

could not say anything hostile to his policy without attracting his attention. The only thing he neglected was the composition of his own Party, and when he had absolutely in his hands the nomination of every man for every constituency in the country, he allowed a group to gather round Mr. Healy, which was afterwards to be the main agency in bringing about his downfall.

Even, however, in his days of tremendous and unquestioned power, Parnell was, like all Irish leaders, subjected to the surprises and accidents of Irish life. For instance, after his release from Kilmainham, the Phoenix Park assassination put back himself and his cause for ten, if not twenty years. If it had not been for that tragic and disastrous event, Parnell might have been Prime Minister in Ireland twenty years ago.

To understand Irish history for the last fifty years and for the last few months, it is necessary to go down to one fundamental division of thought and effort that is rooted in Irish history. That contest may roughly be regarded as a contest between a constitutional movement and a physical force movement. The contest took its rise mainly in the fact that for more than seventy years after the destruction of the Irish Parliament in 1800—except during the brief interval of O'Connell's omnipotence—Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament was absolutely futile. Owing to a restricted suffrage, the constituencies were small and many of them were corrupt. In my native town of Athlone, which had only been 200 or 300 voters, the tariff for the vote reached the large sum of \$200, and men, face to face with bankruptcy, kept on their business for months, if not longer, in the hope that a contested election and the shower of gold which always accompanied it would relieve them from their embarrassments.

The result of it was that the member of Parliament first bought his constituency and then sold himself. The Irish representation was composed of political adventurers of the most sordid and open type. When seeking election if they came before a populous constituency, they professed the most loud-mouthed and most unselfish patriotism; but after the lapse of a year or two the unselfish patriot found himself a Judge in a British colony or some other job of small work and large pay. The result of it was that every attempt to improve the land system and stay the emigration by the hundred thousand yearly, which was then going on in Ireland, made no progress, and that Ireland had in the half century after the Union one of the worst famines in history and a larger emigration than that of any other country at any other time.

It was this atmosphere that enabled James Stephens, the Fenian leader, to create the Fenian movement and to make most of the earnest and courageous young men of Ireland turn to the gospel of physical force as the only means left for saving the country from apparently inevitable destruction. This movement reached great strength, but when the crisis came and it found itself up against the immeasurable superiority of the British Empire, it collapsed; and some of its members were executed and others served long terms of penal servitude. It was Isaac Butt who founded on the ashes of the broken Revolution the modern Constitutional movement; but even he found it hard to subdue the disbelief of the Irish people in constitutional agitation, and the still lingering hope of insurrection as the best and indeed the only method of redressing Ireland's grievances.

It was the dominating personality of Parnell and his aggressive and then very successful policy that gave the coup de grace to the revolutionary movement and restored for nearly forty years the united and unbroken faith of the people of Ireland in a constitutional movement and in the Irish Parliamentary Party as the surest weapon of redressing Ireland's wrongs. Parnell's policy was justified by a transformation of Irish conditions as complete and as beneficent as any reform movement in history.

Just as an accident brings against the French Republic all the discordant elements of France, so an event like the Sinn Fein rebellion brings into being all the many discordant elements that lie under the surface of Irish life. The war added to these elements of discord. A considerable number of the clergy have resented so much the strong secular legislation of France that their sympathies, if not pro-German, were at least anti-French. Unfortunately, as is so often the case, all these elements found their best allies in the unwise policy of the British Government.

