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True AND Witness

Vol. LV, No. 13

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1905

PRICE FIVE CENTS

ARCHBISHOP SETON ON PIUS X.

Eminent American Prelate, Friend of Three Popes, Just Returned From Rome, Talks of His Personal Experiences in the Vatican Palace.

Fresh from the Vatican and from Pope Pius X., by whom he was several times received in audience, Archbishop Robert Seton has returned for a brief visit to America after an absence of nearly four years in Rome. His Holiness, says Archbishop Seton, is deeply absorbed in American affairs—even more so than was his predecessor—and daily finds time amid his multifarious duties to inform himself at first hand of social and political conditions in this country. Owing to his extended residence in Rome few persons or prelates have brought us such a vivid impression of the Pope as he appears in both public and private, as he preaches, studies and quietly passes his days—the great philosopher of Europe.

Rumors which have reached this country to the effect that His Holiness has been in poor health are declared by the eminent visitor to be entirely without foundation, and he had the pleasure of hearing the Pope preach to an audience of 10,000 persons a few days before leaving Rome. Having enjoyed the personal friendship of not only Pope Leo, but of Pope Pius IX., Archbishop Seton is peculiarly well qualified to gauge the reigning Pope, who, he declares, is more essentially a preacher than was probably either of his predecessors. "Just now," continued the Archbishop, "the Pope joins in the general feeling of satisfaction and thankfulness that the war between Japan and Russia is ended, and on such a satisfactory basis. The terrible conflict has been acutely deplored by His Holiness as entirely out of accord with twentieth century progress and civilization—as, in fact, a war foolishly begun and wisely, though tardily, ended.

"Roman sentiment, it must be confessed, has been very largely with Japan, though it would be hard to find a reason. In fact, the general sentiment of Europe, of Western Europe, has been with Japan. This to me is most extraordinary. I have been amazed at the credence given reports of Russian uprisings and of the alleged pusillanimity of the Czar. In my opinion, based upon the accurate information of internal Russia received in Rome, that unhappy country has been caricatured, misrepresented, defamed, besmirched, pelted with every form of falsehood. It is true that the Russians went too far in rising against the Jews. But the story of their provocation has never been told.

"Again," continued the Archbishop, "we hear the Czar criticized as an over-bearing autocrat for refusing to receive a Russian mob. Do we forget that very similar uprisings in this country—at Chicago and at Homestead, for example—were put down with bayonet and shot? Do we forget that an army under one Cooxey was warned to keep off the grass on approaching the Capitol in Washington, and disregarding the warning, was forcibly ejected? Let us at least be fair to Russia and her ruler. We—and I am an American—cannot afford, as a fair-minded people, to copy the attitude and echo the voice of England during our own Civil War. But let us discuss things nearer to Rome.

"His Holiness," pursued the distinguished speaker, the conversation veering to the Vatican, "is just now concerned in implanting religious principles more deeply in Italy. His Holiness, in other words, has his eyes open to the fact that Italians who emigrate to this country too often and too easily abandon themselves to license on reaching here. He is too keen an observer not to realize that the Italian, as he is, is not as desirable an immigrant as the German, the Anglo-Saxon or the northern people of Europe.

IT IS HIS WISH TO DISCOURAGE ITALIAN IMMIGRATION. "Only a short time ago the Pope ordered all the parish priests of Italy to preach from the pulpit every Sunday the bulletins issued by the Commissioner of Emigration, giving general information of conditions prevailing among Italian emigrants in foreign countries. It is his wish to discourage Italian emigration as much as possible by imparting direct and accurate information to prospective emigrants as to the real conditions awaiting them in this and other objective lands of promise.

"One purpose of my mission in Rome, other than the study of archeology with respect especially to the catacombs," added the Archbishop, "is to disseminate a truer knowledge of the United States. As one result of the Papal interest in such matters, the Pope has just approved of a plan for providing every transatlantic steamer carrying emigrants with a special chaplain, who is to cater to the spiritual needs of emigrants en route. Several steamship companies have already agreed to issue special passages to such chaplains, and the expenses of the undertaking, for the success of which His Holiness has sincere hopes, are to be defrayed by a special society established for the purpose.

"Have many important changes been made or projected at the Vatican since the passing of Pope Leo?" was asked the Archbishop. "Yes," with some deliberation, "a good many, though the Vatican wheels grind slowly, to use a common phrase. I may venture, as a slight indication of the trend, that not in many, many years have the Vatican and the Quirinal been so close together as they are to-day. While I do not care to elaborate on such a startling statement, one can gather his own conclusions from it.

"Italian diplomacy is so radically different from the direct Anglo-Saxon way of doing and saying things that what a man like President Roosevelt could accomplish in a day would require a year in Rome. But while the Vatican is slow, it is very sure," smiled the Archbishop. "For instance, there is the revolutionary attitude of France with respect to the Concordat." The smile vanished, and the Archbishop spoke vehemently, passionately.

THE GREATEST DESPOTISM ON EARTH MISCALLED A "REPUBLIC."

"France is miscalled a republic," he declared. "But it was never more an empire than it is to-day. There is nothing like the personal license, or rather liberty, in France that there was under the Empire—under Napoleon, whom a Pope made Emperor. Even the United States—the most magnificent, fair-and-square nation on earth—paid of its own free will not only \$20,000,000 to Spain for the Philippines, but an additional \$12,000,000 to the Church for its monasteries and friar lands. What has France done? In so far as moral principle is concerned, she has acted in a way that would not be tolerated for an instant by any other State save that of the Holy See. It is, stripped of polite phrasing, an act of wholesale vandalism which, in police court language, is grand larceny.

"While the Vatican sees it in this light, the Pope is a masterly statesman, and we may be sure will make the best of a bad situation."

Asked regarding the more amiable relations between the Vatican and Quirinal, Archbishop Seton mentioned the impending celebration of the anniversary of the entry of the Italian troops into Rome. Up to the present time this celebration has been viewed in the light of an annual protest, on the part of the State, against the claims of the Holy See to temporal power, and speeches have generally been made with a distinctly anti-Papal trend. Arrangements have been made this year by which allusions to the loss of temporal power on the part of the Holy See are omitted, so that the Mayor of Rome and Catholic members of the Municipal Council might witness the celebration without loss of dignity

or violation of the pledges made before their election. In other words, in the opinion of His Grace, the time is approaching, if it be not at hand, when that comprehensive phrase, the prisoner of the Vatican, will no longer apply to the Pope.

"I have heard many eloquent preachers," vouchsafed the Archbishop, "but never any one comparable with Pope Pius in his marvelous mobility of expression and the profound impression he makes on his audiences. I have heard him compared with Cardinal Manning, whom I have heard preach in London, but it is not a happy comparison. Cardinal Manning had a wonderful command of language and his sermons were as sparkling as crystal and as pure as the water dripping from a glacier. His Holiness, on the other hand, fairly thaws his audience with sympathy and sincerity as expressed in his face and manner, as well as his words."

THE DAILY LIFE OF THE POPE.

Touching upon the daily life of the Pope and the governmental machinery of the Vatican, the eminent traveler opined that His Holiness was more of a leader of the simple life than even Pastor Wagner. As regularly as the great clock of the Vatican strikes seven in the morning a private secretary enters the Papal apartments and assists His Holiness to dress. This done the Pope performs his morning devotions and proceeds to the adjoining oratory where he celebrates Mass. Occasionally privileged persons are admitted to this service of some forty minutes. A second Mass is subsequently celebrated by one of the household prelates, at which all the residents of the Vatican, including the Pope, are present. His Holiness then breakfasts in his study, the meal being very simple.

The Pope then goes to the library, where an audience is given to specially favored pilgrims. It is in these interviews that the familiarity of the Pope not only with affairs in Europe but in America, Russia, Japan, and every important corner of civilization is revealed. His visitors gone, the Pope begins the real work of the day.

His first task is to revise the work of the preceding day, for he is a most painstaking and careful statesman and scholar. At 10 a.m. the Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry del Val, who succeeded Cardinal Rampolla, a classmate of Archbishop Seton, enters and with him the Pope goes through the correspondence of the day.

Though by no means close, Pope Pius is very careful in financial matters, his private secretary keeping all his keys excepting those of the strong box, which he himself retains. His Holiness gives away large sums in charity every year.

At noon the Pope dines, the meal consisting, for example, of an omelette, a roll, and a little cheese, with a single glass of red wine. The Pope then takes his constitutional in the Vatican gardens, or, the weather forbidding, in one of the numerous halls of the huge residence. One of his favorite habits is to take a book, or perhaps an important document on which he is working, with him into the gardens, where he frequently remains most of the afternoon.

Sundown finds him back in his apartments, and after telling his rosary he sets to work, and does not retire until midnight. Practically the only variations to this daily programme are the sermons which His Holiness preaches at the rate of at least one, and often two or three, a week.

Archbishop Seton will visit friends in New York during the remainder of his sojourn in America, with the exception of a brief excursion he will make to Sagamore Hill to renew his acquaintance with the President.

Of all the arts, music is the best language in which to express an ideal. Music is the natural language in which a people expresses its ideals, its emotions, its character. The folk-songs of the various races of Europe prove this. The language should be taught to all, in order that all may be able to express their true feelings. Words may lie; music can not—Danrosch.

GUARDIANS OF THE POPE.

His Swiss Regiment About to Celebrate Its Quadricentennial.

At the end of the present month the Swiss Guards of the Pope will celebrate the completion of the fourth century of its existence, having been formed in October, 1505, by Pope Julius II. at the suggestion of the Swiss Cardinal Schinner, and the uniforms designed by Michael Angelo remain, save for the helmet, identically the same as they were in the days of the illustrious master who painted the frescos of the Sistine Chapel. The Swiss Guards are recruited exclusively from men of the cantons of Lucerne and Zurich. Citizens from other Swiss cantons, even from cantons so completely Catholic as Friburg and Ticino, are not eligible. They must be more than twenty-five years of age, unmarried, and six feet in height.

Originally the corps numbered 200, this being increased at times to double that figure. To-day there are but 120, consisting of twelve commissioned officers, two drummers and 106 non-commissioned officers and men. They are enlisted for a term of five years, at the close of which they are entitled to a nominal pension. The latter, however, is of but little consideration to them, for they are mostly men of good family and well-to-do, who enlist in the Swiss Guard partly for the purpose of fulfilling what they believe to be the traditional duties of their families to the Church, and partly, too, on account of the opportunity which it affords them of studying under the most favorable conditions the various branches of art and literature in the Vatican itself, and also beyond the Papal borders in the city of Rome.

To the members of the Swiss Guard is intrusted the guardianship of what may be described as the frontiers of the Papal territory. They stand on duty, just inside the Vatican gates and at the great bronze doors, and no one, be he prince or peasant, can pass it without either showing them an entrance card, duly stamped with the Papal arms, or else giving them the password. Of course, since 1870 their duties have been of an essentially pacific character. But in former times they put up many a hard fought battle in behalf of the Pontiff whom they had sworn to protect, and when the Constable of Bourbons stormed the Eternal City, something more than three hundred years ago, he massacred every one of them to the last man.

The Swiss Guard is at the present moment commanded by Colonel Baron Meyer von Schauensee, the chief of one of the oldest patrician houses of Switzerland, to which the German Emperor Rudolf of Hapsburg granted, in the year 1273, the castle of Schauensee, on the shores of the Lake of Four Cantons. The Meyers have been fervent Catholics for eight centuries, and have occupied their ancestral castle for some seven hundred years, and if I lay stress on this it is because the name of Meyer rather suggests the Hebrew race, and when in conjunction with title of baron a nobiliary dignity of modern origin—Marquis de Fontenoy, in the N.Y. Tribune.

Irish Writers who are Called English

Charles Welsh, writing from Wintrop, Mass., to the Boston Transcript, corrects a writer in that paper who had said that "an Englishman, Count Anthony Hamilton," wrote the memoirs of de Grammont in French. Says Mr. Welsh:

"Count Hamilton may almost be called a man without a country," but he really belongs in that great group of Irishmen which has conferred lasting fame upon Irish genius. He was born in Roscrea, Ireland. When he was three years old his parents, who were Catholics and royalists, went to France, where he was educated, and French became practically his mother tongue. He went to England at the Restoration, and was in great favor with the court and the wits of his day. He divided his time between France and England until he was appointed Governor of Limerick.

LATER HE RETURNED TO FRANCE AND DIED THERE.

"It has too long been the habit of the world to classify the productions of Irish genius under an alien name. The bed-roll of Irish authors who have written in English is so long and so brilliant that their nationality ought to be recognized. For they have preserved an individuality, a unity, a distinctive characteristic, a national spirit and a racial flavor which entitle their work to a place apart."

NEW ENGLAND MORE IRISH THAN ANY PART OF THE WORLD.

(From the Baltimore Sun.)

A correspondent of the London Times describes at some length what he terms "the capture of New England by the Irish." Political control has passed from the English element to the Irish. "New England is more Irish to-day," said the Hon. J. F. Fitzgerald in a recent speech, "than any part of the world outside of Ireland." Boston is an Irish city, and there are a dozen Irish cities in Massachusetts and as many more in the rest of New England that have chief magistrates of Irish blood.

Not without reason Mr. Fitzgerald points with pride to the political genius of his race. "By their capacity and ability," he said, "they are constantly battering into nothingness the charge of England that Irishmen lack the brains to govern their own country." The fact is beyond dispute. They have clearly shown in New England capacity and ability not only to govern themselves, but also the Puritans, who once boasted themselves the shrewdest Yankees of the country.

IT'S IN THE BLOOD.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Drive Out Rheumatic Poison.

Rheumatism is rooted in the blood—any doctor will tell you that. Nothing can cure it that does not reach the blood. It is a foolish waste of time and money to try to cure rheumatism with liniments, poultices or anything else that only goes skin deep. Rubbing lotions in to the skin only helps the painful poison to circulate more freely. The one cure, and the only cure for rheumatism is to drive the uric acid out of your blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They actually make new blood, and the new blood sweeps out the poisonous acids, loosens the stiffened, aching joints, cures the rheumatism and makes the sufferer feel better in many other ways. Mrs. Jos. Perron, Les Diaboulements, Que., says: "I suffered from rheumatism in a chronic form for nearly twenty-five years. I spent much money in liniments and medicines, but without avail, until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Some times I was so stiff I could hardly move. The trouble seemed to be growing worse, and finally seemed to effect my heart, as I used to have pains in the region of the heart, and some times a smothering sensation. I grew so weak, and suffered so much that I began to consider my case hopeless, and then one day a little pamphlet, telling of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, fell into my hands, and I learned that they would cure rheumatism. I sent for a supply, and in about three weeks found they were helping me. The trouble which affected my heart soon disappeared, and gradually the pains left me and I could go about with more freedom than I had done for years. I still take the pills occasionally, as I now know it is wise to keep my blood in good condition."

