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PRICE FIVE CENT

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Old-Timer Receives a "Jolt" and Defends Himself—A Brief Outline of an Active Career—Proposes to Lecture—"Personal Recollections of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Irish Patriot, American Editor, and Canadian Statesman," His Subject.

Old-Timer has received a "jolt" and now faces a shower of poisoned arrows sent from a totally unexpected quarter, which in justice to himself and his friends he is bound to ward off. The Hamilton Times is the assailant. A kind friend has sent me a marked copy of that paper containing the unkind assault, which is partly as follows:

"Has a bad memory. Old-Timer is far off in some statements. Like some other old-timers who write from very defective memories about former days in Hamilton, William Halley, who is leading the Catholic Register every week with a letter, is shockingly astray in what he presents as facts." I do not mind honest criticism for the purpose of eliciting the truth, but the wholesale and untrue charges like the foregoing are not to be meekly borne. A quotation has been made to justify the attack and comment on, but it is too trivial to be taken up. There is an animus in the criticism that is far from being fair or candid and that is what hurts. It is impossible for any one to write reminiscences without committing some errors. No form of writing is more vulnerable. But I don't that I am "far off" in my statements. Although I am several years beyond the allotted span of three score and ten, nothing has happened to impair my mind. If I were a habitual drinker, a user of tobacco or drugs, or had suffered an accident of any kind to my head, there might be some reason to fling those accusations at me. I am happy to say that I have preserved my mental faculties through all these years and they are as clear and comprehensive to-day as they ever were.

I am not a believer in Dr. Osler's theory that a man's faculties begin to wane at the age of forty, and for myself I can claim that like old wine, they improve with age.

What I am writing about are men and occurrences of sixty years ago. Now, who in the "Times" office is old enough, is mentally sound enough, observant enough and conscientiously bound enough, to criticise my statements involved in those years? No one, I am sure. Consequently the allegations used against me are, to say the least, unkind and the attack must have other motives than a desire for accuracy.

When I visited Hamilton a short time ago I called at the "Times" office to renew an acquaintance made more than fifty years ago, and anticipated a pleasant visit. I met new faces to be sure, but on making myself known I thought I would meet the old cordiality. The editor of the "Times" then told me he had thought of republishing my contributions to the "Register" about Hamilton, but that another paper (the Herald) had got ahead of him and he therefore let them drop. It is therefore clear to me that this attack is the consequence of newspaper rivalry—a disparagement of the wares of the other fellow—and I am the victim.

The remark—"Like some other old-timers,"—used in the above quotation from the "Times," has, I presume, reference to the Hamilton "Spectator," which maintains a writer of reminiscences, and the "Herald," using mine, leaves the "Times" without any such contributor, and therefore adopts the policy of disparagement to sustain itself. I do not think the writer for the "Spectator" has to depend on a very defective memory for his statements, because he has the bound back volumes of that paper to fall back on where he may be in doubt as to dates, names and performances.

Therefore the "Times" is wrong again and more malicious than correct.

Now, I am about to occupy some space concerning myself. I want to show my Hamilton readers why I am competent to write Hamilton reminiscences, and why Hamilton newspaper men ought to be kind to me and overlook my defects, if I show any.

It is sixty-five years since I first saw Hamilton, and was immediately bound there as an apprentice to the printing trade. All of my contemporaries of that period, with one single exception, are dead and passed away. I always spoke kindly of them and had a keen sense of pride in some of them. There were giants among them, but there were some pigmies too. I helped to launch the oldest paper in Hamilton to-day—the Spectator. I printed and circulated the prospectus of that paper and did a number of first things for it.

I printed the prospectus of the first papers in Guelph—the Advertiser and the Herald. I did the same thing personally for the St. Catharines Constitutionalist. When I removed to Toronto, in 1849 it was to work for a Hamilton man, Mr. Hugh B. Wilson. I got on in Toronto. I soon secured the foremanship of the "Mirror," an old newspaper. My next advance was to the city editorship of "The Colonist," then Toronto's only daily newspaper. I was next offered in 1855, the agency for the Montreal Type Foundry in Hamilton. The "Spectator" and the "Banner" were the only political papers then in Hamilton, both daily. I was next promoted to the Toronto branch of the Montreal Type Foundry. This position brought me in contact with most of the printers and publishers of Upper Canada and I formed many warm friendships among them. They liked my method of doing business. In the meantime the Hamilton "Banner" went out of existence and the "Times" sprang up in its stead. Major Thomas Gray, a Roman Catholic gentleman of public spirit, was the founder of the "Times." It changed hands until the paper came into the possession of Mr. C. E. Stewart, an Irish gentleman from Brantford. One of his editors was Mr. Christopher Tyler from Toronto, a gentleman that I was well acquainted with. Mr. Stewart had every confidence in me and often consulted me about his business affairs. When I returned to Hamilton, the Smileys were all dead and the business of the Spectator was in the hands of Messrs. Gillespie & Robertson, and my place of business was in the north end of the ground floor of their building, on a corner of Main and Hugison streets. We got on well together. Mr. Gillespie was an old acquaintance, Mr. Robertson a new one. In Toronto I got on well until the year 1868, when I secured the agency for the Scotch type foundry of Miller & Richard of Edinburgh, and was doing fine. I established a branch of my business in Buffalo and presumed to look for the patronage of the public printing office in Washington, but in this I failed, although the superintendent, Col. A. M. Clapp, was my friend. By this time the profit of my Toronto business was worth \$10,000 a year. Among my Toronto enterprises up to this time were two publications, one humorous and the other literary. I was not loth to burden myself with many undertakings and I was for a time the editorial writer for the "Irish Canadian," a service voluntarily performed. I had to relinquish this because of the objectionable character of some of the matter the directors insisted on inserting. By their course they got themselves into trouble and many others besides. But Mr. Boyle was always my friend.

I should mention here before I go any further that two former Hamilton men were largely instrumental in bringing the late brilliant states-

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man, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, to Canada. Those two were the late Sir Frank Smith and myself. I devoted myself largely to the service of that gentleman. I assisted in establishing a paper in Toronto in his interest—the Canadian Freeman—and brought the late James G. Moylan here to conduct it. I spent a great deal of time in promoting the Canadian immigration movement inaugurated by Mr. McGee. I was elected a director of the Toronto Mechanics' Institute and inaugurated the winter series of soirees, that were carried on in its hall for years. At those entertainments I was always the presiding officer. I had acquired, too, considerable prominence in the Irish community of Toronto at their assemblies and meetings. I was at one time influential enough to determine who should be mayor of the city, and that was a good Irish Methodist, the late John George Bowes.

In 1867 my business ambition rose high and I leased the block of buildings on the south-east corner of King and Bay streets. There I accumulated every facility got the service of my customers, the printers and publishers of Canada. In 1868 I established a branch of my business in Buffalo, N.Y. In 1869 I planned to go to Europe to secure new facilities, such as the Marinon, fast printing machine of Paris; a type casting machine from London for my Buffalo branch, and the Otto gas engine from Germany, and many other things. I was away six months, and in the meantime men were at work planning my undoing. When I returned my Buffalo business was a ruin. My principal and most profitable Toronto agency was by treachery taken from me. I got discouraged and having a longing look towards the "glorious climate of California," determined to abandon Canada and go there. I never contracted any bad habits injurious to business, so no one can attribute such habits as the cause of my downfall. I was engaged in many business enterprises in California, where I had several publications, including a daily newspaper in the state capital. While in San Francisco I organized a Canadian Society. When in Sacramento I was head of a new party there designed to reform conditions in the state. I had occasion to go to Chicago on business and determined in 1878 to make it my future home. There I experienced the ups and downs of life. The very first night I spent there I addressed an assemblage of 20,000 people. I organized the Knights of Labor there and for a time was at the head of that labor organization. I soon had a newspaper at my command that reached every part of the United States. In 1883 I was waited upon by a deputation to head a movement for the reform of the Town of Lake's government. In this district was situated the Union Stock Yards and I and my friends had the powerful opposition of the railroad, packing-house and stock yards corporations; but we succeeded in electing our men and reforming the administrative condition of the town, the wealthiest in the United States. I then started a series of

suburban newspapers with some success and some of them are in existence yet and doing well. But with all this effort and enterprise I accumulated no wealth.

At last a crisis came. A year ago my good wife and myself took sick at the same time—my wife while here on a visit to her daughter, and I in Chicago, when I had to take refuge in an hospital. I had received a partial paralytic stroke from the effects of which I have not yet fully recovered. My wife died and is buried in St. Michael's Cemetery with my mother and my little son, drowned in the Humber river on the Toronto public holiday of 1869. I am here now enjoying my old Canadian air and hoping for the full restoration of my impaired health, living with an only daughter and enjoying the companionship of a loving brother. I am now endeavoring to earn a precarious livelihood by writing reminiscences, etc., and preparing to take the lecture field while a Hamilton newspaper that I often helped, takes me to task and says I have lost my memory. This is not the only ingratitude that I am suffering. A Toronto publisher who has grown very rich in late years, and is giving away thousands of dollars for beneficent purposes, was owing me about \$10,000 when I left Canada, and refuses me a helping hand in the slightest degree. And this is the story of an Old-Timer, very romantic when told in detail, but here cut short. I have hopes yet that may be realized, if my memory becomes no worse and if my health does not utterly fail.

I purpose to enter the lecture field and take the lecture platform. I believe I have experience enough, reputation enough, and capacity enough, for this, while I am incapable of doing any serious or continuous labor on account of my physical condition, and there does not seem to be a sufficiency of platform talent in Canada at present.

The subject for my lectures this winter shall be "Personal Recollections of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Irish patriot, American editor and Canadian statesman."

I had known of Mr. McGee since boyhood. I saw him on an emigrant ship peering to the west, like another Columbus; I met him in the neighboring republic, fighting the battle of life and yearning for an honorable name and I saw him in this Dominion, formulating its form of government and directing its destiny. I have written his life and propose to pronounce his eulogy.

An American journal remarking on my "Personal Recollections," says: "Thomas D'Arcy McGee is one of the most interesting characters in modern history. Brilliant, romantic, unfortunate in his life and death, the story of McGee has a charm far surpassing that of the most noted characters in fiction, but there is no fiction in Mr. Halley's portrayal. The author knew his hero well and tells his sad story with a fidelity that will be recognized for a long time by those still young enough to live again scenes and times in which they bore a part. Mr. Halley's 'Recollections' will have more than ordinary interest for Buffalonians, as they have a strong local flavor, McGee and others portrayed therein having spent more or less time in this city."

Arrangements are being made at the present time for this lecture in three different localities—two in Toronto and one in Hamilton. Remote localities will be visited if there be no unusual physical hardships to be endured. For terms, etc., address the lecturer, care of the "Catholic Register," Toronto.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

Young Priests Go to Rome to Study

Among the passengers on the Italian steamship Liguria, which left New York for Naples on Wednesday, Oct. 4, was the Rev. A. J. Hanley, of Kingston, Ont., who is en route to Rome, where he will take a course of studies in theology. Accompanying him and sharing his cabin is the Rev. N. Lerasque of Quebec, who goes to the Eternal City for the same purpose.

Many of Father Hanley's relatives and friends from Kingston, Belleville, Ont., and New York, were at the pier to bid him Godspeed on his ocean voyage.

THE COLUMBIAN CLUB

The first annual report of the Columbian Club, Montreal, has just reached the Catholic Register. The club was organized with the very laudable purpose of promoting the interests of Catholic students attending the city universities. Only a year in existence, its success is already fully guaranteed. Rooms with all modern appointments were fitted up and steadily patronized with ever increasing appreciation since September, 1904, social functions have been held and about eight hundred guests entertained. The membership counts about seventy students from the faculties of medicine, science, law and arts, and the treasurer's statement shows the receipts to have amounted to over two thousand dollars, while all expenses being paid, a respectable balance is still in hand. One feature is particularly noteworthy as showing the general interest of the people of Montreal in the success of their students and that is, that of the receipts over fifteen hundred were obtained by private subscription, the Seminary leading with a gift of four hundred dollars, and the other subscriptions varying from this amount to one dollar. Standing house and entertainment committees have been appointed and the board of trustees consists of the President, H. J. Chisholm, M.D., 1905, together with Hon. Judge Curran, Chas. F. Smith, F. J. Hackett, M.D., Rev. G. J. McShane, Martin Eagan and E. J. Mullally, M.D. Correspondence may be addressed to the Columbian Club, 2381 St. Catherine street, Montreal. The booklet containing the report is a very neat and artistic production. As a movement in the right direction the Catholic Register wishes the Columbian Club all success.