When Sir Edward Carson was made a minister there was a general feeling in Ireland that Orangism had triumphed and that Ireland was once more under the heel of the old ascendancy. But even this would have been of little account if it had not been for the folly and almost incredible errors of the War Office. At the beginning of the war and immediately after the speech of Mr. Redmond, there was something approaching enthusiasm on the side of his policy and of the Allies in this war. Recruits were accompanied by bands and by cheering crowds to the railway stations as they departed for their trains. Recruiting speeches were made all over the country by members of Parliament, by local Nationalist leaders. At one time there was a possibility of the Volunteers, that new armed force that had been

called into existence by the Orange movement of the North, being created into any army under the control of the War office. This was the suggestion made by Messrs. Redmond, Dillon and Devlin on the very day after the declaration of war. The three went together to Lord Kitchener, and made the suggestion; but he turned on them his basilisk eye and calmly told Mr. Dillon that he knew Ireland well—an illusion which curiously enough Lord Kitchener held almost to the end of his days—and he blankly refused any assistance for the Volunteers. If it had not been for that there probably would never have been a Sinn Fein force or a Sinn Fein insurrection. All kinds of impossible people were sent to preach recruiting—an ex-Unionist candidate and ex-Unionist lecturer—to intensely Nationalist Catholic districts. Speeches in which the word "coward" and "slacker" were freely interspersed were made by exuberant ex-soldier speakers. Worse than all, the names of the Irish regiments when they began to take an heroic part in such movements as the retreat from Mons and the landing at Suvla Bay were omitted—apparently by order—from the despatches. The truth has gradually come out that in the War Office there were several of the men who had encouraged the Curragh Camp insurrection against Home Rule. In Dublin the Recruiting Committee consisted of Unionists; they told Sir Hedley Le Bas—an Englishman sent over from the War Office to encourage recruiting among the Nationalists—that they did not want to encourage recruiting among the Nationalists because it might help Home Rule. In short, everything that should have been done to encourage recruiting was done to discourage it.

Then came the insurrection, and after the insurrection the executions, and for the moment Ireland stands once more in the midst of the old conflict between faith in the Constitutional movement and a Parliamentary Party, and a resort to the desperate and hopeless expedient of physical force. Hence, first it seemed that popular feeling was moving in such hostility against the British authorities that the contest was doubtful in issue. But all Ireland is not insane all the time; and already progress is being made toward those better impulses which so often save Ireland and which will win it to rest in the end.

BIBLIOTHERAPY

If the reader has not been scared away by the heading he is going to know what it means. Bibliotherapy is the method of healing ailments by books, as hydrotherapy is the method of curing diseases by water. Samuel M. Crothers, a Unitarian preacher of Cambridge, Mass., writes about this new process in the current number of The Atlantic Monthly. The process is not as new, however, as the name applied it, for from time immemorial books have been medicine or poison.

At the bottom of this statement, is the fact that our thoughts exercise a decisive influence on our mental, moral, and even physical well being. Some one said once: "Sow a thought and you will reap an action, sow an action and you will reap a habit, sow a habit and you will reap a character, sow a character and you will reap a destiny." This saying traces the connection between thought and morality. We know, besides, that certain thoughts too exclusively dwell upon may unbalance the mind and produce a mania of one sort or another. And who does not know how anxious and worrying thoughts are apt to cause dyspepsia and to shatter the nervous system?

Now books are a means, and in our modern age a very common means, of storing our minds with thoughts. And from our present point of view a library is comparable to a pharmacy. But no one goes to a pharmacy and helps himself at random from the various jars. To do so would be suicidal folly. Only upon a doctor's prescription are the medicines handed out in accordance with the diagnosis of each case.

It would, indeed, be a blessing if we had such guidance also for the books whose contents we are about to absorb. At any rate, a conscientious person will not read a book about which he or she knows nothing at all; it may be poison to faith or morals. This holds especially good in the case of those whose mental system is not immunized by a superior education and well formed character.

Of all books, the one that stands supreme as a healing influence and a moral power for good is the Bible, for those at least who read it in simplicity of soul for their edification. The biographies of saints and great men in general are likewise to be recommended for their illuminating and stimulating force. For the rest a number of books have been canonized by the verdict of the best among mankind as classics of the highest rank. What folly to pass them by for the popular trash of the day! Considering the importance of reading, zealous pastors in country places insist on a parish library, selected with great care, as an indispensable requisite in the equipment of their parishes. In the cities, where public libraries are within reach, the good pastor will consider it as one of his pastoral functions to have an eye on what is being read by his parishioners, and to aid them

in a happy choice of reading matter, both by general hints and individual direction.—The Guardian.

