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Archbishop of Toronto, and directed by the
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ical, 7-Testing.

Calendar with full information may be
had on application.
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Chime
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Memorial Bells a Specialty.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-
WEST
Homestead Regulations

A NY even numbered section of Dominion
lands in Manitoba or the Northwest
Provinces, excepting 8 and 20, not reserv-
ed, may be homesteaded upon by any per-
son who is the sole head of a family, or
any male over 18 years of age, to the ex-
tent of one-quarter section, of 160 acres,
more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the
local land office for the district in which
the land is situate.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES: A settler who
has been granted an entry for a home-
stead is required to perform the condi-
tions connected therewith under one of the
following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon
and cultivation of the land in each year
during the term of three years.

(2) If the father or mother, if the
father is deceased) of any person who is
eligible to make a homestead entry under
the provisions of this act resides upon a
farm in the vicinity of the land entered
for by such person as a homestead, the
requirements of this act as to residence
prior to obtaining patent 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 re-
quirements of this act as to residence may
be satisfied by residence upon the said
land.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT should
be made at the end of three years, before
the Local Agent, Sub-Agent or the Home-
stead Inspector.

Before making application for patent
the settler must give six months' notice
in writing to the Commissioner of Domini-
on Lands at Ottawa of his intention to
do so.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-
WEST MINING REGULATIONS.
Coal lands may be purchased at
\$10 per acre for soft coal and \$20 for anthr-
cite. Not more than 320 acres can
be acquired by one individual or company.
Royalty at the rate of ten cents per ton of
2,000 pounds shall be collected on the
gross output.

Quartz.—A free miner's certificate is
granted upon payment in advance of \$150
per annum for an individual, and from \$50
to \$100 per annum for a company, according
to capital.

A free miner, having discovered mineral
in place, may locate a claim 1,500 x 1,500
feet.

The fee for recording a claim is \$5.
At least \$100 must be expended on the
claim each year or paid to the mining re-
gistrar in lieu thereof. When \$500 has
been expended or paid, the locator may
upon having a survey made, and upon
complying with the requirements, pur-
chase the land at \$1 an acre.

The patent provides for the payment of
a royalty of 2 1/2 per cent, on the sales
of PLACER mining claims generally are
100 feet square; entry fee \$5, renewable
yearly.

A free miner may obtain two leases to
drill for gold of five miles each for a
term of twenty years, renewable at the
discretion of the Minister of the Interior.
The lessee shall have a dredge in oper-
ation within one season from the date of
the lease for each five miles. Rental, \$10
per annum for each mile of river leased.
Royalty at the rate of 2 1/2 per cent, col-
lected on the output after it exceeds \$10,
000.
W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this
advertisement will not be paid for.

The Mouse and the Lion

(Benziger's Magazine.)

For that they were described in the
order of their importance and rela-
tive values as the mouse and the
lion, and not in the least as the lion
and the mouse, is profoundly true, al-
though it was a truth suspected by
only a very few of the mouse's most
intimate friends, and never by the
lion himself—unless after it was too
late. Early in his career, before he
had made audible more than the
least roar, the lion had stopped to
marry the mouse. Not so early in
his career that she had not wondered
with becoming awe and gratitude, at
his kindness, and had resolved on her
knees—the attitude in which the pious
little mouse took everything that be-
fell her, good and ill—to consecrate
her life to furthering his good to the
utmost limits of self-forgetfulness.

There was no doubt that she had
kept her vow; no one outside the in-
nermost circle of her life knew how
completely she had kept it, not even
those to whom she was but the little
gray mouse, the inadequate mate of
the lion, admitted that, measured by
the standards of her powers, she was
a devoted and perfect wife. You will
also admit it when you learn that
"the lion" is Bertram Hardinger, the
novelist and poet, and that "the
mouse" represents Jane, his wife,
as she is styled on the beautiful Go-
thic cross which marks her sleeping-
place.

