pascal, O. M. I., Visits Them.

Rev. Father O. Charlebois, O. M. I., the Indian Missionary of Duck Lake, Sask., has been requested by readers of this paper to write some more accounts of his experience among the Cree Indians of the Northwest, as they find it novel and interesting, so he sends the following letter:

Five years ago I was passing through a vast forest on my way to my different missions which I had to visit in turn: at one point I saw that it would be a suitable spot at which to found a little mission. The Indians regarded me with great wonder, for never before had they seen a priest. They thought that I was not from this earth but from another world and was a sort of a god, as my crozier and my crucifix distinguished me from other men. But there was one Indian, who long before had seen a "black-robe," as they called a priest, and he cried out: "Friends, friends, look, look, here is the true man of prayer (religion.) Here is a priest." He took me to his tent, gave me a good piece of sturgeon for my breakfast, and said: "Nota, Mon Pere, I want to be baptized. They call me Pakwayis (Catholic), but no priest has yet poured water on my forehead. I wish to be a true Catholic."

It grieved me that I was obliged to defer his baptism for the time, as I had to hasten on to a mission where Indians were expecting me, and he was not sufficiently instructed to receive baptism. He cried when I told him this, but I was unable to do otherwise.

Two years afterwards I passed there again. My old Pakwayis was still alive and glad to see me. "This time," said he, "you will not leave without baptizing me. I may die soon, and I want to go and see the Great Spirit" (Kisamanito). I baptized him and he was very happy. I gave him a crucifix, which he put on a cord around his neck. A Protestant Indian laughed at it and wanted to pull it off his neck, but good Pakwayis gathered all his strength and pushed the scoffer far away, saying, "No, I am not ashamed of my crucifix; you would have to kill me to take it from me." After that nobody dared to laugh at him. A few months later this good old man died and went to God. He was happy on his death-bed and was well prepared to die. I think that he prayed fervently for his Protestant friends, for since then nearly all of them have become good Catholics.

With the aid of four men, I once put up a little chapel in the woods. It took us six days to build it. It measured 22x15 feet. We had to cut the wood and carry it on our shoulders through the forest. Then we put it in our canoe and floated down the river to the place where I wished to put up the chapel. When we arrived the Indians gathered around and advised me not to build there for their Protestant minister would try to make me leave. I stayed there on the shore all night, although it was very damp and malarious. Next morning I said Mass in my tent and did not forget to pray for the minister. I asked some Indians to help me to build and so managed to get my chapel up.

I said Mass there and gave instructions twice a day to all who came. Many Protestants desired to become Catholics in spite of their minister, who tried to stop them from helping me with my chapel. I waited here for the visit of our good Bishop Pascal from Lake Car-

lebois. When he arrived he was greatly fatigued and severely bitten by the mosquitoes. He had had a narrow escape from drowning in the middle of the lake, but the "Mother of the Missionary" had protected him. His Lordship stayed four days with me to our great joy.

The Catholic Indians were eager to see him and to hear him speak. As his canoe touched the shore, they ran to me, saying: "We want to hear the great man of prayer speak." Tired though he was, the good Bishop satisfied their desires. "I wish," said he, "to get acquainted with all my children." He was so kind and gracious to them all that they grieved when he was about to leave with me for another Indian camp. "When will we see him again?" they asked of one another. "It may be a long, long time, for he has come a great distance. But he has prayed for us to the Great Spirit and he has blessed us. We will meet him in heaven."

Amid the ringing of bells, we embarked in our little boat and pointed our course to Grand Rapids. A week after a long, sail the Indians caught sight of our canoe and there was a great shout of welcome. "Behold!" they cried, "there is the great man of prayer."

All the men, women and children made a rush for the little chapel. They posted themselves at the door, awaiting our coming. They saluted us with many bows. A large number of them were Protestants. After some prayers in the chapel the good bishop addressed them, and they were very attentive. They regarded him with respectful curiosity, for only three or four of them had ever before seen a Bishop. They were astonished with his simplicity and charity, when he extended to them his hands and caressed their children. The poorest and lowliest among them was treated with a respectful and tender sympathy and it was a marvel to them that he whom they expected to consider as so high above them should be so gracious and sweet. "No wonder," they said, "that the Indians love this great Prayer Chief. The Protestant Bishop would not let us touch his hand. He keeps us away from him as if he is so much better than we."

His Lordship gave Confirmation, blessed the little chapel and the cemetery, and during the three days that we stayed there we gave instructions. The Bishop's throne was a simple little bench; the carpet on the altar steps was a bed quilt. We had four candles in the altar, and a small crucifix on the tabernacle.

Many Protestants came to the services, although their minister forbade them to do so. He threatened to put them out of his church if they listened to our sermons. They replied to him: "We heard only good words which make us love the good God in the Catholic Church. We never hear such holy words in your church, for you tire us when you preach to us." The minister did not know what answer to give, for they had told him an unpleasant truth.

