

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 13, 1914

REMEMBER T. BEATTIE & CO'S GREAT SALE.

SUMMER GOODS MUST BE CLEARED OUT

BEST GOODS SELLING AT LOW PRICES.

T. BEATTIE & CO., DUNDAS STREET.

HUMOROUS.

A firm advertiser "raw silk stockings" good grations, who wants them cooked?

"My wedding trips," said the groom, as he stumbled over the bride's train.

Jenny Lind married purely for love. It was her husband who was Goldschmidt.

"Please pass the butter," as a man remarked when he sent his goat by rail.

An old lady with several unmarried daughters fed them on fish diet because it is rich in phosphorus, and phosphorus is the essential thing in making matches.

Grace: "I am going to see Clara to-day; have you any message?" Charlotte: "I wonder how you can visit that dreadful girl. Give her my love."

"Hark! I hear an angel sing," sang a young man in an outside township school exhibition. "No, tant," shouted an old farmer in one of the back seats; "his's my old mule that's hitched outside!" The young man broke down and quit.

A little girl went timidly into a store at Belleville, O., the other morning and asked the clerk how many show-trings she could get for five cents.

"How long did you want them?" he asked. "I want them to keep," was the answer, in a tone of slight surprise.

Old lady to taxidermist: "You can see for yourself, man. You only stuffed my poor parrot last spring, and here are his feathers tumbling out before your eyes."

Taxidermist: "Bless ye, 'n that's the triumph of the art. We stuff 'em that natural, that they moult in their proper season."

"Comparisons are odious," The major (rocking Nelly on his knee, for Aunt Mary's sake): "I suppose that is what you like. Nelly?" Nelly: "Yes, it's very nice. But I rode a real donkey yesterday—I mean one with four legs, you know."

At a theatre in Dublin a gentleman requested a man in front of him to sit down, adding sarcastically: "I suppose you are not aware, sir, that you are not opaque."

"I shall sit down when it suits me," was the response; "and if you want to handle my name, mind it's not O'ake at all, but O'Brien."

At the close of a lecture in Nottinghamshire Mr. Bradlaugh challenged any one present to reply to his argument. A collier arose and said: "Maister Bradlaugh, me and my mate Jim were both Methodists till one of these infidel chap's came to us. Jim turned infidel, and used to badger me about attending prayer meetings; but one day he was killed—and ah mon! but he did holler and cry to God." Then turning to Mr. Bradlaugh—with a knowing look—he said: "Young man, there's nowt like coils of coal for knocking infidelity out of a man!"

An Irish nobleman, riding along a country road in Ireland, saw a very fat boy dozing by the roadside. "Which way is it to Mac-on, my lad?" asked the nobleman. "That way," replied the boy, lazily moving the toe of his boot in the direction of the place. Astonished at his extreme laziness, my lord dismounted.

"Boy," said he, "if you can show me a lazier act than that I will give you a half a crown." The boy eyed him speculatively for a moment, and turning half over on his side, muttered: "Put it in my pocket, sor." He got his half-crown.

A clergyman in Pittsburg lately married a lady with whom he received the substantial dowry of \$10,000 and a fair pig for more. Soon afterwards, while spect occupying the pulpit, he gave out a hymn, read the first four stanzas and was reading the fifth:

Forever let my grateful heart, His boundless grace adore—when he hesitated, and exclaimed, "Aleni! The choir will omit the fifth verse," and sit down. The congregation, attracted by his apparent confusion, read the remaining lines:

Which gives ten thousand blessings now, And bids me hope for more.

He was saying as he struck a lucifer on the side of the house, "I like these houses with sanded paint; nice when you want to strike a match, you know."

"Is that so?" she asked demurely; "I wish I lived in a house with sanded paint!"—and then she looked things unutterable. If he had asked: "What for did he? he took the hint and the match was struck then and there."

Not everybody can give a compliment. Tact is ability not only to say the right thing, but also to say it at the right time and in the right way. A gentleman lately met his fate in the zoological garden.

His fate was in the shape of a beautiful young lady who was not at all adverse to the possibilities of the future. She was not unwilling to spend the money of any eligible person who presented himself in the role of a husband. "Ah, my dear Adele!" he said, as the two gazed at wild animals of the menagerie, "wherever I meet you, I find the place." Whether he meant that she had qualities of character superior to those of the lamb from Tar-

tary, or other qualities resembling those of the tiger from Bengal, she did not stop to think. He went home, however, at a somewhat rapid pace, and with a sort of crushed feeling at the heart which makes it impossible for him to be happy.