It took a long time for little Jenny
Eharts to learn to be the wife of a
great man. Bertram Hardinger be-
gan to be widely known within a
year after his marriage; then his
work took on a new tone, he was
accounted among the younger writers
worth reckoning upon, and—better for
him—worth reckoning with by the
big publishers and the magazines.
And as soon as his verses and short
stories began to be talked about, and
his novel appearance, to win high
praise in the best critical reviews,
New York society opened its doors
to him. It did more—it hailed him
within, and, of course, timid Jenny,
with her sweet face and scant arm-
ament of small talk, moved in his
wake like a pale satellite that would
gladly have been hidden by friendly
clouds.

She did not make a favorable im-
pression upon most of her husband's
admirers. The majority of those who
met and entertained the Hardingers
shrugged their shoulders at Jenny,
and remarked on the mistake of early
marriages for geniuses who had not
yet gauged their own power, nor
realized what they needed in a mate.
A very few looked below the surface
of her shyness and read in little
Jane's beautiful eyes something of
her sensitiveness to beauty, her fine-
ness of perception, her keenness of
critical faculty, which in her was an
artistic instinct not approached nor
governed by canons. Once in a great
while some one was able to draw
her out, and learned something of her
timid sense of humor, her lovable in-
nocence, of that quality which re-
mains untouched by experience, and
two or three there were who main-
tained that Jane was the poet and
Bertram the clod. But as most peo-
ple take the world and its citizens as
they find them, sparing themselves
the strain of making up their indi-
vidual minds, there were not enough
of them who discerned the real Jenny
to affect the popular belief that Ber-
tram Hardinger's marriage was a
mistake, saved from being a tragedy
only by its prosaic dullness.

Jane accompanied her husband at
first reluctantly, almost miserably.
She was so at a loss how to reply
to the enthusiasms outpoured upon
her, to the questions as to whether
she "had been the inspiration of that
delicious sonnet in the current Pan-
theon"; as to her exact part in the
labors of production, whether she
copied her husband's work or whe-
ther it was true that she held his
pens, like Dora in David Copperfield—
"some one had actually said that she
held his pens!"—Jane could not par-
ry these thrusts, she wondered whe-
ther the feminine world which she
met was a collective idiot, or took
her for an individual one. Her gene-
rally helplessness rather tended to in-
crease that world's sense of Bertram's im-
portance—if his own wife stood in
awe of him he was a great man in-
deed, and evidently she did stand thus
in awe of him. Jenny saw that she
helped and did not hinder her lion,
and gradually became content to fol-
low him into the throng, even taking
a certain pleasure in seeing him on
the heights, she among his worship-
ers offering their incense at his feet,
the little wife more and more fore-
gone.

Two Hardinger baby boys, who
might have carried on their father's
name in glory, died on the threshold
of life. When Jenny's little daughter
lived and grew into a winsome, bloom-
ing creature of a year, Jenny bloom-
ed with her into a fulness of life
that had not hitherto been hers. The
love of a genius may be irksome, but
the love of a baby commands the mo-
ther all things, and forbids her noth-
ing. Jenny could not bear to be far-
ther away than the length of the
stairs that led to the nursery from
the sound of the child's soft breath-
ing at night. But Bertram exacted of
her attendance upon more functions
that winter than ever before; at this
stage of her life he assumed that it
was unsuitable for him to accept
alone the invitations to them both,
and Jenny went from reception to
reception, from reading to reading,
separated from her husband by his
duties as the lion and her whole
heart leaning backward to her home
and to the cradle in that dim room
upstairs. She grew a more quiet, un-
conversational woman than ever that
winter, and for the first time Ber-
tram felt in his own heart the re-
flex of the doubts around him re-
lative to the wisdom of the mating
of the king of beasts with such a
humble member of his kingdom. Ber-

tram Hardinger did not intend to be
disloyal to his little mouse; he was
not conscious of disloyalty to her,
but conceit is damaging to perfect
loyalty, and supreme self-conceit had
flowed into Hardinger's soul on the
oceans of tea which he consumed at
the hands of admiring women.