The Bishop would like to keep a priest here all the time if he could afford it, which is impossible for him to do owing to want of means. The Indians are glad to hear the word of God. A priest could do much in the way of conversions to these poor people if he could remain among them. The mission field is abundant but the workers are few and the sting of poverty limits the success of the missionary. It is

right here that the Catholic laity can come to our aid and by their charitable help can furnish us with the means of sustaining our lives in these wildernesses. A little aid from a good many would be a powerful means of winning souls for God among these abandoned Indians.

As we were about to leave our people there was great sorrow among them. It was like a loving father parting from his children. Bishop Pascal blessed them all, bade them remember the instructions we had given them, and we entered our little boat. By way of farewell the Indians fired off guns and it was a pretty sight, to say the least, when the smoke of the powder rose to a certain height and formed into a crown. It circled directly over the very spot where the Bishop had stood when he was speaking to them. Seeing this, the Indians cried out: "Behold, how the Great Spirit honors this holy man, truly God has sent him to speak to us."

Commending our Indian charges to Divine Providence, we steered our canoe, and as we sped down the broad river we cast a last look at the white cross surmounting our little chapel. After visiting various camps my good Bishop parted from me to return to his home, while I went to my lonely mission. His companionship had given me great pleasure and the sorrow of parting was very keen.

I make it a practice to visit my Indians in their cabins, for it is a good way to reach them, and to listen to their troubles and to counsel them. The Protestants are also reached this way. The elders approve of my instructions and say, "Euch, euch!"

At one camp a Catholic young man was lying very ill, and I received a cold reception when I went there to see him. His Protestant mother tried to prevent me from seeing him, but I managed to hear his confession when they went out of their tent.

There was at one time in a part of this country a Protestant minister who expected to give a powerful blow to the Catholic Church by means of his talent for painting. Getting out his paints, he pictured upon his canvas a view of the road leading to heaven, which led up the way Wesley had walked. The Indians following that route had upon their faces the stamp of bliss. On the left-hand side were Indians listening to the words of an Oblate priest, and below them in close proximity were the flames of hell yearning to envelope them. "Surely," thought the minister, "that picture will keep my Indians from listening to any priest's instructions." Thanking Providence for the wondrous talent bestowed upon him, and through which he was to wrest souls from Rome, he waited results. They came speedily and in numbers to his astonishment. The fair-minded Indians recognized in the picture of the priest the portrait of a most holy Oblate, the good Father Donald, O. M. I., who for a lifetime had devoted himself, in spite of the greatest hardships and difficulties, solely for the love of God and the good of souls, to the work of preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ. They repented the action of the fanatical minister, for they had heard of and admired this good priest, and they rejected the slander their preacher wished to convey. They sought baptism in the Catholic Church and abandoned the Methodist. The minister then found it convenient to leave for civilized parts and the next one who took charge of his diminished flock admitted that even good Catholics might be saved.

You see, my friends, that a missionary has to strive against difficulties and therefore his gratitude to those who help him is extreme. A beautiful recompense will belong to the charitable who aid him. Our Indians and myself pray continually for our benefactors. An offering of money to assist me in my work among them will be gratefully acknowledged.

It can be enclosed in a letter addressed: Rev. Father O. Charlebois, O. M. I., St. Michael's School, Duck Lake, Sask., Canada.

PERSIAN LAMB JACKETS A SPECIALTY.

Made out of skins well curled, uniformly curled, brilliant lustre. We have the finest skins that is possible to have. Our prices are the most reasonable.

CHS. DESJARDINS & CIE., The largest retail Fur House in the World. 485 St. Catherine St. East. Corner St. Timothy. Bell Tel. East, 1536. 1537.

PERSIAN LAMB JACKETS A SPECIALTY.

If you intend to buy a good jacket, come directly to our establishment. We have the jacket to fit you, at the price to suit your purse. Our prices are the lowest.

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POPE'S BLESSING FOR THOSE WHO PROTECT DUMB ANIMALS.

Since St. Francis of Assisi preached to a multitude of singing birds in the marshes of Venice, and to a multitude of swallows at Pavia, commending them to human mercies, no expression has been put forth by any authority of the Catholic Church that is so far-reaching as the special blessing issued "unto all those who protect from cruelty and abuse the dumb servants given to us by God," which the present Pontiff, Pius X., gave in connection with his approval of the work of the Neoplatonic Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Kindness to animals has always been taught in the Catholic Church, but this is the official recognition of the dumb servants of man that has received the seal of the Holy Father. In Genesis it is said: "I, behold, I establish my covenant with you, and with your seed after you; and with every living creature that is with you, of the fowl, of the cattle, of every beast of the earth with you." Later the wise man of the Scriptures said: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

The Scriptural precedents, his natural kindness of heart and his known great sympathy with all suffering and helpless creatures have doubtless moved the Head of the Church to extend his special blessing to those of his flock who are moved by the spirit to which he refers. Doubtless, too, for he has shown it in other ways, his approval of the work of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals is broad enough and thorough enough to allow its extension to all who work in the spirit for which there is the highest Scriptural, ecclesiastical and temporal authority.

