A Prize of
ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS
In Gold.

The announcement of Canada's victory over the United States in the contest for the prize offered by Sir Thomas O'Shaughnessy, President of the C. P. R., for the best wheat grown on either continent of America, was made November the 4th, at the Land Show in Madison Square Garden, New York. The winner of the world-beating wheat was Mr. S. Wheeler, of Saskatchewan, Canada. He received a prize of $1000.00 in gold.

The World-Beating Flour

ROBIN HOOD

is manufactured at Saskatchewan, Canada, from this wheat. There is no mixed wheat in

Robin Hood Flour.

The Purest and Best Flour in the World.

Ladies' White Fleeced
CORSET COVERS,

(LONG SLEEVES,)

Only 45 cts. each.

These are Superior Value

and are Garments which are sure to be popular, having been made specially to our own Pattern, at so low price, to suit the requirements of our large and ever increasing Underwear Trade.

They come in sizes **4, 5** and **6,** are good weights and splendidly finished garments.

Ladies Cream Ribbed Vests & Knickers

In a Superior Quality of Seconds.

Sizes 4, 5 and 6, only **33c.** Garment.

Then of course there is
THAT EXAMPLE OF SUPERIOR VALUE,

Our Ladies' Cream Ribbed Fleeced Vests,

First Quality, at only **27c.** garment.

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We can show you **THE GOODS,** can give you **THE CUT and STYLE and THE EXPERT WORKMANSHIP.** The largest stock of

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in the city All goods **UP-TO-DATE.** Mail orders given prompt attention. Samples and self-measuring cards sent to any address.

JOHN MAUNDER,

Tailor and Clothier, 281-283 Duckworth Street. aug2,eod

The Evening Chit-Chat

By RUTH CAMERON

Her finely touched spirit had still its fine issues, although they were not widely visible. Her full nature, like that river of which Alexander broke the strength, spent itself in channels which had no great name on the earth. But the effect of her being on those around her was incalculably diffusive, for the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric facts, and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who faithfully lived a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs.—George Elliott.

How often we are all in danger of forgetting that just living is a fine art and that success in it brings results as great and wonderful as success in any fine art.

One man writes a book and another "makes a family happier by his presence." Who shall say which has done the greater thing, which could have less easily been spared by the world?

I heard one woman admiring and envying another, because she is able to write beautiful poetry, and thus help and inspire many people.

The first woman is a successful wife and mother. Many people love her and she is necessary to many peoples' happiness. How can she possibly dare to belittle her part in the world's work?

We carry on our worship of popularity with a strange, unjustifiable, sense of shame, while we think it a matter of course to praise brains. And yet, to have a personality which inspires love wherever it is known, is surely as great a thing as to have a clever mind.

But, you say, the writer of the beautiful poem; the artist who paints a fine picture; the great teacher, touch so many more lives than those whose only sphere of influence is the home and the small home circle. Granted. But do not forget to compare also the depth of this influence. How often does a picture, however wonderful; a poem, however inspired; a teaching, however splendid, really affect a life as deeply and powerfully as some other life intimately connected with it does?

Surely it is logical that the value of any influence is equal to the product of its depth and breadth. And if the breadth of the conspicuous kind of influence is vastly greater, its depth is vastly less. If the breadth of the humble kind of influence is infinitely less, its depth is infinitely greater so that the product in either case is much the same.

To be lovable, is as great a gift as the power to write.

To master the fine art of living, is as great a triumph as to paint a wonderful picture.

To be necessary to the happiness of those about you, is as great an accomplishment as to be necessary to some great undertaking.

If there is power in you—if you have "a finely touched" spirit—never fear lest a repressive situation shall prevent it from great results.

That's no more possible than for a river to stop flowing. It may flow "like that river of which Alexander broke the strength, in channels which have no great name on earth," but it must and will flow, and since such energy is undying, flow on forever.

Ruth Cameron

What Ails You?

Do you feel weak, tired, despondent, have frequent headaches, coated tongue, bitter or bad taste in morning, "heart-burn," belching of gas, acid risings in throat after eating, stomach gnaw or burn, foul breath, dizzy spells, poor or variable appetite, nausea at times and kindred symptoms?

If you have any considerable number of the above symptoms you are suffering from biliousness, torpid liver with indigestion, or dyspepsia. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is made up of the most valuable medicinal principles known to medical science for the permanent cure of such abnormal conditions. It is a most efficient liver invigorator, stomach tonic, bowel regulator and nerve strengthener.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is not a patent medicine or secret nostrum, a full list of its ingredients being printed on its bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. A glance at these will show that it contains no alcohol, or harmful habit-forming drugs. It is a fluid extract made with pure, triple-refined glycerine, of proper strength, from the roots of native American medical, forest plants. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

MY FOE THE DOCTOR.

I do not love my doctor. No doubt I ought, but I simply can't. The man himself is all right; what I object to is the way he gets his living. It seems to me that he has inherited more than his share of original sin, and has added to it a discreditable amount of actual transgression.

My other foes—who are few—attack me when I am well and strong; but he, like a coward, goes for me when I am ill and unable to defend myself. His manners, too, are most offensive. He asks impertinent questions about the number of pipes I smoke, and makes uncalled-for remarks about the evil of whiskey, taken in what I consider strict moderation.

But he is not content with hurting my feelings in this way; he causes me physical pain as well. To ask a man to say "ninety-nine," and then catch him an unexpected blow under the fifth rib may be correct medical practice, but to me it seems very much like assault and battery.

That Night Bell.

