

The close of the Industrial Conference finite move forward these conferences in November, 1909, its immediate result the Irish National In subsequent years Dublin, Limerick, and Ireland to hold a gathering within the year at the end of the year, we were invited to send delegates to in 1909, it was the adhesion of the city of the North the efforts which to promote the per Irish industries. East and West are in earnest in production and commerce, with the result of an increase to find an outlet for the Irish goods. Without going into details of Irish trade figures for the published by the of Agriculture:

1904 . . . £34,140
1905 . . . 35,450
1906 . . . 37,611
1907 . . . 61,617

The industrial has been brought to notice by these annual does not owe its vitality periods of thirty years spanned been made to inculc of the duty of the man to support his but the success and of the present movement traced to the bi League.

TRADE MARK In the political continuously been ing, translated into has won reform and maintains an unbroken eighty members in dependent. In this Irish firm, other for ed. Ever since the sixteen years ago group of men start for the restoration language to its pre national life, there ing on the nation two-fold price: man, content to see mark of a nation, is for ever, and am I for my country if I real preference to be true? The nation being thus affected, of supply and demand bring about the increase of Irish goods. With technical instruction, the movement as important the industrial revival tribulation as well as production of agriculture co-operation has profited; but perhaps the factor has been the Irish National Outside Ireland there are as yet unaware Still more to whom familiar now that Irish firms are using grasped the fact that only country in the owns a legally registered Mark applicable to the Registered on Decree under the provisions Trade Mark gives an affixed is of Irish Industrial Development, which is now recognized as the Board of Trade. It instituted a number prosecutions against other firms for endeavoring to pass off spurious articles. In this way a stop has been put to the French-made crochets off as Irish lace, and as for Yorkshire, the activities of this have not been limited Court is prosecuting has been exerted in reaching directions.

PREFERENCE TO A British firm endeavoring as a trade mark word Staint. After proceedings on this advanced by the Irish that the use of the would suggest an Irish would be likely to in chasers. In another association secured the registration of a shirt trade mark by the Irish there have been obtained recognition by the O that the national national emblems are

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is not sold as a Cure for Consumption but for affections tributary to, and that result in, that disease. It combines all the lung healing virtues of the Norway pine with other absorbent, expectorant and nothing medicines of recognized worth, and is absolutely harmless, prompt and sure. So great has been the success of this wonderful remedy, it is only natural that numerous persons have tried to imitate it. Don't be humbugged into taking anything but "Dr. Wood's." Put up in a yellow wrapper; three pence; the trade mark price 25 cents.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

CONDUCTED BY
AUNT BETTY

A Passport.

My mother taught my childish lips to say
Whose child I was and where my dwelling-place,
To tell, she said, to the first friendly face
If ever I should chance to go astray
And once, when I had wandered far away
And could no more my truant steps retrace.

Back to my longing mother's warm embrace
One led me by that clue at close of day.
We must be children once again, saith He
Whose Word is life's high law; so, when I roam

Out of the narrow way and stand in need,
Lost I be lost forever, I will plead:
"My mother's name is Mary, and my home
Is where she lives, in Heaven, and looks for me."
—Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.

Tom's Eyes.

Tom Denton was just getting well from an attack of the measles. He wanted to get up and play with the other boys, and the doctor had said that he must lie still in a dark room for another day or two.

"Much he knows about how a fellow feels!" grumbled Tom to himself. "A little light won't hurt anybody, and I am going to read my new book if I can't do anything else."

Tom pushed open the blinds and read until Nora came in with his supper. "To-morrow I shall get up and have a good time," he thought. "I'm not going to lie here forever."

That night Tom woke up with a sharp pain in his eyes. They had never ached so before, and he screamed for his mother.

She bathed them in cold water, but they still hurt so much that the doctor had to be sent for.

"You'll know enough to obey orders next time, won't you?" he asked, when he heard what Tom had been doing. "You'll have to keep those eyes of your bandaged for several days yet if you want to get rid of that pain. It's lucky for you you don't use tobacco, or your eyes would be a great deal worse."