It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood that they cure such troubles as rheumatism, anaemia, indigestion, kidney troubles, backaches, headaches and sideaches, neuralgia, erysipelas, and the special ailments that burden the lives of so many women and growing girls. But only the genuine pills can do this, and these always have the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ATTENDANCE OF CATHOLICS AT NON-CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

Meaning and Scope of the Bishops Declaration.

In their declaration as to the attendance of Catholics at non-Catholic schools the Bishops of the Province of Westminster have dealt with a subject of the gravest importance, and all Catholics will, it is to be hoped, take their words to heart. The various points of the declaration deserve to be noted with emphasis. In the first place the Bishops affirm that there is danger to the Catholic Faith and spirit when Catholic children are placed in non-Catholic schools, no matter what the class to which they belong:

1. We desire to call the earnest attention of all Catholics to the grave departure from Catholic teaching and tradition, and to the very serious dangers to Catholic Faith and spirit which are involved in the placing of Catholic children, of whatever class in life, in non-Catholic schools. Owing to the usually proximate nature of these dangers, it is under ordinary circumstances a grievous sin on the part of parents to expose their children to such risks and this has been expressly declared in the instructions of the Holy See, and of the Bishops of this Province. There is, not infrequently, also a grave sin of scandal; for when Catholics, and especially those in a prominent position, make use of non-Catholic schools, they affect injuriously the whole Catholic position, leading many to follow their example, and making it increasingly difficult to provide, maintain and improve our own schools and colleges.
2. As can be easily understood, there are exceptional cases in which attendance at a non-Catholic school is permissible, but their Lordships significantly state that the social advantages to be gained at certain non-Catholic schools cannot be treated as a ground for exception:
3. We recognize, indeed, that in some rare cases where no other means of entering a particular profession can be found, parents may be justified in exposing their sons and daughters to such risks, provided that they take all possible precautions to render them remote; but we declare that these exceptional cases in no way justify a like course of action where preparation for a career in life may be obtained without any similar necessity of attending non-Catholic places of education. The social advantages to be gained at certain schools manifestly do not constitute such a necessity.
4. So desirous are the Bishops of restricting the exceptions to the fewest possible cases, that whenever ordinary priests or confessors are called upon to decide whether a case for exception exists, they must refer to the Ordinary of the Diocese:
5. It is the positive duty of Catholics to support their own schools, for it is by such support the conductors of the schools are enabled to give a thorough Catholic training and to keep up with the competition with non-Catholic schools in secular subjects:
6. We again call upon the clergy and laity alike to support by every means in their power our existing schools of all grades, and to make every effort to increase and improve them, and especially to establish Secondary Day Schools in all large centres of population.
7. The Bishops in appealing for loyalty to the Church and faith recall the devotion of Catholics in former times who thought no sacrifice too great to safeguard their principles:
8. We appeal to our flocks to adhere faithfully to those principles of loyalty to Church and faith for which their forefathers made so many sacrifices, not only of worldly position and success, but even of life itself.
9. The Episcopal Declaration will, no doubt, lead to reconsideration of their position by parents whose sons or daughters are attending non-Catholic schools.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

My Dear Nancy:

We have just been enjoying a delightful walk across Mount Royal. You who have only seen her in the beauty of her summer garb would, maybe, not appreciate the change which has come upon her; but we who always have her height in view have grown accustomed to the gradual transformation from emerald green to the dull browns, bright reds and mottled tints, all speaking of decay, but with a tenderness and beauty not repulsive to our senses. It was just cool enough to encourage a brisk pace which gave a ruddy glow to the cheek, and the air was heavy with the moist odor from the underbrush. There will be still further change when you return to Montreal, for by that time the royal mount will have donned her ermine mantle and winter sports will be in full swing.

Tell me, how did you enjoy your trip to the plains? We have wondered why you were silent as to your journey, your arrival, and your experiences on the whole—for experiences you must have had between here and the end of the 2000 mile run. Is it that among your surroundings and in the excitement of "pitching your tent" you have forgotten there were expectant friends, surely not. It seems to me that the very newness of the situation, the extreme isolation, and the perfect delight you take in congenial friendships would make your heart cry out for the old associations and compel you to take the only means of bridging the distance. But I fancy there is coming at top speed full particulars of ranch life, its delights and its fascinations. We will not expect a dissertation on its disadvantages, for you have dreamed too long of this to see anything but what is suffused in a rosy glow. When I read the following I determined to send it to you as possession of an ingenious brain as you are, you will be able to work it out. I should think it would be quite the thing. If I remember correctly, you said your brother was a collector of antiquities, so I fancy you will be able to manufacture something unique, at least something similar, if not directly on those lines. Let us hear the results:

An attractive and serviceable settle, one that will be useful on a deep porch, can be made from a discarded wooden bedstead. To construct one is easy, and any old bedstead will do—the older the better.

The headboard and posts make the back to the settle. The foot posts minus the board complete the four legs. These are joined by cleats on which rests the seat. The width of the seat is made to fancy, twelve to sixteen inches. The sides of the bedstead are fitted for the arms to the settle, although it is not necessary to have them. The settles made from grandmother's bed will not need staining or painting. Those of later date need a dressing to be attractive.

Hortense has just invested in a new hat. It is a very smart affair of Alice blue velvet, having a beehive crown of lighter blue, a rolling brim irregularly dented and caught up at the back with a satin strap of Alice blue ornamented with steel slides.

We will miss you from the practices for Sir Edward Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," which are about to commence. The choirmaster has asked for increased numbers and insists on stricter attendance so that this oratorio may be better than any yet given. You never let us into the secret of your bead lamp shade making, and whether it was the success you had anticipated. You were following no directions, I know, simply seeing what you could do without being taught. This is what I was told at the Handicrafts Department about them:

have a number of needles threaded at once. In making fringes for a lamp shade the depth varies according to the size of the shade.

I have been trying to follow instructions, but evidently bead work is not in my line, for most of my time is spent hunting for the beads on the floor, as I do not seem to have the knack of threading them the right way.

We are living in the greatest expectancy of having such a long, jolly, newsy letter redolent of the air of the prairie, and brimful of vivid descriptions of every nook in the ranch; and although you have not found time to write us, we still think affectionately of you, miss you sorely from all our gatherings, and trust that ranch life and its fascinations will not let you forget your friends in the East, who look forward to the day when you will return.

Your old friend, HELENE.

TIMELY HINTS.

A teaspoonful of turpentine added to each quart of starch will give it a gloss and also prevent the iron from sticking.

Alcohol and water constitute a good washing fluid for fine cut and plate glass. Soaps, cleaning powders and polishing preparations are apt to scratch and dim highly polished surfaces. Only old, soft towels should be used for wiping glass.

Nowadays fish and fowls are not sewn with thread as they once were to retain the filling. The cavities are filled and the edges are pinned securely with skewers. A complete set of steel skewers is a necessity, but one easily supplied.

If you rub grass stains with molasses they will come out without difficulty in the ordinary wash.

Spots may be removed from gingham by being wet with milk and covered with common salt. Leave for an hour or so, and rinse out in several waters.

You can make a faded dress perfectly white by washing it in boiling cream of tartar water.

Salt dissolved in alcohol will often remove grease spots from clothing.

Every one knows that smelling salts are most refreshing when one is suffering from headache, but not every one knows that they may be easily made at home. Take one gill of liquid ammonia, a quarter of a dram each of attar of rosemary and English lavender, eight drops each of bergamot and cloves. Put into a stoppered bottle and shake vigorously until well mixed. Fill the smelling bottle with asbestos or sponge cuttings and pour the mixture over them, taking care not to put in more than the sponge will retain, else the ammonia will run out and stain fabrics when the bottle is inverted.

RECIPES.

Tomato Toast—Take three tomatoes, one egg, one ounce of butter, some slices of hot buttered toast, a little salt, pepper, cayenne and half a teaspoonful of powdered sugar. Wipe and cut the tomatoes into thick slices. Cook in butter in a pan over the fire until tender. Beat the egg, add it to the tomato and stir over the fire until it thickens and becomes creamy. Add the sugar, season nicely. Pile it quickly on the buttered toast and serve very hot.

Plum Marmalade.—Plums come a little late in the season, but the knowing just how to make a marmalade that will not have the bitter twang that is found in most plum preserves, may not come amiss. The plums should be perfect and not over ripe. Cover them with ice-cold water and let them just come to a boil, dip out and throw the water away. Cover them again with ice-water and heat up, being careful not to break the skin. Throw this water away, also, then cook the plums in as much water as will keep them from burning until tender, rub them through a sieve, add pound for pound of sugar, and cook until thick and shining.

Cream of Salmon Soup—After removing all the oil, skin and bones from the contents of a small can of salmon, turn it into a saucepan with a tablespoonful of butter and let it become very hot. Then turn in one quart of milk with a little flour to thicken it, stir smooth, add two tablespoonfuls of salt and a salt-spoonful of pepper, and when it begins to boil remove from the fire, strain, add a little chopped parsley and serve.

Sweetbread Salad.—Choose large

heart sweetbreads and parboil them in water with a small onion, a small carrot, a bunch of parsley and stick of celery. Cool and cut into dice and mix well with a stiff mayonnaise. Arrange in centre of a flat salad dish in nest of lettuce leaves. Around the edge place a row of the lettuce leaves filled with cucumber diced and mixed with tiny pearl onions and green cooked peas, the cucumber dice and peas having been previously dressed with oil and vinegar, salt and cayenne.

People who like their oysters highly seasoned will appreciate this sauce which is meant to be served with the first course at dinner: Place in a bowl a heaping teaspoonful of salt, three-quarters of a teaspoonful of white pepper, a thick slice of onion, minced fine, a heaping teaspoonful each of minced chives and minced parsley. Mix these thoroughly and add a teaspoonful of salad oil, six drops of tabasco sauce, a dash of Worcestershire and about three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. At Delmonico's this way of serving oysters is called "a l'Alexandre Dumas."

IDEAL WOMANHOOD.

Mary Sarsfield Gilmore writes on this subject in the New York Freeman's Journal. She says:

Catholic womanhood and ideal womanhood by right are synonyms; and the Catholic woman or girl who fails to represent the highest type of her sex, not only incurs grave moral responsibility, but misses the golden opportunity of her life. That she is not an unknown social quantity is due less to her deliberate fault than to her culpable thoughtlessness. The average Catholic woman does not take herself with due seriousness. She realizes only in part the obligations of her nobility. She underestimates her supreme possibilities.

All the world agrees that purity and religion are the sole and indispensable basis of ideal womanhood, and that, as the representative of both essential graces, the Catholic woman stands above reproach.

But the law fulfilled in the letter by sheer force of Divine instinct, may be filled in the spirit by social concessions instigated by human respect. It is well to realize that where Catholic concession is necessary, there is something rotten in the social state. Moral perception is not too apt to be supersensitive, and the Catholic woman must fear laxity rather than scrupulousness, lest she be responsible for disedification or scandal. Indubitably, the perfection of Catholic precept challenges suspicion and censorious criticism of Catholic practice; and, in so far as the Catholic girl or woman forgets that she is a cynosure, and believes her imputable convictions by expedient compromise with prevailing non-religious and unmoral conventions, in so far does she relinquish her supreme distinction, and sink below the ideal type.

The pity of such a mistake on the part of a spiritually sensitive and highly intelligent sex cannot be overestimated; and must be ascribed solely to the regrettable fact that the Catholic woman of the present day all too rarely and briefly "considers in her heart." She has no leisure, no surviving taste for deep and conscientious thought. She is the child of a century favoring action rather than contemplation. She lives a public life, and sacrifices individually to conformity. "Come apart into a desert-place and rest a little" is not a call that appeals to her strenuously. It represents the antithesis of the social challenges to which her ambition and desires respond.

Yet, what has "Society" to offer the Catholic? Riches, idleness, pride and pomp, enervating luxury and self-indulgence, the spurious pleasures of folly perilously verging on vice, have palled upon the leisure classes of humanity even since the ancient days when Solomon in his glory protested "Vanity, all is vanity!" This is true of the children of the world, for whom even the gentle Christ confessed that He "prayed not," what shall be said of the soul-weariness of the child of light, who barter for the portage of social prestige and fashionable frivolities, her glorious birthright of ideal womanhood?

In truth, the lower choice is not only a spiritual tragedy—it is an intellectual stupidity! The intelligent Catholic does not look for satisfaction to the husks of life. The sacramental waters of regeneration, the Eucharistic Blood of Redemption, the Eucharistic Real Presence, the gifts of the Paraclete, quicken the soul-life past the power of the world to devitalize it; and while deliberate and persistent resistance of grace is possible, lost peace of mind and heart, lost joy of spirit, and a carking re-



Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Cramps, Colic, Pain in the Stomach, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Sea Sickness, Summer Complaint, and all Fluxes of the Bowels. Has been in use for nearly 60 years and has never failed to give relief.

morse embittering both life and death are the inexorable result.

On the other hand, the Catholic woman who lives up to her lights, even though sweet dolor seems the insignia of the daughters of Mary, is the happiest of her sex. The Catholic girl walks with angels, and therefore all men desire her. As a wife, love accords her its crown of reverence. As a mother, the "inheritance of the Lord" is as olive plants round about her table. As a single woman, she has a distinct vocation, recognized and honored by Mother Church in the secular no less than in the religious order.

Where is the non-Catholic woman, the "woman of the world," the avowed "society woman," who can point to an equally happy and honorable estate? The non-Catholic, in addition to her immeasurable spiritual loss, lacks the abiding protective influence, the unfailing refuge, the perpetual "sanctuary" of the True Fold. The worldling, the social devotee, pass bright butterfly-springtimes, but when the sun of youth sets, or fair weather fortunes cloud over, their evanescent day ends in gloom and desertion, and, as a rule, their little comedies of life close as pitifully as their soulless play has been superficial and petty.