Schools and Masonic Ceremonies

To the Editor of the Catholic Register, Toronto:

Dear Sir,—Here is the milestone the unsectarian schools of Manitoba have reached, as witness the following report of laying the corner stone of the new public school in Melita, published in the Morning Telegram of Winnipeg Oct. 4, 1905:

CORNER STONE IS LAID AT MELITA.

Masons Officiate at Founding of New School.

Melita, Man., Oct. 3.—(Special)—The ceremony of laying the corner stone of the new school here was performed to-day by J. A. Ovas, past grand master, assisted by other grand lodge officers and brethren. After the stone was well and truly laid, the grand master made a very appropriate and instructive address on the occasion which drew such a large crowd together, and beautifully illustrated the symbolic significance of the ceremony, which was the principal object in the life of every person who endeavored to leave some lasting monument of his being, of value to the world.

The choir, under the leadership of Miss Smith, received well deserved praise for the numerous selections.

The trustee board presented the grand master with a silver trowel. Done with the consent of the trustee board, as the after act of presenting the Grand Master Mason with a silver trowel goes to show, Well! What of this, say the bigots of the Rev. MacBeth and McMillan stripe. There is no religion in the act? There was only an address from the Grand Master Mason in which he elaborated on the principle object in life of every person being that of character building, and leaving some last monument of value to the world. People may conscientiously differ in what they consider of value to the world, but a Catholic is taught that his principle object in life is to serve God, to love and serve Him in this world, and that he must take more care of his soul than of

his body because in losing his soul he loses God and everlasting happiness. That is his faith. When will bigots recognize the Catholic position? For Catholics to be expected to trust the spiritual lives of their children to teachers of such schools is practically impossible. To force them as some do, is tyranny in the truest and broadest meaning of the word, a tyranny that glazes over the power in its hands that compels the Catholic ratepayers to pay taxes for the support of Godless schools, and at the same time has no compunction in handing over the ceremonies attending the laying of a corner stone, to the auspices of a secret society of Freemasons.

This is the crop growing from the feed trough of the disgustingly coarse caricatures on the Catholic hierarchy and the educational clause in the autonomy bill of the new provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, so predominant in the pages of the Toronto News, Winnipeg Telegram and Tribune.

Those who are engaged preaching and trumpeting so loudly the Provincial Rights cry in the West in order to influence the elections, do so to conceal their own practice of provincial wrongs. There have been many crimes committed in the name of liberty in the past, and Provincial Rights appear to be another good name to cajole and juggle with by certain politicians in Western Canada just now.

LUDWIG GELAS.

The Pope's Sister

An Italian paper reproduces from the "Volkszeitung" of Colona an interesting account of a visit paid to one of the Pope's sisters at Riese by a distinguished German clergyman in company with Monsignor Lohinger, rector of the national German Church of Santa Maria dell' Anima, in Rome.

"The holy cabman," says the author, "drove us directly to the Albergo delle Due Spade (the Inn of the Two Swords) telling us that it was the best in the village; but we made it a point to go there especially in order to greet the Pope's sister, proprietress of the inn. When we reached the door an elderly woman welcomed us; she was the sister of the Pope, and I recognized her at once from her resemblance to the Pope and his other sisters. She desired us to enter, and while she was preparing the table her second son took us to the house close by where we saw the room in which Pius X. was born. Some inscriptions cut in marble record the event. The rooms were just the same as people had seen them the day after the election of the Pope. While we were dining the mother was busy about the fireplace, which once she left to come to us and ask for news about the Pope. Little by little the whole family gathered around us. One of the daughters had in her arms a baby girl of her eldest brother, a nice-looking, gay, bright-eyed little creature. She was born eight days after the election of Pius X., therefore, she was christened Pius.

"I shall never forget the good physiognomy of the Pope's sister, a physiognomy exceedingly placid, sweet, venerable, modest; that never will fade away from my mind. These modest country people see in their rural simplicity an unavoidable thing, and do not aspire to anything else. This diadem of unknown poverty is for the sister of the Pope and for her ten children an ornament far more precious than all the princely crowns and titles of nobility which might have been conferred upon them."

Sir Henry Irving's Body

London, Oct. 15.—The body of Sir Henry Irving reached London at 3.20 o'clock this morning.

Flags were placed at half-mast on many of the theatres in London yesterday, and the afternoon and evening performances in the theatres throughout the country closed with the orchestras playing a dead march. At the Queen's Hall concert Chopin's Funeral March was played, the vast audience standing.

Messages of sympathy have been received from the King and Queen, President Roosevelt and Director Jules Claretie on behalf of Comedie Francaise.

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BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

CHAPTER XLIV.

When the concourse separated, and, dividing into chance clusters, drew off in various directions, there still remained upon the scene of the late disturbance, one man. This man was Gashford, who, brushed by his late fall, and hurt in a much greater degree by the indignity he had undergone, and the exposure of which he had been the victim, limped up and down, breathing curses and threats of vengeance.

It was not the secretary's nature to waste his wrath in words. While he vented the froth of his malevolence in these effusions, he kept a steady eye on two men, who, having disappeared with the rest when the alarm was spread, had since returned, and were now visible in the moonlight, at no great distance, as they walked to and fro, and talked together.

He made no move towards them, but waited patiently on the dark side of the street, until they were tired of strolling backwards and forwards and walked away in company. Then he followed, but at some distance, keeping them in view, without appearing to have that object, or being seen by them.

They went up Parliament street, past Saint Martin's church, and away by Saint Giles' to Tottenham Court Road, at the back of which, upon the western side, was then a place called the Green Lanes. This was a retired spot, not of the choicest kind, leading into the fields. Great heaps of ashes, stagnant pools, overgrown with rank grass and duckweed; broken turnstiles, and the upright posts of palings long since carried off for firewood, which menaced all heedless walkers with their jagged and rusty nails, were the leading features of the landscape, while here and there a donkey, or a ragged horse, tethered to a stake, and cropping off a wretched meal from the coarse stunted turf, were quite in keeping with the scene, and would have suggested (if the houses had not done so, sufficiently, of themselves) how very poor the people were who lived in the crazy huts adjacent, and how fool-hardy it might prove for one who carried money, or wore decent clothes, to walk that way alone, unless by daylight.

Poverty has its whims and shows of taste, as wealth has. Some of these cabins were turreted, some had false windows painted on their rotten walls; one had a mimic clock upon a crazy tower of four feet high, which screened the chimney; each in its little patch of ground had a rude seat or arbor. The population dealt in bones, in rags, in broken glass, in old wheels, in birds, and dogs. These, in their several ways of stowage, filled the gardens, and shedding a perfume not of the most delicious, in the air, filled it besides with yelps, and screams, and howling.

Into this retreat the secretary followed the two men whom he had held in sight, and here he saw them safely lodged, in one of the meanest houses, which was but a room, and that of small dimensions. He waited without until the sound of their voices, joined in a discordant song, assured him they were making merry, and then approaching the door, by means of a tottering plank which crossed the ditch in front, knocked at it with his hand.

"Muster Gashford," said the man who opened it, taking his pipe from his mouth, in evident surprise. "Why, who'd have thought of this here honor! Walk in, Muster Gashford—walk in, sir."

Gashford required no second invitation, and entered with a gracious air. There was a fire in the rusty grate (for though the spring was pretty far advanced, the nights were cold), and on a stool beside it Hugh sat smoking. Dennis placed a chair, his only one, for the secretary, in front of the hearth, and took his seat upon the stool he had left when he rose to give the visitor admission.

"What's in the wind now, Muster Gashford?" he said, as he resumed his pipe, and looked at him askew. "Any orders from headquarters? Are we going to begin? What is it, Muster Gashford?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing," rejoined the secretary with a friendly nod to Hugh. "We have broken the ice, though. We had a little spurt to-day—eh, Dennis?"

"A very little one," growled the hangman. "Not half enough for me." "Nor me neither!" cried Hugh. "Give us something to do with life in it—with life in it, master. Ha, ha!"

"Why, you wouldn't," said the secretary, with his worst expression of face, and in his mildest tones, "have anything to do with—with death in it?"

"I don't know that," replied Hugh. "I'm open to orders. I don't care; not I."

surely voice, as he overheard this last remark. "Where's the good of putting things off? Strike while the iron's hot; that's what I say."

"Ah!" retorted Dennis, shaking his head, with a kind of pity for his friend's ingenuous youth; "but suppose the iron ain't hot, brother? You must get people's blood up afore you strike, and have 'em in the humor. There wasn't quite enough to provoke 'em to-day, I tell you. If you'd had your way, you'd have spoilt the fun to come, and ruined us."

"Dennis is quite right," said Gashford, smoothly. "He is perfectly correct. Dennis has great knowledge of the world."

"I ought to have, Muster Gashford, seeing what a many people I've helped out of it, eh?" cried the hangman, whispering the words behind his hand.

The secretary laughed at this, just as much as Dennis could desire, and when he had done, said, turning to Hugh,—

"Dennis's policy was mine, as you may have observed. You saw, for instance, how I fell when I was set upon. I made no resistance. I did nothing to provoke an outbreak. Oh dear no!"

"No, by the Lord Harry!" cried Dennis with a noisy laugh; "you went down very quiet, Muster Gashford—and very flat besides. I think to myself at the time 'tis all up with Muster Gashford! I never see a man lay flatter nor more still—with the life in him—than you did to-day. He's a rough 'un to play with, is that 'ere Papist, and that's the fact."

The secretary's face, as Dennis roared with laughter, and turned his wrinkled eyes on Hugh who did the like, might have furnished a study for the Devil's picture. He sat quite silent until they were serious again, and then said, looking round,—

"We are very pleasant here, so very pleasant, Dennis, that but for my lord's particular desire that I should sup with him, and the time being very near at hand, I should be inclined to stay, until it would be hardly safe to go home. I come upon a little business—yes, I do—as you supposed. It's very flattering to you; being this. If we ever should be obliged—and we can't tell, you know—this is a very uncertain world."

"I believe you, Muster Gashford," interposed the hangman with a grave nod. "The uncertainties as I've seen in reference to this here state of existence, the unexpected contingencies as have come about!—Oh, my eye! Feeling the subject much too vast for expression, he puffed at his pipe again, and looked the rest."

"I say," resumed the secretary, in a slow, impressive way, "we can't tell what may come to pass, and if we should be obliged against our wills, to have recourse to violence, my lord (who has suffered terribly to-day as far as words can go) consigns to you two—bearing in mind my recommendation of you both, as good staunch men, beyond all doubt and suspicion—the pleasant task of punishing this Haredale. You may do as you please with him or his, provided that you show no mercy, and no quarter, and leave no two beams of his house standing where the builder placed them. You may sack it, burn it, do with it as you like, but it must come down; it must be razed to the ground, and he, and all belonging to him, left as shelterless as new-born infants whom their mothers have exposed. Do you understand me?" said Gashford, pausing and pressing his hands together gently.

"Understand you, master!" cried Hugh. "You speak plain now. Why, this is hearty!"

"I knew you would like it," said Gashford, shaking him by the hand. "I thought you would. Good-night! Don't rise, Dennis; I would rather find my way alone. I may have to make other visits here, and it's pleasant to come and go without disturbing you. I can find my way perfectly well. Good-night!"

He was gone, and had shut the door behind him. They looked at each other, and nodded approvingly; Dennis stirred up the fire.

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and while that remained unbroken, she was contented. For Barnaby himself, the time which had flown by had passed him like the wind. The daily suns of years had shed no brighter gleam of reason on his mind; no dawn had broken on his long, dark night. He would sit sometimes—often for days together—on a low seat by the fire or by the cottage door, busy at work (not he had learned the art his mother plied), and listening, God help him, to the tales she would repeat as a lure to keep him in her sight. He had no recollection of these little narratives; the tale of yesterday was new upon the morrow; but he liked them at the moment and when the humor held him, would remain patiently within doors, hearing her stories like a little child, and working cheerfully from sunrise until it was too dark to see.