Tom looked pretty sober. "Miss Gray told us all these things in the physiology class," he said, presently. "But we boys thought she was trying to scare us; maybe she wasn't though."

"No, indeed," said the doctor. "She was telling you the truth, and you'd better be thankful you've found it out in time. If I'd known as much at your age about the care of my eyes, I shouldn't be wearing spectacles. I can tell you. You just tell the boys that."

When Tom went back to school the physiology class was having a review lesson on the eyes, and his hand was the first to come up when Miss Gray asked who could tell some of the ways in which the eyes may be hurt:

1. It hurts the eyes to look at the sun or at any bright light, or to try to see in a poor light.
2. It strains the eyes to read when one is lying down, or riding in the cars or a wagon.
3. It is bad for the eyes to use them much when one is sick or not feeling well.
4. Tobacco hurts the eyes, and sometimes makes people lose their eyesight.

Brave Little Leo.

Leo was in bed. He had said his prayers, then he had asked his mother to turn down the light. Leo was a very lion to face all outside foes. He was not so brave when face to face with the little knight of right within him. That was what mother called his conscience—the little knight of right. Mother knew what it meant when Leo asked to have the light turned out; she sat down on the bed, and took Leo's hand and said in a tender, encouraging way, "Tell mother all about it."

Leo lay very still for some minutes, then he burst out in a boy's way right in the middle of the story:

her—I did, too, mother—and she tried to squirm through a picket fence an' got caught an' couldn't get through or back, either, an' all the boys yelled—an' that very minute the East Enders fired on me from over the wall, an' we had a reg'lar fight, an' drove 'em all the way back, just like the minute-men that time at Lexington.

Then it was dark, an' I came home from the corner alone. An' along in the pine woods—this is true, mother, 'tis, I saw it with my own eyes—I saw that kit's face in the dark, in the air—an' lots of other kittens' faces, the dark was full of them, an' all the eyes looked at me, so beggin'-like, I was so sorry—an' a little bit afraid, too—an' I just started an' run.

"Did you leave the kitten faces behind you when you ran home?" asked the mother.

"I didn't run home—I ran back the road where we snowballed the kit, an' there she was, stuck fast in the fence, an' mewin' just awful an' I got her out an' brought her home, an' an'—she's down in the kitchen now!"

The little brown fingers squirmed around mother's as he went on doubtfully. "An' you will say yes, won't you, mother? I couldn't help it—I really couldn't, mother—an' we've only three other kits, you know—only three others, mother!"

Mother lifted the little brown fist and kissed it. "We will take care of her somehow," she said.

Leo was very still for the next minute or two, then he suddenly asked:

"But the faces, mother, the kittens' faces, in the dark—how came they there? Such a many kits' faces—an' such eyes!"

Mother kissed Leo again, this time on his red lips, as she replied: "Perhaps it was the doing of the little knight of right!"—Little Men and Women.

When Polly Waited.

"I think I'll wait outside, if you don't mind, Aunt Edith. Mrs. Nolan's room is so hot and stuffy, and she talks so much about her ailments that it makes me feel sort of queer," said Polly Primrose, with a little tilt to her small nose.

"Very well, my dear," Aunt Edith replied, as she disappeared within the dark, musty interior of the old tenement house.

Her niece lingered a moment on the doorstep, worn with the tread of many feet, she bestowed suspicious glances at the Switzerland twins wrangling over a half-decayed banana, at two slatternly women talking loudly to one another from upstairs windows. Then the little girl stepped carefully along over some broken planks and seated herself upon the stump of a tree near an angle of the tenement. The girl belonging to the stump had just been cut down, and still lay, a green, leafy mass: it was a locust tree, crowned with early blossoms, and the honey-sweet blossoms were humbly trying to do their last mission of filling the air with their fragrance. But the dainty petals were withering, their white edges fast turning to dull brown. Somehow Polly's heart was touched.