There is a touch of deep human emotion which will endear the Pope to many not of the communion by this thoughtful and kindly act.—Newark Catholic Monitor.

Wear Trade Mark D. Suspenders guaranteed: 50c.

FOR Dyspepsia or Weak Digestion DRINK St. Leon Mineral Water after each meal. For Constipation take it before breakfast.



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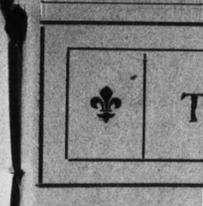
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Dr. Ogden Moore loan official chair and let eyes rest critically upon pathetic faces before him. The clinical hour of the day sweltering hot tents, victims for the the persistent sultriness of that potent therapeutic little brightness in lives, must soon melt through the furnace-like suffocating kennels had their wretched being. His eye picked out several "chronics"—a little ex-officer of the French ty woman of not more two, who gave her name "Morell," and who was from a rather suspicious poisoning; two little sh pale, pathetically cheer- tough old adventurer s- er racked from dispat- but handsome Armenian- a pleasant voice and w- The fine brow of the w- gated.

Personally, he was in- trust to his patients; s- some, elegant, a produc- in the land. Immacula- top of his aristocratic tip of his polished boot as impregnable to the a- ger germs as might a c- A thought flashed thro- mind, was dismissed w- crawled back, then was- and put in action.

"The following patient remain." His voice wa- the whirl of the fan ab- He called a dozen name- patients trooped out. "I have asked you to- said, "because I feel the- need a little outing to- treatment, and I wish t- you will be my guests to- a trip down the Sound."

"There was an astonish- "I should like to hav- me to-morrow mornin- on the pier at the foot- "Twenty-sixth street. I- all the arrangements, a- you wish to bring a men- family or some friend I- s- to have you do so. T- Sunday, you know."

There was a pause, th- Frenchman, M. Lejoux, ward with a bow. "M. le Docteur honors will give me great pleas- cept the invitation." "Good," replied Ogd- "How about the rest of will have the boat all to-

The astonished patient- "this time recovered, ther- amorous acceptance. "That's first rate," "I'll look for you to-m- ing. Mind you, don't d- It's part of your treat- know," he added with- smile.

The Japanese lanterns- the veranda of the club h- Sachem Harbor were bu- yellow in the white blaze- mid-summer moon. In st- sions of the dances there- ad across the still water- of mandolin and guitar- laughter and deeper voice- by the amplitude of spac- fleet of little yachts at- the basin. Miss Gladys Harte rest- elbows on the rail of the- mer house on the point

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The Derelicts

Dr. Ogden Moore leaned back in his official chair and let his clear gray eyes rest critically upon the rows of pathetic faces before him.

The clinical hour was almost up, the day sweltering hot and the patients, victims for the most part of that potent therapeutic agent, a little brightness in their dreary lives, must soon make their way through the furnace-like streets to the suffocating kennels where they had their wretched beings.

His eyes picked out several of his old "chronics"—a little broken-down ex-officer of the French army; a pretty woman of not more than twenty-two, who gave her name as "Mrs. Morell," and who was recovering from a rather suspicious case of gas poisoning; two little shop-girls, with pale, pathetically cheerful faces; a tough old adventurer and gold-seeker racked from dissipation; a poor but handsome Armenian student with a pleasant voice and wonderful eyes. The fine brow of the doctor corrugated.

Personally, he was in striking contrast to his patients; strong, handsome, elegant, a product of the best in the land. Immaculate from the top of his aristocratic head to the tip of his polished boots, he seemed as impregnable to the assault of vulgar germs as might a crystal globe.

A thought flashed through his alert mind, was dismissed with a frown, crawled back, then was gathered up and put in action.

"The following patients will please remain." His voice was as cool as the whir of the fan above his head. He called a dozen names; the other patients trooped out.

"I have asked you to remain," he said, "because I feel that you all need a little outing to assist my treatment, and I wish to ask you if you will be my guests to-morrow on a trip down the Sound."

There was an astonished silence.

"I should like to have you meet me to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock on the pier at the foot of East Twenty-sixth street. I will make all the arrangements, and if any of you wish to bring a member of your family or some friend I shall be glad to have you do so. To-morrow is Sunday, you know."

There was a pause, then the little Frenchman, M. Lajoux, stepped forward with a bow.

"M. le Docteur honors us. Me, it will give me great pleasure to accept the invitation."

"Good," replied Ogden heartily. "How about the rest of you? We will have the boat all to ourselves."

The astonished patients having by this time recovered, there was a unanimous acceptance.

"That's first rate," said Ogden. "I'll look for you to-morrow morning. Mind you, don't disappoint me. It's part of your treatment, you know," he added with a kindly smile.

The Japanese lanterns that fringed the veranda of the club house of the Sachem Harbor were burning a pale yellow in the white blaze of a great mid-summer moon. In the intermissions of the dances there were waltzes across the still water the tinkling of mandolin and guitar, musical laughter and deeper voices, mellowed by the amplitude of space, from the fleet of little yachts at anchor in the basin.