REV. J. C. COFFEE, S. J. DEAD AT MONTREAL

FORMERLY GUELPH LAWYER—FOUNDED ST. BONIFACE COLLEGE, MANITOBA
Special Despatch to The Globe

Guelph, Sept. 26.—A telegram from Montreal received this morning announced the death of the Rev. John C. Coffee, S. J., a former resident of this city.

Father Coffee was the son of the late Dennis Coffee. He was born in Guelph, October 1, 1857. After passing through the Collegiate Institute he took up his classical studies at Fordham University, afterwards studying for the bar in the office of Guthrie & Watt. He practised in Guelph for several years, and in 1886 gave up his practice to enter the novitiate of the Society of Jesus at Sault au Recollet, near Montreal. In 1896 he was ordained priest.

For some years he was Bursar of Loyola College, Montreal, the Jesuit classical college for English-speaking students; likewise Bursar of St. Boniface College, St. Boniface, Manitoba. Later he was stationed in Guelph as curate of the Church of Our Lady, and at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, in the same capacity. For several years he was parish priest of the Jesuit Church, Fort Rouge, Winnipeg, of which church he laid the foundations. When in 1913 it was decided to build the new Loyola College in Notre Dame de Grace, Montreal, Father Coffee was appointed to look after the business details connected with it.

The body is to be brought to Guelph for interment on Friday morning at 9 o'clock. Miss Teresa Coffee, 68 Oxford street, Guelph, and Mrs. Kehoe of Omaha, Nebraska, are sisters of the deceased. Mrs. Kehoe, accompanied by Miss Coffee of Australia, left for Montreal this morning, and will accompany the remains to Guelph.

SHANE LESLIE NEW EDITOR OF DUBLIN REVIEW

We are pleased to hear, says the Catholic Citizen, that Mr. Shane Leslie is the new editor of The Dublin Review. Mr. Leslie is the only son and heir of Sir John Leslie, Bart., of County Monaghan, Ireland, by his marriage with Miss Jerome, of New York, a sister of Lady Randolph Churchill. The famous "Cragh Patrick" is situated on the lands owned by the Leslie family.

Mr. Leslie, who is a convert to the Church, became a Catholic while working among the Irish poor. He is a graduate of King's College, Cambridge and of the University of Paris. Mr. Leslie has taken a keen interest in the Celtic Revival, and as a Nationalist twice contested Derry. He is a son-in-law of Henry C. Ide, late Governor-General of the Philippines and Minister to Spain.

CONVERTS

WHY DOES CHURCH GET THE CREAM OF PROTESTANTISM?

Appropos the recent conversions of Sir Roger Casement, James J. Hill, the "empire builder," Col. John S. Mosby, etc., it would be well for our non-Catholic friends to take an hour off and try to ascertain why it is that the Catholic Church generally gets the cream of Protestantism, while the Protestant churches, in nearly every case, get but the scum and off-scourings of Catholicity, says Rev. John E. Graham in the Baltimore Catholic Review.

The fact itself is beyond dispute. Get a list of Catholic converts, and you will see for yourself that they are almost invariably men and women of the highest intelligence and probity of life—clergymen like Newman, Manning, Faber, Wilberforce and the hosts of high grade English and American ministers who have come over to Rome in the past fifty years or more; representative laymen like the above-mentioned, together with multitudes of upright, God-fearing people in the numberless walks of life. One and all, you will realize that genuine Catholic converts are persons of the highest character—not the sort who would be likely to take a leap in the dark.