Is Catholic womanhood, then, to renounce the world of social functions? God forbid that she should deprive it of its redemptive element! The ideal Catholic girl, with the exquisite bloom of convent-innocence upon her spirit—the ideal Catholic woman, with her invincible virtue, her noble dignity, her courageous conviction that "Life is real, life is earnest," and that artificiality and fippancy misrepresent even its re-creative phases—are called to the Social Apostolate!

But the call to the world implies no call to be a worldling. On the contrary, to be in the world, yet not of it, defines the social vocation as the conscientious Catholic woman must conceive it. Time is hers, neither to "kill" nor waste, but to use for eternity, and her diversion may not extend to social dissipation, nor her mere pursuit of pleasure legitimate press beyond very limited lines. Above all, unlike Goldsmith's heroine, she may not "stoop to conquer!" In compromise and concession are her hopeless defeat.

Hence, though its lines fall in pleasant places, the social mission is no simple one. To stand against the powers that be is to incur the risk of ostracism; yet the Catholic woman is in duty bound to retain her social place, while discountenancing the smart manners and repudiating the lax morals that are the reproach of modern society. Moreover, her convictions must assert their courage even against material externals. Christian society is evincing an atavistic tendency, and reverting to pagan sybaritism. Wanton luxury of environment cradles moral license, and epicureanism sets the death-feasts of spirituality and self-mastery. It behooves Catholic womanhood to recognize that social purification and reform are preached with unction only from the platform of social simplicity.

Individual efforts is beginning to command the support of concerted movement. Already the results of Catholic activity are manifest. The divorce evil no longer goes its lawless way unchallenged. Race suicide is publicly arraigned and dishonored. The social wine cup, as the emblem of Hospitality, is shattered on many a representative hearthstone. These are "signs of the times" horrible to the present, and propitious for the future, and their credit is to the Catholic women, who, in conscientiously and practically living up to their inspired ideals, establish the world's type of Ideal Womanhood.

The Poet's Corner.

CRADLE SONG.

From groves of spice, O'er fields of rice, Athwart the lotus-stream, I bring for you, Aglith with dew A little lovely dream.

Sweet, shut your eyes, The wild fireflies Dance through the fairy 'neem'; From poppy-bole For you I stole A little lovely dream.

Dear eyes, good-night, In golden light The stars around you gleam; On you I press With soft caress A little lovely dream.

THE BRAVEST BATTLE.

The bravest battle that ever was fought; Shall I tell you where and when? On the maps of the world you will find it not; It was fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot, With sword or nobler pen; Nay, not with eloquent word or thought, From mouths of wonderful men.

But in a walled-up woman's heart— Of woman that would not yield, But patiently, silently bore her part— Lo! there is that battlefield.

No marshalling troop, no bivouac song; No banner to gleam and wave; And oh! these battles, they last so long— From babyhood to the grave!

Yes, faithful still as a bridge of stars She fights in her walled-up town. Fights of and on in the endless ways, Then silent, unscen, goes down. —Joaquin Miller.

INASMUCH.

I asked for alms! He flung a coin at me Contemptuously. Not without sense of shame I stooped and picked it up, Does this fulfil The Master's will To give a cup Of water in His Name?

I asked for bread! He handed out to me Indifferently A ticket for some food. It answered to my need. Was this the way On that great day Christ stopped to feed The hungry multitude?

When we shall wait, After this mortal strife, Eternal life, And to His presence go As suppliants indeed, Will it be thus He will on us In our great need His priceless gift bestow? —The Outlook.

THE TRUE MAN.

This well I know is truth, that a true man, Whatever mystery, or dark or fair, Life hides, to go where conscience points will dare, Come joy, come woe, doing the best he can.

Will keep his hopes accordant with high play, Nor stoop to feeble thoughts of weak despair, Bearing with strong heart what he must bear, Still struggling to the end as he began.

As a blind steed turned loose, and without guide, Shuns downward paths, and takes but roads that rise, And, if he falls, falls from the mountainside, So a true man, perplexed, will seek the skies, Nor walk in lower ways that open wide, Led by aspiring faith that needs not eyes.

—Rt. Rev. John L. Spalding.

CONTRASTS.

Always the shadow of war, but on go the works of peace; Always the shadow of death, but of joy life feels no lack. The battleship plunges along, a fortress-a-swim in the seas, But over the selfsame waves the wind drives the fisherman's smack.

What rules the world? Is it might? What rules the world? Is it love? Is it hunger that drives? Is it wit that thrives? Shall subtlety triumph or right? Hunger drives, and gumption thrives, and subtlety's envy's glove, But knowledge and truth shall drive out ruth, and love, in the end, is might. —E. S. Martin, in Scribner's.

TWO WOMEN.

One woman bravely went afar To lands made desolate by war; She cared for wounded, sick and dead, The naked clothed, the hungry fed.

Another spent the whole of life Fulfilling duties of a wife And mother, making home a bright, Chaste spot of love and sweet delight.

The first one died; whole columns told Her virtues and her deeds of gold. The other, one day, gently slop'd Her children and her husband wept.

FOR LIFE.

Thank God for life; life is not sweet always, Hands may be heavy laden, hearts care full, Unwelcome nights follow unwelcome days, And dreams divine end in awakenings dull;

Still it is life, and life is cause for praise. This ache, this restlessness, this quickening sting, Prove me no torpid and inanimate thing, Prove me of Him who is of life the spring

I am alive!—and that is beautiful. —Your niece, WINNIE.

THE RIVER OF DREAMS.

The river of dreams runs silently down, By a secret way that no one knows; But the soul lives on while the dreams tide flows Through the garden bright or the forests brown;

And I think sometimes that our whole life seems To be more than half made up of dreams. For its changing sights and its passing shows And its morning hopes and its mid-night fears

Are left behind with the vanished years. Onward, with ceaseless motion, The life stream flows to the ocean, And we follow the tide, awake or asleep, Till we see the dawn on love's great deep,

Then the bar at the harbor mouth is crossed And the river of dreams in the sea is lost. —Henry Van Dyke.

COMPENSATION.

All flowers? No. Some weeds with pollen dust, Some grain of rust, To soil the trailing garments as they pass.

All smiles? No. Some tears to mar the face And leave their trace In lines of sadness on the brow, alas.

All pleasure? No. Much pain to bring distress Beyond redress Of scientific man's most learned skill, Of sunshine? No. Black clouds across the heaven, By tempests driven, Will pass at times and all with terror fill.

All failure? No. The contrasts that appear Make life more dear, And show that all things justly compensate.

All perfect? Yes. All God hath made is best, And He hath blest All things in nature with a proper mate.

Neither love nor sorrow teaches us Its highest lessons unless it shows us how to live the luminous life. Some day we shall see clearly that it is not a credit, but a discredit, to us to bear our sorrows heavily, to keep our griefs about us in our thought atmosphere. What if we have suffered? Not only for our own sake, but for the sake of those we meet daily, we should endeavor to keep our moods happy and magnetic.

OUR

Dear Girls and Boys: I think it is pretty many have gone back pleased, though to be fred and Harold. The nice letters. At the there is a great deal You have all had you cation, and many of in the country or Well, you must have surprised you and p and other memories of outing. Now, nutting and I am sure not ma letting it pass without stores. Let us all be fun. Do not let me b corner next week. Your loving AU

Dear Aunt Becky: I see we are too late ters this week, but Ha yesterday with a hea had to wait for him to just received the True see a nice letter from M her my love and hope again. We read all the in the corner. Some o have a dear little cat she came all the way fr old, from Grandpa's, in id eat, Tabby, was lea first, but they are a now. Good-night, Au to yourself and all the Your niece, WINNIE.

Dear Aunt Becky: Winnied and I were our letters in the corne there will be letters fro cousins this week. The getting cold here no summer is gone, and we looking forward to a from Santa Claus. We very lonely, for our who had to go to the week to undergo treatme she will soon be with u taught me music, and I love, I remain Your nephew, H.

DAISY AND GEORGE "I think I'll buy a with my dime," said Dai so far back in her little her brown boots were hig "then I needn't eat a sin thing but eggs unless I w "Aw, who cares for an egg bet," retorted Geor "Our fathers and mother all the eggs we want. dime and a little more I got a few things not goo dark cave with a gypsy m other robber in it, two c real live locomotive little me to run, a fireworks ste motor patrol wagon. Wh yelled, so electrified by t of the last item, he fairl and down.

"And lots of toy balloo Daisy. "No, I've changed my mi now; I'll have a real ball to you. How much more have to buy all that? A \$2 do you think? I have and I am going to earn Come on, we might as now."

"Oh, George, am I going Goody, goody!" "Yes, and maybe I'll le the hen, too," said Geor burst of generosity, "now "On adventure bent from ment he had got out of b had prepared himself by p his father's evening vest, a was no less equipped, as her mother's best hat and white opera bag to n hung on her arm, stuffed t with oil currant cookies. T foed through the yard a quickly down the street.

"I think I shall go to wo ice cream factory first," said "It is getting pretty warm by being there I can save t the money I earn to buy oth for us."

"Hatches and buy knives tracked hen," suggested Dal ly.

"No, siree," corrected Geo to be something with lect fl. Oh, say, I know what

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

I think it is pretty mean that so many have gone back on me. I am pleased, though, to hear from Winnifred and Harold. They write such nice letters. At this time especially there is a great deal to write about. You have all had your summer vacation, and many of you have been in the country or at the seaside. Well, you must have seen things that surprised you and picked up shells and other mementoes of your summer outing. Now, nutting time is on, and I am sure not many of you are letting it pass without laying in stores. Let us all bear about the fun. Do not let me be alone in the corner next week.

Your loving,

AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I see we are too late with our letters this week, but Harold was sick yesterday with a headache, and I had to wait for him to write. We just received the True Witness and I see a nice letter from M. Edna, I send her my love and hope she will write again. We read all the little stories in the corner. Some are funny. I have a dear little cat called Blondie, she came all the way from Port Daniel, from grandpa's, in a basket. Our old cat, Tabby, was jealous of her at first, but they are more friendly now. Good-night, Aunt Becky. Love to yourself and all the little cousins.

Your niece,

WINNIFRED D.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Winnifred and I were pleased to see our letters in the corner, and hope there will be letters from some little cousins this week. The weather is getting cold here now, the lovely summer is gone, and we will soon be looking forward to another visit from Santa Claus. We are feeling very lonely, for our Aunt Stacey, who had to go to the hospital last week to undergo treatment. We hope she will soon be with us again. She taught me music, and I like it. With love, I remain

Your nephew,

HAROLD D.

West Frampton.

DAISY AND GEORGE RUN AWAY.

"I think I'll buy a freckled hen with my dime," said Daisy, inclining so far back in her little red chair her brown boots were high in the air, "then I needn't eat a single mortal thing but eggs unless I want to." "Aw, who cares for an old freckled egg hen?" retorted George scornfully. "Our fathers and mothers will get us all the eggs we want. With my dime and a little more I am going to get a few things not good for me, a duck cave with a gypsy man and another robber in it, two cannons, a real live locomotive little enough for me to run, a fireworks store and a motor patrol wagon. Whoopee!" he yelled, so electrified by the thought of the last item, he fairly bounced up and down.

"And lots of toy balloons," added Daisy. "No, I've changed my mind on that now; I'll have a real balloon, not a toy one. How much money must I have to buy all that? As much as \$2 do you think? I have 17 cents, and I am going to earn the rest. Come on, we might as well start now."

"Oh, George, am I going with you? Goody, goody!" "Yes, and maybe I'll let you get the hen, too," said George, in a burst of generosity, "now come on." On adventure bent from the moment he had got out of bed, George had prepared himself by putting on his father's evening vest, and Daisy was no less equipped, as she wore her mother's best hat and the pink and white opera bag to match it hung on her arm, stuffed with bursting with oil currant cookies. They tipped through the yard and went quickly down the street.

"I think I shall go to work in an ice cream factory first," said George. "It is getting pretty warm now, and by being there I can save most of the money I earn to buy other things for us." "Hatches and boy knives and the freckled hen," suggested Daisy sweetly. "No, street," corrected George. "It's to be something with lectricity in it. Oh, say, I know what I'll do,

I'll wait until the fourth of July before I go to work in the ice cream or fireworks stores, and start right in now on the lectricity. Then we can have all the rides we want on automobiles."

"In nice little red ones like that?" asked Daisy, indicating with her hand a motor carriage drawn up to the curb near by. "Oh, yes. I didn't see that, but it is the very one we want. Come on and get in. We might as well start now."

"Let us sit in and eat a few cookies first," said Daisy in a cautious tone, "and afterward, we can put the lectricity on and go just a twenty bit because, George, I'm—I'm—I'm 'traided to go fast without our fathers and mothers along."

"I wouldn't be a girl! I wouldn't be a girl!" cried George in disdain. "I would," said Daisy, "and now, George, go nice and easy and not a bit fast or runny or anything scary."

"No, sir, I'm going as fast as I can because I don't like half-fast going. I'm going to race, I am!"

"All right for you, George Young, but if we were killed I'll never speak to you as long as I live, now you see if I do."

"You'd better, or I'll not let you play with my rabbits or see me eat four cookies at once."

Thus threatened Daisy gave in and George began laying about him for something to make the "lectricity" go. There were several puzzling knobs and handles in view, and George pulled this one and pushed that, his brow knitted and an earnest tightness about his mouth, when, lo and behold, presently the motor carriage moved and they were gliding along, dodging vehicles and pedestrians as adroitly as could be. It was perfectly grand! Corner after corner was safely rounded, street after street flowed under them, and before they knew it they were through the lake, but, oh, horror upon horror, they were in it.

Daisy screamed in terror and clung to George, crying, "Mamma, mamma, I want my mamma!"

"Stop hollerin' or we'll be arrested," commanded George.

"Stop, oh, please do stop, George. I want to go to my mother. I—I don't want to be drowned to-day!"

Manfully George tugged and yanked at the handles, purple with fear and excitement, but the car jumped along swishing in and out of the water viciously, and the children, crouched together in the bottom of the carriage, realized that they were at its mercy, George at last ceasing in his efforts to control it. Suddenly Daisy lifted her head.

"We must pray, George, we must pray, and then maybe it will stop. Oh, please, sweet, good angels in heaven make it stand still so we can go home to our mothers. Oh, kind angels, please let it, and we will always be good after!"