"That locust tree was the only nice thing about this horrid old tenement!" she said to herself. "It's a pity it had to be cut down. I heard a man say something about its branches breaking one of the upstairs windows if a hard wind should come. I wonder—here Polly's tone was very thoughtful—"I wonder if anybody here will miss it?"

Now it so happened that there was one person at least in the big tenement who was keenly sorry to lose the tree. Up in the second story, Billy Crane lay on a lounge with a worn and shabby coverlet and lumpy springs. To cripple Billy, just recovering from a long illness, that locust tree had been a wonderful, given world in which the sunlight played merry games of hide-and-seek, where wild flower tassels swung in the breeze and birds came to perch and sing. And in looking and listening to all these surroundings, Billy forgot the disagreeable surroundings of the tenement house—the evil odors, the gloom and dirt, the drunken men, wrangling women and quarreling children.

Now when he looked from the window there was nothing to shut out the dirty, dingy court below and the saloon across the way, where hour after hour men slunk in and staggered out.

boy's plaintive inquiry. But the whirring of the sewing machine drowned the mother's reply, if indeed she made any; poor Mrs. Crane was almost too busy to talk.

But downstairs on the pale yellow circle of the locust stump Polly Primrose had heard the lad's shrill-voiced question:

Vacation! Strange that anybody didn't know the meaning of that word! Certainly Polly knew. To her it was a word crammed full and brimming over with pleasant memories. Closing her eyes, she could see long stretches of warm, yellow sand gleaming in the sunlight; blue-green waves, clear as glass, leaping shoreward, tossing white foam around chubby feet and rosy ankles, and all the while there came the song of the sea and the sweet, strong, cool breeze!

Vacation! Why that word brought to mind, too, the days spent in the heart of the woodland, with the smell of pine and balsam and bruised ferns; the sight of squirrels and chipmunks, and now and then a shy deer, maybe, coming down to drink from the lake still rosy with the sunset glow. Camping out, boating, fishing, rowing, swimming, jolly good times all the while—yes, indeed, Polly Primrose knew the meaning of vacation!

But Billy Crane—"I don't suppose he's been anywhere only in that stuffy little room and this horrid court," said the girl soberly. "And now even his one nice, green tree is chopped down!"

Ever as she spoke she heard Billy's voice again, rising plaintively. "How long does it take a tree to grow, mother? Do you s'pose another will come up in the place of the one they cut down? And will it get as high as our window by next summer, do you think?"

Polly almost thought she heard a sob in the mother's voice as it replied: "I'm afraid not, dear. It takes a long time for trees to grow!" "I wonder if God would hurry it up a little if I were to ask him?"

Polly did not hear what the mother replied. But how she wished she might help in some way to give Billy Crane a bit of brightness! God made use of human hearts and human hands to carry out his plans. Perhaps she might help.

"Of course I can't make a tree grow fast," said Polly, quaintly, "but it's really more than that Billy needs. He ought to have more than one tree. How happy he'd be to see rows and rows of them—apple orchards, pine groves and willows bending by the river when he went fishing! I expect a crippled boy can fish just as well as a boy with whole legs. Yes, and Billy ought to know about dewy meadows, where you part the grasses and find ripe, red strawberries. That is what vacation means—a nice, big, fruity, flowery, birdy, outdoor time! And I guess Billy's mother would enjoy it, too."

Suddenly a beautiful thought leaped into her mind—the kind of thought that comes, not when one is thinking about one's self, but when one's heart is filled with loving desire for somebody else's comfort.

When Aunt Edith came down the rickety stairway the little girl quite forgot her long waiting with only a stump to sit on; nor did she curl up her nose the least mite at the odor of stuff clinging to her relative's garments; when one is thinking of splendid big things, one forgets little, mean, disagreeable things.