One night the baby was ailing,
slightly feverish, and with an omin-
ous rattle in the throat that made
the anxious little mother's heart
stand still. It was a night on which
Bertram was to give a parlor read-
ing from the proofs of his approach-
ing novel. Jenny begged to be allowed
to stay at home, but Bertram was
obdurate.

"There is nothing wrong with the
child beyond a slight cold," he said
with his rare frown, for he was usu-
ally as good-tempered as a mortal
should be whose every wish was an-
ticipated and never denied. "You
must come with me, Jenny. If it
were an ordinary reception it would
not matter—I could make your ex-
cuses—but when it is a reading from
the new novel, at such a house as
that—it is not a question that ad-
mits discussion." He waved his
white hands dismissively. "You
must go," he added.

Jane made no further appeal, know-
ing that it would have been useless.
Her nurse was far more experi-
enced and competent than she herself,
the baby would not suffer for her
mother. Jane alone would suffer in
leaving her, but her first duty was to
her husband, she must go. She went,
hanging long over her one treasure
with her lips pressed to the hot lit-
tle cheek, and with the hot little
hands clinging close around her neck,
for the baby loved her little mother
with a singleness of heart unusual to
her seventeen months of life. Jenny
had to unclasp the baby fingers when
she gave her over to the nurse at
last, and the child's wailing, sick
cry followed her down the hum of
voices and the music all the evening.
It drowned Bertram's sonorous plea-
sure in his own sentences, Jenny
heard nothing of the "author's read-
ing." Not that it mattered, for she
had taken down those sentences on
her typewriter as they fell from his
inspired lips, taken them with sugges-
tions and emendations that trans-
formed, strengthened, and vivified
them without that author—or his
little typewriter, for that matter—
having an idea of what had been done.
Bertram came home flushed and tri-
umphant in the corner of the carriage
lying back in splendid largeness of
position, lounging like a man to
whom the world is his oyster, an oys-
ter which he has just swallowed. Jane
sat tense on the very edge of the
seat. The evening had been long, the
drive home was interminable. Now
that she was coming back to her baby
her fears were suffocating her, and her
impatience was beyond control. Ber-
tram's key admitted them to what
fell on his wife's ears as an ominous
stillness. It was broken by sobbing
above stairs, and the little Irish
maid, coming upon them unexpectedly
in the hall, fell back against the wall,
and into wailing, crying: "Oh, Mrs.
Hardinger, dear, oh, Mrs. Hardinger,
dear; God pity you!"

Jane knew. She went upstairs
alone, and shut and bolted the nur-
sery door upon Bertram. The first
instinct of her sorrow was to ex-
clude him who had taken her away
that night, had stolen from her the
last hours in which she might have
had her darling. Something hard rose
up in her gentle heart against the
lion.

When the baby had been laid away
beside the other two Jane was still
the same sweet patient, devoted wife,
but there was a difference. Once her
duty to Bertram was as her breath
of life; she could not have done it.
Now she fulfilled it consciously, and
because she would. Her bereavement
released her from her social duties
for the rest of that winter. Bertram
went out as ever, with tiny pearl
studs in his expanse of linen instead
of the curious Russian gems brought
him from abroad by his publisher—
who wanted to hold him on his lists
exclusively. Bertram said that his
interests demanded that he keep him-
self before the public; his work de-
manded that he seek distraction from
his sorrow in order that he might be
able to perform it. Jenny indiffer-
ently acquiesced. Everybody spoke of
the beautiful manner in which Ber-
tram bore his grief, the courage and
sadness of his smile, the gloom of his
far-off look when he lapsed into silent
remembrance in the midst of a crowd,
the unselfishness with which he aroused
himself from his thoughts when
one ventured to recall him. He wrote
a perfect sonnet for one of the best
magazines, called "The Silent House."
He also wrote a lyric that was pro-
nounced his best, called: "Little Rag
Doll Betsy"—no one read it without
a lump in the throat. And the short
story in the March "Dawson's" in
which the little child's death was so
bitterly treated, was the talk of the
town for a month.