"Yes, angels, please do," added George, "and I will help all I can by pulling the handles awful hard and by being a good boy forever and ever amen."

As he finished the car slowed down and soon came to a standstill, and the children climbed out, too bewildered to know which way to turn.

"We are lost all right enough," said George, "and now you will have to pray for the way to go home. I'm bad, and the angels don't like me. You go on and pray, and when we get home I'll give you one of my rabbits."

"Please, angels, take us home," prayed Daisy on her knees in the sand and gravel. "Our fathers and mothers love us, and don't want us killed or lost or anything. Please take us home."

"All right, just you climb back in the choo-choo wagon again, and I'll have you in two toots and a whizz. All aboard!"

The startled children looked up and saw a great, stout, smiling young fellow half-hidden in the rear of the car, and it was evident that he had been there all the time. Daisy grasped the situation quickly, and lifted her arms to him with a joyful cry, but doughty George drew back with a pout, exclaiming: "And it was you all the time, and wasn't I doing it at all?" "Not for a second," replied the jolly motorman, "and you can be glad of it, for if you had been you would both have been in the lake by this time. Boys can't run these things unless they want to kill themselves."

"We were almost killed, weren't

we?" asked Daisy, "but I prayed, and that saved us, didn't it?" "Well, I prayed too, and helped all I could, and I was pulling the handles awful and maybe I helped the most, for I am the strongest."

"Yes, he is the strongest," assented Daisy, "and he pulled the handles awful much."

"The prayers stopped the machine, all right," said the motorman, "and if it hadn't stopped you two wouldn't be here now, and I am going to take you home on condition that you promise me you will never as long as you live run away with another choo-choo wagon, and you've both got to promise good and hard before I stir a step out of this."

He was so earnest the children were quite frightened and cried: "We promise, we promise, and now take us right home quick!" "All aboard, then, and I'll have you in a whiff. Now, here we are—one, two, three—off we go for home and popper and mommer, and a whole pantry full of cookies and goodies!" And the now happy children were whirled away under the safe guidance of the jolly motorman.—Alvan Ary, in Western Watchman.

THE BORROWED SKIN.

In a very interesting article on Wild Beast Doctors in the current issue of "T. A. T." the writer tells of a remarkable story of skin grafting which he avers took place in the London Zoo. A big female elephant so injured her shoulder by falling against a projecting iron spike that a huge abscess formed, and her life was despaired of.

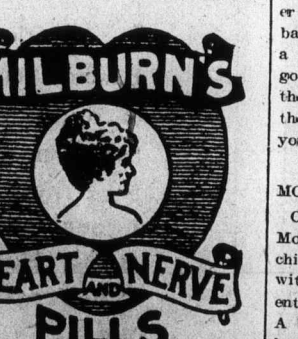
Temporary relief was experienced by the beast when the morbid growth was excised (an operation which required, by the way, more than two gallons of chloroform), but the wound refused to heal, although syringed daily with several quarts of powerful antiseptic lotion.

Eventually Dr. Jules Gregory, the eminent expert in pachydermatous dermatology, was called in, and (the elephant having some weeks previously given birth to a young one) he decided to graft some of the tender growing skin of the baby on to the raw surface of the open sore.

And, amazing though it may sound, this was actually done. The mother was chained on her side to the ground, and a bit of skin off her baby's leg was grafted on. Success attended the first experiment, so, bit by bit, more skin was transferred from the one animal to the other, and in a few weeks both mother and baby were perfectly sound and whole.

THE WAY TO ADVANCE.

An employe has something at stake besides his salary, says a writer in "Success." He has character. There is manhood involved compared with which salary is nothing. The way one does his work enters into the very fibre of his character. It is a matter of conscience, and no one can afford to sell himself because his salary is meagre. Besides, if one puts his very best self into every little thing he does—puts his heart and conscience into it and tries to see how much, and not how little, he can give his employer—he will not be likely to be underpaid very long, he will be advanced.



MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS Have Restored Thousands of Canadian Women to Health and Strength. There is no need for so many women to suffer pain and weakness, nervousness, sleeplessness, anemia, faint and dizzy spells, and the numerous troubles which render the life of a woman a round of sickness and suffering. Young girls building into womanhood, who suffer with pains and headaches, and whose face is pale and the blood watery, will find Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills help them greatly during this period. Women at the change of life, who are nervous, subject to hot flashes, feeling of pins and needles, palpitation of the heart, etc., are tired over the trying time of their life by the use of this wonderful remedy. It has a wonderful effect on a woman's system, makes pains and aches vanish, brings color to the pale cheek and sparkle to the eye. They build up the system, remove lost vitality, improve the appetite, make rich, red blood and dispel that weak, tired, listless, no-ambition feeling. See per box, on a ran 25c six packages. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

EARS OF ANIMALS. The British long-eared bat has a body only two inches long from the tip of its nose to the base of its tail, but its ears are an inch and a half long and three-quarters of an inch broad. When the owner of these vast ears proposes to go to sleep it bends them outward and then backward, folding them down on each side of its head and shoulders before bringing up its wings to cover its sides. When the little bat awakes it is quite a business to straighten these cumbersome ears into position again. In fact, he holds them for some time half-cock before he is able to erect them fully. Bats are very sensitive to draughts, and on that account this little mammal puts itself to bed in such careful wraps.—Pearson's Weekly.

WHY AUGUST HAS 31 DAYS.

Not every person, even of those having some knowledge of astronomy, knows why August has 31 days. The reason has nothing astronomical about it. It is simply the gratification of a whim. July, which takes its name from Julius Caesar, has 31 days, and Augustus, who completed the calendar, declined to submit to the indignity of seeing his own month branded with the inferiority of one day less. The astronomers had, accordingly, to reshuffle the lunar cards, and after some perplexity hit upon the expedient of shearing—24 hours from February's glory in order that August might face the world on a footing of perfect equality with July.—EX.

THE VALUE OF COMPANIONS.

It is pleasant and helpful to have congenial associates and companions. In the home, in social and business circles and in public service it conduces to one's happiness and success to have close and continuous relations with those whose characteristics harmonize with one's own. The current of life flows smoothly under such circumstances, or at least it has fewer rough places to meet than it would have in other and less agreeable surroundings. This being the case, it would be well for each one to do her best to make herself as agreeable to others as she wishes them to be to her.

FORCE OF HABIT.

Ned was watching grandpa put on his shoes. "Why do you turn 'em over to shake 'em before you put 'em on?" he asked. "Did I?" said grandpa. "Why, yes, you did, but I didn't see anything come out. I have to shake the sand out of my shoes most every morning."

Grandpa laughed. "I didn't notice that I shook my shoes, Ned, but I got the habit of shaking my shoes every time before putting them on when I was in India."

"Why did you do it there?" "To shake out scorpions or centipedes or other vermin that might be hidden in them."

"But you don't need to do it here, for we don't have such things."

"I know, but I formed the habit, and now I do it without thinking."

"Habit is a queer thing, isn't it?" said Ned. "It's a very strong thing," said grandpa. "Remember that, my boy. A habit is a chain that grows stronger every day, and it seems as if a bad habit grows stronger faster than a good one. If you want to have good habits when you are old, form them while you are young and let them be growing strong all the while you live."—Mayflower.

MOTHER NATURE'S CHILDREN.

One of the most wonderful things Mother Nature does is to teach her children how to accomplish things with means and appliances that seem entirely inadequate for the purpose. A bird will build an intricate and beautiful nest with no better tool than her beak (birds do not use their claws for this purpose), a caterpillar can shape a symmetrical cocoon and bees the sharp angled cells of their combs. These are familiar instances of this, but by no means as wonderful as those shown in the work of some sea animals that live in shells.—St. Nicholas.

Spalding says: "The chief value of a man lies in the thought and love his life embodies and reveals, and not in the office he fills nor wealth he accumulates."

The quiet activity of mind required to adjust ourselves to difficult surroundings gives a zest and interest to life which we can find in no other way and adds a certain strength to the character which cannot be found elsewhere.—Annie Payson Call.

ARCHBISHOP AND RABBI

An Interesting Letter One of the Last Written by the Late Mgr. Chapelle

The Young Men's Hebrew Association Magazine, of New Orleans, publishes the following:

One of Archbishop Chapelle's last letters was written to a Jewish rabbi, the Rev. Louis Schrieber, of Jackson, Tenn. When the beloved and lamented prelate was at the head of the See of Santa Fe, the rabbi was also a religious teacher in New Mexico, and he admired the strong personality of the Catholic leader. They spoke from the same platform in Las Vegas during that period. The rabbi's oration came first and struck the keynote of fraternity. In responding the Archbishop said that it "raised his high hopes for that universal brotherhood which he so longed to see established in all its spiritual beauty between man and man and the churches of God." The men lived as friends, and when distance divided them the memory of their mutual esteem remained fresh and fragrant.

Not long ago Rabbi Schrieber, also transferred to the Southern field, read of the success of the mission of his former confere, and wrote him a message to show he still delighted in the other's welfare. The reply from the Archbishop read:

"Rev. and Dear Friend: Please accept my heartfelt thanks for the very kind words of congratulation which you have so kindly addressed to me. The sentiments which your letter conveys touched me deeply. May the Lord God hear your prayer, for I know that I shall have a heavy burden to carry. I do not deserve the application of the words of David except in so much that my intentions are pure in striving to nourish a true love for righteousness and hatred of iniquity and to communicate these sentiments to others, but alas! the performance often falls short of the aim."

"Permit me to say that I account it a great blessing to have met you, and I trust that I may have the privilege of knowing you still better, for you have in your soul the spirit of a Gamaliel, a far-reaching intellect and wide sympathies. I pray God that He may bless you in all your undertakings for His glory, and that He may grant you length of days. Your sincere friend,

"P. L. CHAPPELLE."

ROME AND OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

We don't wish to allow this opportunity to pass without noticing one of the feasts observed in Rome a few days ago, it being one of those that never fail to throw that quaint charm over Roman life which is always noticed by the foreigner. It is known as the Feast of Our Lady of the Snow, celebrated in the Basilica of St. Mary Major.

We must go back to the fourth century, when the first stone of the basilica was laid, for the origin of this rather curious feast. In that year Pope Liberius and John, a Roman patrician, had a vision of the Blessed Virgin, in which she expressed a desire to have a church built in honor of her name. At once the Pontiff and the nobleman commenced to lay their plans for the future church, but were perplexed as to where a suitable site was to be obtained. Paganism was still strong, and its adherents were as fierce, though more relenting, in their opposition to the one true Church as anti-clerical bodies of our own day. Heaven, however, pointed out the site in a decisive manner. In August, the hottest month of a Roman summer, Christian and pagan Rome awoke to find part of one of the seven hills covered miraculously with snow. The snow, lying to a depth of several inches, covered the site required, and remained long enough for the dimensions pointed out to be taken. The basilica was built on this spot, and, though the ravages of time have made repeated rebuildings and restorings of the original edifice necessary, the limits covered by the miraculous snow so many centuries ago have never been exceeded. Year by

year ever since the feast deriving its name from the occurrence is celebrated in St. Mary Major's. During the High Mass with which the celebrations begin a shower of white roses is continually thrown from apertures in the Borghese chapel in commemoration of the snow that fell there sixteen centuries ago.

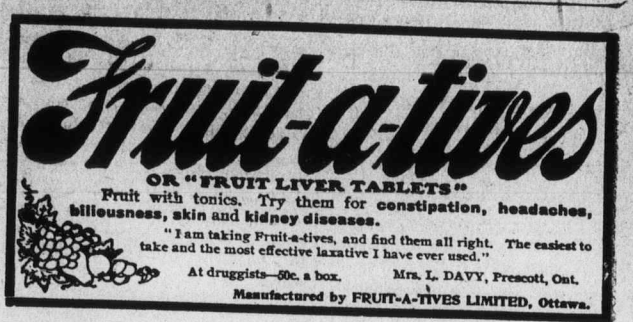
Neither time nor space allows us a description of the magnificent basilica. From the ceiling—supported by its forty-two marble columns, and decorated by the first gold brought from America, which Ferdinand and Isabella, of Spain, presented to Alexander VI.—down to its pavement of costly marbles, St. Mary Major's is resplendent with beauty and art. But there is one object in the church which we must not pass over: it is the tomb, the unoccupied tomb, of Pope Pius IX. It is situated under the high altar, and built according to the directions given by the Pope himself a few years before his death. It is lined with marble and alabaster, with two winding staircases, also of marble, leading down to it. However, when he who had outreigned "the years of Peter," and worn the tiara longer than any other Pope, came to die he no longer wished to lie in the mausoleum of St. Mary Major's. "Bury me," he said, "out among the poor in St. Lorenzo's. There is where I wish to sleep." And there the gentle old Pontiff rests, in the common cemetery of Rome, "out among the poor," whom he had so much loved, away from the world that had made his life a prolonged martyrdom.—Standard and Times.

A BABY CHANGED.

"One could hardly believe the change Baby's Own Tablets have wrought in my child," says Mrs. Angus Morrison, Port Caldwell, Ont. "He suffered terribly while teething, vomited his food and was weak and puny. One box of Baby's Own Tablets made him a changed child. They eased the pain of teething, strengthened his stomach, and he is now a big, healthy child, growing finely and never sick a day." The experience of Mrs. Morrison is that of thousands of other mothers who have found health for their little ones and comfort for themselves in the use of Baby's Own Tablets. Mothers need not be afraid of this medicine, it is guaranteed not to contain an atom of opiate or strong drug. They could not harm a child of any age, and they are good for them at all ages. Ask your druggist for Baby's Own Tablets, or send 25 cents to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and get them by mail.

A Protestant Canadian Praises His French Fellow-Countrymen.

When the new church of St. Charles, Winnipeg, was blessed the other day, there was a banquet in the afternoon in honor of Archbishop Langevin and the visiting clergy, at which some excellent speeches were made. Perhaps the most interesting from one viewpoint was that of Mr. Parker, a Protestant farmer who has been lying in the neighborhood for nearly thirty years, and who, when called upon to speak, complained that his tongue did not respond to his feelings in church matters. He wished, however, to say that the Protestants of the district had always highly appreciated their French countrymen. They have never had, in public or private matters, any disagreement worth mentioning. Far from being an unprogressive people, the French were the first to build a church there, although the Protestants preceded them in the district by fifteen years. Mr. Parker had already attended one dedication of a French church: it was at Lasalle, and he never heard a more liberal sermon than was preached that day by the late lamented Archbishop Tache. In a word, the Protestants of the district had received the most valuable help from their French neighbors. He regretted that he had been informed of the day's ceremony too late to hear the sermons of His Grace and Father Drummond, but he was glad to hear Archbishop Langevin speak so eloquently of the greatness of Canada. He was glad to hear those sentiments from the French people, who were the pioneers there.