At other times, and then their scanty earnings were barely sufficient to furnish them with food, though of the coarsest sort,—he would wander abroad from dawn of day until the twilight deepened into night. Few in that place, even at night. Few could be idle, and he had no companions of his own kind. Indeed there were not many who could have kept up with him in his rambles, had there been a legion. But there were a score of vagabond dogs belonging to the neighbors, who served his purpose quite as well. With two or three of these, or sometimes with a full half-dozen barking at his heels, he would sally forth on some long expedition that consumed the day, and though on their return at nightfall, the dogs would come home limping and sore-footed, and almost spent with their fatigue, Barnaby was up and off again at sunrise with some new attendants of the same class, with whom he would return in like manner. On all these travels, Grip, in his little basket at his master's back, was a constant memory of the party, and when they set off in fine weather and in high spirits, no dog barked louder than the raven.

Their pleasures on these excursions were simple enough. A crust of bread and scrap of meat, with water from the brook or spring, sufficed for their repast. Barnaby's enjoyments were, to walk, and run, and leap, till he was tired, then to lie down on the long grass, or by the growing corn, or in the shade of some tall tree, looking upward at the light clouds as they floated over the blue surface of the sky, and listening to the lark as she poured out her brilliant song. There were wild flowers to pluck—the bright red poppy, the gentle harebell, the cowslip, and the rose. There were birds to watch, fish, ants, worms, hares or rabbits, as they darted across the distant pathway in the wood and so were gone; millions of living things to have an interest in, and lie in wait for, and clap hands and shout in memory of when they had disappeared. In default of these, or when they were weary, there was the merry sunlight to hunt out, as it crept in aslant through leaves and boughs of trees, and laid far down—deep, deep, in hollow places—like a silver pool, where nodding branches seemed to bathe and sport; sweet scents of summer air breathing over fields of beans or clover, the perfume of weaves or moss, the life of waving trees, and shadows always changing. When these or any of them tired, or in excess of pleasing tempted him to rest, his eyes there was slumber in the midst of all these soft delights, with the gentle wind murmuring like music in his ears, and everything around melting into one delicious dream.

His hut, for it was little more than a short distance from the high road, but in a secluded place, where few chance passengers strayed at any season of the year. It had a plot of garden-ground attached, which Barnaby, in fits and starts of working, trimmed, and kept in order. Within doors and without, his mother labored for their common good; and hail, rain, snow or sunshine found no difference to her.

Though so far removed from the scenes of her past life, and with so little thought or hope of ever visiting them again, she seemed to have a strange desire to know what happened in the busy world. Any old newspaper, or scrap of intelligence from London she caught at with avidity. The excitement it produced was not of a pleasurable kind, for her manner at such times expressed the keenest anxiety and dread, but it never faded in the least degree. Then, and in stormy winter nights, when the wind blew loud and strong, the old expression came into her face and she would be seized with a fit of trembling, like one who had an ague. But Barnaby noted little of this, and putting a great constraint upon herself, she usually recovered her accustomed manner before the change had caught his observation.

Grip was by no means an idle or unprofitable member of the humble household. Partly by dint of Barnaby's tuition, and partly by pursuing a species of self-instruction common to his tribe, and exerting his powers of observation to the utmost, he had acquired a degree of sagacity which rendered him famous for miles round. His conversational powers and surprising performances were the universal theme, and as many persons came to see the wonderful raven, and none left his exertions unawarded—when he condescended to exhibit, which was not always, for he was in his capricious—his earnings formed an important item in the common stock. Indeed, the bird himself appeared to know his value well, for though he was perfectly free and unrestrained in the presence of Barnaby and his mother, he maintained in public an amazing gravity, and never stooped to any other gratuitous performances than biting the ankles of vagabond boys (an exercise in which he much delighted), killing a fowl or two occasionally, and swallowing the dinners of various neighboring dogs, of whom the boldest held him in great awe and dread.

Time had glided on in this way, and nothing had happened to disturb or change their mode of life, when, one summer's night in June, they were in their little garden, resting from the labors of the day. The widow's work was yet upon her knee, and strewn upon the ground about her, and Barnaby stood leaning on his spade, gazing at the brightness in the west, and singing softly to himself.

"A brave evening, mother! If we had, clunking in our pockets, but a few specks of that gold which is piled up yonder in the sky, we should be rich for life."

"We are better as we are," returned the widow with a quiet smile. "Let us be contented, and we do not want and need not care to have it, though it lay shining at our feet."

"Ah!" said Barnaby, resting with crossed arms on his spade, and looking wistfully at the sunset, "that's well enough, mother, but gold's a good thing to have. I wish that I knew where to find it. Grip and I could do much with gold, be sure of that."

"What would you do?" she asked. "What! A world of things. We'd dress finely—you and I, I mean, not Grip—keep horses, dogs, wear bright colors and feathers, do no more work, live delicately and at our ease. Oh, we'd find uses for it, mother, and uses that would do us good. I would I knew where gold was buried. How hard I'd work to dig it up!"

"You do not know," said his mother, rising from her seat, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, "what men have done to win it, and how they have found, too late, that it glitters brightest at a distance, and turns quite dim and dull when handled."

"Ay, ay; so you say, so you think," he answered, still looking earnestly in the same direction. "For all that, mother, I should like to try."

"Do you not see," she said, "how red it is? Nothing bears so many stains of blood, as gold. Avoid it. None have such cause to hate its name as we have. Do not so much as think of it, dear love. It has brought such misery and suffering on your head and mine, as few have known, and God grant few may have to undergo. I would rather we were dead and laid down in our graves than you should ever come to love it."

For a moment Barnaby withdrew his eyes and looked at her with wonder. Then, glancing from the redness in the sky to the mark upon his wrist as if he would compare the two, he seemed to question her with earnestness, when a new object caught his wandering attention, and made him quite forgetful of his purpose.

This was a man with dusty feet and garments who stood, bareheaded, behind the hedge that divided their patch of garden from the pathway, and leaned meekly forward as if he sought to mingle with their conversation, and waited for his time to speak. His face was turned towards the brightness, too, but the light that fell upon it showed that he was blind, and saw it not.

"A blessing on those voices!" said the wayfarer. "I feel the beauty of the night more keenly when I hear them. They are like eyes to me. Will they speak again, and cheer the heart of a poor traveller?"

"Have you no guide?" asked she, winking after a moment's pause. "None but that," he answered, pointing with his staff towards the sun; "and sometimes a milder one at night, but she is idle now."

Table with 4 columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and ROSARY ANGELS. It lists the days of the month, the corresponding day of the week, the color of vestments, and the specific Rosary Angel for each day. For example, on the 1st (Sunday), the vestment is white and the angel is Most Holy Rosary, Angels Guardian.

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under them. They are rough masters. "You have wandered from the road too," said the widow, in a tone of pity. "Maybe, maybe," returned the blind man with a sigh, and yet with something of a smile upon his face, "that's likely. Handposts and milestones are dumb, indeed, to be sure, and this refreshing drink."

As he spoke, he raised the mug of water to his mouth. It was clear and cold and sparkling, but not to his taste nevertheless, or his thirst was not very great, for he only wetted his lips and put it down again.

He wore, hanging with a long strap round his neck, a kind of sloop or wallet, in which to carry food. The widow set some bread and cheese before him, but he thanked her, and said that through the kindness of the charitable he had broken his fast once that morning, and was not hungry. When he made her this reply he opened his wallet and took out a few pence, which was all it appeared to contain.

"Might I make bold to ask," he said, turning towards where Barnaby stood looking on, "that one who has the gift of sight, would lay this out for me in bread to keep me on my way? Heaven's blessing on the young feet that will bestir themselves in aid of one so helpless as a sightless man!"

whom he addressed, that she could not pronounce one word. After waiting, as it seemed, for some remark or answer, and waiting in vain, the visitor resumed,—

"Madam, my name is Stagg. A friend of mine who has desired the honor of meeting with you any time these five years past, has commissioned me to call upon you. I should be glad to whisper that gentleman's name in your ear—Zounds, ma'am, are you deaf? Do you hear me say that I should be glad to whisper my friend's name in your ear?"

"You need not repeat it," said the widow, with a stifled groan; "I see too well from whom you come."

"But as a man of honor, ma'am," said the blind man, striking himself on the breast, "whose credentials must not be disputed, I take leave to say that I will mention that gentleman's name, ay, ay," he added, seeming to catch with his quick ear the very motion of her hand, "but not aloud. With your leave, ma'am, I desire the favor of a whisper."

She moved towards him, and stooped down. He muttered a word in her ear, and wringing her hands, she paced up and down the room like one distracted. The blind man, with perfect composure, produced his bottle again, mixed another glassful, put it up as before, and drinking from time to time, followed her with his face in silence.

"You are slow in conversation, widow," he said after a time, pausing in his draught. "We shall have to talk before your son."

"What would you have me do?" she answered. "What do you want?"

BELLS Metal Alloy Church and School Bells for Catalogue The C. B. BELL Co. (Millers, O)

FARM LABORERS Farmers Desiring Help for the coming season should apply at once to the Government Free Farm Labor Bureau. Write for application form to THOS. SOUTHWORTH Director of Colonization TORONTO

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES BRIGHT'S DISEASE DIABETES BACKACHE

The HOME CIRCLE

IT IS THE CORRECT THING To remember that every one who has a happy home, be it humble or grand, is rich.

To be courteous, considerate, affable, and entertaining at home as well as in society.

For a man to be as attentive to his wife as when she was his sweetheart.

For a woman to be as fascinating after marriage as she was before.

For a man to consider that money spent to give pleasure to his wife and family is money well spent.

For a woman to understand that on her shoulders usually rest the burdens of domestic economy, and to share her expenditures in accordance with her income.

For a man really to be a woman's intellectual superior if he wants to be considered so.

For a wife to understand that a woman in a shabby gown, with untidy hair, dull eyes, uncareful complexion, and a feverish manner, is not usually regarded as the most pleasing ornament at the head of a man's table.

For a man to bear in mind that no woman is going to love a man very deeply whom she can not respect.

For a woman to remember that a smile of welcome, a becoming toilet, an inviting home, a well-cooked and daintily served dinner, are no more than what is due to a man who has worked hard all day for her.

For a man to speak of having won his wife's affections and not of her as having won his, no matter what may be the facts of the case.

For a woman to remember that it is those calm, even-tempered, prosaic, common-sense sort of women who are the real masters in the home, no matter who enjoys the nominal honor, and that those who are "bundles of nerves and electricity" only wear themselves out with their storms and tears without gaining anything, unless it be a bit of lofty advice.

For both husband and wife to remember that the marriage vows are solemn things which should be solemnly kept.

For both to "bear and forbear" with each other.

To remember that a home without God can not long be a happy one.

For a man who remains out at his "club" until after twelve o'clock at night to expect to find his wife in a temper and tears when he finally reaches home.

For attractive young wives to remember that a "married flirt" always brings upon herself the condemnation of society if the condemnation of her own conscience does not keep her within the bounds of propriety.

For a woman to make home pleasant.

his customers' families? Flies often carry the disease germs and infect the milk and other food supplies.

SOME APPLE RECIPES. The fresh autumn crop of apples is now just beginning to enter the market, and we give a few good, nutritious and inexpensive ways of serving them cooked.

For Fried Apples.—Core and peel several large, tart apples; cut slices right across the apples, making rings about a quarter of an inch thick; drop into cold water for a few minutes, then dry and dip them in sugar and fry quickly in hot butter.

Apple Tapioca.—Core and pare six fully ripe apples; set these in a pudding dish; fill the hollow of each apple with fine white sugar and stick into each three cloves.

Apple Snow.—Dissolve half a box of gelatine in a cup of water; pass three heaping cupfuls of stewed apples through a sieve, sweeten and flavor with lemon juice and cinnamon and mix with the jelly.

Apple Turnovers.—Serve one to each guest. Make a very rich, "short" pastry dough, roll it out and cut into squares about five inches wide; set in the middle of each piece a large pared and cored apple; drop into each apple a piece of butter about as big as a small hickorynut; fill up the hole with sugar and put some around the outside of the fruit.

Apple Pie.—Take up the four corners of the pastry, pinch them into a knot over the apple and let them bake in a good quick oven, so that the pastry may be well browned, but give them time to get well done inside. They may be eaten with or without cream.