I do not know if his conscience troubles him, but his practice certainly does. He never has a moment's peace. At all hours of the day he is called away from the bosom of his family and he cannot even dine out or visit the theatre without making arangements with a neighbouring doctor to attend to his calls. He cannot be sure of even passing the night in quietness. Just as he is dreaming sweetly of a blissful land where sickness never ceases and ailments have no end, a ring comes at the night bell and he descends in his pyjamas to find a young and inexperienced husband executing a frantic dance on the doorstep. He dresses in haste and trudges through the deserted streets only to find that it was a false alarm after all!

Often he is called to a distance in filthy weather to see a patient who proves to have nothing the matter with him, and is too poor to pay the fee that the doctor in his wrath would like to charge. Talking of charges I always let his bill wait six months, and in this I set an example of virtue to many of his patients who never pay at all. Nobody that I know has to wait so long for his "little account," and so often fails to get it in the long run, as my foe the doctor.

Then for his sins he is condemned to a life of hypocrisy and perjury that must make him quake if he ever thinks of his latter end. The very amenities of civilised society are not for him. If he tells a patient that he is glad to see him getting better, how can he expect to be believed? It stands to reason that a man cannot really be glad to see his means of livelihood taken away from him.

A Compulsory Hypocrite.

If he only says, "How do you do?" it seems as if he was touting for a job. If he is a truthful man, he must be longing to be honest and say, "I hope you are ill," or "I am sorry to see you looking so well." But he dare not be honest. He must play the hypocrite, however much his conscience—if he has one—may torture him.

Fortune is ever against him. He is always between the devil and the deep sea. If the public health is good, he starves. If sickness abounds, he hourly runs the risk of catching some unpleasant complaint. It is often supposed that doctors are immune from disease, but the reverse is the truth. No class of the community is so often the subject of infection as the medical profession.

The doctor who has to feel the pulse and listen at the chest of a small-pox patient, or examine the throat of a coughing child with diphtheria, stands an uncommonly good chance of catching it himself; and statistics show that he very often succeeds. During one period of twenty-five years, out of a thousand doctors attached to fever hospitals, over five hundred died. The death rate from influenza is higher among doctors than among any other class of the community.

Yes, my foe the doctor dies! He pays the penalty of his sins. He dies; and I feel that I am revenged.—The Watch Dog.

Whooping Cough

CROUP ASTHMA COUGHS
BRONCHITIS CATARRH COLDS

Vapo-Cresolene

ESTABLISHED 1879

A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchial troubles, avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves croup at once. It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma. The air rendered strongly antiseptic, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. It is invaluable to mothers with young children.

Send us postal for descriptive booklet. 369

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Vapo Cresolene Co.
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MONTREAL

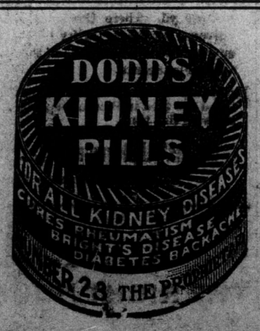
Holy Name Society.

CATHEDRAL PARISH.

The members of the Holy Name Society and their friends continued their annual Triduum on the evenings of Thursday and Friday last in the Chapthedral Square. Although the storm continued in its fury, large gatherings attended each evening. It was thought that the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Roche would lecture on Thursday evening, but we have learned since that the rev. gentleman was suffering from a cold, which was the cause of his absence. But we are glad to say he is much better. The lecturer then on Thursday evening was Rev. Dr. Greene. His discourse was very instructive and was listened to with the strictest attention. His coming amongst us only goes to prove he is one of the many admirers of the Holy Name Society, and is always ready when called upon to do all in his power to further the interests of our institution. On Friday evening we were delighted to hear another good, powerful and very instructive lecture from the Rev. Fr. McDermott on "The wisdom of King Solomon." No doubt his kindness in coming amongst us will be long remembered by the members, and they feel very grateful to him and wish him many happy years to labor in the vineyard of his Divine Master. On Saturday evening the members attended confession, and on Sunday morning (the Feast of the Holy Name) approached Holy Communion in processional order, numbering about 200. Oh, what a grand sight to witness! This large procession headed by its grand banner, followed by scores of men, some of whom advanced in years, also boys of tender ages, all paying homage, respect and veneration to their Creator in the holy and adorable Sacrament of the Altar. May we not hope that during the present year our ranks will swell, so that our Society will be one of the grandest Catholic societies in our little island home.

On Sunday a joint meeting was held in the Cathedral. About 400 were present, including the members of St. Patrick's branch, who were invited down for the occasion. At 2.30 His Grace the Archbishop ascended the pulpit and delivered a very eloquent and instructive sermon on the "Holy Name of Jesus." In the course of his sermon he made special mention of how the Holy Name is blasphemed by people throughout the world, and to some extent in our own little city; and he warned parents and guardians of children to teach them to love, respect and venerate that sacred name. He also said that it was the duty of the Holy Name Society, as far as was in their power, to admonish any one guilty of disrespect to this great name. After the sermon was over, His Grace, vested in cope, mitre and crozier, assisted by Revs. Frs. Sheehan and Pippy, preceded by thurifier, acolytes and torchbearers, wended their way to the High Altar, where he imparted Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The singing of the Holy Name choir, led by Mr. John Slattery, was remarkably good, and great credit is due him for the great success it has attained. After Benediction was over, all joined in the singing of the Holy Name hymn, bringing to a close one of the grandest meetings ever held in the history of the Holy Name Society.

The members will bear in mind that their regular monthly meeting takes place next Sunday, at 2.30 p.m. All are requested to attend. J.J.W.



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We Show Models For Men, Women and Children.

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Women's Storm Boots ..... $2.25, $2.50 to $3.75
Children's Storm Boots $2.00, $2.50, $2.75

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S. B. KESNER, - - Proprietor

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