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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The regular monthly meeting of St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society will be held next Sunday afternoon.

The retreat for the pupils attending the Catholic Commercial Academy closed Saturday morning.

A retreat for the sisters of the Third Order will be opened at the Franciscan Church on Saturday, Oct. 7th, closing on Saturday, Oct. 14th.

An anniversary requiem service was sung at St. Anthony's Church on Wednesday morning for the repose of the soul of the late Rev. T. E. McDermott.

A meeting of St. Michael's church wardens was held last Sunday to consider the purchase of a school site. Several sites were proposed, but no decision was reached.

The euchar held last Thursday evening by the St. Gabriel's Ladies' Auxiliary of the Hibernalians was a success, over 230 participating. Refreshments were served.

The new iron railing and two sets of large gasoliers have been placed in front of St. Gabriel's Church, completing the new stone steps, which give a very fine appearance to the massive building.

St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society will hold its regular monthly meeting next Sunday afternoon, when the final arrangements for the celebration of Father Mathew's anniversary will be announced.

The pilgrimage for the English-speaking members of the Third Order of St. Francis took place last Sunday afternoon to Cote des Neiges Cemetery. At each station Rev. Father Christopher preached a short discourse. Sunday afternoon the French-speaking members of the Order will hold a similar pilgrimage.

The night schools opened on Monday of this week with large attendances. In several of the churches on Sunday the pastors spoke at length on the benefit to be derived from them, and strongly urged working boys and young men whose early education had been neglected to take advantage of the night classes.

Rev. Cure Decarie, P.P., of St. Henri, was presented with two addresses by the boys of the Christian Brothers' and the girls of the convent school on last Saturday, on the occasion of his feast. The Cure was accompanied by the curates of the parish and the church wardens. He made happy replies to both addresses.

CATECHISM ATTENDANCE. The attendance at the catechism classes is increasing each Sunday at St. Anthony's, and nearly 700 children are now in attendance.

RETREAT AT VILLE MARIE. Rev. Father T. Heffernan preached a three days' retreat to the English-speaking pupils of Villa Marie Convent. The retreat closed Saturday evening.

ST. MICHAEL'S PARISH. Next Sunday the first anniversary of the opening of the new church will be celebrated, it being the solemnity of the feast of St. Michael the Archangel. Very Rev. Canon Valliant, of the Archbishop's Palace, will sing solemn high Mass and the sermon will be preached by Rev. Father Ethelbert, of the Franciscan Order.

SMOKER AND EUCHRE. Last Monday evening witnessed the reopening of the winter amusements by the St. Gabriel's Young Men's Society, and took the form of a euchar and smoking concert. For nearly two hours euchar was played by about sixty players, after which they retired to the larger hall, where an impromptu concert was given. The gentlemen taking part in the concert were Messrs. Underdown, Deegan, Buckingham, O'Dowd, McCarthy, Murphy, Hennessy, Collins and Harding. The prize winners were Messrs. T. Donohue, J. Kavanagh and J. Stanford.

On the whole the young men of St. Gabriel's are to be congratulated on their grand opening, and we wish them every success.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME. This most worthy institution, although doing fairly well, is handicapped by the forgetfulness of those who should give it a helping hand. Winter is coming on and the wants

of the boys will be great, for it takes quite a sum to provide for all. As matters stand now, sixteen of the boys go to school, and the bulk of the expenses is on the shoulders of the bigger ones, only five of whom are working and paying what they can to the funds. They are helped occasionally by the charitable, a few of whose names we give as an example to people of more means. The saint is becoming more known and consequently more appreciated. Orders have been received from several outside towns, and seemingly wonderful cures have been effected. It is not on sale, but given to any benefactor who is afflicted with long-standing sores, corns, chafed members. It is a rapid cure for eczema and piles. If the reader should desire a speedy cure of any skin disease let him send a little contribution, however small, and by return mail he will receive a box of Salve Sancte Joseph. The following kind persons have contributed since last report: Mrs. O'Donnell, Mr. John Mantell, Almonte, \$1 each; Hon. Justice Curran, Mr. James Evers, Miss Kate Farrell, New York; Mrs. Prescott, Mrs. Doyle, Herbert's Crossing; Miss Mary Scannell, Swanton, Vt., \$2 each; Rev. Father Harkin and Mr. James Devine, Almonte; Mr. Gallagher, Water Works Department, Quebec; Mr. Frank O'Grady, city, \$5 each; Mr. W. Logue, Maniwaki, P.Q., \$7. Miss Wall, of Crescent street, donated a bed. The secretary, Mr. W. Francis, lately appointed, hopes to be able to acknowledge shortly the receipt of the winter's coal from different charitable people of means, who will undoubtedly take the hint when they read this week's True Witness.

HIS LORDSHIP 'THE BISHOP OF SHERBROOKE BACK FROM ROME.

Right Rev. Paul Larocque, Bishop of Sherbrooke, was at the Archbishop's Palace on Sunday last on his return from Rome. He stated that he had been able to report to the Pope that the Roman Catholic population now numbered 75,000, as against 29,000 when Mgr. Racine first took possession of the diocese. His Holiness expressed gratification when informed of the mutual respect and harmony existing between Protestants and Catholics.

Regarding the alleged rapprochement between the Vatican and the Quirinal, Mgr. Larocque noticed that a better feeling at present existed.

His Lordship spent some time in Paris, and while there saw little to hope for in the immediate future for the friends of the Church. Without doubt the French Senate would soon ratify the abolition of the Concordat. A visit to a charitable institution in Paris convinced Mgr. Larocque that the days of persecution were not yet over. The Little Sisters of the Blind, as the order was known, had just emerged from a lawsuit directed against them questioning their right to hold the property where they lived.

THE UNDISPUTED CHAMPIONS.

The Shamrock lacrosse team have won the championship of the world, yet a Toronto contemporary, who, after the Minto Cup matches, termed them the greatest exponents of Canada's national game, and unconquerable, has started a tirade of abuse against them because the champions did not follow the whims of a few disappointed players of the Toronto professional teams, and with the thoughts of several bad defeats administered to them during the season by the St. Kitt's team, still haunting them, they thought they would take revenge by trying conclusions with the Shamrocks and try to defeat them, as the Athletics, the C.L.A. champions, were unable to do. The Shamrocks are wise and shrewd in the science of the game, and can teach any of their opponents as many ways of playing it as there are days in a year. They play lacrosse all the time, and the real brand of lacrosse that no other team can approach. Two years ago, when all the stars of Canada came to play for the Minto Cup, what was the result? The Shamrocks simply smothered them, and now others, inferior players to them as well as to the St. Kitt's team, claim they could defeat the champions of the world, and call them cowards because they would not condescend to play them. Must the boys in green win the championship six times over before they can be justly entitled to it? It looks that way with our Toronto contemporary, who would have them playing clubs from here to the Pacific Coast from now until next Christmas. The Shamrocks are the undisputed champions of the world today, and the greatest exponents of Canada's national game.

Archbishop Bruchesi Consecrates Hospital at Caughnawaga.

The hospital blessed last Friday by His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi at the Indian village across the river marks another epoch in the march of progress. It was not with war paint and feathers and armed to the teeth that the braves—what are left of a fast disappearing band of red men—came out to meet the pale faces who invaded their usually quiet settlement. No, they came to pay respect to the representative of the Great White Father, and proclaim again their allegiance to the Church that had made of them peaceable, law-abiding people. The whole village was on feet, flags fluttering from every point and an avenue of trees marking the road to the hospital. The necessity of the hospital has been pressing through many decades, this year Madame Perronno, of France, with some other ladies, becoming interested in the needs of the village, purchased a large hotel by the riverside, and at an outlay of about \$5000 the building was enlarged and brought to its present excellent condition. Wide verandahs and balconies add very much to its advantages for the sick. The hospital contains two public wards for men and women and several private and semi-private rooms, in all accommodating 40 persons. No charge whatever is to be made to patients.

The doctors of Caughnawaga have offered to give their services to the hospital free of charge for the first year, whilst a prominent East End druggist of Montreal has volunteered to supply the dispensary. Various friends have assisted to some extent in furnishing the different wards and rooms, which, though not quite complete, present a cheerful bright appearance. A system of steam heating, and further provision for consumptives will be provided as soon as means permit. The hospital staff includes Madam Perronno as Superintendent, Miss Dalpey, graduate of Notre Dame Hospital, as head nurse, Miss Brady and a couple of other ladies who will join the hospital later.

At the edge of the village the party was met by the Caughnawaga band, while the old church bells, gifts in the 17th and 19th centuries of a French and an English king, pealed a merry welcome. Rev. Father Melancon, pastor of Caughnawaga, received his guests. At the Church a procession was formed on foot to the hospital. The Oblate seminarians of Lachine, the choir, the school children and villagers of Caughnawaga, and various clergymen from the city accompanied His Grace. In the line of procession was seen: Abbe Lecocq, superior of the Sulpicians; Father Filiatreault, superior of the Jesuits; Father Benoit, superior of the Oblates; Rev. Gregory O'Bryan, S.J., rector of Loyola College; Canon Savariat, and Fathers Auclair and Demers of the Archbishop's Palace. To the delight of the Iroquois there were also Rev. Father Mainville, the venerable missionary and author of the Iroquois Hymn Book, and Rev. J. Q. L. Forbes, of Ste. Anne de Bellevue, formerly pastor of Caughnawaga and author and compiler of an Iroquois Prayer Book. The order of Christian Brothers and Sisters of Ste. Anne were represented by prominent members. Rev. Fathers Lessard and Granger were also in the procession.

After Benediction an interesting ceremony was witnessed on the lawn in front of the Presbytery, when Miss Dalpey was made a member of the Iroquois nation and given the name of Tekakwitha. In a handsome dress of skin and beads and high feather headdress, Martin Tehaiase sang the rubric of Indian song and gave her the name while she was led about by two elderly Iroquois women, who acted as sponsors. She was, later, introduced to His Grace as Tekakwitha, and Father Forbes, in a brief speech, recalled the virtues of the saintly Kateri Tekakwitha, the Iroquois virgin of the 17th century, whose name has already been presented at Rome as a candidate for recognition among those canonized.

WANTED TO PLEASE HER. A little girl was preparing to say her bedtime prayers, says the Big Rapids Bulletin. Her grandmother, sitting near, said she must ask God to make the weather warmer, so grandma's rheumatism would get better. The prayer was ended with this sentence: "And, O God, please make it hot for grandma."



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ALEA JACTU EST.

A Famous and Now Historic Article Written by Lady Wilde for the "Nation."

(By Request.)

Of the many notable articles written during the Young Ireland period perhaps the most famous was that written by Speranza (Lady Wilde) and published in The Nation of July 29th, 1848. That number of the paper was suppressed by the Government, but the powerful article which was its principal feature obtained full publicity subsequently in the trial of The Nation's editor, Mr. Chas. Gavan Duffy, for high treason.

The greater part of the article, which made such a wonderful sensation at the time, is heretofore given: "The Irish nation has at last decided. England in the end has done us one good service. Her recent acts have taken away the last miserable pretext for passive submission. She has justified us before the world, and ennobled the timid, humble supplication of a degraded, insulted people into the proud demand for independence."

Oh, for a hundred thousand muskets glittering bright in the light of heaven, and the monumental barricades stretched across each of our noble streets, made desolate by England—circling round that doomed castle made infamous by England, where the foreign tyrant has held his council of treason and iniquity against our people and our country for seven hundred years.

Courage rises with danger and heroes with resolve. Does not our breath come freer, each heart beat quicker, in those rare grand moments of human life, where all doubt and wavering and weakness are cast to the winds, and the soul rises majestic over each petty obstacle—each low, selfish consideration, and flinging off the fetters of prejudice, bigotry and egotism, bounds forward into the higher realms of heroism, and patriotism—defiant as a conqueror, devoted as a martyr, omnipotent as a deity. We appeal to the whole Irish nation. Is there any man amongst us who wishes to take one further step on the base path of suffering and slavery? Is there one man who thinks that Ireland has not been sufficiently insulted, that Ireland has not been sufficiently degraded in her honor and her rights, to justify her now in fiercely turning upon her oppressors? No! A man so infamous cannot tread the earth; or if he does the voice of the coward is stifled in the clear wild ringing shout that leaps from hill to hill, that echoes from sea to sea, that poals from the lips of an oppressed nation—"We must be free."

In the name, then, of your trampled, insulted, degraded country, in the names of all heroic virtues, of all that makes life illustrious or death divine, in the name of your starved, your exiled, your dead; by your martyrs in prison cells and felon chains; in the name of God and man; by the listening earth and watching heaven, I call upon you to make this aspiration of your souls a deed. Even if you read these weak words of a heart that yet palpitates with an enthusiasm as heroic as your own, and your breast heaves, and your eyes grow dim with tears, the memory of Ireland's wrongs rushes upon your soul—even now lift up your right hand to heaven and swear—swear by your undying soul, by your hopes of immortality, never to lay down your arms, never to cease hostilities, till you regenerate and save this fallen land.

Oh! that my words would burn like molten metal through your veins, and light up the ancient heroic

daring which would make each man of you a Leonidas—each battlefield a Marathon—each pass a Thermopylae. Courage! Need I preach to Irishmen courage? Is it so hard a thing, then, to die? Alas! do we not all die daily of broken hearts and shattered hopes, and tortures of mind and body that makes life a weariness and a whirlwind worse even than the tortures, for life is one long slow agony of death.

Now is the moment to test whether you value most Freedom or Life. Now is the moment to strike, and by striking save, and the day after the victory it will be time enough to count our dead. But we do not provoke this war. History will write of us that Ireland endured wrongs unexampled by any despotism—sufferings unequalled by any people—her life-blood drained by a vampire host of foreign masters and officials—her honor sullied by a paid army of spies—her sighs of despair stifled by the armed hand of legalized ruffianism—that her peasants starved while they reaped the corn for their foreign lords because no one gave them bread; that her pallid artisans pined and wasted because no one gave them work; that her men of genius, the noblest and purest of her sons, were dragged to felons' cells lest the people might hear the voice of truth; and that in this horrible atrophy of all mental and physical powers, this stagnation of all existence, whoever dared to rise and demand whatever it was for Ireland made so beautiful by God, and made the plague spot of the universe by man—he was branded as a felon, imprisoned, robbed, tortured, chained, exiled and murdered.