So, as rapidly as her lips could frame the words, Polly Primrose began to tell about crippled Billy and to unfold her beautiful plan. "Just think, he doesn't know what vacation means, auntie! O'wouldn't it be fine to have him learn! And I've thought of a way. There's Mrs. Martin—she and her husband have charge of papa's farm out at Brookdale, you know, auntie. Yesterday, when Mrs. Martin drove in with butter and eggs, I heard her tell mamma that she was quite discouraged because she couldn't find a woman to sew for her; there are six little Martins, and all of 'em growing fast, bursting off buttons and wearing out things. Mrs. Martin says she bought material for dresses, shirtwaists, trousers and so on, and she hasn't been able to touch them with scissors or needle, because having time is earlier this year, and she'll have lots of men to cook for. And oh, Aunt Edith, I think Billy's mother will be just the person to go out to the farm, and do that sewing! And Billy can go, too! What do you think?"

"I think you and I will do our very best to bring this nice thing to pass," said Aunt Edith, smiling, and then her face growing sweetly serious, she added: "And if we can, you'll feel yourself well repaid for coming to this old tenement, will you not, Polly dear?"

"Yes, indeed!" was Polly Primrose's cheery reply.

The Comet and the Slander.

Old Calumny Reappears With All its Former Vigor.

Tagged to the fiery tail of Halley's comet is a venerable slander on the Church to the effect that, on its appearance in 1456, Calixtus III promulgated a Papal Bill against it. Comet and slander always appear simultaneously. We wondered in what quarter of modern journalism the calumny would show itself during the present visit of the comet. What was our surprise to see it swim into our ken from the editorial page of the Scientific American for September 25!

Now a scientific paper ought not to leave its chosen domain of technical facts to chronicle ecclesiastical history; but, should it be tempted to do so, it should strive to maintain a scientific regard for truth in accordance with its character and purpose. The truth in the present case was not so hard to come at. The Nineteenth Century and After for September has an article by E. Vincent Howard, P.V.A.S., in which the editor of the Scientific American might have discovered the true story of the Pope and the comet.

The error of the editor of the Scientific American suggests some interesting reflections. The first is that he, in common with a large number of "enlightened moderns," never dreams of testing the veracity of an absurd story in which the Church plays a ridiculous part. He takes it for granted that the history of the Church is on its face a collection of absurdities, in which intelligence and enlightenment are altogether absent. If a single instance of the Church's ignorance and superstition is of doubtful value, there is no particular reason for rejecting or investigating it. If it is not true, it is at least ben trovato. It is veracious by implication. It fits in with the general character for puerile nonsense which the Catholic Church possesses in the eyes of "progressive scientific men."

This is our first reflection, and it bears rather grievously upon the editor of a paper who, we suppose, does not care to alienate that section of his readers who happen to profess and practice and regard with sensitive reverence the teachings of the great Church which he so gratuitously slanders.

Our second reflection is more general. Had Pope Calixtus III paid less regard to the ipse dixit of the astronomers of his day, he would not have afforded even a remote occasion for the derision which later scientific writers have heaped upon him. And yet modern scientists are forever girding at the Church for her reactionary and obscurantist policies, because, forsooth, she does not embrace unreservedly every theory that contemporary science proposes with dogmatic vehemence. It is an interesting day-dream to sit back and conjecture how many of the Popes since Calixtus III would be furnishing grounds for "scientific" laughter a century or two after they had passed away, if they had been prone to act upon all the alleged discoveries made by the wise men of science among their contemporaries. In such an event the catechism would take on the mutability of a scientific textbook. The latter is out of date in less than ten years after its publication. The real joke-books are not medieval Papal Bulls. If the editor of the Scientific American wants a good laugh we refer him to the scientific text-books of the past. We are afraid his sense of humor is not sufficiently developed to detect the amusing cocksureness about everything under heaven, which inspires and colors the scientific writings of the present.

Cardinal Logue Enters His Seventieth Year.

Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of Ireland, who recently celebrated his sixtieth birthday, was born in County Donegal in 1840, the year in which his present Cathedral at Armagh was begun. Before he was yet a priest he filled the chairs of Theology and Belles Letters in the Irish College, Paris, where he was ordained in 1866. Returning to his native diocese of Raphoe in 1874, he was consecrated its bishop five years later. The chair of St. Eunan in the early eighties was no mere seat of "learned leisure" for its occupant, and for his flock in famine times he collected in one year close on \$150,000. The parish priests of Armagh chose him as Co-adjutor to his Primate in 1887, and he became, a year later, Archbishop and Primate of All Ireland; his elevation to the Cardinalate in 1893 was a dignity never before attained in the line of 108 Primates from St. Patrick. Like Cardinal Vaughan, who received the Red Hat at the same Consistory, and who had the Irish Cardinal at his side at the laying of the corner-stone of Westminster Cathedral, he has labored strenuously for his own Cathedral, the memorable consecration of which took place in the presence of the Papal Legate in July, 1904. His Eminence is D.D., of Oxford University.

Wise mothers who know the virtues of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator always have it at hand, because it proves its value.

NEWFOUNDLAND PAYS TRIBUTE

To the Grand Work Dodd's Kidney Pills are Doing.

Fishermen Regard Them as a Boon to Mankind—Mr. Frank Banfield Tells How They Cured His Backache.

Garnish, Fortune Bay, Nfld., Nov. 1.—(Special).—Among the fishermen here, who through exposure to wet and cold, are subject to those pains and aches which come from diseased kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills are looked upon as a positive boon to mankind. They are never tired of telling how their Backaches and their Rheumatism vanish before the great Kidney remedy.

Among others Mr. Frank Banfield, after years of suffering, has found relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills, and here is what he is telling his friends: "I find Dodd's Kidney Pills the best medicine for Backache I have ever used. I only used two boxes and they cured me of Backache I had had for five years. It started through a strain. My father's back also bothered him, and he got some relief from one pill I gave him. They were too precious to give him more. All persons suffering from Backache should use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Why do Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Backache? Simply because Backache is Kidney ache, and Dodd's Kidney Pills positively cure all Kidney aches and ills. This has been proved in thousands of cases in Canada. If you haven't used them yourself ask your neighbors.

Protestant Legacy

Is Bequeathed to the Papal Secretary of State.

A press despatch from Rome says: Few people are aware that Protestant blood flows in the veins of the Cardinal Secretary of State, Merry del Val, and that Protestant money has just been inherited by him.

His grandmother, a Miss Wilcox, who married Senor Zaluteta, then Secretary of the Spanish embassy in London, and whose daughter is Cardinal Merry del Val's mother, came of a North-of-Ireland family, connected with the founders of the P. & O. Steamship Company. They were of the most orthodox Orange principles, and though she was led through the English Tractarian movement eventually to join the Church of Rome, the rest of her family remained unshaken in their Low church beliefs, regarding to the last their distinguished relative, the cardinal, with a mixture of pride and regret.

The Cardinal himself appreciated the sterling goodness and loyalty to their religion of his relatives, and when he went to London—sent by Leo XIII. on an official mission—suggested humorously that perhaps they would rather he should not come and see them, as he was fresh from the atmosphere of the Pope of Rome, whom they thought so alarming. The two sisters of Senor Zaluteta have now died and a portion of their wealth, which was considerable, passes to Cardinal Merry del Val, among other relatives.

Trials are inexpensive.—To those who suffer from dyspepsia, indigestion, rheumatism or any ailment arising from derangement of the digestive system, a trial of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is recommended, should the sufferer be unacquainted with them. The trial will be inexpensive and the result will be another customer for this excellent medicine. So effective is their action that many cures can certainly be traced to their use where other pills have proved ineffective.

Archbishop a Reformer.

The Archbishop of Montreal, Mgr. Bruchesi, is only forty-two years of age, and is twelve years Archbishop. On his appointment he threw himself vigorously into all civic and social reforms. Calling together all the Montreal journalists, Protestants as well as Catholics, he urged them to labor earnestly with him for the discrediting of yellow journalism, the purification of the stage and the suppression of vice.—New World.

These Pills Cure Rheumatism.—To the many who suffer from rheumatism, a trial of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is recommended. They have pronounced action upon the liver and kidneys and by regulating the action of these organs act as an alternative in preventing the mixture of uric acid and blood that causes this painful disorder. They must be taken according to directions and used steadily and they will speedily give evidence of their beneficial effects.

