

THE END OF THE GAME

The Hon. Dudley Collier was justice of the peace of Long Valley Township, and had been such from a time when the memory of man ran not to the contrary. He was proud of his title of justice, he considered that the confidence reposed in him by his fellows was a mark of high favor and esteem. What mattered it if he did preside over but one case on an average? At the trial of that one case he was in the public eye. What if on one occasion he had heard one lawyer whisper to another that "the presumption that a justice of the peace knows no law is indisputable in this instance?" What was the difference if his fame had gone abroad because it was his invariable rule during a trial to rule in favor of one party, and then rule in favor of the other one, in order to balance the account? The emoluments of the office were not great; it was not for them that he coveted the position, but the dignity—that was the thing that gave him a standing. That was the reason for holding on so tenaciously.

"I jess naturally need that office in my business," was his explanation. But his sway was threatened. An election was again at hand, and James Kelsey, his life-long opponent, was likely to be elected. Collier was a Democrat, and had polled eight out of the fifteen votes in the township at the last six elections, while Kelsey, who was a Republican, was uniformly polled the other seven. Each candidate voted for himself, for every vote was needed.

"Dud Collier'll stay with this game until he gets defeated," said Kelsey. "No man except George Washington ever escaped defeat if he stayed with the game long enough. Defeat is the ultimate lot of the politician. Ingratitude is his reward. Dud Collier'll catch it."

A few months before the election the Widow Scott had sold her ranch to a new-comer, John Clark. Now it happened that Clark had two sons of voting age. The introduction of these three elements into the politics of Long Valley made such politics uncertain. It is, they might, neither the Collier nor Kelsey adherents could get any satisfaction out of the Clarks when interviewed they maintained a strict silence as to their political convictions.

The campaign opened with a rally by the Collier faction at the school-house. The present were Collier and his several faithful followers, their wives and children. The Clarks had been invited to come by the eight voters, but they didn't come. Henry Marders, who had served as a juror the year before, was the chairman of the meeting. He waxed eloquent over the virtues of the candidate for the office of justice of the peace. There was a man who was entitled to the suffrages of his fellow-citizens, because he had always answered duty's call. It was true that he had served as justice of the peace for twenty-four years, but the speaker believed in keeping a merit in office. Dudley Collier was a representative citizen of Long Valley, and it behooved all good men to vote for him. These Collier arose. While it is generally considered a violation of political ethics for a judicial candidate to take the stump, Collier was not troubled. He was ignorant of such sections of the Code of Political Ethics. He met with a rousing reception. His adherents cheered and applauded. Collier spoke at great length. He reviewed his past services. He pointed at his untarnished record. He spoke feelingly of his party loyalty, of his efforts in behalf of the Democratic party. He thought that he was deserving of re-election because of his administration of justice in the township. He didn't know that lawyers that came from the county seat to try cases in his court spoke of him as a judge who dispensed with justice.

The next night the Kelsey faction held a rally. Kelsey was there with his six adherents. The Clarks were not in evidence—the people Kelsey hoped to reach. The same proceedings were gone through with at the Kelsey meeting that were had at the Collier "going gun." There was the same enthusiastic applause, the same exhortations to stand by the party. All the old-time tropes, the ancient stock of the political orator, were brought out and reintroduced to the audience—"The tocsin has sounded," "The beacon will blaze," "The gage of battle has been thrown down," "Victory will perch upon our banner," and so on and so on.

How to reach the Clarks! That was the problem confronting the politicians of Long Valley. The power to change the face of the politics of that region lay in the hands of this new factor. If Kelsey could only get these votes his election was assured. His faithful servants reasoned with the Clarks. They pointed out how Collier had held the office for years and years; that a change in the administration of justice was needed.

"He's had the office till he thinks he's got a mortgage on it," was the way one put it. "He ought to get out and give somebody else a chance," said another. But despite the pleadings and cajolements, the Clarks would give no intimation of their position. The member of the Collier faction also espied on the new voters. They showed how Collier had always "done the right thing." If they could not vote for him, they ought not to vote because perhaps they had not lived in the vicinity long enough to learn the true character of affairs. But the Clarks maintained the same discreet silence with the representatives of this faction as in the other case.

"We haven't made up our minds yet. We are seeking for light. We hope to vote right on election day," was all they would vouchsafe.

The week before the election came. The canvass had been unusually warm. Aspersions on the character of the opposing candidate had been made by each faction, and excitement ran high. The seven tried and true friends of Collier had never been more steadfast in their allegiance. The six "stalwarts" of Kelsey had never been so active.

Collier was to close his campaign the night before election eve, and Kelsey was to wind up his on that eve. Imagine the surprise of Collier and his men when the Clarks came in and seated themselves just as the meeting began. Surely it was a good omen. If he could win their votes he was out of danger. His hopes ran high. The father and sons listened attentively to the speeches, but did not manifest their feelings by applause. After the meeting was over there was an impromptu reception to them as the guests of honor. They said on leaving that they had enjoyed the evening and had listened to the speeches with interest.