HANGING OF PICTURES. In hanging pictures the guiding principle as to height is the level of the eye, but combined with that are equally important considerations of size, shape and color, in relation both to wall spaces and to each other.

Too high, too far apart, poorly balanced and forming steps or gables are pitfalls to be avoided. When one's pictures are large and can be hung one in a place, with a thought only for the proper height and lighting, the problem is a comparatively simple one.

The shapes must harmonize with the shape of the piece of furniture beneath, as well as with the space. That the dark places must be lighted up with the light pictures and the dark photographs hang in the high lights can easily be seen.—Harper's Bazar.

"What Are Piles?" You May Ask. AND WHY ARE THEY ALWAYS RELIEVED AND CURED BY THE USE OF DR CHASE'S OINTMENT

The itching, burning sensations of piles or hemorrhoids, the feelings of uneasiness and discomfort, and the loss of blood, are familiar to many who may not know the name or nature of their ailment.

Piles are small tumors, which form at the opening of the rectum, and are described as itching, bleeding or protruding, according to the symptom that is most prominent.

The cause of greatest suffering is the intense itching, which is an almost constant symptom, while the greatest danger arises from loss of blood. You can scarcely imagine one in greater misery than the victim of a severe case of piles.

By reason of its remarkably soothing effect, Dr. Chase's Ointment brings almost instant relief from the dreadful itching. It heals the ulcers, stops the loss of blood, and makes a thorough cure of this obstinate and loathsome disease.

The old idea of a surgical operation with all the accompanying pain, expense and risk, as the only cure for piles, has given way before the extraordinary success of Dr. Chase's Ointment, which has demonstrated its power in thousands of cases where operations had failed.

Do not make the mistake of dropping this treatment as soon as the itching stops. Make the cure lasting by persistent use. Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

BUYING A PAPER.

"Here boy, let me have a paper." "Can't." "Why not? I heard you crying them loud enough to be heard at the City Hall."

"Yes, but that was down 'tother block, ye know, where I hollered." "What does that matter? Come, now, no fooling. I'm in a hurry."

"Couldn't sell you a paper on this here block, mister, cos it b'longs to Limpy. He's just up the furthest end now. You'll meet him."

"And who is Limpy? And why does he have this block?" "Cos us other kids agreed to let him have it. Ye see it's a good run, 'count of the offices all along, and the poor chap is that lame he can't git around lively like the rest of us, so we agreed that the first one caught sellin' on his beat should be thrashed. See?"

"Yes, I see. You have a sort of brotherhood among yourselves?" "Well, we're goin' to look out for a little cove what's lame anyhow."

"There comes Limpy now. He's a fortunate boy to have such friends." The gentleman bought two papers of him, and went on his way down town, wondering how many men in business would refuse to sell their wares in order to give a weak, halting brother a chance in the field.—Exchange.

A GOOD STORY.

(Our Dumb Animals.) I looked around and saw a man carrying under his arms a number of small whips.

He was surrounded by a group of boys who, not having money to purchase, were looking on with wistful eyes.

Curious to ascertain whether the man could earn a livelihood in this occupation, I watched him for nearly an hour, at the end of which time he had already sold six.

The first was purchased by a woman of pleasing appearance for a little boy about two years old, whose first employment of it was in striking his mother.

Another child, walking with its nurse, also bought one and immediately began to whip a little stray dog that was looking for its master.

Another, rather older than the others, after making a similar purchase, laid it on the back of some sheep which a butcher's boy was driving to a slaughter-house.

A fourth quickly forced a poor cat to take refuge in the shop from which she had just returned.

The fifth, a bad-looking fellow, bargained for one, and then refused to buy it because it would not give sufficient pain.

I was disgusted with this cruelty, and was just turning away when I saw a kind-looking man, who was holding a little boy by the hand, stop to purchase one, but a sign from me made him change his purpose.

"Sir," said I, "excuse the liberty I have taken. I think you have done well not to place a whip in your little boy's hand lest it should have produced in him a love of giving pain, to which, judging from his countenance, he is as yet a stranger."

"Look," I continued, as we approached the end of the street, which made a rapid descent, "at those two wretched horses, which can hardly keep their footing on the slippery pavement—see how cruelly the driver is flogging them—see with what effort they move and how they are covered with sweat. You may be sure their driver had a whip for his first toy."

"You are right," he said. "Yes," said I, "a man, naturally harsh and cruel, becomes still more so by his education. He begins as a boy by flogging his wooden horse, and afterwards flogs the real horse and all the animals under his power."

"I am resolved," said he, "never again to spend a penny in placing a whip in the hands of a child."

GRANDPA'S POCKETS.

Three small boys sat in a row on the fence. Six dirty hands rubbed the tears away from six teary eyes. Three small hearts were full of woe, and all because Sister Sue forgot to buy each boy a toy when she went to town.

"One small dog—the boys called him 'Ship'—sat on the ground ready to howl, but when he saw grandpa he barked for joy.

"We want tops to spin," wept the three small boys. Grandpa laughed. Out came his knife; it was big and sharp. Then in his right-hand pocket he found a spool. "Snip! chipt!" went the big knife, and one end of the spool grew sharp and thin. Then the big knife made a peg from a bit of the fence, and grandpa pushed the peg into the hole in the spool, and it turned into a top.

Tom fell off the fence when grandpa gave it to him. Then grandpa found a button-mould in his left-hand pocket. Now, a button-mould is a round piece of wood with a hole in the very middle. Ask your mother for one. Grandpa's big knife fled around another bit of the fence, and it made a peg; he pushed it into the hole in the button-mould, and it turned into a top.

Joe fell off the fence when grandpa gave it to him. Then grandpa found a great big bead, a yellow one, in his guess-what pocket, and then the big knife made a peg from a bit of the fence, and grandpa pushed the peg into the hole in the bead and it turned into a top.

They Never Knew Failure.—Careful observation of the effects of Parnee's Vegetable Pills has shown that they act immediately on the diseased organs of the system and stimulate them to healthy action. There may be cases in which the disease has been long seated and does not easily yield to medicine, but even in such cases these Pills have been known to bring relief when all other so-called remedies have failed. These assertions can be substantiated by many who have used the Pills, and medical men speak highly of their qualities.

FITS EPILEPSY

If you suffer from Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, St. Vitus' Dance, or have children or relatives that do, or know a friend that is afflicted, then send for a free trial bottle with valuable treatise on these deplorable diseases. The sample bottle will be sent by mail prepaid to your nearest Post-office address. Leibig's Fit Cure brings permanent relief and cure. When writing, mention this paper and give name, age and full address to

THE LEIBIG CO., 179 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

Will fell off the fence when grandpa gave it to him. Grandpa shut up his big knife and put it into his pocket. Then three small boys and one small dog had a lovely time spinning tops until Sue called them; then they all went into the house and ate a tip-top dinner.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

"I'm in the saddest sorrow," said the pocket-knife of John. "Because, you see, I feel to blame" for things that I have done. At school on Monday morning last I made my owner late.

While with my point he slowly scratched his name upon his slate. On Tuesday afternoon he stopped to play a while with me. By cutting deep his name again upon a cherry tree.

On Wednesday—Oh! what can I say to tell ho... shocked I am!—He used my blade to open wide a jar of currant jam.

On Thursday I was used to do the saddest deed of all. I cut a lock of curly hair from Nelly's pretty doll.

On Friday I was digging through the side of Willie's drum. When suddenly my blade was snapped and cut my master's thumb.

On Saturday (that is to-day) my blades are safely shut. And John has got a bandage round the place that I have cut. And so, you see I'm sorry for the mischief I have done.

But tell me, please, am I so much to blame as Master John? John Lea.

SAVES A DOZEN LIVES.

A dog owned by Mrs. Mary Munroe, of No. 25 Cross street, Malden, saved a dozen persons from death by suffocation early one morning and sacrificed his own life. He was sleeping in the cellar of the house occupied by Mrs. Munroe and her family and Mrs. Dorman and her children, and when a fire started from an overheated furnace and smoke began to fill the rooms, he ran to the sleeping apartments of the families, barking loudly to warn them of their danger.

The women and children thus awakened rushed from the house in their night clothing. When the flames were extinguished the body of the dog was found lying outside the door of the bed-room in which the youngest Munroe child slept.

On the door were scratches which it is thought he made trying to awaken the baby, which he did not know had escaped.—Boston Herald.

A HASTY BOY.

Harry Gray played so hard and worked so fast that his people called him "Hasty Harry."

"See quickly, think quickly, act promptly," his father said, "and you may accomplish wonders."

Harry's home was on the bank of a deep river. Not far off lived two little boys too young to swim or manage a boat. They often went out with Harry, who let Sam try to paddle.

One morning they found Harry's boat fastened to the wharf. In they jumped and made it rock and splash themselves with water. But all at once the boat broke away and floated out. Then came the steamer whistle. She was coming swiftly down the river.

Harry and his sisters were coming down the path when they heard screams and cries for help. Hasty Harry saw—thought—and acted. Down he dashed, sprang from the wharf and swam rapidly to the boat. He scrambled in and paddled. The steamer was bearing down on them like a great monster. One moment more and they were lost!

No! One desperate effort and they were out of her course and safe. Not one second too soon, for where they had been the big vessel plunged along, tossing the little craft like a cork on the water.

The steamer whistled, the passengers shouted, "Well done! Bravo! Hurrah! Hurrah!" "Hasty Harry," his father whispered under cover of the cheers, "you have lived up to your name to-day."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

WHICH ONE WAS KEPT?

There were two little kittens, a black and a gray. And grandmamma said with a frown—"It will never do to keep them both. The black one wed'd better drown."

"Don't cry, my dear," to tiny Bess, "One kitten's enough for tis growing late. And time you were fast asleep."

The morrow dawned, and rosy and sweet Came little Bess from her nap; The nurse said, "Go into mamma's room And look into grandma's lap."

"Come here," said grandmamma, with a smile, "From the rocking-chair where she sat; "God has sent you two little sisters, Now, what do you think of that?"

Bess looked at the Babies a moment. With their wee heads, yellow and brown, And then to grandmamma soberly said, "Which are you going to drown?" —Lillian Street, Ideal Home.

It is the peculiar province of prudence to regulate our words and actions. It teaches us to speak with suitable circumstances of time, place, and person required. It forbids all discourse against God or our neighbor, every word which can flatter our vanity, or which may be spoken for an unworthy purpose.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE Benedictine Salve

This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FELONS or BLOOD POISONING. It is a Sure Remedy for any of these Diseases.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says 212 King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1902.

John O'Connor, Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.

John O'Connor, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1900. DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, yours truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, December 16th, 1901. DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts send him to me and I will prove it to him. Yours for ever thankful, PETER AUSTEN.

Peter Austin, writing from Des Moines, Iowa, under date of July 2nd, 1905, says: "Enclosed please find M.O. for \$1.00, for which send me a box of your Benedictine Salve. Rheumatism has never troubled me since your salve fixed me up in December, 1901."

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG.

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TORONTO, OCTOBER 19, 1905.

HOW BIGOTRY IS ENGENDERED.

In looking over the exchanges one is sometimes astounded by the spirit of misconception regarding the Church and things pertaining to it, that permeates many newspapers. One wonders at the misconstructions, gross misrepresentations, downright untruth, insulting terms and statements, the result of ignorance or malice—or is it an amalgam of both constituents that actuates the writers? When one looks over those sheets that find their way weekly into the homes of thousands, who form their ideas from what they read written there, and who have no opportunity of meeting with anything contrary or contradictory, one is no longer surprised at the amount of ignorance that is abroad regarding things Catholic. The wonder is that matters are not worse. As an example here are a few specimens of the rubbish sent out by the Canadian Baptist from a report of missionary work in Quebec:

"On one occasion, with two women, Mrs. Scott called on a Franciscan father who was considered a great champion of his faith. In a few moments he was cornered, and refused to speak unless the discussion was in writing. He gave as his reason for not continuing the conversation, that Madame Scott had never studied theology. As the trio insisted on further consideration of the subject in hand, Transubstantiation, the 'champion' unceremoniously turned them out of doors. One of the women from that time took the Word of God for her guide and left the Church of Rome.

In another instance the priest asked the person who accompanied the Bible-woman if she understood the New Testament which she was so anxious to read. She replied, 'Not very well.' 'In that case,' the priest said, 'you may read it.'