In the meantime Jane sat at home,
more silent than ever, but not less
helpful, still taking down her lion's
dictation, still the useful mouse that
she had ever been. But the main-
spring of her life seemed unwound;
she never aroused to actual living,
and though she did not talk of the
baby, it was plain to every one but
her husband that her heart reached
out across the impassable gulf to be
grasped by those little dead hands.

When she fell ill in the spring the
doctors found no actual disease, but
they could not cure her. Had she
seen all this time the shallowness of
Bertram's nature, of his incapacity to
love her? And now that the baby
had gone, was the loving little mouse
starving of that knowledge? No
one would ever know. Not to her
nearest and dearest did she confide,
but silent as she had lived, without
great pain, without dramatic effect,
the humble little mouse died.

Bertram buried her with her chil-
dren, and raised the perfect Gothic
cross that is no less a monument to
his taste than to that memory.
He was broken-hearted, the world

Do you know you can buy Red
Rose Tea at the same price as
other teas? Then, why not?

Red Rose
Tea
"is good tea"

Prices—25, 30, 35, 40, 50 and 60 cts. per lb. in lead packets
T. H. ESTABROOKS, ST. JOHN, N. B. WINNIPEG.
TORONTO, 2 WELLINGTON ST. E.

said. He mourned less picturesquely
than he had mourned for the baby; he
was lazed. It had never occurred to
him that Jane could die. She was so
unusually dependable that it was not
likely he would leave him alone. After
a time the magazines began refusing his
contributions; his publishers told him
that they hardly cared to bring out
the novel he offered them the autumn
following Jane's death. They said—
kindly, because they pitied him—that
it was not up to his old standard.
But the next, they suggested; they
hoped that they might have the first
reading of the next manuscript he had
to offer. There never was a next
novel. People shook their heads and
said it was the saddest story, the
most beautiful thing that Bertram
Hardinger had done, his not doing
any more good work after his wife
and child had died. His genius, they
said, was bound up in his love;
heart-broken, he could no longer
work. Only a very, very few knew
the truth, and what shy little Jane
had actually done in touching her
husband's commonplace talent into
something not unlike genius by the
constant inspiration of her spiritual
insight.

It is the old fable of the mouse and
the lion. Not a remarkable story,
perhaps, but it has its moral if any
one cares to find it.—Marion Ames
Taggart.

If people would devote half the
time and attention to their feet
that they do to their face, ten-
der feet would be unknown.

A "Foot Elm" Powder in your
shoes occasionally will keep your feet
healthy.

Power of a Song

In a newspaper note Mrs. Florence
Maybrick, the famous American wo-
man who spent many years in an En-
glish prison, is reported to have re-
sumed her maiden name of Chandler
Day and to be living quietly in New
York in straitened circumstances. To
thousands of your readers the fact
that Mrs. Maybrick was the sister-in-
law of Stephen Adams, the compos-
er of "The Holy City," and that hers
was the first female voice that sang
the hymn, will come as a revelation.
Stephen Adams' true name was Mich-
ael Maybrick, youngest brother of her
husband, and the song was sung for
the first time on board his yacht.
A most touching incident in connec-
tion with the hymn occurred in San
Francisco several years ago. It was
Monday, in police court—a busy day.
A long line of "drunks," as many as
could be accommodated, stood ranged
before the bar. A former member of
a noted opera company, who had fallen
on evil days, was one of those
taken in the dragnet, though not in
line. After the noise and bustle at-
tendant on getting the first batch of
prisoners into order a strong, clear,
powerful voice rolled up from the
cells, singing:

"Last night I lay a-sleeping
There came a dream so fair."

The words, sung in such an unusual
place, produced a visible shock among
the sodden wretches. Men dropped on
their knees and wept in silent pray-
er. The mangled music and sobbing
interrupted the court's proceedings.
The judge, making no order to stop
the song, it moved to a climax:

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Sing for
the night is o'er!
Hosanna in the highest! Hosanna for
evermore!"