On the other hand, of the comparative few who abandon the Church in no instance can be truthfully said that they ever were good Catholics. Even of these the majority give up religion altogether; they are rarely satisfied to stop at the half-way house of Protestantism. And of those who do affiliate with Protestant churches it is a foregone conclusion that the change was made in the interest of their bodies, not for the welfare of their souls. Examine the list of such "converts" to Protestantism and you will see that it is made up almost wholly of those who found themselves forced to choose between their faith and an unwholesome sexual union, and rebellious, refractory priests, or priests chafing under their clerical vows and preferring women to God.

It stands to reason that the genuine Catholic convert must be sincere, the convert to Protestantism insincere. For the Protestant who comes into the Catholic Church has generally a great sacrifice to make, while the Catholic who turns Protestant makes no sacrifice so far as the things of this present life are concerned. The

former goes from something easy to something hard; the latter, on the contrary, changes from the difficult to the extremely easy. No more confession, no more Lenten fast, no more Friday abstinence, no more obligatory Sunday Mass, etc.

JOHNSON WAS WISE

This very plain difference was recognized by that keen analyst of human motives—old Dr. Samuel Johnson—many years ago. Sir William Scott told Boswell that he once heard Johnson say: "A man who is converted from Protestantism to Popery may be sincere; he parts with nothing; he is only superadding to what he already had. But a convert from Popery to Protestantism gives up as much of what he has held as sacred as anything he retains; there is so much laceration of mind in such a conversion that it can hardly be sincere and lasting." And Boswell, the biographer, adds by way of comment: "The truth of this reflection may be confirmed by many and eminent instances."

Dr. Johnson's remarks are a confirmation and realization of the truth of the old saw that Catholic "converts" to Protestantism are but weeds thrown out of the Pope's garden. It is generally the best of the Protestants who turn Catholic, and a contra, the worst Catholics who turn Protestant. Such is the fact; what is the reason? Ponder this over, dear Protestant reader. It is well worth studying. Why is it that men and women of the highest intelligence and uprightness, after spending many years, some of them nearly a lifetime, in Protestantism, turn eagerly to the church Catholic when they find grim death staring them in the face? Can there be any reason other than that they clearly realize that Church as the Church of Christ the "pillar and ground of the truth?"

WHAT ETHAN ALLEN SAID!

It is said of Colonel Ethan Allen, the hero of Ticonderoga, that when he was on his deathbed his Catholic daughter asked him whether she should continue in her mother's faith or go his way, and he answered: "Stick to the religion of your mother. The Protestant way is the easiest to live in, but the Catholic faith is the best to die in."

And here's another. Why is it that while the ministers find the greatest difficulty in getting a half-respectably sized congregation—for one or two services on Sunday, the Catholic pastor has no trouble in filling his pews three, four and even six times a Sunday? A Baltimore preacher, writing in the forum of The Sun of June 7, says: "With most of the churches the trouble is to get people in anything like large numbers. What is it to have a few hundred people at a church service in a city like Baltimore, where hundreds of thousands are unchurched?" "Most ministers are living almost constantly on the verge of despair; their hearts are faint and backs are almost broken with the loads they are carrying. The discouragements are crushing and the work, with the mortification and chagrin because of comparative failure, when such mighty things should be achieved, is crucifying."

The Catholic religion is not an easy one assuredly, and the Protestant persuasion is extremely easy. Protestants have no obligatory fasting and abstinence, no stringent obligation to attend Sunday services, no confession to make, etc. We, on the contrary, have all these things, and a great deal more that is very trying to human flesh and blood. And why is it that, in spite of all this, Catholics are so much more numerous and so much more faithful in church attendance than Protestants? Doesn't it stand to reason that it must be because the Catholic Church has so much more to offer?

So much more that is satisfying to man's spiritual nature? Must it not be because Catholics have an assurance that it will prove well worth their while in the long run to undergo all the sacrifices and inconveniences which the practice of their religion entails? All this, dear Protestant brothers and sisters, is surely worth pondering earnestly and prayerfully, and you couldn't possibly make a better investment than an hour or two spent in its investigation.