Here is yet another quotation from the same:

"Wherever, then, in French Quebec 'holy' water and crucifix deceive the judgment and falsify devotion, wherever misguided zeal engenders superstition; wherever the civilities of knee, hat and hand and many outward and sensible motions fail to express or promote invisible devotion, wherever an Ave Maria suffices the conscious need of sinful hearts; wherever solemnities and ceremonies serve as allurements and baits to deluded minds that look askance on the face of truth, there does Grande Ligne Mission wish to be found as a gentle but firm nurse, obeying the directions of the great Physician towards the cure of sick French-Canadian souls. In this work lies, let it be said again, her guarantee of long life."

As an absurdity and specimen of presumptuous conceit the above could not very well be surpassed. Something more venomous, however, is found in the following from the Orange Sentinel of Oct. 5th:

"The thing that Protestants pride themselves upon most is that spirit of tolerance which causes them to concede to every man absolutely equal rights. This is a principle that every man should cherish. It is the priceless jewel of Protestantism. But we find, unfortunately, that our tolerant attitude towards the intolerant Church of Rome produces results which threaten to circumscribe the liberty of the nation. We have no sympathy with the penal laws enacted in Ireland at the latter part of the eighteenth century. But if we study history to any purpose we see how necessary those laws were. Indeed, if we examine the condition of Ireland to-day we must admit that the situation there is one that threatens the integrity of the Empire."

The writer of the above, despite his denial, would evidently be in prompt accord with a renewal of the penal laws. Here are a few more choice morsels:

"The spirit of despotism is the spirit of Roman Catholicism. Protestants are growing up in ignorance of the fact that this great sacerdotal system, with its centre at Rome, ever keeps before it the subjugation of the world—not to Christ—but to the Pope; that it aims at restricting instead of extending human liberty; that while it separates the individual from God and places between man and his Maker priests and saints and the Virgin Mary, it makes him open his very soul to the confessor, and denies him entrance into Heaven if he refuses to submit his judgment in politics and in every other sphere of life to that of his bishop."

Entire pages are taken up with matter such as the above. Is it any wonder, then, that Catholics are viewed as they are. To explain or deny would have no effect upon the writers, the myopia which affects them is one for which they will not accept a cure, and it is an old, old proverb that none are so blind as those who will not see.

MUNICIPAL CORRUPTION CHARGES.

Charges of corruption against members of the Toronto City Council have become public as the result of a quarrel among self-confessed lobbyists. Charges originating in this way need to be probed very thoroughly before conclusions are formed one way or the other. At the same time it is common experience that evidence induced by disappointment and quarrelling within a ring go pretty straight to the root of the trouble. The investigation in this case will, of course, be conducted according to the statute by the County Judge. But Toronto has profited little by enquiries of this kind in the past. Why an "investigation" should arise between the Crown and accused wrongdoers is something that lawyers may understand the nature of. But if the giving and accepting of a bribe be crimes in the eye of the law, why cannot the machinery of the criminal law be used directly in the sitting out of the truth or falsity of charges of municipal corruption? It is coming near the end of the year, and men whose names rest under a cloud now are doubly aggrieved if innocent, whilst an investigation draws its slow length along and a definite finding may never be come to. We should get rid of the county judge's investigation and adopt the vigorous and more practical and direct methods of impeachment favored in the United States, or else rely upon the ordinary machinery of our own criminal law.

JUSTICE BLIND AND SLIPSHOD.

The trial of the young man Gow, of Durham township, who killed a child by recklessly pouring a rapid-fire from his rifle into the domicile of an unpopular neighbor, has ended in a lamentable miscarriage of justice. The accused was found guilty and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. The law-abiding residents of Dummer are already preparing an ovation in anticipation of the early restoration to their neighborhood of its most popular sharpshooter, which proceeding on their part is perhaps the roughest commentary upon punishment so ill-fitted to the crime that could have been brought to the consciousness of the judge and jury. The conduct of this case from the very beginning has left much to be desired. The popular feeling in the locality was found after the shooting to be cruelly hostile to the victims of the outrage, and the very officers of the Crown seemed to act as if they were flabby accessories of this prejudice. It is to the credit of the jury that they found the prisoner guilty, and this is about the only feature in which justice has not seemed to wink through her veil at the heinous nature of the crime. Dummer may rejoice in the forthcoming home-coming of a rustic hero and justice in these parts may hand her head for shame both before and after the jubiliations.

BABY FINANCIERS.

The Province of Ontario has made another failure to float seven million dollars of bonds guaranteed by the Province. Our much despised neighbor, Quebec, appears to have an excellent credit, and the question therefore arises, what can be the matter with Ontario. This province has vast resources. Its revenue is abundant. It has no debts. We fear that the trouble rests with the men who essay the role of financiers without any real experience or knowledge of the business. There is not a corporation in Toronto that would employ Col. Matheson at any price to put through a financial operation of any magnitude. Yet Colonel Matheson, with all the cocksureness of the elected person, throws himself against the New York and London markets and would make a new record in floating a loan. If the Province of Ontario has in its employment any old servant acquainted with finance he should be entrusted with this business, because Mr. Whitney, Mr. Matheson and the other tyros are quite unnecessarily giving the province a bad name in Wall Street and Capel Court when they run their heads against the money market upon the direction of Mr. Flavell or some other genius who holds their confidence.

LIFE INSURANCE.

Should the managers of life insurance companies be bound by the statements they make to the public to promote business? In a magazine advertisement of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, signed by the President, Richard A. McCurdy, the following statement is made in large letters:

"In this purely mutual company policy-holders own and share all the profits."

In his examination last week before the Legislative Insurance Investigation Committee, Mr. McCurdy gave a wholly contrary assertion of his oath.

"It is," he said, "an entire misconception of the function of the life insurance company to consider it as a company organized for the benefit of making money or of declaring dividends to the person who pays the premium to the company. . . . It was not the object to declare a dividend to a man. It was not the object that he should carry a policy of \$2,500 or \$3,000 and pay the premium of \$19.28, or whatever it might be, and then at the end of the year get \$7 and go home and spend it for cigars and billiards. The object was to insure as many men as possible and to pay them at the time of their death and not during their lifetime one penny."

Here we have Mr. McCurdy, the advertiser, and Mr. McCurdy on oath. We suppose he is more careful about his oath than his advertising. The point sought to be made by Mr. McCurdy in his evidence is that insurance is an "elemosynary" enterprise and that all the big insurance companies constitute a "great brotherhood." Among this brotherhood of elemosynary magnates the motto that "charity begins at home" apparently dominates all other principles. Mr. McCurdy draws \$150,000 a year and all his near and distant relatives are into the pay-roll up to their elbows.

A like scale of nepotism is charged against Mr. McCall, President of the New York Life Insurance Company. All other companies in the business seem to be tared with the same brush. Their charitable principles begin and end with themselves and their next of kin; and their policy-holders who are assured before entering the company that they "own and share all the profits," but who are not taken into the family circle of the "great brotherhood," constitute, sure enough, as Mr. McCurdy puts it, an amazingly generous elemosynary organization.

SIR WILLIAM MULOCK.

Canada loses the services of one of her most efficient and public-spirited ministers by the retirement of Sir William Mulock from the office of Postmaster-General. The public regret on account of this somewhat suddenly announced event has been sharpened by the concurrent publication of its cause. At the Premier's dinner on Monday evening in honor of his retiring colleague, and in the presence of most of the members of the Cabinet, Sir Wilfrid said the serious condition of Sir William Mulock's health had been known to him for four years and had been kept a secret in the hope of improvement. Sir William Mulock himself added:

"As Sir Wilfrid has reminded you, I received a shock to my nervous system in crossing the Atlantic in 1901, which caused me such pain that for months and months I did not know what it was to be free from agony, yet never during that whole period did anyone ever hear a murmur from my lips. I suffered as words could never tell. Since then there has been recurring twinges, premonitions that there are limits to which the nervous system can be subject, if, indeed, there is not an entire collapse. However, I feel perfectly satisfied that under restful and peaceful conditions I have every reason to look forward to complete recovery."

It is rather humiliating to realize that words so plain were demanded of the Premier and his friend because of the circulation of rumors by the opposition press that the resignation was the outcome of some trouble within the Cabinet. Now that the full truth is known there is no class of citizens in Ontario who will deny sympathy with the man who has stood at his post so long under the constant stress of hard work and the harder strain of hope deferred.

Sir William Mulock will be an acquisition to the Bench of Ontario, where he assumes the Chief Justiceship of the Exchequer Division of the High Court.

The new Postmaster-General, Hon. A. B. Aylesworth, has long been picked out for Cabinet honors. Like Sir William Mulock in one respect, he is said to be a slave of work. North York is opened by the translation of Sir William Mulock to the Bench and Mr. Aylesworth will doubtless be the Government candidate there.

DEATH OF SIR HENRY IRVING.

The passing of Sir Henry Irving is the drawing down of the curtain before a life that was ever and always a continuous and strenuous effort to higher things along the line of his chosen career. As an incentive to the pursuit of an ideal his is an example to be followed with profit. The art to which he devoted himself was to him more than the name implies; it was also a science, a combination worthy the most sublime powers of the imagination together with the highest possible intellectual effort. In pursuit of his ideal he attained such eminence that at the time of his call he stood on the highest plane of his profession, the recognized exponent of all that is good and highest in the presentation of the drama. The profession he loved and idealized has been elevated by his connection with it; his contemporaries remember him as the sympathetic leader always ready to lend a helping hand to those on the lower rungs of the ladder of fame; in the eyes of the world he is without peer in the realms of his art. As Shakespeare comes down to us the greatest of English dramatists, so Irving shall go down to posterity as amongst the greatest of those who have endeavored to fitly interpret the great works of the great Master.

PRAISE IS APPRECIATED.

When a Protestant minister can so far throw off the shackles of prejudice which so often form part of his environment, as to enunciate from his pulpit praises in honor of our Catholic institutions, it is but right that we in return should recognize his action by an acknowledgement of our appreciation. Rev. Dr. McMullen, pastor of Knox Church, Woodstock, on Sunday last, while speaking of the death of a fellow-laborer, Rev. J. Skinner Scott of Sarnia, who had gone for treatment to the Catholic Hospital, London, paid a high tribute to that institution. The Rev. gentleman in passing regretted the racial prejudice and sectarian hatred, so often fomented in these days by the newspapers and expressed a wish that his tribute of praise might be spread throughout the Dominion, as his portion in counteracting the strife brought about by a certain portion of the press. There are doubtless many outsiders who, like Dr. McMullen, are confronted by the good works in which our hospitals and kindred institutions are continuously engaged, but like the lepers of old, there is only one to return and give thanks. Catholics everywhere will appreciate the independent utterances of the Presbyterian pastor of Knox church, Woodstock.

Father Hennepin's Connection With Minneapolis

An article in the New England Magazine on the City of Indianapolis recalls how Father Hennepin, the Franciscan missionary and explorer, laid his impress on the region in which Minneapolis is situated. Father Hennepin used to be credited with being the first white man to enter the land now called Minnesota, but fresh historical matter discovered of recent years goes to show that Radison and Groseliers, traveled through this and other portions of the Indian country from 1652 to 1684. Du Luth, too, preceded Father Hennepin by a year, coming in 1679. But Father Hennepin with his band performed good work among the Indians, and while he himself may be forgotten, or assigned to a minor place in Minnesota's early history, as time brings forth fresh facts, yet the Falls of St. Anthony in the Mississippi, the well-utilized water power of Minneapolis, bear the name which Father Hennepin bestowed upon them in honor of his patron, St. Anthony of Padua. So long as this stupendous work of nature bears this title Father Hennepin's connection with Minnesota's discovery can not be entirely lost sight of. More than this, the State has perpetuated his memory by giving the country in which Minneapolis is situated, his name, and the city in turn has called one of its principal business streets and boulevards, Hennepin avenue. Minneapolis to-day has a population of two hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants, and is one of the most beautiful cities in the United States, yet fifty-five years ago the land occupied by the city was the home of the Indian, the Buffalo, and every other wild thing; and it is interesting to read in an old gazette this description of what is at present such a mighty city: "Minneapolis, a post-village, capital of Hennepin County, Minnesota, beautifully situated on the right bank of the Mississippi opposite the city of St. Anthony. It contains ten churches, two national banks, a United States land office, three flouring mills and six saw mills. Population in 1860, 2,561." The city of St. Anthony mentioned in this description has long ago been merged in Minneapolis.—Sacred Heart Review.

Final Hope of Colored Race

Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis, who returned lately after spending the summer in Europe, where he visited his home in Ireland and inspected the great European Cathedrals with a view to the \$1,000,000 structure which is soon to be built in his archiepiscopal city, devoted his first sermon after his return to a practical consideration of the responsibility of the Catholic Church in the solution of the negro problem. Preaching last Sunday in the Cathedral Chapel in St. Louis, the Archbishop said:

"Yesterday we had the dedication of a new asylum for colored children, and I saw there a number of these little ones cared for by the colored community of Sisters, and I saw there also a number of our people, white and colored, attending this function. I had some words to say to those who were present, but in the background of what I had to say to them there loomed this great question that is not settled yet. That is, the race question; the question of the colored people, their future association with the other people who dwell in these United States. "Possibly there will never be written down for this problem an exact solution on paper or in formula. It is a unique question that does not exist with the same accentuation anywhere as it does in the United States. The Celtic, Teutonic, Saxon or whatever may be the original racial blood of the people of the United States, all represent more than 1,000 years of civilization and culture, and where there is civilization and culture from year to year, and generation to generation, there must be an accumulated heredity springing therefrom. While individuals may be decadent yet the race exhibits that prenatal civilization. Consequently, we have on the one hand the highest point of civilization to-day, and on the other hand we have a race that has back of it no civilization; a nation that is racially at the very antithesis of the white race. And yet by closer political and local association these two races have come together to work out their salvation as best they may. "In Europe they do not understand this condition, because in Europe there is a gradual degradation from race to race. The Swedish people commingle with the North German; the North German associates with the South German, the South German with the Latin, the Latin with the Egyptian, the Egyptian with the Abyssinian, and the Abyssinian with

the Hottentots, and thus step by step the declension goes on, but there is no accentuated difference between race and race.

"In the United States they have tried to solve this question by the Civil War. There were many who thought they had solved it by the success of the Northern arms during the Civil War. They did succeed in the abolition of slavery, and that part of the success of the United States arms is to-day admitted and applauded by all the citizens, because slavery is wrong. But that they have thereby solved the entire question of the colored race and its future is doubted by many.

"Some think it will be solved by education, and hence the proper thing to do is to intrinche the colored people in their political, civil, social rights or whatever rights they may have, by placing education before them, by building high schools and universities and training them to the point where they are absolutely the intellectual equal of the white man. But there are others who think that after the high school and the university have done all possible for the colored race, we shall still have the same old problem.

"It appears to us the sanest way to secure a solution of the problem would be to study the race according to its own proper genius, for every race has its own individualization, its own characteristics, its own trend of racial and national life its own way of growing as we believe all races should grow up and onward. This is true of the white race, it is true of the colored race. The characteristics of the colored people can be summed up very readily. The colored people have hearts, they are emotional, they are imitative, they are faithful, provided the temptations to infidelity are not too strong; they are obedient if they are trained to obedience, they are believers almost to the point of credulity. The very first thing to do is to get them to control their emotions, to train their hearts and develop their moral nature. Their faculty of belief, which is good in itself, ought to be utilized to their uplifting."

The Archbishop saw in religion the final hope of the colored race, and said it was only by the discipline of Christianity that they could be lifted to better things.

Irish Industries

Nowhere in the Irish Industrial Exposition is there a more picturesque or interesting corner than the small inclosure within which are shown some of the results of the industrial revival in Loughglyn, County Roscommon, Ireland. All around the railing of the inclosure are rugs and carpets, decorated with curious Irish patterns. Inside two white-robed Sisters, of St. Francis, are presiding at a stall of lovely laces, and four Irish girls, in green dresses, are at work with looms, bobbins and needles. Katy Kilduff is making a carpet and Annie O'Daly a rug. Katherine Kenny is making a Carrickmacross veany is making a Carrickmacross design of shamrock round the border of a handkerchief, and Katy Bourke is manipulating bobbins upon a pillow in a mysterious fashion, which is expected eventually to produce a duchess lace collar in a design of fleur de lys and shamrocks. It all looks extremely difficult and endlessly laborious, but the girls all say that it is quite easy, and that it will take them only a short time to finish the particular pieces that they are engaged upon.

Yet eighteen months ago they could do none of these things. Loughglyn lay desolate and hopeless and her sons and daughters were seeking homes in other lands. The transformation was brought about in this way. By continued resistance to his exactions the tenants of Lord Dillon had succeeded in forcing him to sell his estate. This he did about six years ago, making over his property to Congested Districts Board. The Board divided the estate up into small holdings, but left eighty acres of land attached to the house, as it was thought that the latter would be useless without some land attached. Then the Board advertised for a tenant, but as the place is many miles from a railroad none came for four years. The Bishop of Elphin next conceived the idea of converting the magnificent old house into an industrial centre for the neighborhood. He bought the place for \$11,000 and brought from Belgium a community of the Franciscan Sisters, and Loughglyn entered upon a new life.

The Sisters teach the girls of the neighborhood not only the beautiful arts now being exhibited at the Fair, but cooking, plain needle-work, laundry work, dairying, poultry raising and kitchen gardening. They introduced vegetables like the tomato, unknown in the country before, and taught them to cook the new foods as well as the old ones. The Irish peasantry have fallen into the habit of living largely on bread and tea, and the Sisters have labored to restore the use of oatmeal, milk and eggs.

The Sisters also visit in the homes of the people and teach them how to make their cottages comfortable and beautiful.

Although the community was brought from Belgium, many of the Sisters are Irish, and it is two Irish women, Sisters Columba and Bridget, who are in charge of the lace stall at the Fair.

"We want to keep the Irish girls at home," explained Sister Columba, "not only for their own sake, but for the sake of the country. We can never raise Ireland if all the people go away."

The industries of Loughglyn are said to be more strictly Irish than any others now in operation there. Speaking of the curious designs on the rugs and carpets, Rev. Michael O'Flannagan, who is in charge of the exhibit, said that they had never been

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used in this kind of work before, although revived twenty years ago for the decoration of books. The distinctive feature of this old Celtic ornamentation is an elaborate interlacing of curves and circles. It had its origin in the decoration of missals and manuscripts and may be seen in a reproduction of a page from the Book of Kells, shown in another exhibit. Father O'Flanagan suggested the use of these ancient designs, and it is his hope that some day all the products of Irish industry will be as distinctive as Japanese work now is.

The object of bringing this exhibit to America is to secure orders for the work and to raise money, for there is a debt of \$15,000 on the school, and Loughglyn is still very poor. On Sunday, October 22, an athletic tournament will be held at Celtic Park for the benefit of the Loughglyn School. The prizes will be of Irish manufacture.

The fourth annual meeting of the Archbishops of Canada was held at the Archbishop's Palace, Ottawa, during the past week. The Archbishops of Toronto, Montreal, Kingston, Quebec, Ottawa and Halifax were in attendance. Archbishop Langevin of St. Boniface was unable to be present.

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MR. WM. HALLEY

("Old-Timer") will lecture on the above subject so soon as the necessary arrangements can be made, in Toronto and Hamilton. Particulars in our next issue.

Diocese of Peterborough

The Right Rev. R. A. O'Connor Visits Gravenhurst

On Saturday His Lordship the Rt. Rev. R. A. O'Connor, D.D., of Peterborough came to Gravenhurst to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation. In the afternoon the children were assembled in the church, and were put to the test by His Lordship, to answer and give reasons for the faith that is in them. In the evening His Lordship said the prayers and gave the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. He also addressed the congregation on the importance of Confession, speaking in clear and forcible language, and explaining very vividly the nature of his subject.

Where were we one hundred years ago? No one knew of our existence. Where shall we be one hundred years hence? Not in this world. Who has brought us to life? And who calls us again to life? Who gives to us a soul with judgment, with reason, with intelligence, a soul made unto the likeness of God? Who gives us all these attributes? Not our relatives, but Almighty God, the author of all. Who gives us the Power to move our hands, to speak, to walk, not our friends, but the Lord. And who takes from us in a moment, our power to speak, to walk, to move, to direct our actions? Almighty God. Consequently, when we reflect upon these benefits, that are placed before our eyes every day, then reason tells us that we owe to Almighty God, the duty of thanksgiving, the duty of gratitude. We are His creatures, God, who is our Benefactor and Preserver, should give to Him. Hence, God says, "I am the Lord thy God, thou shalt adore and serve me." Since we are His creatures it is then our duty to acknowledge our dependence upon Almighty God—to thank Him for the favors He has bestowed upon us, and if we do so, we may have the expectation that He will continue to pour His favors and blessings upon us.

Almost every day that we take up the newspapers we read of many sudden deaths—people dying in their offices, falling on the streets, etc. Who is it that deprives them so suddenly of life? Reason tells us it is God, for if they had life at their own disposal they would not cut themselves off in this manner. It is the Omnipotent God who does all this.

Day after day God prolongs our existence. He supports and sustains us. He preserves us from dangers and accidents, while all around us we see people falling. All these blessings imply obligations and duties on our part. Should we not think then of the innumerable duties we owe to God, of the gratitude and thanks we should give to Him, who gives us life, health, power and strength to live, day after day, until it shall be pleasing to Him, to call us out of this world? I wonder to many of us pause and meditate upon the succession of seasons, to provide for our corporal needs? Do we ever think how the world is provided with food and raiment? Let us ask ourselves who gives us all these blessings. Probably the farmer will say that it is through his own industry that his crops turn out well. The mechanic may say that his success is due to his toil and labor in his workshop. Yes, they may say so, but who is the first cause? Who is the being that gives them the health, who preserves them in health and gives them the strength to do their work? At once the answer is—Almighty God. For if God saw that He would deprive them of their health and strength in an instant. Now, all of these things should remind us of our duties to God, of our duty of gratitude and thanksgiving to Him, for the blessings He has bestowed upon us. The farmer says if he does not sow the seed he would have no crops, but he is only the secondary means. Who is it that causes the seed to fructify, the rain to fall from Heaven, the sun to shine? Who causes blessings to fall upon the crops, to have the grain ripen? It is not man. Man is only the instrument in the hand of God, and God is the first cause, who brings the work to perfection. The more we think of these things the more we should thank God for these blessings. Hence we should ask ourselves every morning when we awaken and find that God has given us the promise of another day—ask ourselves do we thank God by a few prayers, that He has preserved us during the night from a sudden death? Ask ourselves are we sufficiently grateful to offer, as creatures of God, thanksgiving for all the benefits He bestows upon us? Our conscience should tell us what to do. We should not be like the beasts in the fields; they are not expected to pray. But man has reason and judgment and God gave Him these faculties, in order that he might exercise them, in thanking Him for the many blessings and favors He confers upon us.

You can thus see how important and how essential it is that each human creature should, the first thing in the morning, offer prayers, in thanksgiving to God, for His many blessings—to thank God that kind omnipotent Father for having preserved Him during the night, and beseech Him to protect him during the day, from dangers, from accidents, and especially from sin.

Now, if a person conferred upon you a favor, give you some present, do you think you would not thank him for it? If you did not thank him for it he would turn away from you, and you need not expect that he would give you another present, because you did not appreciate or give thanks for his past gift. Apply the same reason to our conduct towards Almighty God. If every morning, if every day, if every night, we neglect to thank God by prayer for the favors, for the blessings He has bestowed upon us, are we to be surprised if God should punish us by allowing us to meet with accidents, by inflicting some punishment upon us by calling us suddenly out of life? Sometimes God thus punishes us, because He loves us, and to bring us to acknowledge our obligations, and fulfil our duties; and if you, like grateful children, day after day, offer your gratitude to God for His favors, then you may have greater confidence that He will continue His favors.

Unfortunately in these days of impiety and sinfulness many regard the fulfillment of their duties to God as a service that may be neglected or to which they may pay but little heed. The fact of omitting a duty does not remove its obligation. The relations between God and man always exist and cannot be changed. The relations of creation, existence and preservation are natural truths that are unchanged and cannot be destroyed. Man cannot exempt himself from these duties that he owes to God; he may neglect them, he may refuse to serve God, but that does not make him cease to be the crea-

ture of God, and consequently His subject; neither does it destroy his obligations. Children have the duty of loving their parents, of respecting them, but the disobedience of the child that shows contempt for the parents does not remove the obligation of respect. The obligation still exists, but the child who neglects to fulfil the obligation will receive punishment sooner or later.

Now, we are all God's children, and we owe the duties of love, respect, etc., to Almighty God. Many may neglect these duties. Many may despise God by sin, by ingratitude, by disrespect towards His Divine Majesty, by cursing, etc., but that does not remove the obligation of loving and serving God. The obligation still exists. We cannot remove the obligation because we are the creatures of God, the creatures of the Almighty, and hence as He created us we are under many obligations that cannot be evaded. Our duties to God arise not only from the fact that we are His creatures, but also because Christ has redeemed us. God the Son is our Redeemer, and He, by the graces of Christianity, makes us children of God. We are thus created not merely to live for a few years in this world, but we are created for Heaven also, and when we lost Heaven through the sin of our first parents, when we were deprived of every claim to Heaven, through sin, Christ in His infinite love came down and assumed to Himself the nature of man, united human with His divine nature, died upon the cross to open Heaven that had been closed against us by the sin of our first parents. He poured out upon the cross His precious blood, that we might thus be washed from our sins, that we might be raised to be God's children, with a right to God's Kingdom, and to eternal happiness in Heaven. For these great blessings and the other blessings we receive in this world, for these supernatural gifts, we certainly owe many thanks to God. Consider, what is man? What is a Christian? Not merely are you creatures of God, but after you were born into this world you were cleansed from all sin. You were made a child of God, made a Christian. When were you made a Christian? When were you sanctified with the graces of Baptism, when you were introduced into the membership of the Church of Jesus Christ. You came into the world in original sin; you came into the world under the power of the devil, having no claim whatever to the Kingdom of Heaven, and by Baptism you were given a claim to the Kingdom of Heaven. Your parents had you brought to the church to be baptized, but before you were baptized the priest asked of your godfather and godmother, "For what do you come? For what purpose do you bring this child here? For what do you ask?" The answer was, "I ask for faith; I ask for this child to be taught the truths of religion; to be imbued with the faith that Jesus Christ promulgates in His Church; that he be made a child of God; to be cleansed from original sin." The priest then says, "What does faith bring thee too?" The answer is, "Life everlasting." The priest says: "If that child practises its faith, it will bring it to the Kingdom of Heaven, but before the child is made a Christian, we ask, 'Do you renounce Satan? Do you renounce the devil, with all his works and pomps? For if you wish to follow the works of the devil, then you cannot be made a child of God. Then, when the sponsors of the child promise to renounce Satan, to renounce Satan's works, the child is made a Christian, with all the graces and obligations, becoming this condition."

Then after Baptism, a transformation took place—at once a total change took place upon the soul of the child, by a miracle, by the will of Jesus Christ in instituting Baptism, as a means to pour His Precious Blood over that soul, and by the waters of Baptism. The soul after Baptism is pure in the sight of God; that child was made a brother of Jesus Christ, a child of God, and not through any work of the child; not through work of the parents, but, all through the institution by Jesus Christ who died upon the Cross for each and every one of mankind.

Then ask ourselves what do we owe to Christ? What then do we owe to Almighty God, for this great dignity He has conferred upon us, in making us children of God? Our own intelligence tells us that we owe a debt of gratitude to God, that even a million years of gratitude could not suitably repay. God is sufficiently pleased if we only keep His Commandments; keep the promises our sponsors made for us, and if we keep these commandments and promises, our reward will be the Kingdom of Heaven. You ought often to think of those favors, think of those blessings, and ask yourselves, are you grateful to our Lord? Do you sufficiently thank Him for these favors and blessings? Do you fulfil all the obligations you contracted when made a child of God? The obligations of avoiding evil and doing good? You say, "This is a sinful world; this is a wicked world; this is a dangerous world." We all acknowledge this—that it is difficult to serve God, to keep your soul from sin. And Christ Himself knows this, but notwithstanding, he does not abandon us. He comes to enable us to fulfil our obligations, to do our duties, that were contracted by us, when we were made Christians and heirs to the Kingdom of Heaven. It is to help us that He instituted His Church, that He promised to be with His Church all days, even to the consummation of the world; that he promised to assist us by His grace, to give us timely help for our soul's salvation, as we need them; to help us to avoid dangers. He has also instituted the Sacraments and left them to His Church, so that if we wish to fulfil our duties, by these means, we may become active members of the Church—not slothful members, but working members—performing well our duties and fulfilling our obligations. When people say, "this is a wicked world; it is too difficult to keep from sin, to preserve ourselves in the graces of God, we might ask such persons, 'Do you strive to keep from bad company? Do you endeavor to receive the Sacraments frequently? Do you perform the duties Christ has prescribed, in order that you may receive the necessary graces?' And you find that such persons are the very persons who neglect to fulfil their obligations. By their conduct, it seems, they imagine that Heaven is open to them, because Christ died for them

and then they expect God to reward them after death! A person who has been the slave of Satan by a life of sin and expects when he dies that he shall go with the Blessed into Heaven, is like a poor man going to a rich man's home who has thousands of dollars, and asking him for some of his thousands. The rich man will say, "What claim have you to my property?" and the poor man answers, "I have none, but in fact I have been working against your interests during the years I have known you; I have been striving to injure you, and to show you disrespect." What, then, would be the answer from the rich man? You all know it. You would be cast from his presence in one instant.

Now, I would say with regard to our conduct towards God, if during life we have not done the will of God, but instead of keeping His commandments, we have shown disrespect to God, by not loving Him, by not keeping His Commandments, by sin, by being the devil's slave, what, then, could you expect from God, after we have worked to gratify our evil passions, after having this worked in the service of Satan? Can we expect to merit Heaven? Our own reason tells us, it would be foolish to think of such, for God is a God of Justice as well as of Mercy.

Let us think of these things, and the more we shall think of them the more we will strive to fulfil our duties to God. Let our principal aim be that of loving and serving God by the fulfilment of the duties of our religion; for if we neglect these duties we cannot avoid sin; if we despise these duties we despise Christ, and consequently we are not to be surprised if God allows us to fall into sin. Christ is very anxious to save our souls, to preserve us from sin, and from its dangers, when we desire to rise and seek the means of repentance. Christ is anxious for our salvation, that we may enjoy God in Heaven. Heaven is not given to the sinner. Heaven is given to the good and faithful servant. These are the words of Christ, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." Heaven is not given to the slothful, nor to the sinful servants, but to the faithful servants. Each and everyone of us has a soul to save. We have been children of God that we might obtain our place in the Kingdom of Heaven. Let us conduct ourselves as children of God, seeking the means to preserve ourselves from sin, that we may have the hope and expectation that Christ will bestow upon us, the reward to faithful servants—that eternal reward which is happiness in the Kingdom of Heaven—the blessing I wish to each and everyone of you. Amen.

All the services were largely attended. Throughout the choir rendered splendid music, under the able directorship of Mr. P. J. Trainor. Particular mention is due the offertory solo rendered by Miss Clairmont, and to "Lead Kindly Light," so harmoniously sung by Mr. P. J. Trainor. On Monday morning at 8 o'clock His Lordship said the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass before leaving to visit the several little churches on the Muskoka Lakes.

part in the singing. Hymn books have been distributed in the seats and the congregation have been asked to comply with the order of His Holiness in this regard. The Gregorian chant of the congregation of the Cathedral, Hamilton, are to take corian Chant has been introduced into the Cathedral and St. Patrick's church.

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Anti-Blasphemy Parade About 18,000 members of the Holy Name Society paraded in Brooklyn lately. The parade was the society's thirteenth annual public protest against blasphemy and profanity. The seventy branches which participated were organized into sixteen divisions, each of which marched through a particular district. The parade being over, each division went to the church assigned to it. A sermon condemning profanity was preached at each of sixteen churches. The Holy Name Society is 631 years old. It was introduced in the Catholic diocese of Brooklyn in 1872. BEST QUALITY COAL & WOOD At Lowest Prices LIST OF OFFICES: 3 KING EAST 415 YONGE ST., 793 YONGE ST., 576 QUEEN ST. W., 1368 QUEEN W., 415 SPADINA AVENUE, 306 QUEEN STREET EAST, 204 WELLESLEY STREET, E-2 LANADE EAST, near Berkeley St., F-3 LANADE EAST, Foot of Church St., WATHURST ST., opposite Front St., PAPE AVENUE, at G.T.R. Crossing, YONGE ST., at C.P.R. Crossing, LANSDOWNE AVE., near Dundas St., COR. DUFFERIN and BLOOR STS.

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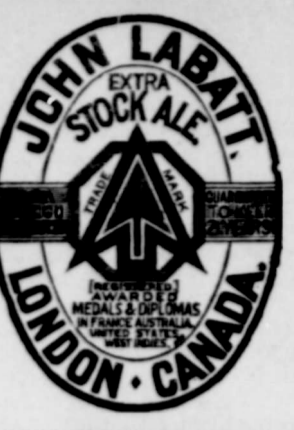
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six dollars away, Mary, instead of five," he advised as he had her good-bye. "You can save six as easily as less if you plan for it."

one who wasn't appropriately gowned. The funny mixture of child and young lady in the speech would have been amusing to the mother if it had not been tragic under existing circumstances.

long. It was soon transferred to a broad shoulder, and a pair of arms broad, strong and tender lifted the little figure. "I should think so, Mary; I should indeed. It is a wonder I didn't send the taxes and office rent to you for collection. Coal, gas and plumber! Why, dear, did you think I wanted you to do all that? Bless your heart I'll teach you a lesson or two yet. I have large faith in your ability, as I told you, but I don't expect ever you to make six dollars do the work of sixty-six. Stop crying, sweet-heart, and come with me. We are going shopping—do you hear? My wife is to dress to suit me this time—so to have whatever she wants, and if I ever say 'economy' to you again I hope somebody will give me what I deserve."



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Priest's Theory of Leprosy

Brother Serapion Van Hooft, the young man who, following in the footsteps of Father Damien, went to the leper settlement of Molokai in 1885, to join the little band of men and women who have consecrated their lives on the altar of God and humanity, has become a leper. The story has already gone around the world, attracting the attention of bacteriologists and leper experts everywhere and calling forth many inquiries as to the circumstances under which he contracted the disease. Brother Serapion, according to Father Joseph, of Kalawao, Molokai, contracted leprosy by absorbing into his system the bacilli of the disease during his nightly visits to the patients of the Baldwin Home Hospital. This conclusion of the Father—himself a leper student of many years' experience—will, if correct, upset many accepted theories and, at all events, is sure to bring up again one of these important questions with which science has been struggling unsuccessfully for a long time: What is leprosy? What are the primary causes that are responsible for it? Is it really incurable? Leprosy is a disease which seems to defy all ordinary rules both in the manner of its appearance and development. It shows at first by discoloration—white spots on the lower limbs usually. In the case of Brother Serapion this discoloration appeared upon his right arm, rendering it very weak, and paralyzing two of three fingers of the right hand. Then comes a depression of the muscles, a wasting that continues until all the fingers bend backward, shrivel, and drop off. The face takes on a bluish pallor. Blotches appear above the eyes. The ears become elongated, the diseased portion sometimes being four or five inches in length. One of the most curious phases of leprosy is that, although contagious, it does not seem to transmit itself through the blood of the persons so afflicted. For instance, there are at the Bishop Home, Kalawao, and the Baldwin Home, Kalawao, a number of children of both sexes, born at the settlement of leprosy parents—some afflicted with the worst form of the disease—but who themselves are free from it. The writer knows personally three women whose fathers and mothers were lepers. These women were born at the leper settlement, where they remained until their eighteenth year. Then, the doctors declaring them to be non-lepers, they were sent to the Kapiolani Home, in Honolulu, in which institution such girls may remain, in charge of the good Franciscan Sisters, until they have made plans for their future life. They may marry, go to work or remain at the home, at their pleasure. Here again is another peculiar case, showing the erratic pranks of leprosy. There is—or was until a short time ago—living in the city of Honolulu a woman who had been married three times. Each of her husbands eventually became a leper and died at the settlement. The woman never had so much as the slightest suspicion of the disease.

In order to get the best information obtainable upon the subject, the writer secured a permit from the Health Committee of the Hawaiian Legislature to accompany its members on their periodical visit to Molokai, which occurs once every two years. During the stay of the party upon that island of misery, desolation and death I secured a horse and went to interview Father Joseph Juliotte, the parish priest of Kalawao. Father Joseph has been at the leper settlement many years and is in charge of the church hallowed by the heroic labors of Father Damien. In his humble rectory he has fitted up a complete bacteriological laboratory. With the help of the territorial government—which does more for its unfortunate wards than any other government upon the face of the earth—and the assistance of kind friends the world over, the good priest has become the happy possessor of a set of instruments with which he is able to prosecute his researches and studies. Microscopes, microtomes, photomicrographs and photographic implements of the most delicate make and precision may be found on the table of this remarkable laboratory. Neatly arranged upon the shelves are numerous bottles, labelled and classified, containing all sorts of preparations, drops of blood, whole human fingers and toes, flies, mosquitoes, bits of flesh—all preserved in diverse kinds of alcohol and in a normal solution of physiological salt. With the aid of a good microscope it is possible to study the most minute details of these exhibits, and it is worth going miles by land and sea for the privilege of witnessing this scientific priest conduct his experiments and listen to his interesting if technical views upon that disease which, so far, has succeeded in baffling the learned members of the medical fraternity. Father Joseph laughs to scorn the theory that the fish-eating propensities of the Hawaiian people is one of the greatest means of the spreading of leprosy. With a twinkle in his wonderfully blue and intelligent eyes he meets the theory with the question, “Why, then, is it, since the Hawaiians have been eaters of fish for centuries, that the disease did not make its appearance in the islands until 1863, when it was introduced therein by Chinese coolies? And when one comes to think of it, the allegation does seem a little curious. “But I will tell you,” continued the priest, “what my opinion on the subject is. There are several things that contribute to the prevalence of leprosy. First, you will never see a person of clean habits and living in a clean surroundings contract leprosy unless he should live among lepers. Fifth, then, is one of the agents of contamination. ‘Awa’ is another. You know how awa is made by the natives. They take awa roots, pound them to pulp and place them in a large bowl, around which a number of them sit and into which they cast their saliva. This, when it ferments, produces the liquor so favorite among Hawaiians and Chinese, but which is their most relentless enemy. Then, again, certain diseases which have followed the advent of civilization in the islands have also contributed their part. An acute form of one of these diseases has played havoc in a race virgin to the disease. But all these agents to-day have done their worst. Mosquitoes, in my opinion, are to be held responsible for a number of the new cases. You know that the microscope and microtome are the great agents used to determine the nature of ailments; with their aid it is possible to go to the cause itself of the disorder—the bacillus. When the bacilli of leprosy is found in the interior parts of an individual you may be sure that that individual is a leper; this is logic; but so long as the bacilli has not penetrated into the interior the individual is not a leper. And after many years of experiments, study and observation I give it as my deliberate opinion that leprosy is inoculated by mosquitoes and by the organs of respiration as easily and as often as by any other means. “The other day I was painting the foot of a leper—or, rather, I was just finishing a wax model of the foot of a leper. And while I was busily engaged in my work there came a mosquito, which chose a large red spot on the foot of the patient upon which to alight, and from which it promptly proceeded to absorb material for a good meal. Quickly I seized the intruder between two fingers and made it disgorge upon a piece of sterilized glass a good part of its ill-gotten gain. With my instruments I made a careful examination, and there, true enough, on that piece of glass could be seen very distinctly the bacilli of leprosy. Of course this was nothing new to me, but I like to repeat my experiments whenever possible, so that the results achieved may be beyond the possibility of a doubt. I have examined thus quantities of mosquitoes, swollen with the blood of lepers, and in every case have reached the same results, which have led me to the opinion that the bacilli of leprosy is inoculated by mosquitoes. Before this conclusion is accepted by experts and writers of scientific books it will be necessary, no doubt, to prosecute experiments more numerous and convincing, but nevertheless I hold to the conclusion just formulated, based upon personal researches and experiments, and shall continue to do so. “To assure myself that the bacilli is also absorbed by the breathing organs I prepared a sterilized glass containing a small quantity of not-

mal solution. In this solution I placed a rubber tube, also sterilized. Then, having covered the glass, I requested a leper to breathe repeatedly upon the tube. When I analyzed the contents of the glass I found there, beyond any doubt, the bacilli of leprosy. Following the same experiment and as a complement thereof, I scraped my tongue with a needle of platinum, sterilized. Studying carefully the little cells which adhered to the needle, I found there also the telltale bacilli. I repeated it in my nose with the same result. Undoubtedly these experiments must be often repeated, at different days and different hours. What I have done, so far, is not sufficient, perhaps, for a conclusive scientific demonstration; but I believe that my theory that the bacilli of leprosy is inoculated by mosquitoes, by the breathing organs, and transmitted by the atmosphere, will prove to be a correct one. “Here at the settlement no one doubts but that we are surrounded by bacteria. It is in the air, in the clothing, in the pores of the body. It is easy, certainly, for the bacilli to pass from the exterior to the interior of the human organism. A little scratch will suffice for the transmitter, and in my opinion it is thus that Brother Serapion contracted the disease. When he was making his nightly visits to the hospital to see if his services were needed by any of the inmates the foul smell that pervaded the atmosphere provoked frequent vomiting of blood, which goes a long way to prove that there must have been some internal abrasion. It is through this abrasion that in all probability the bacilli entered into his internal organs. “It may be said here, what Father Joseph failed to mention, that whenever he or Father Maxim, of Kalawao, officiate at Mass in the church they are compelled to make short but frequent visits to the outside of the building in order to breathe a little pure air, the atmosphere in the church being so foul as to result in suffocation for a non-leper. The theory advanced by Father Joseph, and now made public for the first time, is a novel one, but well worthy of the serious consideration of the members of the medical fraternity.

“I have been afflicted with Rheumatism for years,” Mr. White continued. “I tried doctors and medicines, but never got anything to do me much good till I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. What they did for me was wonderful. “I also know the Harris family, and I saw their little girl, Edith, who was cured of Dropsy by Dodd's Kidney Pills. I know that to be true. I tell you I feel like recommending Dodd's Kidney Pills even stronger than I talk.” There is no Kidney Disease that Dodd's Kidney Pills cannot cure.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST Homestead Regulations ANY even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 160 acres, more or less. Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him. HOMESTEAD DUTIES: A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required to perform the conditions 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 and endorses such person as a homesteader, 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 requirements 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 Homestead Inspector. Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so. SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST MINING REGULATIONS Coal—Coal lands may be purchased at \$10 per acre for soft coal and \$20 for anthracite. 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 \$7.50 per annum for an individual, and from \$50 to \$100 per annum for a company, according to tonnage. 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 recorder in lieu thereof. When \$500 has been expended or paid, the locator may, upon having a survey made, and upon complying with other requirements, purchase the land at \$1 an acre. The patent provides for the payment of a royalty of 2 1/2% on the sales. PLACER mining claims generally are 100 feet square; entry fee \$5, renewable yearly. A free miner may obtain two leases to dredge 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 operation within one season from the date of the annum for each mile of river leased. Royalty at the rate of 2 1/2% per cent, collected on the output after it exceeds \$100,000. W. W. OORY, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior. N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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In and Around Toronto

DR. SMITH INTRODUCED.

On Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock a large and enthusiastic assemblage of the Choral and Athletic Society of St. Michael's parish was held in the Palace Hall, for the purpose of meeting Dr. Smith, the new director of the musical element in the association.

In response to one of the members Father Whelan explained that though it was desirable that all should place themselves in subjection to Dr. Smith in the matter of their fitness to become active members of the singing class, yet this would not in any way interfere with their other privileges as who could not sing themselves were asked to bring others, one or more, and thus show their earnest interest in the work.

IN HONOR OF ST. GERARD.

The Novena ending with the Triduum in honor of St. Gerard, held at St. Patrick's church during the last week and the beginning of this, was in every way a grand success.

RE-OPENING AT ST. MARY'S.

At the High Mass at 11 o'clock on Sunday next St. Mary's church will be formally re-opened and the interior decorations blessed after the general process of beautifying and decorating, which has been in operation during the past three months.

MISSIONS BY REDEMPTORISTS.

On November 12th missions are to be opened simultaneously in the city, when members of the Congregation of the Sacred Redeemer will conduct missions at St. Paul's, St. Helen's and St. Mary's churches.

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by Rev. Father Stuhl, His Grace, speaking from the sanctuary, preached the opening sermon at the Triduum. Taking as his text the 69th Psalm, the Archbishop introduced his subject by a general illustration of the wonderful power of God as portrayed by His works.

CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.

The second quarterly meeting of the eleventh year of the existence of the St. Vincent de Paul Children's Aid Society, was held on Monday evening in St. Vincent's Hall, Shuter street.

CONFIRMATION AT ST. LEO'S.

On Sunday, Oct. 15th, His Grace Archbishop O'Connor visited the pretty little church of St. Leo in Mimico, for the purpose of conferring the Sacrament of Confirmation on the children who had anticipated his coming for some time past.

MISS MARY SCANLAN.

The death of Miss Mary Scanlan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Scanlan of East Toronto, has called forth regret and sorrow much more than ordinary.

MR. THOMAS GALLAGHER.

Mr. Thomas Gallagher, whose home was at 674 Duchess street, died suddenly on Thursday evening, Oct. 12th.

DRUGS At Wholesale Prices

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coming events have been announced from the pulpits of the several churches concerned, and the congregations urged to avail themselves of the opportunities offered.

FUNERAL OF MR. T. P. COFFEE.

The last sad rites over the remains of Mr. T. P. Coffee, who died in London, Eng., on Sept. 14th, were performed at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes on Wednesday, the 11th inst.

The funeral cortege proceeded from 41 Maple avenue, to the church, thence to Mount Hope Cemetery. Amongst those present were Mayor Sleeman and Ald. Newstead of Guelph, the native city of deceased; the C.M.B.A. of Guelph was represented by President Ritchie and Grand Deputy Sam Heffernan.

The honorary pall-bearers were J. R. Stratton, Hon. Senator McMillan, C. Klopfer, J. L. Murphy, Windsor, Claude Macdonell, M.P., Bruce Macdonald and Bernard Hughes. The chief mourners were the father, Dennis Coffee, two sisters, Miss Theresa and Mrs. Kehoe, and the brother, Rev. Father Coffee of Guelph.

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Pretty October Wedding

That an event of more than ordinary interest was transpiring was evidenced by the unusual throng of young and old who in the early hours of the morning could be seen with eager expectancy wending their way towards the Church of the Angels' Guardian.

The marriage of Miss Mary Amelia (Millie) Frawley to Dr. John McMahon of New York. The bride is the most charming and cultured of Orillia's many fair daughters, and it is with the deepest regret, even for such a congratulatory cause, that her hosts of friends part with her.

The supporting skirt of white tulle was over-dropped with finesse net outlined with silk ruchings. A very becoming white plume picture hat completed this charming costume.

A STEP FORWARD.

The English section of the management committee of the Separate School Board, Ottawa, also decided at its meeting last evening to recommend that the petition of four lady teachers for an increase of salary to \$500 be granted.

Sir William Butler.

General Sir William Butler, who a few months ago was adopted as the Liberal candidate for the Parliamentary division of East Leeds, has withdrawn from the position.

The step has been taken on account of the difference between the General and his party on the education question. When he was adopted by the Liberal 200 in February last it was understood that Sir William was a sound Liberal not only on such topics as the fiscal policy, Chinese labor and Home Rule, but also on the question of education.

Commenting on the General's withdrawal in its leading columns the Daily Chronicle of Monday said: "Though a vital difference between the local Liberals and himself had rendered it inevitable, we regret the retirement of Sir William Butler from the position of Liberal candidate for East Leeds."

After this decision of the bishops was made known, Sir William apparently reconsidered his position, and it was as a result of the correspondence that ensued between him and the local leaders of the party that the withdrawal of his candidature was accepted at a meeting of the East Leeds Liberal Association, presided over by Mr. Fred Kinder.

AN IMPOSING CATHEDRAL.

Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis has returned after a two months' tour abroad, bringing with him plans for a new cathedral to cost \$1,000,000, and to be one of the most imposing on the continent.

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