Miss Gladys Harte rested her round elbows on the rail of the rustic summer house on the point of rocks

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"Because—" he hesitated — "I can't," he finished abruptly.

"Who are they?" she asked indifferently, albeit with a slight tremor in her voice.

"They are patients of mine. See here, Gladys, you know perfectly well that you can have the boat any time that you want her, for the rest of the season—for good and all; but I just can't disappoint these people to-morrow!"

"Oh, very well," she answered lightly. "It is really of no consequence. Your uncle said that we could use the schooner if we wished."

Promptly at seven bells the following morning Ogden stepped into the Lotus' cutter and was pulled smartly in. It was a glorious August day, and Ogden walked slowly up and down the pier awaiting the coming of his guests.

They were punctual in arriving and with their coming the young physician experienced a succession of shocks. There are few people so destitute as to be unable to rally for an outing, and while Ogden was personally acquainted with the conditions, financial as well as physical, of his prospective guests, he had not reckoned on the ingenuity born of poverty and the paradox of lower mathematics where nothing plus nothing equal something.

M. Lajoux was the first to arrive. The little Frenchman was elegantly attired in a stylish blue serge suit, immaculate linen, patent-leather half-shoes and a new Panama hat—all doubtless borrowed for the occasion.

"Ah, Docteur Moore!" cried the volatile patient, his quick eyes taking in at a glance Ogden's costume, the cutter and the yacht, "it is upon your yacht that we are to sail! What happiness! A pathetic note crept into his voice as he concluded wistfully. "It is many, many years since I have had the pleasure of being entertained aboard a yacht." His face brightened. "Hoh! Here come the others!"

Ogden glanced up and discovered the old prospector, who was staking down the ill-paved sidewalk, one of the little shopgirls on either arm.

"Morning, Doc!" called the miner, cheerfully. "Here we are—me and the gals. I met up with 'em on the First avenue horse car and tuk 'em right in tow."

"Good," replied Ogden cheerfully, noting with fresh surprise that the hardened old "rustler" was, when carefully groomed, a really distinguished-looking man, tall and with a stern, deep-lined face, grizzled; and that, although bearing the marks of dissipation, he was not without a certain dignity of presence. The two girls were prettily and tastefully dressed in fresh muslin, frocks, and their pale faces were flushed with pleasure as they gazed in breathless admiration at the yachting costume of their host.

"Say, Doc," observed the miner, who was neatly clad in a well-fitting frock-coat, fresh linen, flowing black scarf and polished boots of the "congress" type, "I tuk advantage of your liberal invite to fetch an old friend o' mine—old Major Harris. I ran into him the other day down to the Mills Hotel."

"Glad of it," said Ogden heartily. He glanced up to see a daintily-gowned woman carefully picking her

way between the piles of fire-proofing with which the wharf was strewn. Not for several seconds did he recognize in the flushed and pretty face that was upturned to him the unfortunate victim of the illuminating gas.

"I'm very glad that you could come, Mrs. Morell," he said cordially, then turned to the others.

"Those of us here might as well get aboard. The boat will have to make another trip. We'll leave the Colonel as chairman of the reception committee."

The sun was about two hours from the clear western horizon as the fleet Lotus ripped her way through the calm waters of the Sound.

The day had been one of unalloyed delights. Thanks to the candid hospitality of their host, the guests were entirely at their ease with their novel surroundings before Hell Gate was reached.

From the first their delight in the swift motion claimed all of their attention. They overhauled waddling excursion steamers, skimming past them with aristocratic ease, the target for scores of admiring eyes. They had seen the big cup defenders out for practice sails, and listened with deepest interest to the skilled but comprehensive comment of their host on these marvels. Later they had landed at Lobster Bay, where a delicious "shore dinner" had been served them at the Casino.

Ogden, from the bridge where he had gone to speak to the captain, contemplated his guests thoughtfully. His eyes rested upon them successively. The Armenian student, a handsome fellow naturally and becomingly dressed in a suit of clothes given him by one of the clubmen for whom he rendered valet duty, might easily have passed for an aristocrat. The same was true of M. Lajoux, with his little ribbon of the Legion d'Honneur. Wartin, the grizzled old miner, and his loquacious old friend, Major Harris, were the typical statesmen of the Southwest. As for the women, Ogden thought that he had been often presented to those of far less charm of manner and appearance than several among his guests.

Yet all these people represented a class as far removed from his set as if they had belonged to a different race. They were the "other half," "the herd," indigents; objects of charity. He felt that he was drawing closer than ever in his life to the deep truths of humanity. His firm lips came together with a new decision.

"Every Sunday hereafter," he said to himself. "These or others like them. Hereafter the clinic gets a seventh share in this packet, Gladys or no Gladys!"

He walked aft, and a moment later was pointing out various places of interest on either shore to Mrs. Morell and the little shopgirls. While so occupied the captain approached. "Dr. Moore," he said, "the Aurora is becalmed on our port bow and is signaling that she would like to speak you, sir."