There is a God-like strength in a just cause, a desperate energy in men who are fighting in their own land for the possession of that land—a glowing enthusiasm that scorns all danger when they can look onward to a future of unutterable happiness for their country.

Opposed to us are only a hired soldiery and a paid police, who, mere trained machines though they are, yet must shudder (for they are men) at the horrible task of butchery under the blasphemous name of duty to which England summons them.

Ah! we need not tremble for a nation filled with a pure and holy enthusiasm and which fights for all that human nature holds dear; but the masters of these hired mercenaries may well tremble for their cause, for the consciousness of eternal infamy will unnerve every arm that is raised to uphold it.

If the Government, then, do not come forward with honest, honorable and liberal concessions, let the war, active and passive, commence.

CHRISTIANITY AND PURE WOMANHOOD.

The family is the source of society; the wife is the source of the family. If the fountain is not pure, the stream is sure to be foul and muddy.

In pagan countries, the history of woman has been, with rare exceptions, an unbroken record of bondage, oppression and moral degradation. She had no rights that the husband felt bound to respect. In many of the ancient empires of Asia, the wife was bought as a slave in the market place. Her life was one of abject misery and unrequited toil.

One day she ministered to the capricious passion of her husband. The next she was exposed to all the revulsions of feeling that follow the gratification of animal appetites. By the baneful influence of polygamy her empire over the domestic kingdom was divided and her conjugal rights violated.

And every woman no matter of what rank, once in her life had to submit to dishonor in the Temple of Venus, at the hands of a stranger. No rule was prescribed limiting the number of wives for each household. A maiden remaining unmarried till her eighteenth year was threatened with the most severe punishment in the life to come.

The Persians regarded the strength of the nation as depending rather upon the number of children than upon the integrity of morals. Among the Huns and Goths a man's dignity was estimated by the number of his wives.

Among the Gauls the cultivation of land, and lives of drudgery, were imposed upon wives, while the husbands devoted their lives to warlike pursuits. In Greece a woman was not actually degraded to the level of a slave but she was treated as a mirror, and under perpetual tutelage. First to her father, then her husband, and in her widowhood, even to her sons. Being without sons, her husband had it

SURPRISE SOAP advertisement featuring two women in long dresses holding up a large bar of soap. Text includes 'SURPRISE SOAP', 'A PURE HARD SOAP', 'You Can Use "SURPRISE" Soap in any and every way, but we recommend a trial the "SURPRISE" way, without boiling or scalding the clothes.', and 'READ THE DIRECTIONS ON THE WRAPPER.' Below the image is 'ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO., ST. STEPHEN, N.S.'

in his power to appoint a guardian to succeed him after death.

A Greek wife lived, too, in almost entire seclusion, not even occupying the same apartments with her husband. She never went abroad alone, she received no male visitors in the absence of her husband, and was not permitted to eat at her own table when male guests were present.

Her instruction was confined to the most necessary household duties, except for a limited knowledge of music and dancing to enable her to take part in religious festivals. It is true that Greek law restricted a man to one wife, but it tolerated, even sanctioned, the hetairi, who bore to him the relation that inferior wives bear. Frequently these hetairi enjoyed more of the society and homage of men than did their lawful wives.

Besides, the greatest care was lavished upon the cultivation of their minds to fit them to become witty and entertaining companions. And this demoralizing system was actually defended and patronized by philosophers and leaders of public opinion.

This is the dark but truthful picture which is left as a record of the past of the most polished nations of pagan antiquity. In Rome monogamy was upheld at least nominally, during the earlier days of the republic. But the wife only was punished for the violation of marriage vows. A husband's transgressions were committed with impunity.

During the empire the disorders of nuptial life increased to an alarming extent. Each party could dissolve the marriage bond at will, and under the most trifling pretext, and both were free to enter at once into second wedlock. So notoriously disgusting were the morals during the reign of Augustus that men preferred the unfettered life of celibacy to an alliance with partners bereft of female virtue.

In Turkey to-day woman fares no better under modern Mohammedanism than she did in ancient Greece. The Mohammedan husband has merely to say to his wife, "Thou art divorced," and the bond is dissolved. The world is always governed more by ideals than ideas; it is influenced far more by living, concrete models than by abstract principles of virtue. The Christian woman is everywhere confronted by her great model, the peerless Mother of our Blessed Redeemer, who was the pattern alike for maiden, wife and mother.

The Church, following the maxims of the Gospel and of St. Paul, proclaims woman the peer of man in origin and destiny; in redemption by the blood of Christ; and in the participation of His spiritual gifts. As a woman's origin and destiny are the same as man's, so is her dignity equal to his. As they are partakers of the same spiritual gifts,

so should they share alike the blessings and prerogatives of domestic life.

In the mind of the Church, however, equal rights do not imply that both sexes should engage promiscuously in the same pursuits, but rather that each sex should discharge those duties which are adapted to its physical constitution and sanctioned by the canons of society.

To restrict woman's field of action to the gentler avocations of life is not to fetter her aspirations after higher and better life. It is, on the contrary, to secure her those super-eminent rights that cannot fail to endow her with a sacred influence in her own proper sphere.

As soon as woman entrenches upon the domain of man, she is apt to find that the reverence order accorded her is wholly or in part withdrawn. To debar her from such pursuits is not to degrade her.

Of all the boons conferred by the Church upon women, the greatest is its vindication of the unity, the sanctity, the indissolubility of marriage. The holiness of the marriage bond is the palladium of woman's dignity, while divorce and polygamy involve her in bondage and degradation.

The Church has ever maintained that no man can lawfully have more than one wife; and no woman more than one husband; for the rights and obligations of both consorts are correlative.

The Church has invariably taught that the marriage compact, once validly formed, can be dissolved only by death. While admitting there may be legitimate cause for separation, she never consents to the absolute dissolution of the marriage bond.

For so strong and violent is the passion of love, and its apposite passion, hate, that once a solitary pretext for absolute divorce is admitted others are quickly invented. Experience has demonstrated the truth of this the world over. When it happens a fearful crevice is made in a moral embankment, for the rush of waters is sure to override every barrier that separates man from his desires.

Every law has its inconveniences and compensations. The law of the Church absolutely prohibiting divorce "a vinculo" may sometimes appear rigorous and cruel. But its harshness is mercy itself when compared with the frightful miseries resulting from the toleration of divorce. Its inconvenience is infinitesimal, when contrasted with the colossal evils from which it saves society and the solid blessings which it secures to countless homes.

The Christian wife is regarded as the peer of her husband. She is honored as the mistress of her household, and is not looked upon as a tenant at will, as were the wives of Greece and Rome. She is respected as the queen of the domestic kingdom, to be dethroned only by death. Woman has been elevated and ennobled by the Gospel, but she has not been ungrateful for the boon conferred. She merits the gratitude of the entire Christian world for the influence she has exerted and still is exerting in behalf of religion, and of society, and of the home.

By prayers, by charity, by good example, women are apostles. They offer up in the sanctuary of their homes, and on the altars of their hearts, the acceptable sacrifices of supplication, praise and thanksgiving to God.

But the holiest part of their apostleship consists in instructing their offspring in the ways of God. For the education of the young should begin at the mother's knee—Cardinal Gibbons, in September, 1860.

The world deals good naturedly with good natured people, and I never knew a sulky philanthropist who quarrelled with it, but I was he, and not it, that was in the wrong—Henry Esmond Thackeray.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

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

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

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

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land. Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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

SOCIETY DIRECTOR.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1868; revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Mr. F. J. Curran; 1st Vice-President, W. P. Kearney; 2nd Vice, J. Quinn; Treasurer, W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Crowe; Recording Secretary, T. R. Tansley.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 8.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Killoran; President, J. H. Kelly; Rec. Sec., J. D'Arcy Kelly, 13 Vallée street.

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C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, Branch 26—Organized 13th November, 1888, Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month at 8 o'clock p.m. Officers: Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. P. Killoran; Chancellor, W. F. Wall; President, J. M. Kennedy; 1st Vice-President, J. H. Maldein; 2nd Vice-President, J. P. Dooley; Recording Secretary, R. M. J. Dolan, 16 Overdale Ave.; Assistant Financial Secretary, J. J. Conigan, 325 St. Urbain street; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Marshal, J. Walsh; Guard, M. J. O'Regan; Trustees, T. J. Finn, W. A. Hodgeson, P. J. D'Arcy, R. Gahan, T. J. Stevens; Medical Advisers, Dr. H. J. Harrison; Dr. E. J. O'Connor, Dr. G. H. Merrill.

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THE RE-BAPTISM OF INFANTS

(From the Irish Ecclesiastical Record.)

There is hardly any dutiful missionary priest in which ed on so frequently to exact judgment on a matter of importance as that of infantism. Children are brought forth, and on inquiry the clergyman learns that the ready received private baptism may have been administered by some of the midwife, or by some of the non-Catholics, or there be other circumstances.

It is to be added an element of importance to the case. With as little possible the officiant has what to do, whether to re-baptism sub conditione, or supply the ceremonies. The difficulty he remembers repetition of baptism in certain cases the incurring regularity. It may, then, be useful to set forth the opinion of some theologians on this point, and to see what course to take in practice.

Gury lays down (No. 20) following rules regarding the of the Sacraments:— (1) The Sacraments cannot be administered as a prudent de regarding their validity.

(2) Sacraments cannot be administered without grave sin when doubt does not arise about their validity.

(3) Sacraments ought to be administered in case of such prudency when the claims of justice or religion demand such a course.

Under No. 249 the same states in reply to the question whether infants baptized by non-Catholic parents are to be re-baptized, that such repetition of baptism is to take place only in the probable suspicion of error to validity. It would seem, therefore, that by a prudent de means a probable doubt, as interpretation is borne out by once to No. 1032, where, in the opinion of the Ratisacher, it is stated that baptism is repeated sub conditione in a probable doubt; not, however, in the case of slight doubt (dubium) as in the latter, the presumption is in favor of validity. In such cases the Analacta, J.P.

The question then arises: kind of doubt justifies a re-baptizing? Must the probable, resting on substantial evidence, be a slight doubt? On this point theologians are means unanimous. In the Ritual, "De forma Baptismi" we find it laid down that conditional form is not to be used other than prudently, and after investigation, a probable remains as to whether the baptism is validly baptized. St. (No. 136) says, "the most and true opinion teaches that children are to be baptized there is probable suspicion of the validity of the baptism given." In support of this quotes a very large number of authors, among them Suarez, Manticaensis and Layman, quotes a decision of the Sacred Congregation in which it is laid that children baptized at home are not to be re-baptized, except of probable doubt of invalidity. O'Kane (No. 454), speaks of conditional baptism of adults, the doubt about the validity of previous baptism "should be reasonable one, for every slight suspicion would not suffice," adds: "Baptism should be repeated conditionally unless there is moral certainty that it was conferred. This is the rule down by St. Liguori with foundation; and being based on the necessity of baptism, it is

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THE RE-BAPTISM OF INFANTS.

(From the Irish Ecclesiastical Record.)

There is hardly any duty of the missionary priest in which he is called on so frequently to exercise his judgment as that of infant baptism.

Gury lays down (No. 200) the following rules regarding the repetition of the Sacraments:—

- (1) The Sacraments can be repeated as often as a prudent doubt arises regarding their validity.
(2) Sacraments cannot be repeated without grave sin when a prudent doubt does not arise about their validity.
(3) Sacraments ought to be repeated in case of such prudent doubt, whenever the claims of justice, charity or religion demand such repetition.

Under No. 249 the same author states in reply to the question whether infants baptized by midwives or other laics are to be re-baptized, that such repetition of the sacrament is to take place only in case of a probable suspicion of error arising as to validity.

The question then arises, what kind of doubt justifies a priest in re-baptizing? Must the doubt be probable, resting on substantial reasons; or is a slight doubt sufficient? On this point theologians are by no means unanimous.

In explaining the second principle he divides the sacraments into two classes, viz., those which are very necessary and those which are not. In the first, which includes baptism, repetition is lawful when the doubt is anything more than a scruple, or, as Goba says, non aperta vanum.

Dealing with the third principle, and speaking of those sacraments which are most necessary, such as Baptism, he says they must be repeated as long as the validity is not morally certain in vero sensu, as distinguished from lato sensu.

Continuing, he introduces a rather novel distinction when he says that the repetition of such sacraments may be sometimes lawful though not obligatory; for instance, a troublesome and long-continued scruple can make it lawful to repeat a baptism, although in reality there may be no obligation to do so.

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applies to all about whose baptism any doubt is raised. It would seem, therefore, that the other theologians required a probable or grave doubt concerning the validity of the former baptism to justify repetition.

It is true that Gury, in explaining the above-mentioned rules regulating the repetition of the sacraments, says that the more necessary sacraments such as Baptism and Holy Orders can be administered on more generous lines, and, therefore, that even when the doubt is only doubtful or slightly probable (dubie aut tenuiter probable) that they can be repeated.

any doubt (aliquod dubium) remains, the baptism ought to be repeated. From such an array of testimony, therefore, we may with safety conclude that in the case of infants previously baptized we may repeat, sub conditione, when the doubt of its validity is probable, or even slight (dubium leve), or, in fact, anything above a scruple.

Indiscriminate re-baptism is specifically condemned by all theologians, and they are equally emphatic in insisting on an inquiry in each case. The Roman Ritual says the case must be diligently investigated (diligenter pervestigata) before conditional baptism is given, and as to the nature and extent of such inquiry, Lehmkühl (No. 19, note) quotes a response of the S. Cong. Prop. Fid. to an American missionary, in which it is stated that it should be such as circumstances will allow, prout ad iuncta ferant.

With regard to private baptism given by midwives, I have heard a very experienced priest say that he "always baptized after women," and although it is laid down by theological writers that the testimony of one witness, even a woman, suffices to establish the validity of a baptism still as a rule the former is a sound principle to adopt.

