

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Old-Timer Pays Another Visit to Hamilton—Incidents of the Trip—Now and Sixty Years Ago, when I first saw the Ambitious City—The Power Towers at the Beach—When Hamilton's Harbor was New—Some Local Conditions in the Long Ago—The Queer Characters that Lived There Then—Local Conditions in Church and State—"Sir Allan" and "Terry" Branagan.

Old-Timer took advantage of a fine day and low steamboat fare to pay a visit to Hamilton and his friends in that beautiful city last week. The steamer was the Macassa, with Capt. Cooney in command. This beautiful steamer is now the only one making the trips, her sister, the Mojeska, having been taken off. The Turbinia, the opposition steamer, has been laid up in Toronto two or three weeks for the winter. The fare on these boats has been very low, as low as ten cents the trip, and on this occasion the writer paid only 25 cents for the privilege of making the round trip between Toronto and Hamilton. There were a good many passengers, but not enough to pay expenses; but there was a large amount of freight carried, and it's the freight that pays. That day the water was remarkably smooth and Lake Ontario looked like a vast mirror. The time of the trip was nearly three hours. The steamer is scheduled to leave Toronto at 4.30 and to arrive at the wharf in Hamilton at 7.15 p.m. The excess of freight loading perhaps delayed the boat a little in starting.

It is more than sixty-four years since I made my first trip to Hamilton in the old black tub named the "Admiral." I do not now remember who the captain of this steamer was. I do not now remember any of the names of the old-time captains of those days of the port of Toronto except Captains Richardson and Carr, but I do not think it was either of those that sailed the "Admiral."

There were no railroads in those days and the steamers called at all the way-ports—Bronte, Oakville and Wellington Square—while now there are no such calls to be made. Wood, too, was the fuel employed to make steam and at every stopping place quite a delay was made to get on board the necessary supply of cordwood. Since then a change has been made in the name of one of those places and what used to be Wellington Square is now Burlington. "The Beach" is there still, however, and is not to be avoided, for at the Beach is the short canal, that connects Lake Ontario with Burlington Bay, on the south side of which the thirty city of Hamilton rears its proud front, and the "mountain" or bluff above it frowns protection.

There is now something new to be remarked about the canal at the

Beach, for there is being erected several high towers of iron construction for the purpose of conveying the new electric power from Niagara to Toronto and intermediate localities. The company, which is known as the Toronto and Niagara Power Company, has been served with a writ for an injunction at the instance of Mrs. Catherine Burns, on whose property some of the towers are being erected, to prevent the company from erecting such towers. The company, I learned, has already settled with a number of residents for such privilege, paying them about \$10,000 altogether. When I first passed through that canal little was known of the value of electrical power or electricity at all beyond what Franklin had discovered, but see what that element of nature is doing for mankind now, when its qualities and uses are but partially known to us.

With a clear sky and a calm atmosphere I had a good view of Burlington Bay and its surroundings. Many large houses were to be seen covering the hills on all sides. I do not know the dimensions of this beautiful bay of Lake Ontario, but it is nine or ten miles long counting to the westerly end of it, and taking in some of the larger inlets on the south side, it would be about the same wide; but this is mere guess work. There were no factories in Hamilton when I first saw it; but now there are many large and important works of various kinds, principally located on the south side inlets, including the Harvester works belonging to the McCormick and Deering combine, which works are a branch of a large Chicago institution. What did the harbor of Hamilton look like when I first saw it? There were a number of wharfs then, the same as now, but the locality where the Grand Trunk station is located was barren of any improvement and was improvised as a bathing place, backed by low hills and broken ground generally. Further east, between McNab and Catherine streets, the edge of the bay was lined by high bluffs, which have been cut away. Those bluffs were perforated with holes like a canister where birds made their habitation, and on the east side of the foot of John street, was a large four-story brick building which was used as a soldiers' barracks, for there were "regulars" in Hamilton in those days, both black and white. On James street were quite a number of taverns, some of which I yet remember, especially the "Ship Inn," owned by "Jimmy" Mullin. I believe a ship carpenter by trade. I was greatly impressed by this swinging sign, hanging over the sidewalk—a ship in full sail—which looked magnificent in my eyes. There is a tradition that that sign had been previously used for a tavern at the Beach, when the canal was constructed. I remember another tavern kept by a man named Fish, but that is all I can now particularize. I remember, however, that nearly all the intervening ground between the bay and the business part of the city, was then nearly all commons, on which the cows of the cow-keepers were permitted to graze. "Christ" church, what the English Church was named, was located near the edge of population on James street, and I believe it was built so far north to accommodate the soldiers at the garrison at the foot of the street. It was then a handsome new edifice of frame, with considerable ornamentation, and of which Parson Geddis was the rector. It was the church of the aristocracy of those days. The Catholic church of St. Mary's, a small rough-cast edifice, was located a little further south and west, on the ground now occupied by the Cathedral of St. Mary's, and of which Very Rev. William Peter Macdonald, V.G., was the pastor. There was an orchard of apple trees on the "commons" in front of it. It had then been erected but a couple of years. There was, besides, neither school nor convent in Hamilton, and the principal part of the congregation was located in the south-eastern corner of the city, well known as "Corktown." A company of Catholic soldiers, under command of Captain Trench, used to be marched there every Sunday, and used to undergo certain evolutions before entering the church and when "falling in" to march back to the barracks. The aristocracy of the little church in those days were Lady McNab, her sister and two daughters. They occupied a large pew at the east side of the humble altar. The Macdonnell gentlemen, Allan, who was then sheriff of the County of Wentworth, and Angus Macdonell, his brother, who held some civic office in Hamilton in those days, often accompanied the McNab ladies and took seats in the same pew. