

himself useless, would take renewed courage to lead his life of loneliness, of self-denial, of piety.

He would do well to remember the story of St. Francis, who one day said to a young monk: "Let us go down to the town and preach." So they emerged from their monastery, walked demurely through the city and returned home. Arrived at the door, the young monk exclaimed:

"Father, I thought you said that we were to preach in the town?"

"And did we not do so?" replied St. Francis.

"Did not the sight of us and of our holy habit remind the people who saw us of God, of the shortness of life, of the vanity of riches, of the necessity of penance, and of the joy of Heaven for which we have given up all that the world holds dear?"

And isn't the example of a good priest a sermon day and night to all who know him? And does not the thought of him strengthen the strong in well doing and often succumb the weak to resist their evil inclinations?—Catholic Columbian.

# FATHER DAMIEN, HERO.

A FITTING TRIBUTE TO ONE WHO WILLINGLY GAVE UP HIS LIFE FOR HIS FELLOW MEN.

Nicholas Senn, M. D.

"Nothing is more delightful than the light of truth."—Cicero.

There are heroes and heroines, men and women, who in times of danger do not hesitate to sacrifice their lives in attempts to save others. Heroism consists in acts of selflessness and courage of the highest type, under conditions of impending danger, or calling for a degree of self-sacrifice from which the average mortal instinctively shrinks. Untimely death and self-imposed deprivations of the comforts of life for the benefit of others who are in danger of disease exact from heroes the highest and noblest qualities of man—undaunted courage, unselfish charity and unconquerable love, and boundless humanity toward mankind. Such a combination of the highest virtues is, indeed, rare, and when found entitles the hero to profound respect, highest admiration and permanent gratitude of all nations, and more especially the one benefited by his sacrifices. The world looks to the battlefield as the arena for the exhibition of heroism in its truest, grandest and noblest sense. Military heroism has from time immemorial been immortalized in song and prose. Heroism in war signifies courage and patriotism, but lacks humanity and the greatest of all virtues, charity. The soldier knows that his bravery will be recognized, and that in the event of his survival he may confidently expect that a grateful nation will reward him for his valiant services.

Sudden, painless death in the heat and tumult of battle is, in itself, an honor, a sufficient inducement for many to seek it when imbued with the justness of the cause for which they fight; and stimulated by the fire of a burning patriotism. Heroism in the excitement and glories of war, brings out the best attributes of man. Heroism rendered at the altar of humanity, with no expectation of reward or reward, among the sick and dying, under conditions attended by vastly more danger to life and health than the risks of war gives testimony of the highest type of a hero or heroine.

Such a hero was Father Damien, the subject of this sketch. During his life devoted to the welfare of exiled lepers, his motives were often misunderstood, his noble soul experienced many a pang and when he was maligned, as was not infrequently the case. We can say of him:

"His glory comes too late when paid only to our ashes."—Martialis.

Father Damien is no stranger to the medical profession. His heroic labors among the banished, maimed and disfigured lepers of Molokai, and his glorious death from the disease he fought so courageously, have made him a hero in the estimation of the medical profession and in the eyes of the entire world—a hero whose name will live long after he has been forgotten and from which he died will have become a legend. As a humanitarian his memory will go down to the future side by side with that of Henri Dunant: as the leper hero, it will never die. The whole life of Father Damien from the cradle to the grave was an exemplary one, and his work was characterized by unselfishness and an ardent devotion to his manifold and trying duties. How it was possible that statements to the contrary could have been made during his lifetime is a mystery that admits of only one explanation—he, like other men, had enemies whose envy was aroused by the marvelous success in everything he attempted. His entire career as a priest and friend of the lepers breathes a spirit of true, earnest Christianity which those who knew him best never questioned. The malicious attack of his character were made by men who were too cowardly to visit the leper settlement and observe his work among the thousands of unfortunate whose pains he soothed and to whose spiritual needs he ministered with an unparalleled zeal and untiring devotion, whose dying he consoled, and whose dead he buried in coffins and graves often made by his own hands. As a true minister of the gospel, he served his God and leprosy-stricken congregation with a devotion and faithfulness that knew no limits, by day and night, in sunshine and storm.

Father Damien's story in the world was Joseph de Veunier. He was born at Tremelo, near Louvain, Belgium, Jan. 8, 1840. His parents were honest hard working, devout peasants, who raised a family of seven children, four of whom entered the service of the Church—his older brother, Pamphile, and two sisters. The earliest desire of his boyhood was to become a priest, in which vocation his older brother preceded him. The parents being poor, he struggled with the greatest difficulties to realize his desire. He finally entered the college of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, and entered holy orders at the age of nineteen. The splendid health which

he enjoyed throughout his long student life was gained during his boyhood days, spent in hard work on the farm. The cloister life made him abstemious, and exhibited an irresistible attraction for the rigors of austere penance. Early piety and a tender affection for his parents, as shown in all his letters, laid the foundation for a successful priestly career. When he entered the cloister he was the very embodiment of health, strength and activity. Endowed with great mental power and applying himself closely to his studies, his progress was rapid, and when he left the institution he was well prepared for his chosen life work. Although serious, he was not ascetic. In a letter to his parents during his theological studies, in commenting on the uncertainty of life, he says: "The thought of the uncertainty of tomorrow must, no doubt, cause bitter grief to a sinful soul; but for us, Christians or religious, who look on ourselves as exiles here below, and who long only for dissolution of our body that we may enter our true country, there is, it appears to me, only joy and blessedness in the thought that, each moment we get nearer to the last hours of our life."

His splendid health, his love for an abstemious life, and especially his burning desire to serve his Lord and his Church where he could accomplish the most, awakened in him during his early novitiate days an ardent desire to consecrate himself to missionary work in the Islands of the Pacific. I have no doubt but that this desire was often included in his daily prayers. The prayer was answered sooner than he possibly could expect. Mgr. Maigret, vicar apostolic of the Hawaiian Islands, made a request for his services. His brother, Pamphile, was selected, but took typhoid fever, and Damien begged to take his place. He was then only in minor orders, but the request was granted. What a source of pleasure it must have been for young Damien to learn that he was permitted to enter on work in one of the roughest of the Lord's vineyards so early in life! He made the long journey in a sailing vessel from Bremen to Honolulu around Cape Horn, and was ordained priest on his arrival. On foot and horseback, across mountains and valleys, from place to place, he brought to the natives the glad tidings of the gospel, and by his great modesty, genial manners and a willingness to assist them in their worldly affairs, soon won their confidence, respect and love. The name Kamalo, the Hawaiian for Damien, soon became a household word throughout the Islands. His first station as priest was in Hawaii Island, but it was destined that his life should be sacrificed in the spiritual and worldly betterment of the unfortunate inhabitants of the leper settlement. Before Father Damien came to the settlement the government, after establishing segregation, only concerned itself in the temporal well-being of the unfortunate outcasts. The many Protestant ministers in the Islands never dreamed of extending their work to where it was most needed. The Catholic Church, ever alert to enlarge its field of usefulness, and to reach the poor, miserable outcasts, and bring them within its fold, came to the rescue of the outcasts. Occasional visits to the settlement to render the much needed spiritual assistance were made by Father Raymond, Albert and Boniface from 1871 to 1873. A lay brother completed a little church in 1873. At a meeting of priests held at this time, Mani, presided over by the Bishop, it was decided to supply the settlement with a resident priest. The Bishop called for a volunteer. Every one of the three priests assembled was ready to serve.

Father Damien emphasized his claim for preference in the following brief, forcible speech: "My Lord, remembering that I was placed under the pall of my religious profession, and thereby to learn that voluntary death is the beginning of a new life, here I come to bury myself alive among these unfortunate people, several of whom are personally known to me." Such language could not fail in securing for him the cherished position. He sailed directly for the settlement, where he landed May 10, 1873, penniless, and even without a change of linen. The only available shelter he found to protect him from rain and the burning rays of the sun was a hospitable pandanus tree, in the shadow of which he lived for some time. The very presence of this saintly priest had of itself a marvelous effect on the morals of the exiled. In a letter to his provincial two days after reaching the settlement, he writes: "You know my disposition. I want to sacrifice myself for the poor lepers. The harvest is ripe. The heroism of this humble priest made a deep impression not only on the lepers, but the entire population of the Islands. He commenced to work with a will. The time left between his priestly offices was occupied in improving the worldly condition of his charges. Beside his clerical duties, he did the work of a carpenter, mason, gardener, etc. It is said that he made more than 1,500 coffins for his dead out of the rough boards furnished by the government. On an average he officiated at two hundred funerals a year, where he often was priest and sexton at the same time.

He built little frame houses among them—one for himself, with only two small rooms. I found here a wooden bathtub made by himself which gave testimony to his skill as a carpenter. No leper ever entered this, the plainest of all houses in the village. A chair, table, bed and a few plain pictures representing Bible scenes and the life of saints, his saddle and bridle well worn, and a few religious books were about everything he left behind him at the time of his death. He built another church, doing most of the work himself, and took great pleasure in rendering its interior attractive by the simplest but tasty decorations. He erected schoolhouses and orphan asylums, established a choir and organized a music band, and placed them under the direction of his faithful helper, Brother Dutton. I listened to the music of

band playing national and sacred songs. Every member of the band was a leper.

Let those Protestant ministers who complain of small salaries listen to how Father Damien managed his financial affairs: "I have not a penny of income—yet, *nihil mihi deest*, I want for nothing. I have even alms to give away. How is this to be explained? That is his secret. Who promised to give a hundredfold to those who gave up all to Him." What better proof could be furnished of his childlike, Christian faith? When Father Damien took charge of the leper settlement he took a census, and found that it contained 600 lepers, 80 of whom were very ill in the hospital. Vice versa high, the poor exiles sought solace in the hold dances, card playing and sensualities of all kinds. This is the way in which Father Damien proceeded to improve the morals of the people: "Kindness to all, charity to the needy, a sympathizing hand to the sufferers and the dying, in conjunction with a solid religious instruction to my listeners, have been my constant means to introduce moral habits among the lepers." It is no wonder that under the influence of Father Damien increased from day to day in improving the bodily and moral condition of his people. Protestants, entirely neglected by their preachers, and non-believers, soon felt the effect of the religious teaching and example of the only spiritual adviser in the settlement and were not slow in embracing the Catholic faith. This is what one leper had to say of Father Damien, and he was only the spokesman for all: "We are especially satisfied with our pastor. He overwhelms us with his solicitude care, and he himself builds our houses. When any of us is ill, he gave him tea biscuits and sugar; and to the poor he gives clothes. He makes no distinction between Catholics and Protestants." On the occasion of a visit of the princess regent to the settlement, one of the Honolulu papers, in referring to Father Damien's work, commented on it in the following beautiful language: "This young priest, Damien by name, who has consecrated his life to the lepers, is the glory and boast of Hawaii. He resuscitates the saintly heroism of the bloody arena of the ages of old—nay, he does even more. Would it not be a great favor to be thrown a prey to the wild beasts rather than to be condemned to live in the poisonous atmosphere of a leper settlement? And Damien—Damien, the soldier of Christ—has lived now several years in the midst of the banished lepers of Molokai!" Are there any more witnesses to be heard to prove that the charges made against Father Damien by a jealous Protestant minister who never saw the leper settlement were utterly without foundation? I believe not, for "by their fruits ye shall know them." The spiritual and worldly care of the poor lepers remains to day in the hands of devoted priests, brothers and sisters of the Catholic Church. I could not finish this brief sketch of the leper hero without referring briefly to one of his faithful collaborators who shared with his master the heavy burdens of his early missionary work, and who remains at his post today.

## A HEROIC BROTHER.

During my visit to the leper settlement I became very much interested in a man of medium size, spare build, dressed in a blue cotton suit decidedly worse for long wear, a pair of cheap spectacles hanging loosely over nearly the end of a sharp pointed nose. He was the master of the school for boys and leader of the band. His facial expression, bearing and attitude were enough to indicate that he was a tireless worker. It was Brother Dutton, so long associated with Father Damien in the care of the lepers. He showed us the different institutions, and spoke most enthusiastically, but in great modesty, of his work. In speaking of Father Damien tears filled his eyes and his lips trembled. He had not visited the little house in which Father Damien lived since his death, although separated from his school only by a narrow street. The man's whole soul seemed to be in his work, and I presume the gratitude caused by the loss of his beloved leper hero prevented him from entering the little house where they had spent so many hours together in consultations and prayer for fear of increase of mental anguish. Nobody knows the early history of his life. He never speaks of the past. It was rumored that he was disappointed in love during early life, but no proof to this effect has ever been furnished. It is known that he served during the civil war, and that for gallant service he was promoted from the ranks to major. He was a Protestant, and joined the Catholic Church twenty-one years ago, and has been a most devoted member of that Church since. A friend has this to say of him: His superb sacrifice in going to Molokai was made from no weak or unworthy motive. He was supremely grateful to Almighty God for the gift of the true faith, and simply wished to make the best return in his power, and so, like the brave soldier he had long proved himself to be, he quietly made the decision to devote his life to the most laborious and, humanly speaking, the most distasteful charity in the whole range of the Catholic religion." Soon after Father Damien's death Brother Dutton discovered some sores on his legs. He finally believed that he was suffering from leprosy, and was happy in the thought that in a short time he would have the great privilege to die of the same disease as his master and join him in heaven. The doctor's examination took away this hope, and he remains at his post, free from the loathsome disease after an uninterrupted service of twenty-three years.

How many faithful, devoted and unselfish servants the Catholic Church has!

THE LEPER PRIEST DIES OF LEPROSY.

When Father Damien died his native country he made his relatives and friends good-bye with the firm conviction that he would never meet them again on earth. When he consecrated himself to the cause of the lepers he did so with the expectation that he would sooner or later share the fate of his flock. It was his desire and hope that he might be spared for a long time for the benefit of the cause he had made his life work. He took every precaution to escape contagion by excluding the lepers from his house and by observing the utmost cleanliness of his person, and by inculcating the same as far as he could on the inhabitants of his leper villages. With all care, however, he could not escape the unusually prolific sources of contagion in performing his priestly functions, more especially in administering the sacraments and extreme unction. The manual labor of the roughest kind which he did for the lepers, to make them more comfortable, could not fail to produce frequently cuts, punctures and abrasions, by which the danger of inoculation was greatly increased. What he had feared occurred before he had expected it. After twelve years of ceaseless self-sacrificing toil among the lepers he discovered accidentally that he had himself become a victim of the terrible disease. In his sermons he always addressed his congregation: "We lepers." Now he could say so in truth. In taking a foot bath one evening in hot water he noticed that he had blistered one of his feet without having felt any pain. He knew only too well what this meant—the first symptom of the anesthetic form of leprosy. The physician who examined him later confirmed what had become to him already a conviction. In writing at this time to the Bishop, he said: "Come home forthwith I am forbidden to come to Honolulu again, because I am attacked by leprosy. Its marks are seen on my left cheek and ear, and my eyebrows begin to fall. I shall soon be completely disfigured. I have no doubt whatever of the nature of my illness, but I am calm and resigned and very happy in the midst of my people. The good God knows what is best for my sanctification. I daily repeat from my heart: 'Thy will be done.'"

Very fortunate, indeed, that Father Damien contracted the malarial instead of the tubercular form of the disease, and that the palmer side of fingers and hands remained clean, permitting him to perform his spiritual functions until a few days before his death, which occurred April 15, 1889.

So ended the precious life of one of the greatest benefactors of the human race—the hero of charity! The great heroism of Father Damien was exhibited during his illness, as he persisted in working with hands and heart until a few days before his death. More than to see a leper priest render manual work and spiritual consolation to a congregation of lepers, the blind, leading the blind, the lame supporting the lame! His heroic death has silenced the vile tongues. The surviving lepers can be comforted; they will carry their grief over the loss of their faithful shepherd to their graves. The entire population of the Hawaiian Islands—in fact, the whole world—mourns his death. He has gone to his well earned reward. His mingled remains sleep under the shadows of the pandanus tree which first sheltered the robust, devoted young priest awaiting a glorious resurrection.

Volumes have been written in praise of Father Damien. Monuments have been erected to his memory, charitable institutions have sprung up to immortalize his heroic charity! but if that humble priest could speak to his admirers he would say, "I have only done my duty, praise God. Send greetings and extend a helping hand to my leper friends."

## A New Phase of An Old Contest.

The battle now beginning between the Church and the French Republic is merely a new phase of a very old contest. When Gregory VII. resisted Henry IV. of Germany when Pius IX. resisted Bismark, it was because the State claimed a control over the Bishops which the Church could not allow. Whatever attempts may be made to cloud the question, this is the real point at issue. Are Bishops, as bishops, responsible to the State or are they responsible to the Church? The Iron Chancellor boasted that he would never go to Canossa; but the day came when he was glad to do so. Combes is not a stronger man than Bismark. Antigone's Casket.

## Browning on Father Mathew.

An interesting batch of hitherto unpublished letters addressed by Browning to his friend Mr. Donsett in New Zealand was sold at auction recently. Among the letters is one in which mention is made of Father Mathew. The appearance of the Irish Apostle of Temperance upon a London platform is spoken of by the poet as the most interesting event to him of a London season. This, said Browning, was a return to elementary Christian teaching, for the goodness of the Capequin was so apparent and so communicable that you wished to be good by merely seeing and hearing him. Browning himself sat on the platform, and among the audience, within the sphere of this infectious sanctity, sat—Carlyle.

Night-thoughts are deepest. The sense of immensity, the darkness, shutting out all that is trivial and sensible objects that fret and distract the mind, the silence, always unbroken except by soothing sounds of winds or waterfalls—all these help to cast back the mind upon itself, and by concentrating its faculties, to intensify thought and subdue emotion. Could this be the reason, apart from the leisure it afforded, why the Son of God found strength and respite by spending the night in prayer in the solitude and mountains?—Rev. P. A. Sheehan.

The new hell which passion or unbelief has evolved is simply no hell at all. The same old wily Father of Lies who grinningly blinds people now will yet laugh at their destruction if they heed not the Christ-taught truth in time.—Catholic Union and Times.

## AUGUSTINE AND HIS "SUCCESSOR."

A Cleveland (O.) paper, in noticing the visit to this country of the (Protestant) Archbishop of Canterbury says:

"Dr. Davidson is the ninety-fifth Archbishop of Canterbury. There is no dignity so antique as that of his office. St. Augustine was the first holder and his successors have been among the greatest men in England. In addition to an official residence within the Cathedral at Canterbury, and a stately palace in London on the bank of the Thames, the Archbishop possesses a stipend of \$75,000 a year, derived from a fund of \$40,000,000, well invested. The Church is not supported, as many suppose, by the taxpayers of England."

As to this last assertion, it may be corrected—for it needs correction—by quoting the following, which we find in a recent issue of a London paper, in answer to a question from a correspondent:

"We have stated many hundreds of times that the so-called Church of England is supported by a tax levied on property known as tithe. She has also received from the State the Church lands and glebe lands which belonged to the Catholic Church, and which were transferred to the religion created by statute as the time of the great dissent in the reign of Henry VIII. The tithe tax varies, but it yields on an average about \$5,000,000 a year. The Church received grants from the State of several millions a year for its schools. The tithe is levied on the land, and enforced in the courts of law."

Strange that the Cleveland editor should be ignorant of this, which is so well known to all persons possessing even but a moderate knowledge of English history. The Church to which Archbishop Davidson belongs is the Established Church of England. How "established"? Established by law of the State, and, as such, supported by funds derived from the State—authorized and State-enforced taxation. The branch of that Church which exists in Ireland was the law established Church there and was financially supported by the tithe—a tax levied upon landed property—until it was disestablished and disendowed by the Act of Parliament passed in 1869 during the administration of Mr. Gladstone. There is a Society in England, the object of which is to have similar legislation passed in respect to the Church of England, that is, to have it deprived of its status as the State established Church and of its financial maintenance by a State tax.

With regard to the assertion or suggestion that Archbishop Davidson is the successor of St. Augustine, the Cleveland paper is in need of further correction, if, as is obvious, it means to imply that the religion of the present Archbishop is the same as that of Augustine. Of course, it is nothing of the sort. The religion of Augustine was the religion of the Pope who sent him to England and made him Archbishop of Canterbury. All history tells us—even history written by Protestants—that Augustine was sent to England by Pope Gregory, and, of course, Pope Gregory would not have sent a Protestant, even though there were such in his own day, which there were not. Nor would he have sent any person of a religion different from his own, and his own—that is, Pope Gregory's religion, was the same as that of the present Pope, Pius X. Pope Gregory believed in the same sacraments and the same form of worship that Pope Pius believes in. Pope Gregory and Augustine said Mass just as Pope Pius and all Catholic Bishops and priests do to-day, and they believed in the seven sacraments and in the invocation of Saints, and praying for the faithful departed, and honoring and praying to the Blessed Virgin, and, in short, in all the practices of the Catholic Church as we have them in every Catholic church or chapel in the world at this present time. And of course, Augustine and all his successors in the See of Canterbury for many centuries believed in and obeyed the Pope as head of the Church.

How unlike all this to the belief and practice of Archbishop Davidson! If Augustine could to-day revisit Canterbury in the flesh he would find the religious associations and belongings of his ancient See vastly different from what he and his forty Benedictine monks left them thirteen centuries ago.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

## A GRAND TESTIMONIAL TO A VETERAN TEACHER.

Notre Dame University honored a veteran teacher with a magnificent gold medal bearing the inscription of "Notre Dame University to John Davis" as a recognition of the venerable teacher's labors in the cause of Christian education. It was awarded to him by the University on the occasion of the celebration of his Golden Jubilee at Monroe, Michigan, on Tuesday, September 6th. This grand testimonial from the Catholic University of the West was a much appreciated gift by the many of his former pupils, as well as the venerable Jubilarian. The veteran teacher was so overcome with surprise and astonishment at the reception of his beautiful token that he was physically unable to express his gratitude, except with tears.

Mr. Davis' old boys will never forget Notre Dame's magnanimity. They will ever gratefully remember this valuable testimonial which the President and Faculty of America's great University bestows on a humble but valiant collaborator in all that Notre Dame stands for.

There seems to be a growing impression among our young people that pleasure and dissipation are synonymous. Parents would do well if they occasionally asked for an accounting of the hours spent away from home by those over whom they are set.

Think twice before you speak or act once and you will speak or act the more wisely for it.

## LETTER FROM THOS. O'HAGAN.

To T. J. Murphy, Esq., Barrister, London.

Grenoble, France, Aug. 31, 1904.

Dear Mr. Murphy:—Just now a good deal of history is being made in Europe, and unhappy France is a large contributor. You, of course, are aware of the rapture of France with the Vatican, but in my opinion this will result in food for the Catholic faith in France. So many factors have contributed to the present condition that a brief letter would be all too short to give you even an idea of the evolution of events.

The causes are political, social and religious. The greatest mistake that the Church has made in France—I mean the Church Monarchical—was in not paying heed—practical heed—to the advice of the late Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., when he counseled the Episcopate and people of France to accept the Republic and do everything in their power to make it veritably Christian. Unhappily for France, she is divided, and this division is working her destruction for the adage, "A house divided against itself must fall" is not yet too old to be a truth plainly realizable.

The very worst element have now hold of the Government in France—an element not only devoid of faith and religion but surcharged with hostility to the Catholic faith. When Gambetta coined the expression "anti-clericalism" he little dreamt that a day would come when his successors, casting from them all semblance of justice and honor, would so better his sentiment and instruction as to make France a laughing stock in the eyes of Europe.

I must confess that I have found moral life and practical faith low in France as these twin go together, for it goes without saying that when the altar is robbed of its celebrant and the cloister of its monk and nun—when men defy the law of God—it is the tritest truism to say that with the breaking away the plain of moral life must lower.

In the face of these evils the Catholic Party in France seem to be dazed and powerless. They do not meet the situation as did the Catholics of Germany when Bismark entered upon his career of persecution. Just now the trains are crowded with pilgrims in France whose objective point is Lourdes. This is all very well, but to my mind it is not pilgrimages to Lourdes that the French Catholics are in need of to-day—it is practical organization such as the fiery and astute little Windhorst effected when by dint of courage and judgment and tenacity he led the Centre Party of Germany to victory.

However, this condition—unhappy condition—in France will pass away. French character is full of painful contrasts. The history of France witnesses to this. It also witnesses to the fact that French genius and French life and French progress must at times find evolution in violence—in a word, that the French people, who are endowed with supreme gifts and qualities beyond all others, must at times lose their head in mob may they again find it.

The Parisian mob may erect a statue to the goddess of Reason, but despite all successes the French mind is too logical to cut loose forever from Eternal Truth.

Either the downfall of the Combes Government or a Revolution is among the impending events in France. Let us hope it will be the former.

With kind regards to your family, I am dear Mr. Murphy, Sincerely yours, THOMAS O'HAGAN.

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