In the case of baptism given by a non-Catholic doctor there need not be much ground for hesitation; and even when the medical man belongs to the true fold, I think it may safely be laid down that there will not be many instances in which sufficient doubt will not arise to justify the re-baptism, sub conditione.

An irregularity is incurred, according to Benedict XIV., by anyone re-baptizing even sub conditione, without just cause (Gury, 1032). This is called by Genicot (No. 633) the more common opinion, and the annotator of the Retiabor edition of Gury states that the Sacred Congregation of the Council required in such cases a dispensatio ad cautelam.

In those cases mentioned above, therefore, the minister of the sacrament, relying on the fuller and more liberal teaching of the most recent theologians, can carry on his ministrations free from anxiety, always keeping in mind the weighty words of Lehmkühl (No. 19, note), when treating of this matter: "The supreme law ought to be the securing of the salvation of the child."

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POPE PIUS X HONORS A CATHOLIC EDITOR.

Rev. D. S. Phelan, editor of the Western Watchman, of St. Louis, writing from Rome, gives the following exceedingly interesting account of his recent special audience with Pope Pius X.:

Mgr. Kennedy, of the American College, introduced me as "the oldest Catholic editor in the United States, and the nestor of Catholic journalism in America." The Holy Father rose from his chair and stretched out his hand in a way that scarcely permitted me to kneel and in words slow, deliberate and grave, blessed my work, prayed that it might bear increasing fruit, and that I might be given grace and strength to continue in it along.

HONORS THE CATHOLIC PRESS. The Holy Father's attention to me on these two occasions is the surprise of the whole Papal entourage—Mgr. Kennedy was very much astonished at the Pope's reception of me. But there was nothing personal in it. The Holy Father was honoring the senior Catholic editor in America, and in honoring him he meant to honor the entire Catholic press of the United States.

The Holy Father has a pair of laughing eyes. There is a merry twinkle in them that does not suggest mirth, much less roguishness, but a world of fatherly and familiar affability. He comes so near you, he speaks so kindly, he almost wraps you about with his descending interest, and one is tempted to touch him with the hand, and kissing his ring becomes almost a self-locking clasp.

Happiness is in simple things—a cup of cold water, a kind word, a bright smile, or pleasant "Good morning," and these cost nothing.—Mary Doran.

A PROTESTANT LADY'S REQUEST.

To-day I had the happy privilege of presenting about twenty Americans to the Holy Father. Three were from St. Louis, four from St. Paul, one from St. Joseph and others from different parts of the United States and Canada. Mgr. Kennedy was to have presented the last named, but he asked me to assume the duty. I had the cards of those to be presented, and on each the particular request each had to make of the Holy Father. The first one presented was a lady from Pittsburg, a Protestant and the wife of a multi-millionaire.

The scene was one of most superb splendor. A glorious chapel filled with regal color, princes of the Church and earth gathered beneath a canopy of Michael Angelo's Prophets and Sybils, the walls one unending fresco, and above the collected brightness the unrivaled Sistine choir led by the youthful Porosi. Never again, perhaps, shall we hear such strains till we pass beyond the eternal gates. The "Dies Irae" was so great that I could have cried aloud. The verse " Rex Tremendae Majestatis" burst out after a minute's pause with gigantic volume. The boy sopranos, like angels, called to judgment, and the great rolling basses followed like the moaning winds, that perhaps shall sigh like that on the last day because their task is over.

When all were assembled the door of the sanctuary opened. A cardinal and priests, vested in black and gold, entered, passing the guard with shining silver helmet, who never left his post during the ceremony. A few moments more of silence and the door opened again. A cross-bearer, carrying a golden cross, came, followed by monsignori, etc., and last of all came His Holiness, magnificent in his rich robes of office, a picture of saintliness and humility, who seemed bowed down with the greatness of his office. Over his robe of white he wore a scarlet cope weighted with gold, on his head a silver mitre, which being removed, showed the snowy skull cap, as white as his hair. Four train-bearers carried the mighty length of silk, velvet and gold. After kneeling a few minutes before the altar, he mounted the red throne, and then we all knelt to the only King we acknowledge on earth.

The scene was one of most superb splendor. A glorious chapel filled with regal color, princes of the Church and earth gathered beneath a canopy of Michael Angelo's Prophets and Sybils, the walls one unending fresco, and above the collected brightness the unrivaled Sistine choir led by the youthful Porosi. Never again, perhaps, shall we hear such strains till we pass beyond the eternal gates. The "Dies Irae" was so great that I could have cried aloud. The verse " Rex Tremendae Majestatis" burst out after a minute's pause with gigantic volume. The boy sopranos, like angels, called to judgment, and the great rolling basses followed like the moaning winds, that perhaps shall sigh like that on the last day because their task is over.



IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

A private letter from Rome, published in The Western Watchman, contains the following description of an impressive ceremony in the famous Sistine Chapel, at the Vatican, as witnessed by the writer:

In the first flush of my enthusiasm I write to tell you of the glorious music we heard yesterday at the anniversary Requiem for Pope Leo XIII. Only a limited number of tickets were given, and we were fortunate enough to be among the "favored few." Arriving at the Vatican, we found the Swiss Guard doubled in number. We passed on from one to the other with our invitations as passports. At the given time they gave the word and every one was allowed to pass up the stairs, which number four flights before reaching the ante-room of the Sistine Chapel, where we passed through a line of soldiers in the brilliant uniform designed long ago by Michael Angelo.

We were shown to fine seats, and in a few minutes the different cardinals with their attendants began to arrive; real princes of the Church they were in their magnificent robes, but shining out and above all was the intellectual beauty of their patrician faces. Cardinal Rampolla was there in all his glory, a king among them, Cardinal Satolli, a slender figure, all soul. Ambassadors glistening in brilliant uniforms, footmen looking like Walter Raleighs in knee breeches, velvet coats, deep lace collars, and stiff ruffs around their necks, and from gold chains hung the crest of the Vatican, viz.: the tiara of Peter; Knights of Malta, in white and scarlet; from their shoulders hung long circular velvet cloaks, bearing on the left side a great Maltese cross of white.

When all were assembled the door of the sanctuary opened. A cardinal and priests, vested in black and gold, entered, passing the guard with shining silver helmet, who never left his post during the ceremony. A few moments more of silence and the door opened again. A cross-bearer, carrying a golden cross, came, followed by monsignori, etc., and last of all came His Holiness, magnificent in his rich robes of office, a picture of saintliness and humility, who seemed bowed down with the greatness of his office. Over his robe of white he wore a scarlet cope weighted with gold, on his head a silver mitre, which being removed, showed the snowy skull cap, as white as his hair. Four train-bearers carried the mighty length of silk, velvet and gold. After kneeling a few minutes before the altar, he mounted the red throne, and then we all knelt to the only King we acknowledge on earth.

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

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

FLOUR—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$5 to \$5.10; strong bakers, \$4.70 to \$4.80; winter wheat patents, \$4.50 to \$4.60, and straight rollers, \$4.25 to \$4.35 in wood; in bags, \$1.90 to \$2.00. ROLLED OATS—\$2.20 to \$2.25 per bag. PEARL HOMOINY—\$1.85 to \$1.90 in bags of 98 lbs. CORNMEAL—\$1.45 to \$1.50 per bag. MILL FEED—Ontario bran in bulk \$15 to \$15.50; shorts, \$20 to \$20.50; Manitoba bran in bags, \$17 to \$18; shorts, \$20 to \$21. HAY—No. 1, \$8.50 to \$9 per ton on track; No. 2, \$7.50 to \$8; clover, \$6 to \$6.25; clover mixed, \$6.50 to \$7. OATS—No. 2, 34c to 34 1/2c per bush; No. 3, 33c to 33 1/2c. BEANS—Choice primes, \$1.50 to \$1.55 per bushel; hand picked, \$1.65 to \$1.70. PEAS—Boiling, in car load lots, 95c to \$1 per bushel; No. 2, 80c. POTATOES—New potatoes in bags of 80 lbs., 50c to 55c. HONEY—White clover in comb, 12c to 13c per section in 1 lb. sections; extract, 6 1/2c to 7c; buckwheat, 5 1/2c to 6c. PROVISIONS—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, \$22, light short cut, \$18 to \$19; American cut clear fat back, \$20.75 to \$22.25; compound lard, 5 1/2c to 6c; Canadian pure lard 10c to 10 1/2c; kettle rendered, 11c to 12c, according to quality; hams 12c, 13c and 14c, according to size; bacon, 14c to 15c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, \$9 to \$9.25; alive, \$6.50 to \$6.75, mixed lots. EGGS—straight stock, 18c to 18 1/2c. No. 1 candled, 18 1/2c to 19c. BUTTER—Choice creamery, 22 1/2c to 23c; undergrades, 22 1/2c to 22c; dairy, 18c to 20c. CHEESE—Ontario, 11 1/2c to 11 3/4c; Quebec, 11 1/2c to 11 3/4c. ASHES—First pots, \$5.17 1/2 to \$5.25; seconds, \$4.65; first pearls, \$7.75 to \$7.85.

THE GRAIN MARKET.

Spring wheat grades of flour are in considerable demand for local and country accounts, and shippers also report a fair trade. Winter wheat grades are quiet and only a limited amount of business is being done. Prices show no actual change, but the feeding on the market is somewhat weaker.

To-day's oat quotations on the local market are firm with a higher tendency. The demand is good for foreign buyers and dealers state that if deliveries could be secured, a good export trade could be done. Domestic requirements are being met without difficulty, but the holding of the grain by the farmers is being felt in shipping circles. The values which are mentioned to-day range from 34c to 34 1/2c for No. 2, and 33c to 33 1/2c for No. 3 afloat.

There was some enquiry over the cable for peas at 77c per bushel was offered, but on this market as well, operations are limited by a shortage of supplies.

Milled is quiet under a limited demand, but prices are steady and the market shows no signs of weakening.

High grades of hay are scarce and wanted, and the market for such is strong. Medium and lower grades, which do not find such a ready sale, are accumulating and are easier in tone.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

The high prices established on Saturday do not seem to be finding very ready support on the local market, where butter went down again to 22 1/2c as the top price for creamery, undergrades bringing from 22c to 22 1/2c. The Sherbrooke board was held yesterday and salted butter was down to 22 1/2c though saltless kept well up to the prices set by Cowansville last week, selling for 23c. The price at the boat yesterday was kept down by common agreement among buyers to 22 1/2c.

Cheese is firm under a steady demand and prices are well maintained. The sales at the boat were a shade higher than last week and 11 1/2c was the ruling price. Offerings on this market were very small yesterday and only about 1200 boxes were sold.

5000 CHILDREN'S PRAYER BOOKS, 10c EACH.

STATUES—Two feet high. SACRED VIRGIN, ST. ANTHONY, Etc. Special Bargain, \$4.00 and \$5.00 Each. Mail Orders Promptly Executed. J. J. M. LANDY, JEWELLER, 416 QUEEN ST., W. TORONTO, Can.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

A crowded house greeted the performers at the weekly concert of the Catholic Sailors' Club, held under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Hibernians, Division No. 5. Mr. F. B. McNamee introduced the chairman of the evening, Mr. M. Bermingham, ex-Provincial Secretary of the Hibernians, who delivered the opening remarks as follows:

Permit me to extend to you the grateful thanks of Division No. 5, Ladies' Auxiliary of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, for the kind and generous manner in which you have patronized their undertaking this evening. In coming here in such vast numbers you not only show your appreciation of those ladies who were instrumental in arranging this evening's entertainment, but you pay tribute to one of the most laudable and worthy objects in the Dominion of Canada to-day, the Catholic Sailors' Club. It is unnecessary for me to mention the good and Christian work done and the generous courtesies given to the mariners of the universe beneath the roof of this building. While it is Catholic in name, the broad principles of the Catholic Church are exemplified in the fact that its doors are open and its hospitalities extended to the seamen of the various nationalities and religious denominations of the world. It is not my intention to go into the detailed workings of the institution, though much could be said of the magnificent work which it is now doing and which it has accomplished in the past, but I cannot refrain from giving a special word of praise to its father and mother, that grand and venerable Catholic couple, Mr. and Mrs. McNamee, to whose interest and energies in the matter the proud success of the Club is due.

Once more, ladies and gentlemen, I thank you in behalf of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the A.O.H., and trust that the programme about to be submitted to you this evening will be enjoyed by all.

The programme greatly pleased the audience, as the performers were obliged to respond to encores. The singing of Masters Percy Dunphy and M. Murphy was a treat, both youngsters being possessed of fine voices and clear enunciation. Seaman Owny Hoare, of the ss Kensington, was the favorite of the evening with his delightful songs and Irish dances. Miss Mildred Hoolihan's singing also greatly pleased the audience. The others who contributed were Miss J. Wren, Miss Eileen Wilkinson, Miss Hazel Simms, Mr. T. Tracey, Mr. J. Mullins, Mr. W. McCarthy and the following seamen: Mr. Burns, ss Kensington; Mr. William, ss Bavarian; Mr. Charles Mallon, Mr. Geo. Chimes and Mr. Frampton, ss Montreal.

Next Wednesday's concert will be in charge of Father Dowd Court, No. 622, Catholic Order of Foresters.

OBITUARY.

On Friday the late Rev. Brother Lajoie, of the Society of Jesus, was buried in the community cemetery at Sault au Recollet. The body was received at the chapel door by Rev. Father Granger, S.J., and requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Wadell, S.J. According to the rules of the order, the obsequies were very simple. In the sanctuary were Rev. Fathers Lalonde, Turgeon and Bour-nival. R.I.P.

MISS M. F. BYRNE.

After an illness of one week Miss M. F. Byrne passed away peacefully yesterday at her residence, 101 Metcalfe street. Her quiet, gentle manner made for her a great number of friends, and her unostentatious charity was proverbial. To the bereaved relatives the True Witness, to which Miss Byrne was a subscriber for many years, offers most sincere sympathy.

MR. JOHN B. LANE.

There passed away on Sunday evening last, at the Hospital for Incurables, Notre Dame de Grace, a well known member of St. Patrick's parish in the person of Mr. John B. Lane. Deceased was for a number of years connected with the "Post," and up to the time of his illness was prominent in Irish affairs in this city. Mr. Lane, who was a native of Quebec, had been a resident of the city for nearly thirty years past. He was 62 years of age, and was highly esteemed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. He leaves a grown-up family, consisting of Mrs. G. D. Popodopolos, and Messrs. James F. Harry J., and Thomas M. Lane, of this city, while his brothers and sisters, Messrs. P. E. and Thomas Lane and the Misses B. and E. Lane, are still residents of Quebec. The requiem service was sung on Tuesday morning at 8.30, in the chapel of the hospital, after which the body was removed to the rest-

The True Witness Company Limited

Taking Care of the Children.