And let us assure you in closing that the above facts and reasons are not given in a spirit of boastfulness. We are well aware that the success and efficiency of the Catholic Church are not due to the clergy, whether individually or as a body. We are fully conscious of the fact that while Paul may plant and Apollo may water, only God can give the increase, and that "neither he that planteth is anything, nor he that watereth, but God who giveth the increase." So while doing our little best, as human instruments in the hand of God for the furtherance of His work, we realize fully that He has no need for us, and that it is an infinite condescension on His part to use us at all, and we have both sense and religion enough to say with the sacred writer:

"Not to us, O Lord; not to us, but to Thy name give glory."

No, what we have here set forth is not in the way of boasting, but for the benefit of non-Catholics whose eyes may happen to light on this page, in the fond hope that the facts and reasons given may set them thinking seriously, and that the thinking may result in opening their eyes to the truth. The old Latin philosophers used to say: "Bonum est diffusivum sui"—"which means that goodness likes to spread itself. That is our purpose in writing the above. We have experienced the

blessings of Catholicity; we know the comfort they afford in life and in death, and we are eager to share these blessings with others.—New World.

HON. JOHN COSTIGAN DEAD AT OTTAWA

VETERAN PARLIAMENTARIAN WAS LAST SURVIVOR OF FIRST SESSION OF FIRST PARLIAMENT OF CANADA

Ottawa, Sept. 29.—Senator the Hon. J. Costigan died here to-day, after a long term of illness, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Walter Armstrong. He was in his eighty-second year.

Hon. John Costigan was Canada's veteran Parliamentarian, and was the last survivor of the first session of the first Parliament of the Dominion. He was born of Irish parents at St. Nicholas, Que., in 1835, and became Judge of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas in New Brunswick. At twenty-six he was elected to the Legislature in Victoria, N. B., in 1861, and to the House of Commons in 1867, being re-elected always until 1904, a period of thirty-seven years. In 1907 he was called to the Senate. He was Minister of Inland Revenue, 1892-93, then became Secretary of State, and later Minister of Marine and Fisheries, in respective Conservative Administrations.

In 1892 he moved his famous resolution in the House of Commons in favor of Gladstone's first Home Rule bill, which was supported by and drew from Edward Blake what is considered to be the greatest speech of that distinguished Parliamentarian's career. In 1896 Costigan was a delegate to the Irish Nationalists convention in Dublin. Mr. Costigan was a Roman Catholic.

Due to the political developments of 1896, Costigan changed his party allegiance and became a Liberal. Senator Costigan for the past two years had been in failing health, though able, despite his eighty-one years, to attend to his Senatorial duties. The body will be taken on Sunday to Grand Falls, N. B., for interment.

Now that Senator Costigan has passed away, Sir Mackenzie Bowell is the only ex-member of the Macdonald Administration still living.

Written for the Record

THE LOVE OF MARY'S HEART

The wonders of Our Lady's love will never cease to grow. While angels chant alternate songs in cadence loud or low Love as hers could never proceed from a human heart alone. It blossomed forth at Nazareth when at the angel's tone Christ, Our Saviour, in Mary's womb became our very own. Thus joined unto His Infinite love, her heart can never be At rest, until the souls He bought have crossed life's stormy sea. Each sinner struggling here below is watched with smile so fair. Until he conquers in the strife 'neath Mary's fostering care. Though crimson as the sunset's glow our sins to-day may be, One prayer for pity, to her heart will make our souls brave free. This lesson she doth teach forever unto me. The wonders of Our Lady's love will never cease to grow. While angels chant alternate songs with cadence loud or low. (St. John's, Nfld.)

TWILIGHT MUSINGS

"Twilight sleep" seems to have slipped into a nightmare of the most horrifying variety. America reminds us. A few weeks ago, this poetically christened procedure was barred by the Johns Hopkins Hospital of Baltimore. It can hardly be said that this hospital was led to its decision by a dominating spirit of "bigoted ecclesiasticism." On the other hand, it is probably on good grounds that the high reputation of this institution is founded. Its action, therefore, will cause many a "popular" practitioner to regard his former devotion to "twilight sleep" as a period of blackness which he would fain forget.