The next evening Kelsey wound up his effort. His loyal six were as loyal as ever. They cheered as lustily as if the Clarks hadn't attended Collier's meeting of the night before. The chairman had called the meeting to order, and Lafe Thomas had begun to speak when the sound of approaching footsteps was heard. In marched the three Clarks. The applause that greeted their appearance was long and hearty.

While apparently listening to the grandiloquent appeal of Thomas in behalf of Kelsey, John Clark was in reality otherwise occupied. His mind was busy with his own thoughts. He was something of a politician himself, although he would have scornfully denied such an accusation. He would have "allowed" that he was "some" on human nature, but politics—never! While sitting and apparently listening to Thomas, Clark was mentally canvassing the political situation. He noted the steadfast loyalty of each faction to its candidate. He figured on the number of votes—the combinations possible to make with such elements.

It was at John Clark, especially, that the oratory of Thomas was aimed. If he could convert him to the Kelsey side of the fight, undoubtedly the father would convert the two sons to his way of thinking. John Clark sat wrapped in deliberation. Before he was aware of it he slapped his boot and chuckled to himself, half-aloud: "I've a scheme that ought to work."

"What is it father?" asked Frank Clark, in a whisper. "I'll tell you later," vouchsafed the father, curtly. Thomas did not notice the whispered conversation. He had been too busy portraying the merits of his tried and true standard-bearer. After he had finished Kelsey spoke. The Clarks listened just as attentively to the speeches of Kelsey and his stalwarts as they had to the speeches of Collier and his followers. The same scene ensued at the end of this meeting as the other. There was a reception, the same fulsome flattery bestowed, the same hope expressed that they could see their way clear to vote for Kelsey as for Collier. The meeting closed with three rousing cheers. Each side went to bed confident of victory.

Election morning dawned. By nine o'clock the eighteen votes had been cast, but the law required the polls to be kept open until sunset, and accordingly the voters and election board lounged around all day. The day was interminably long, but all days must end. The ballot box was opened amid suppressed excitement. The clerk of the board began to read off the ballots.

"For justice of the peace of Long Valley township—Dudley Collier," was the first.

Fifteen ballots were called off and the vote on the tally-sheet stood:

Dudley Collier..... 8
James Kelsey..... 7

But three more ballots remained to be counted.

"For justice of the peace of Long Valley township—Dudley Collier," a cheer went up for Collier.

"Ain't you fellers got any more idea of the solemnity of this proceedin' n' to cheer?" asked Lafe Thomas, one of the inspectors of election.

"For justice of the peace of Long Valley township—James Kelsey,"

"For justice of the peace of Long Valley township—James Kelsey,"

A cheer went up for Kelsey, led by Lafe Thomas.

The final vote stood:

Dudley Collier..... 9
James Kelsey..... 9

"Wall, I'll be durned!" was the expressed emotion of the township at the result.

A special election was called for the election of a justice of the peace. The vote was the same as at the previous election. A deadlock existed. Not one of those stubborn factors could be induced to change his vote. Feeling ran high. It mattered little who was justice of the peace as far as the welfare of the community was concerned. In fact, it is almost certain it could have existed without such office. But to these farmers politics took the place of other amusements.

Another special election was called. And now came the surprise. John Clark announced himself an independent candidate for the contested office. He had three votes to begin with—his own and those of his three sons. These three votes represented the balance of power. Both warring factions recognized this. Cast for Clark, the old result would come out, Collier 8 and Kelsey 7; cast for Kelsey, the vote would be Kelsey 10 and Collier 8; cast for Collier, the result would be Collier 11, Kelsey 7. Excitement reached high-water mark in that township. It seemed as though the deadlock would be broken at last. Each voter apparently retained his ingrained stubbornness.

James Kelsey recognized that if each voter remained true to his con-



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Modern Protestantism and the Confessional

Who says confessional and confessions in the Lutheran creed? writes Rev. W. J. Metz, in The New Orleans Morning Star. Why, none less than The Reichsbote, the official paper of the Prussian Government and the mouthpiece of the Lutheran-Evangelical synod, whom no one will suspect of being too Catholic! Just listen to its plea in favor of the confessional:

"What our Church to-day needs, as much as we need our daily bread, is the revival of private confession. Whoever has a long experience in the care of souls knows that our Church is full of people who should go to confession and also of such who gladly would go. Not only may it be said of the murderer and perjurer that peace deserts him unless he confess his crime to man, but there are thousands who are persecuted by a spectre. They may wash away the dark spot in their book of life by tears or blood if they will, but their conscience remains sore and their souls sick; the word of forgiveness is missing, the word of God from human lips, the promise of God communicated to the person of the repenting sinner. And why would such people not go to their ordained confessor? Oh, that would require a certain amount of humility, of which but few are capable. Besides, not every preacher is a good confessor, nor the best confessor a confessor for all. The right thing would be a house where one could retire for a time and where there would be a pastor who, himself a holy and sanctified person, would understand the spiritual wants and the cares of every stricken soul, in whose discretion one could have full and entire confidence and to whose past life as unto a silent tomb.