Ogden glanced up in vexation. The Aurora recalled an episode of the evening before which he had been trying all day to put from his mind. Had he sighted her in time he would have instructed the captain to give her a wide berth. As it was, there seemed to be no way of avoiding her, especially as she was the flagship of his home club and owned by his uncle.

"Very well," he replied, "run over and see what she wants."

The fleet Lotus was soon abreast of the stately schooner, which lay

motionless, a stark canvas of tall canvas, creamy pink against the late sun. In the shadow of the mainsail was a bright little group of people, and as they slowed down alongside a handsome, middle-aged man in ducks and serge walked to the rail and hailed them through a megaphone.

"Can you take us aboard and drop us at the Yacht Club? The tide's turned ahead and this calm is likely to last until midnight."

Ogden's face hardened a trifle. Just for the instant it struck him as a shame that these rich pleasure-seekers could not leave his poor little party of patients to enjoy their day in peace. Still it was impossible to refuse the request, especially as the Sachem Harbor Yacht Club was only ten miles to the westward and directly in his course.

"Very well," he replied a bit stiffly. "Shall I send a boat?"

"No, we'll take one of ours." He wheeled about. "Call away the cutter."

"A-w-a-y, cutter!" sang the mate, and the smart sailors sprang to the boatfalls. A few moments later the deep-laden cutter shot alongside the Lotus and a gaily chattering party filed up the little accommodation ladder.

The newcomers proceeded to distribute themselves about the decks of the little yacht, some glancing curiously at the rather odd-looking group of people under the after awning. For Ogden himself there existed absolutely no doubt as to the ethics of the situation. The patients were his invited guests, and as such were the peers of any who chose of their own accord to make use of his vessel. While the numbers made a general introduction uncalled for, he would not hesitate to present any individual of either set who happened to become adjacent.

He saw at once that the party which had just boarded his yacht was the one arranged by Gladys Harte, and for the entertainment of which she had asked him for the Lotus. He could easily guess that the girl herself had vehemently opposed the transshipping, but had doubtless been overruled by the majority.

She flushed angrily as her eyes fell upon Ogden, who was standing by the head of the ladder to receive his self-invited guests.

"I am sorry that we were obliged to inconvenience you," she said coldly, at the same time unable to avoid a curious glance towards the people aft.

"I am sorry that you should feel so about it," he replied evenly, stepping aside to let her pass.

"Great luck, Ogden—catching you just as we did!" exclaimed a hearty voice, and he turned to face the commodore. "Might have drifted around here all night." He glanced aft. "Who are your friends? Anybody I know?"

"I fancy not, uncle," replied Ogden, drily. "They are patients of mine whom I have asked for a day's sail."

"By George, that's clever of you! Eh, commodore?" commented a rather adipose man standing by the rail. "Nothing like a steam yacht to drum up practice! I wonder that more struggling young practitioners don't use 'em."

"Why, you see, Bentley," replied Ogden, "pills don't bring as big a

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profit as soap. Besides," he pursued thoughtfully, "drumming isn't included in the early stages of a medical education."

Mr. Bentley laughed with a slight effort and walked forward. The commodore whistled softly under his breath.

"By the—I say, you got him with both barrels that time, Ogden. Didn't you think you hove it in a little solid?"

"Oh, no, he's fairly thick in the pelt! Besides, why can't he mind his own business? Hello, Van Buren!" he called genially to a pleasant-faced young fellow who was walking past.

"Hello, doctor! I say, doctor, who's that pretty woman talking to the little Frenchman? Introduce me, will you?"

"Certainly." Ogden led him aft.

"Mrs. Morell, let me present Mr. Van Buren," he said quietly, adding, "M. Lajoux, Mr. Bentley."

Ogden saw the color stealing into the woman's face, as did also Van Buren, who, a trifle puzzled, opened the conversation casually. Ogden paused to speak to the little shop-girls, who were stealing admiring glances at the women from the schooner. As he strolled forward again he observed that the genial commodore had entered into conversation with the miner and Major Harris.

"Dr. Moore!" called a pretty woman with kind eyes and a wide, generous mouth. Ogden recognized her as a young widow who was rather celebrated about the Yacht Club for her harmless gaieties.

"Who is that stunning-looking young man with the eyes?" she whispered.

"He is an Armenian, Mrs. Townsend. He is studying law in New York."

"Oh, do bring him here. I want to talk to him."

Ogden glanced over to the Armenian and told him his mission. The young man was delighted.

Leaving them, Ogden walked forward and lit a cigarette. Before he had been there long Gladys swept past him, her face crimson. He caught the angry flash from her eyes and at the same time noticed that her youthful escort wore an expression of horror and amazement.

"I say, Dr. Moore," exclaimed the young man, "can I speak to you a moment? Do you know what that Armenian chap talking to Mrs. Townsend really is?"

"I think so," said Ogden.

"Well, I'll bet you don't. He's a valet in the Powhatan Club!"

Ogden's straight eyebrows came together, and his cold grey eyes grew stony.

"Do you know what else he is?" he asked.

"What?"

"He's a guest aboard my yacht, and as such is not open to criticism."

The young man drew back a trifle, and Gladys came to his assistance.