The essentially feminine feature of this store shows itself in the lively interest we take in the children. We keep everything they wear. In shoes alone, we can give them every size and shape they need for every step of the journey from the time when they chuckle over their new booties to the making of their first acquaintance with "The Coquettes"—our new \$3.50 shoe for ladies.

WHITEWEAR ADVANTAGES

Our whitewear department is practically a store in itself—sufficiently secluded to be an agreeable feature of store service.

Unusual care has been taken to have goods that are the very best of their kind with prices within easy reach of modest means.

Sometimes we are able to do far better for you than our ordinary newspaper talks would lead you to expect, as, for instance when 360 Night Dresses Worth .75 will be offered at 49 each

Made of good white cotton in two styles, Mother Hubbard with front yoke of six rows of insertion and tucks, frill of embroidery around neck, down front and on sleeves, or an Empire neck yoke of 1/2 inch hemstitched tucks, embroidery around neck, across front and on sleeves with bow of ribbon at neck, buttoned down left side, back gathered full on back yoke. Sizes: 56 to 60.

The True Witness Company Limited

dence of his son-in-law, 520 St. Hubert street, from whence the funeral, which was attended by a large number of friends and relatives, took place on Wednesday afternoon to Cote des Neiges Cemetery. To the family and friends of deceased the True Witness tenders its sincere sympathy. R. I. P.

DEATH OF A CATHOLIC SAILOR.

Last Saturday, William McLean, of Glasgow, Scotland, steward of the Allan steamer Corinthian, died at the General Hospital of brain fever. The funeral took place Monday, and the body was laid to rest in the Catholic Sailors' Club plot at Cote des Neiges Cemetery. Rev. Father Malone, S.J., chaplain, officiated at the grave. R.I.P.

Labor is the law of life. It is the magic sesame, without which neither knowledge nor natural ability can open the door of success.—Bishop O'Connor.

Canada's Jewellery House. Our Illustrated Catalogue is now ready for distribution—in it we have illustrations and full descriptions of the most popular, up-to-date and needed articles pertaining to Diamonds, Pendants, Art Goods, Silverware, Cut Glass, Tableware. We feel confident that if but once you would try our mail order system you would be pleased beyond expectations in its perfection—an essential point is that when dealing with us you deal direct with jewelry manufacturers. Write to-day for catalogue. Address: KENT & Sons, 156 King St. Toronto, Canada's Jewellery House.

CANADIAN PACIFIC TIME TABLE CHANGES

In Effect October 3, 1905.

Beston, 9.00 a.m., 7.45 p.m. St. John, N.B., 7.25 p.m., except Saturdays. Montreal Juno., 6.10 p.m. Discount need beyond. St. Jerome, 9.00 a.m., 5.15 a.m., (1) 1.40 p.m., 5.00 p.m., 4.35 p.m. St. Agathe, 5.00 a.m., 5.15 a.m., 5 p.m. Labelle, 5.00 a.m., 5.15 a.m., 5 p.m. Nonington, 5.15 a.m., 5 p.m. Quebec, 8.45 p.m., 7.15 p.m. Three Rivers, 8.45 a.m., 7 p.m., 5.15 p.m., 4.30 p.m. St. Gabriel, 8.45 a.m., 5.50 a.m., 5.15 p.m. St. Lin, 5.35 p.m. Ottawa (Place Viger), 8.20 a.m., 5.40 p.m. *Daily. A Daily except Saturday and Sunday; B Thursday only; (1) Saturdays only; L Tuesday and Thursday; Saturdays only. All other trains week days only. FRIDAY SPECIAL TO ST. AGATHE. Friday Special to St. Agathe leaving Place Viger at 8.20 p.m. has been discontinued for the season. Sunday train service between Montreal and St. Eustache has been discontinued for the season. MONTREAL AND PORTLAND. Sleeping and Parlor Car Service will be discontinued for the season after Friday, October 6th, 1905.

Cheap Rates

Second Class from Montreal until October 31st, 1905. Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Wash. and Portland, Ore. Spokane, Wash., Nelson, Rossland, Midway, B.C. Missoula, Mont., Salt Lake, Utah, Helena, Butte, Anaconda, San Francisco, Los Angeles, via Chicago only. Proportionately low rates to other points.

COLONIZATION EXCURSION

TO—NEW ONTARIO THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1905

Low round trip Second Class rates from Stations in QUEBEC and MONTARIO, OTTAWA, WINCHESTER and East; also from HALLEY'S and PEMBROKE

TO—STURGEON FALLS, VERNER, WARREN, MARKSTAY, MASSEY BLIND RIVER, OHELMSTOWN, and DEBBARATS

Return limit, November 11th. Tickets and full particulars may be obtained on application. TICKET OFFICE: 129 St. James Street Next Post Office.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM NEW YORK Excursion

From Montreal (Round Trip Fare) \$10.65

Going date, October 12. Return limit, October 23.

Fall and Winter Train Service

Effective Octob 1st, 1905. 7.00 a.m.—Hemmingford, Huntingdon, Massena, Springfield. 8.00 a.m.—St. Hyacinthe, Richmond, Portland, daily, Quebec (except Sunday). 9.05 a.m.—St. Lambert, Farnham, Granby, Waterloo, Marieville, St. Cesaire. 9.40 a.m.—Coteau, Alexandria, Ottawa. 9.45 a.m.—St. Johns, Route's Point, New York, via D. & H. 9.50 a.m.—Toronto, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago. 9.1 a.m.—St. Johns, Boston, Springfield. 9.30 a.m.—Cornwall, Brockville (daily) Toronto (daily) except Sunday. 11.0 a.m.—St. Johns, Route's Point, New York, via D. & H. 1.30 p.m.—For St. Lambert, Chambly. 1.55 p.m.—St. Johns, St. Albans, Burlington (Saturdays only). 2.25 p.m.—St. Johns, St. Albans, Burlington (daily except Sat. and Sun). 4.00 p.m.—Coteau, Alexandria, Ottawa. 4.15 p.m.—Cornwall, Brockville. 4.15 p.m.—St. Hyacinthe, Richmond, Quebec, Island Pond. 4.20 p.m.—Hemmingford, Huntingdon, Fort Covington. 4.50 p.m.—St. Johns, Route's Point, also New York, via D. & H. 5.01 p.m.—Farnham, Granby, Waterloo, Marieville, St. Cesaire. 5.25 p.m.—St. Hyacinthe, Brockville, St. Johns, St. Lambert, Chambly, St. Cesaire. 6.00 p.m.—St. Johns, St. Albans. 7.40 p.m.—St. Johns, Route's Point, New York, via D. & H. 7.40 p.m.—Cornwall, Kingston, Toronto. 8.00 p.m.—St. Hyacinthe, Richmond, Quebec, Portland. 8.40 p.m.—St. Johns, Boston, Springfield. 10.50 p.m.—Toronto, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago. Note.—Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday. SUBURBAN SERVICE. For changes in suburban service between Montreal and Verdun and other points see Time Tables, which can be had at the Company's offices. CITY TICKET OFFICES. 527 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461, or Bonaventure Station.

VESTMENTS, Chalices, Ciborium

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

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, Superior Court.

No. 2287. Dame Josephine Enlow has this day instituted an action in separation as to property against her husband, Edward Lawrence Wood, of the City of Montreal, in the said District of Montreal, trader. Montreal, 11th August, 1905. MURPHY, LUSSIER & ROY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

THE S. CARSLLEY Co. LIMITED THURSDAY, October 5, 1905.

Stylish Autumn Coats ELEGANT STYLES. MODERATE PRICES.

This Store's Showing of Ladies' New Fall Coats.

AN EMPIRE COAT, of lawn Broadcloth, self colored belt and shoulder straps, silk piping, full sleeves, trimmed with gilt and pearl buttons and buckles, farmer's sitting lining. Price \$14.70. A SEVEN-EIGHTH COAT of dark fawn Covert Cloth, tight-fitting back, turn-over velvet collar and cuffs, self strappings, cloth and pearl buttons. Price \$18.50. A THREE-QUARTER LENGTH COAT, in fawn, made with yoke effect, very elaborately braided, full sleeves, turnover cuffs, lined with self-colored twill silk. Price \$38.00. LADIES' THREE-QUARTER LENGTH COATS, yoke effect, pleated back, very elaborately braided, full sleeves, turnover cuffs, lined with colored twill silk. Price \$38.00. A BOLERO COAT of crushed brown plush, plain cloth collar, cuffs and belt, Oriental embroidery trimming, lined with brown satin; a most handsome and dignified model. Price \$45.00.

WARM WOOLEN GOLF WAISTS

Golf Waists and Vests possess all the picturesque effects of bright colors, all the warmth of soft wool and the snuffing properties of close knitted garments. LADIES GOLF WAISTS, with turn down collar and full top sleeves, in numerous color effects, such as white and blue, navy and green, red and white, etc. Regularly \$2.50. Special \$1.98.

UNHEARD OF OFFERINGS IN FALL DRESS GOODS

We are not satisfied with offering some of the prettiest and newest of this season's Dress Goods, but we have set the price so far under value as to be positively startling. AT 31c—FANCY DRESS TWEED, 42 inches wide and Imported British fabric, in ten leading shades, now greatly in demand for street costumes. Regularly 45c. Special \$31c. AT 40c—NEW FANCY BRADFORD TWEED, 42 inches wide, in navy, brown, plum, gray, green. A delightful weave for Autumn Costumes. Regularly 50c. Special \$40c. AT 52c—A LARGE SHIPMENT OF ENGLISH HOMESPUN, 42 in. wide, in fifteen leading shades. Regularly sold at 65c. Special \$52c. AT 70c—A SPECIAL PURCHASE OF 33 PIECES NEW ALL WOOL FRENCH SUITING, 42 inch wide, splendidly finished, a firm and strong weave, suitable for Ladies' Street Costumes. Regularly 85c. Special \$70c.

7,000 Yds. OF FANCY STRIPED FLANNELETTE AT 9 1/2c

This is a Special Purchase we made before the rise in prices. You will reap the advantage by obtaining your Fall and Winter supply at less than wholesale cost. 7000 YARDS OF FANCY STRIPED FLANNELETTE, in a variety of colorings, blue and white, pink and blue, gray and white, blue, white and pink. Fine soft heavy finish, 34 inches wide. Suitable for Men's Night Shirts and Ladies' Underwear. Regular price, 12 1/2c a yard. Special \$9 1/2c.

THE S. CARSLLEY Co. LIMITED 1675 to 1783 Notre Dame St. 184 to 194 St. James St. Montreal

CARPET ADJUSTMENT SALE

From now until October 15 our Entire Stock will be offered at a DISCOUNT OF 20 p.c. Our Stock of CARPETS and FLOOR COVERINGS is the LARGEST and most varied in the City, and our CURTAIN and FURNITURE DEPARTMENT contains everything that is new and up to date in CURTAINS, DRAPERIES, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, NOVELTIES in FANCY FURNITURE, BRASS and ENAMELLED BEDSTEADS, BEDDING, Etc.

We have just put into stock a large assortment of made up Carpets in various sizes, which we are offering for just half price.

This GREAT MONEY-SAVING SALE should not be overlooked by anybody requiring CARPETS or FURNITURE. Sale will TERMINATE OCTOBER 15th. Estimates furnished for CORPORATIONS, PUBLIC BUILDINGS, CLUBS, Etc.

Out-of-Town Orders Carefully and Promptly Filled.

Thomas Ligget, EMPIRE BUILDING, 2474-2476 ST. CATHERINE ST.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of Canadian patents recently secured through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marlon, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C. Information on the subject will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm. 95,208—Armand Janet, Paris, France, Process and apparatus for producing oxygen. 95,220—Bernhard Cohon, Grevenbroich, Germany, Processes and machines for removing the more or less spent dye from centrifugal dyeing machines after the dyeing operation, in order to prevent oxidation. 95,280—Ernest Carotte, St. Francois (Montmagry), Que. Sledge. 95,298—Henri Harmet, Saint Etienne (Loire), France, Compressing steel in conical moulds. The man whose soul is deeply rooted in faith is a man of moral courage of character. Such a man can hardly be dispensed with. Relatively speaking, he is necessary, for there is need of individual worth.

Garden of the Holy House, Feb 19 1905, Annual Meeting

Vol. LV., No. HOLY HOUSE

The first time, and that it has been visited the wonderful world, we entered by road, the Potenga, rare in foliage, in company of sweet sound days before we started the fishing village, in prospectively took train served curious-looking ones, containing apparently worldly possessions "Contadini," who came and who relieved the journey by singing—went, at least—for the word did not reach the most lugubrious ever been my lot to hear "There," said my comrades of deepest compassion their poor creatures, come up home and country, thinking as did I also come across a band of their way to the station times on our journey same kind of wagon, and the groups were indeed sunny land, to find work on some foreign shore quitting the railway, steps towards Loretto, of the procession was Here were real pilgrims been several days and when they reached all went down on their this posture, rected par-tanias, made their way aisle to the chapel corner Holy House; it was St. rearing the 8th, and pilgrims from all parts of the keeping of the special But many picturesque pass before we actually the Basilica. Girls and ing clothes with great water at the river, a with rich background and forests. They stopped that we would recite an for them in the Holy House needless to say, we pro- As we entered the quadra- we were literally besieged dors of roses, medall- tiny images and such like pressed their wares upon their supplication and their several articles of in French, Spanish, Ger- little English, but we w- durate. It has been said, and that few places have perfectly the character- gin than has Loretto, town has risen up about House, which alone gives portance it now boasts, terest is centered ex- Holy House and in the structure which now cont- of light and immensity Basilica is adorned with symbols which breathe triumph. Its very sta- living and exultant. According to the opinion the desire of later days what was evidently mot- of the founders of the L- lica, tends rather to des- improve its special mar- ter. It was evidently an edifice of metal and st- exclusively. All the chur- argue, of the latter end century disdained the pai- The walls, chapels, alta- etc., were rich in bas-rel-