Reviewing the history of this movement in the United States, one must perform pay tribute to the genius of the American advertising agent. He can do anything when strengthened by an invigorating draught of printer's ink. Given a page in the metropolitan dailies, and suitable space in the country weeklies, and the mountain moves towards Mahomet. Archimedes announced that, given a fulcrum, he could move the world. The advertising agent outdoes him. He announces that he has found the fulcrum.

It is enthusiasm, perhaps, that dims the vision. Time usually hints an error in his claims. Appointed some twenty months ago as the American apostle of "twilight sleep" the advertising man piled columns into the dailies, pages into the weeklies and monthlies, and supplied many a hard pressed clergyman with a "sermon" preached, often enough, to persons who had no children and wanted none. Nor was the odium theologium neglected. Certain of the clergy and of the medical fraternity, were gently urged to see a profit in attacking the Church of Rome as an enemy of the new

humanity. That as an anodyne measure "twilight sleep" had no more connection with the Catholic Church than it had with spectrum analysis or the Panama Canal, mattered little. It pays to advertise.

More than a year ago, Dr. Austin O'Malley pointed out the hysterical character of the propaganda, and the scientific shortcomings of the method itself, in the columns of America. Attacked as a "reactionary," time has justified his criticisms. It has also shown that the higher the altitude the harder the fall. It is just possible that the long-haired cranks and short-haired women who saw in "twilight sleep" woman's "emancipation from ecclesiastical thralldom," have learned a lesson. But it is not probable.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

COMMENDS THE STUDY OF IRISH HISTORY

The A. O. H. of Chicago has officially and formally expressed its thanks to the Most Rev. Archbishop Mundelein for his strong commendation of the study of Irish history. In a letter replying to one sent him on the subject by the Ladies Auxiliary, A. O. H., of Chicago, the Archbishop said: "I have your letter of the 3rd inst., and in reply to the same I beg to say that I give my hearty commendation of the work inaugurated by your Auxiliary for the study of Irish history in the schools. From Ireland have come nearly all of the saints, who have evangelized the different nations of Europe, and, therefore, in a way, no matter what nation we are from we are all interested in the past history of Ireland, for the history of Ireland means to a great extent the history of the Church in the Middle Ages. In a particular manner the children of Irish parents ought to have some intelligent reason for the pride they show in their birth and in their descent, and to accomplish this, they need to know not so much the Ireland of the present as the Ireland of the past. Yet the special reason for our commendation of this movement is that the memory of what Ireland and the Irish people have done for the Church must not sink into the dim memories of the past, but should be kept alive in the present and in the coming generations."—Sacred Heart Review.

WOULD NOT FOOL HIMSELF ANY LONGER

"Mr. Floyd Keeler of Kansas who rose to be an Episcopal archdeacon, dedicated his Anglican days," says the Catholic Convert, "to an attempt to persuade his fellow-Episcopalians that they were Catholics. He ran up against the Low Church Protestant Majority, Bishops, clergymen, and the rest, who repudiated his doctrine. It opened his eyes and he was frank enough not to be willing to fool himself any longer. He was received two months ago into the Catholic Church with his wife and children."

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Dec. 11, 1915. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: It may be a little surprise to you to learn that it takes \$100 a week to keep my mission going. I am glad when I see that amount contributed in the RECORD, but when it is less I am sad to see my little reserve fund diminished and the catastrophes arriving when I must close my chapels, discharge my catechists and reduce my expenses to the few dollars coming in weekly. I beseech you to make one more supreme effort during 1916 to keep this mission on its feet. You will be surprised to learn what a great deal I am doing with \$100 a week—keeping myself and curate, 80 catechists, 7 chapels and free schools, 3 churches in different cities with caretakers supporting two big catechumens of men, women and children during their preparation for baptism and building a church every year.

Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary J. M. FRASER.

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