"That appears to cover a multitude of delinquencies," she retorted. "One of the young ladies in pink sold me several yards of silk the other day in Terne's."

"Indeed! I fail to see that that is anything against her."

"If you must invite valets and

(Continued on Page 8.)

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The Derelicts.

(Continued from Page 7.)

shopgirls and people like the woman with the dyed hair, I should think that at least you might refrain from introducing them promiscuously to your friends," said the girl in a low voice.

"Pardon me, but I have not introduced any of your party to my guests without being requested to do so. Also permit me to point out the fact that I had invited these people whom you find aboard, whereas, if I must say it, the rest of you have invited yourselves!" Gladys' face paled with anger.

"Will you be so good as to put us ashore?" she asked in a voice that choked a trifle.

"Immediately. There is the Yacht Club right ahead." Ogden bowed and walked away. Before he had taken a dozen steps he felt a hand laid on his shoulder, and, turning sharply, saw Van Beuren. There was an expression in the young man's frank eyes that brought the blood to Gladys' face.

"Before I go ashore, doctor," he said, "I want to tell you that I think you are a brick! Lajoux has given you dead away. I am going to find something for that little chap. We can always use an alert Frenchman in our exporting business." He held out his hand, which Ogden took, blushing furiously and hopelessly embarrassed for the first time in the whole day.

Van Buren laughed and turned away. They had by this time entered the basin off the Yacht Club, and presently the engines stopped, then went astern and the yacht's momentum ceased. At the same time the Yacht Club launch swept alongside in answer to their signal, and the party from the schooner prepared to disembark.

Mrs. Townsend paused for an instant as she was about to descend and held out her hand to Ogden, who was standing by the rail.

"Mr. Yarosian has told me all about himself—she paused, and, at the softening of her voice and eyes, Gladys, whom she was delaying, gazed at her in surprise—"and about you," she added. "I am going to do something for him this winter. He is too bright to press clothes, and I think that you are a dear!" she added impulsively and hurried down the steps, a suspicious moisture in her sweet eyes.

Gladys' face looked mystified as she followed her into the waiting launch.

One side of the midsummer moon had softened like a luscious peach which has hung too long upon the bough. That evening it had risen blood-red, flushed from its haste to mount guard upon the destinies of men and maids, but it cooled as it lifted higher, and now shed downward a soft and mellow radiance.

Dr. Ogden Moore, from his seat upon the broad rail of the veranda, had watched its upward course unmoved, ignoring the potent summons even as he had ignored those of a pair of big blue eyes which many times that evening had sent their pleading message.

"Ogden," said a soft voice at his shoulder, a voice that held the slightest suspicion of a quaver. He rose quickly to his feet.

"Yes, Gladys."

"Ogden, I wish to have a talk with you." A certain pleading accent of the voice belied its dignity.

"Come down to the summer house, where we will not be disturbed."

Side by side, yet separated by an infinite distance, they passed across the dewy lawn. At the entrance to the bover the girl turned to him suddenly and raised her wistful face.

"Ogden, can you forgive me?" Her voice contained a passionate appeal. He looked at her thoughtfully.

"I'm afraid not, Gladys," he answered, in a tone of deep regret.

"Why not?" she demanded, almost fiercely.

"Because—you see, you insulted my guests; not openly, to be sure, but through me. I would not have blamed you—in fact, did not blame you for what applied to me personally—but, you see, my guests are sacred, especially when they are so unfortunate as to be unable to defend themselves."

"But I did not know that, Ogden. I did not understand. It never occurred to me that they were your clinical charity patients. I do not know much about people outside my own caste, as you said the other day; but I thought that your clinic people were very poor, destitute."

"They are. I doubt if the dozen people that you saw would be able to raise fifty dollars all together."

"Then you won't forgive me—Ogden?" It was the faintest whisper.

"I am very sorry—" he began coldly, then paused, finding the words difficult.

Gladys turned slowly from him and started to walk back toward the club house. The mellow moon rays rested lovingly on the fair, thoughtless head, now wiser than a week ago; wiser for the knowledge of some of the exquisite pathos of humanity. Ogden saw her round shoulders lift suddenly and caught a low, heart-rending sound.

"Gladys!" He reached her in one swift stride. His strong arms drew her to him; her own crept softly around his neck. Her tear-stained face was close against his chest.

"Oh, Ogden—" she sobbed.

"Hush, darling! Of course I'll forgive you."—Henry C. Rowland, in Pearson's Magazine.

LITERARY REVIEW.

DONAHOE'S FOR CHRISTMAS.

The Christmas number of Donahoe's Magazine breathes the spirit of the season, being made up of pictures, stories, articles and poems that tell the story of the Nativity.

Among the special Christmas features are "Christmas in Le Valais," by Anna Seaton Schmidt; "The Law of the Child," by Rev. Hugh F. Blunt; "At that Hour," by J. Gertrude Menard; "To the Prince of Peace," by S. L. Emery; "The Christmas Flight of Ould Aigie More," by Honor Walsh; "The Legend of the Holly," by Helen Hughes; "A Fashion Artist's Christmas," by Mary Catherine Crowley; "Sheep in Art and Poetry," by Mary B. O'Sullivan, and sixteen superb colored plates, depicting the Nativity, by famous artists.