THE OBSERVE OF THE MEDDLE When a pugilistic peeler isn't peeling— Isn't peeling. To take some tipsy toper into quod— Into quod. The way in which he's apt to show his feeling. Creates remark as being mighty odd. He sidles up a narrow little alley, Little alley, And leans and sleeps a-standing in the sun— In the sun.

When 'tisn't necessary for to rally— For to rally. The policeman's lot is quite a Nappy one— Nappy one!

Two women have started a barber shop in Washington. We saw one woman start a barber shop once. She came in with a cowhide in her hand and said she was going to horsewhip the man who had been talking about her; and eight men with towels under their chins and lather on their faces, hustled out of the chairs and started for the back door on the run.

He Demonstrated the Difference.

A smart young man asked a gentleman from Cape Cod: "What's the difference between you and a clam?" thinking that the Cape Codger would say that he didn't know, and then the young man would pity him for not being able to see any difference between himself and a clam; but the thing didn't work. The Codger took the young man and brushed a path across the street with him, and then, after crowding him into an empty fish-larder, and yanking him out again, said: "A clam wouldn't be playing with you this way. That's the difference 'twixt me and a clam." The young man had no more questions to ask.—Harvard Courier.

THE CHURCH OF THE MASSES.

Now and then, amid the tornado of talk with which the ears of the groundlings are split, in the churches and chapels and meeting-houses of our city every Sunday, a startling truth makes itself felt. Such was the case last Sunday. It is said, two hundred and fifty thousand people. Suppose forty thousand are under Catholic influence, and say fifteen thousand gather in the Protestant churches, there are still nearly two hundred thousand people that are outside of all religious organizations. That is, a Catholic live, move, and have their being in this city; reliable statistics warrant us in the supposition. Moreover, there are very many others who come under Catholic influence, and if so, doubtless they profit by that influence; it cannot be otherwise.

The preacher goes on to tell us what he considers Catholic influence to be.

"The reaction of Puritanism from the magnificent church architecture of the Catholic Church, resulted in erecting the most uncouth structures that the human mind ever devised for the worship of God, destined alike of beauty and of comfort. Then, as if to deprive the worshiper of all possible help from the surrounding scene, they banished entirely the idea of a sanctuary, and called their barn-like building a 'meeting house' that otherwise it might have been called 'Folger'."

Why will Protestants persist in looking only at the outside of the cup and platter? Is the architecture employed by the Catholic church in this city of such a magnificent character as to influence their children? We know not. We would wish the preacher to accompany us to some of our poorer little Churches; to glance at the bare, whitewashed walls, picked out with maritistic wood-outs of the stations of the cross, to witness the devotion of the humble, but devout and awe-struck congregation, watching their priest, yet poorer than themselves, sacrificing at the sanctified altar—there, in youths almost threadbare.

The preacher follows with a damning admission: "Large congregations in the Protestant churches are the exception, not the rule. The count of the audiences on a certain day, a little more than a year and a half ago, showed that in more than one hundred Protestant churches the average of the congregations at the morning service was a little more than one hundred, while the average, in sixteen of the largest churches was a little more than two hundred. According to the statement there were about 12,500 in all the Protestant churches on that morning, while the estimate for the Catholic churches was 40,000."

"I have been told that these estimates were disputed at the time, but I think they were so nearly accurate as to show in general the real condition of the churches. Such counts or estimates would show different results in different places, but still it is true that our Protestant churches have to an alarming extent lost the love and the respect of the masses of our population, and hence the gospel is not preached to the poor."

We will not dispute the estimates as taken at one mass. At the Cathedral alone six masses are said every Sunday, at which large congregations assist. Therefore, we are within limits if we double the estimate of the Catholic congregations given above. Again we will not dispute that the Protestant churches have lost the love and respect of the masses of our population; but we very much question if the masses ever felt that love and respect. Protestant preaching is a profession, a livelihood; the Catholic priesthood is a divine vocation, a lifelong sacrifice, the reward for which is not of this world. The Church of the masses, the Church of the poor, the weak and the suffering; over such it watches from the cradle to the grave, with a true and motherly care.

The aroma of the tobacco leaf is so completely conserved in the manufacture of 'Myrtle Navy,' that age has no effect in diminishing it; even after the plug has been kept for years it gives out its full flavor under the comb of the pipe, and the most exquisite smoke which tobacco can be made to give. Age too hardens the structure of the plug and gives to the tobacco, when cut, that almost granular appearance in which all connoisseurs delight

STANDARD CHOPPING MILLS. WATERPROOF ENGINE WORKS CO., BRANTFORD. PORTABLE SAW MILLS! GRIST MILLS! FARM ENGINES

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BALDNESS, GREYNESS, DANDUFF, HAIR-FALLING. LONDON EAST PLUMBING & SHEET METAL WORKS.

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