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The PEDLAR People
about better ceilings. Tells of two thousand designs for every sort of structure from a cathedral to a warehouse—proves why our ceilings cost less. Get the book. Ask our nearest office.



PUBLIC Notice is hereby given that under the First Part of chapter 79 of the Revised Statutes of Canada, 1906, known as "The Companies Act," letters patent have been issued under the Seal of the Secretary of State of Canada, bearing date the 20th day of October, 1909, incorporating Everett Hughes, Snedeker, broker; Forest Hughes, accountant; Frederick Van Gilder, agent; Joseph Garfield Bowles, clerk; and Louis Adhemar Rivet, King's Counsel and Member of Parliament, all of the City of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec, for the following purposes, viz:—(a) To promote, organize, manage or undertake, or to assist in the promotion, organization, management or development of any corporation, company, syndicate, enterprise or undertaking and to do all acts necessary or incidental thereto; (b) To dispose of on subscription, call or otherwise, and to hold, purchase, debentures and other securities of other companies; (c) To acquire the good-will, right, property, assets of all kinds, and undertake the whole or any part of the liabilities of any person, firm, association, corporation or company carrying on a business similar in whole or in part to that of this company on such terms and conditions as may be agreed upon, and to pay for the same in cash, shares, bonds, debentures or other securities of this company or otherwise; (d) To apply for, purchase, or otherwise acquire and to hold, use, assign, or otherwise dispose of, and to turn to account any inventions, improvements and processes used in connection therewith; (e) To aid in any manner any corporation, company or person whose shares, bonds or obligations are held or in any manner guaranteed or represented by the company, or to do any other acts or things for the preservation, protection, improvement, enhancement of the value of said shares, bonds, debentures; (f) To make and issue promissory notes and bills of exchange; (g) To subscribe for, underwrite, buy, sell, exchange, hold, hypothecate or otherwise deal in the stock, bonds, debentures and other securities of any municipal, industrial, or financial corporation or company, notwithstanding the provisions of section 44 of the said Act; (h) To act as agents and brokers for the investment, loan, payment, transmission and collection of money; (i) To sell, lease or otherwise dispose of the property and undertaking of the company or any part thereof, for such consideration as the company may think fit, and in particular for shares, debentures, bonds or securities of any company, and to secure and guarantee shares, bonds, debentures, or other securities or obligations of other corporations or companies or individuals. The operations of the company to be carried on throughout the Dominion of Canada and elsewhere by the name of "Canadian Investments, Limited," with a capital stock of twenty thousand dollars, divided into 800 shares of twenty-five dollars, and the chief place of business of the said company to be at the City of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec.

Dated at the office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this 22nd day of October, 1909.
(Signed) THOMAS MULVAGH,
Under Secretary of State.

JOHN A. SULLIVAN,
Attorney for Applicants.

When Holloway's Corn Cure is applied to a corn or wart it kills the roots and the callosity comes out without injury to the flesh.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Is A Remedy Without An Equal For COUGHS, COLDS, And All Affections Of The THROAT AND LUNGS.

Coughs and Colds do not call for a minute recital of symptoms as they are known to everyone, but their dangers are not understood so well. All the most serious affections of the throat, the lungs and the bronchial tubes, are in the beginning, but coughs and colds.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the admonition to all persons affected by the insidious earlier stages of throat and lung disease, as failure to take hold at once will cause many years of suffering, and in the end that terrible scourge of "Consumption."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is not sold as a Cure for Consumption but for affections tributary to, and that result in, that disease. It combines all the lung healing virtues of the Norway pine with other absorbent, expectorant and nothing medicines of recognized worth, and is absolutely harmless, prompt and sure. So great has been the success of this wonderful remedy, it is only natural that numerous persons have tried to imitate it. Don't be humbugged into taking anything but "Dr. Wood's." Put up in a yellow wrapper; three pence; the trade mark price 25 cents.

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