The Rev. John Talbot Smith in his dramatic review describes the work of "Three English Dramatists"; John J. O'Shea, editor of the "Athletic Standard and Times (Philadelphia)" contributes some very interesting reminiscences of "Great Irish Pragmatists"; Alice L. Milligan writes of "The National Schools of Ireland"; and E. M. Lynch has a second paper on "Some Summer Drives in This-cany."

Maud Regan, Nora Tynan O'Mahoney and Mary M. Redmond add three charming short stories to the contents; Henry Coyle has an appreciative sketch of the late Samuel J. Kitson, and there are poems by the Rev. William J. Ennis, S.J., Amadeus, O.S.F., and May Allegra Gallagher.

DOMINICAN YEAR BOOK.

The Dominican Year Book has just been issued from the Rosary Press, Somerset, Ohio. This work is unusually thorough, having 160 pages devoted to religious information for the masses, for the numerous societies and confraternities within the Church and the Order of St. Dominic, historical data relative to the progress of Church work and the mission of the Dominican Order to mankind, reviews of the labors of distinguished Churchmen, besides numerous literary productions of uncommon merit. Among these, and a feature of the work calculated to give the publication more than ordinary value, is a poem by the famous Dominican preacher, debater and theologian, Father Tom Burke.

Hitherto it has not been known to the public that Father Burke, whose genius as an orator gave him world-wide fame, had laid the Christian world under this additional debt—but the spirit, eloquence and zeal of his lines stamps them as poetry of a high order.

The priestly career of Father Tom Burke is given an interesting touch by the Very Rev. H. F. Lilly, O.P., The Very Rev. C. H. McKenna, O.P., writes instructively and charmingly of the Holy Name Society, while Rev. John B. O'Connor, O.P., goes into the very heart of Dominican mission work.

Stories by Maurice Francis Egan, A. C. Minogue, and poems by Rev. Albert Reinhart, O.P., and other distinguished members of the Dominican Order, relieve the religious solemnity of the work, rendering it at once a compendium of Church knowledge and a liberal chapter from the literary excellencies of the day.

The Roman and Dominican calendars, a new list of indulgences and privileges granted to Secular Tertiaries, and recent special confraternity legislation make the 1907 Dominican Year Book a work of surpassing merit.

Postpaid to any address in the United States, Mexico or Canada, 25 cents the copy.

To foreign countries in the Postal Union, 30 cents the copy, postpaid. The Rosary Press, Somerset, Ohio.

CLEMENCEAU.

After a long obscurity M. Clemenceau is again at the head of affairs in France. He controls the French Ministry. It was thought at one time that he would never again be permitted to hold office. His connection with financial scandals and lootings some years ago drove him out of office, and had kept him out ever since. His strength in the parliament and his undoubted ability to make the proper parliamentary combinations in difficult crises did not avail to lift him in the public estimation. Only when the Dreyfus affair and the radicalism of Combes and Jaures had exhausted the people and terrified them, and no other brain and hand seemed able to manage the situation, was Clemenceau permitted to resume office.

Strengthened by the confidence of the nation, that part of it which fears the loss of its income, still rejoicing in the revenue of stolen goods, still stained with the evil deeds of the past, Clemenceau to-day represents the comic opera affair called the French Republic. It is a republic for revenue only. There is not a solitary patriot in that conglomeration of rascality, madness and money-seeking called the parliamentary Bloc. They are all self-seekers, pleasure-hunters, money-grabbers, grafters of the worst type, atheists and half-atheists, enemies of all religion, ever burning with the thirst for Christian blood and Christian property, enraged that one-half of France refuses to accept them, or their theories so as to justify their villainy.

Unlike their blood prototypes of the Terror, they are cautious and prudent with regard to their own interests. They desire to confiscate the property of the Church, as they confiscated the property of the religious communities, but they wish to do it as Henry VIII did, under such forms of law that the owners may never be able to get back at them in the courts. They have instructed their comic opera Premier, mud-covered Clemenceau, to go slowly in the matter of confiscation. We are therefore being treated, through the columns of the press, and particularly through the columns of the Times, to explanations of Clemenceau's policy. He is going to be generous to the Church. He will not close the churches. He will not give them over to grafters for the worship of the goddess of reason. In consequence of his generosity, the clergy are laying aside their opposition, and the people are no longer sharpening their scythes for battle.

All this is very lovely, but it is not true. The sharpened scythes last year flung Combes into the abyss. Their glitter this year frightened Sarrien out of office. Their ominous clank has determined the utterance of the Clemenceau press agency. He is singing his song of peace and good-will to the world because he already feels the point of the sharpened scythes in his back. In a word, this Premier of France is only a comic opera clown at the head of a thieving faction in the fake republic, which, like a cancer, feeds on the bowels of a once great nation.—New York Daily News.