Resolution of Condolence

At the regular meeting of Sacred Heart Court No. 201 Catholic Order of Foresters, held Nov. 3rd, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

It was moved by Bro. Millard, and seconded by Bros. Vogel and Lefebvre, that whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to remove by death the brother-in-law of our most worthy and high-respected Bro. Forester, of St. Joseph's Court, No. 370, and High Court Trustee.

Resolved, That we, the members of Sacred Heart Court No. 201 hereby express our heartfelt sorrow for the loss sustained by Bro. McBrady and family and to extend likewise our most sincere sympathy and condolence in their sad affliction; also resolved, that a copy of this resolution be inserted in the minutes of this meeting and sent to Bro. L. V. McBrady; also to the Catholic press.

HEAD BACK LEGS ACHE
Ache all over. Throat sore. Eyes and Nose running, slight cough with chills; this is La Grippe.

Painkiller
taken in hot water, sweetened, before going to bed, will break it up if taken in time.
There is only one Painkiller, "PERRY DAVIS"

The Way Down Hill

At the car track, Mrs. Warner suddenly turned upon her husband. She was usually so calm and patient that her attack took him by surprise. "Look at them!" she cried, pointing back up the road. "They are old and poor! He drank and went down hill and she went, too, even as I am going with you! But they have a daughter Sara to take care of them and we—we have only Vincent!"

The man stared at her. "What are you driving at?" he inquired, testily. "But his wife went on, unheeding. "Last night you said that we would go to the opera with the McCarty's, and I believed you and dressed and waited for you to come. The McCarty's have influence and they can help you to keep your place in the bank, and I believed you when you said that you were anxious to keep their regard! But you had lied to me again. You meant to go and drink and gamble! And while I was waiting for you, I slept and dreamed that I was on a high wall in the sunshine, and down at the bottom of the hill all was blackness and storm. I knew that destruction awaited me there, but a laughing boy with your face was dragging me down hill and I was going, going, against my will! Oh! don't say that I believe in dreams!" she cried. "My faith is my only support now! I am praying to see my duty to my Maker and to my child! But I know that that dream was only a continuance of my waking thoughts, the thoughts I have scarcely dared express!"

Warner struck at the weeds with his cane. "You are melodramatic," he said, curtly. "I cannot say that I follow you, quite! The old parties went down the hill, did they? Well, they look it."

"Yes," she said, wearily, her passion spent; "they went down hill. We'll look just like them some day, only worse, and Vincent won't have any nickels to give us for street car rides."

They took the homeward trip in silence. In the lonely grandeur of their home that night, Mrs. Warner went into her child's room. She had a bit of sewing in her lap, but her trembling fingers lay locked upon it, and her lips moved in a disconnected prayer. Vincent's gentle breathing rhythm of a small clock on the mantle, and outside, in the distance, the hum, hum of the electric cars was borne to her ears. Only heaven knew how heavy her heart was! Early in her married life, when things first began to go wrong, she had learned that neither pleading nor storming brought her satisfactory results. Warner preferred his club to his home, and of late he was coming to gambol and debauchery.

He came into the room and stood before the fire, idly tapping his foot against the brass fender. "Did that old lady tell you all that stuff this morning?" he asked, abruptly.

"Yes," the woman answered. "Mighty strange dream you had!" he said, after a pause. "Mrs. Warner crushed her hands together. "It was not strange," she said, "I told you that it was but a never cease to pray for strength to endure. It was myself and all that hurts me most! I have stayed with you so long only because I love you. The little old lady loved her husband, and she stayed with him through thick and thin, but her child was strong. I know to-night that I am not made of the strength of which she was made. She stayed until the bottom of the hill was reached and after, but she had Sara. I have only Vincent and I cannot stay—much longer—even for—his sake!"

PICTURES OF PIUS X.

We have received from Benizgers the reproduction in colors of Kaufman's fine portrait of Pius X., which has just been published. Of the many pictures which have recently been published this is beyond all comparison the best.

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fore entered the school of the Sacred Heart, maintained for the Indians by the Catholics in Southern Pottawatomie county, Oklahoma. Negahquet was consecrated to the priesthood in Rome by Cardinal Ruffini, cardinal vicar of Rome, June 8, within the Church of St. John the Lateran. He is now at Muskogee, I. T., as assistant pastor of the church and doing missionary work among the Indians.