Seeing the visible effects of contri-
tion on the faces of the men, the
judge, impelled by his feelings, re-
marked to the officer that there must
be some good left in them; they must
have another chance. And so it came
to pass that the singing of "The
Holy City" gave thirty of the sing-
er's fellow prisoners another chance.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Cholera and all summer complaints
are so quick in their action that the
cold hand of death is upon the vic-
tims before they are aware that dan-
ger is near. If attacked do not de-
lay in getting the proper medicine.
Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's
Dysentery Cordial, and you will get
immediate relief. It acts with won-
derful rapidity and never fails to ef-
fect a cure.

Women of sedentary occupations are
allowing their muscles to become soft
through lack of physical exercise. A
good exercise for strengthening all
the muscles is as follows: Stand
erect, heels together, toes out, chest
thrown out; with arms extended
touch the toes with the tips of the
fingers, bending the body only just
below the waist line. Continue the
movement with hands extended over

the head, then throw the body back
as far as possible, and sway from
one side to the other. Exercise in
this way for ten minutes, then exer-
cise each leg for five minutes by
throwing the foot out in front at the
side and back. This exercise, if pre-
served in regularly makes the body
supple and the motions graceful.

A Clear, Healthy Skin.—Eruptions
of the skin and the blotches which
blemish beauty are the result of im-
pure blood caused by unhealthy ac-
tion of the liver and kidneys. In cor-
recting this unhealthy action and re-
storing the organs to their normal
condition, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills
will at the same time cleanse the
blood, and the blotches and eruptions
will disappear without leaving
any trace.

He Who Has Success

Who has achieved success who has
lived well, laughed often and loved
much;

Who has gained the respect of in-
telligent men, and the love of little
children;

Who has filled his niche and accom-
plished his task;

Who has left the world better than
he found it, whether by an improved
poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued
soul;

Who has never lacked appreciation
of earth's beauty or failed to express
it;

Who has always looked for the best
in others, and given the best he had;

Whose life was an inspiration;

Whose memory was a benediction!

Be There a Will, Wisdom Points the
Way.—The sick man pines for relief,
but he dislikes sending for the doc-
tor, which means bottles of drugs never
consumed. He has not the reso-
lution to load his stomach with com-
pounds which smell villainously and
taste worse. But if he have the will
to deal himself with his ailment, wis-
dom will direct his attention to Par-
melee's Vegetable Pills, which, as a
specific for indigestion and disorders
of the digestive organs, have no
equal.

Sleeplessness

A servant-maid, finding that her
mistress was troubled with sleepless-
ness, told her of a practice of the
people of her country who were simi-
larly afflicted: It was to take a
napkin, dip it in ice-cold water,
wring it slightly and lay it across
the eyes. The plan was followed and
it worked like a charm. The first
night the lady slept four hours with-
out awaking—something she had not
done for several months. At the end
of that time the napkin had become
dry. By wetting it again she at once
went to sleep, and required consider-
able force to arouse her in the morn-
ing.

It Needs no Testimonial.—It is a
guarantee in itself. If testimonials
were required they could be furnished
in thousands from all sorts and con-
ditions of men in widely different
places. Many medicines are put forth
every year which have but an ephem-
eral existence and then are heard of
no more. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil
has grown in reputation every day
since it first made its appearance.

To Dry a Wet Umbrella.—The best
way to dry an umbrella, and to pre-
serve it, is to leave it spread on the
floor in the hall. When there is not
enough room to allow that, reverse
the usual method, and stand the um-
brella in the corner with the handle
down. The rain drips quicker off the
points.

Kidney
Disorders
Are no
respector
of
persons.

People in every walk of life are troubled.
Have you a Backache? If you have it
is the first sign that the kidneys are not
working properly.
A neglected Backache leads to serious
Kidney Trouble.

Check it in time by taking
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
"THE GREAT KIDNEY SPECIFIC."
They cure all kinds of Kidney Troubles
from Backache to Bright's Disease.
30c. a box or 3 for \$1.25
all dealers or
THE DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO.,
Toronto, Ont.