PERSIAN LAMB JACKETS A SPECIALTY.

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MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

DECEMBER 12, 1906. Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$4.40 to \$4.60; strong bakers, \$3.90 to \$4.10; winter wheat patents \$4 to \$4.20; and straight rollers \$3.75 to \$3.85 in wood; in bags, \$1.65 to \$1.75; extra, in bags, \$1.60 to \$1.60. Rolled Oats—\$2.10 to \$2.15 in bags of 90 lbs. Oats—No. 2, 42 1-2c per bushel; No. 3, 41 1-2c to 42c; No. 4, 40 1-2c to 41c. Cornmeal—\$1.85 to \$1.90 per bag, granulated, \$1.65. Mill Feed—Ontario bran in bags, \$19.50 to \$20; shorts, in bags, \$21; Manitoba bran in bags, \$19.50 to \$20; shorts, \$21.

CANADIAN PACIFIC CHRISTMAS AND

New Year Excursions.

Detroit.....\$15.00 St. Catharines.....\$ 2.00 Toronto.....10.00 Hamilton.....10.00 Ottawa.....3.50 London.....12.00 Quebec.....4.00 Peterboro.....8.15 Shoreham.....1.33 Pt. John, N. B.....14.50 And all points in Canada, Fort William and East at One Way First-Class Fare and One-third

Good going Dec. 24th, 25th, 1906, good to return until Dec. 26th, 1906; and on Dec. 26th, 1906; Jan. 1st, 1907; good to return until Jan. 2nd, 1907. One Way First Class Fare and One-third

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Quebec.....\$ 4.50 Toronto.....\$10.00 St. Catharines.....3.50 Hamilton.....10.00 Ottawa.....3.50 London.....12.00 Detroit.....15.00 Pt. Haron.....14.85 And all other points in Canada, also Massena, Syracuse, N. Y., Rouses Pt., N. Y., Island Pond, Vt., and intermediate stations and return at

SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE

Going Dec. 24 and 25, Ret. Limit, Dec. 26, 1906 Also going Dec. 31, 1906, and Jan. 1, 1907 Return limit, Jan. 2, 1907. First-Class Fare and One-third. Going Dec. 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 28, 29, 30, 31, 1906, and Jan. 1, 1907. Return limit, Jan. 3, 1907. For tickets and full information apply to CITY TICKET OFFICES 137 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461 or Bonaventure Station

Hay—No. 1, \$12.50 to \$18 per ton on track; No. 2, \$11.50 to \$12; clover, \$10; clover mixed, \$10.50 to \$11.

Beans—Prime pea beans, in car load lots, \$1.40 to \$1.45 per bushel.

Potatoes—75c to 85c per bag of 90 lbs., in carload lots.

Peas—Boiling, in broken lots, \$1.10 to \$1.15 per bushel; in car lots, \$1.05.

Honey—White clover in comb, 13c to 14c; dark, 10c to 11c per pound section; white extract, 10c to 10 1-2c; buckwheat, 7c to 8 1-2c per pound.

Provisions—Barrels, short cut mess \$22 to \$24; 1-2 brls \$11.75 to \$12.50; clear fat back, \$23.50; long cut heavy mess, \$20.50; 1-2 barrels do., \$10.75; dry salt long clear bacon, 12 1-4c to 12 3-4c; barrels, plate beef, \$12 to \$13.00; half barrels do., \$6.50 to \$7.00; barrels heavy mess beef, \$11.00; half barrels do., \$6.00; compound lard, 8c to 9 1-2c; pure lard, 12 1-2c to 13c; kettle rendered, 13 1-2c to 14c; hams, 13c to 14 1-2c, according to size; breakfast bacon, 15c to 16c; Windsor bacon, 15c to 16 1-2c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, \$9.25 to \$9.50; alive, \$6.75 to \$6.90.

Eggs—New laid, 32c; No. 1 candled, 21c.

Cheese—October made, Ontario, 12c to 12 3-4c; November made, 12c to 12 1-4c.

Butter—Choicest creamery, 25 1-4c to 25 1-2c; medium grades, 24c to 24 3-4c.

Ashes—First pots, \$5.40 to \$5.50; seconds, \$4.70 to \$4.80; pearls, \$6.50 to \$6.60 per 100 pounds.

"Gadding" Mothers and Their Responsibility for Juvenile Crime.

In an address before the Children's Betterment League, of Milwaukee, a week or two ago, Judge T. D. Hurley attributed much juvenile criminality to "gadding" mothers,—mothers who, instead of remaining at home and caring for their families, are in constant search of diversion among neighbors and friends. The effect of such neglect upon children in all large cities is best known to the police. The following entries are gleaned from the diary of an officer who has been "on the force" for many years; they are dated October 30, 1906:

"Took home a boy last night who was very drunk. Mother absent attending a meeting of the Mothers' Club. Many people wonder why so many boys turn criminals and so

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1906. Store closes at 5.30 daily

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SHOT TAFFETA SILK, in all colors, just in for Xmas trade, 21 inches wide. Regular - 60c. Friday 39c.
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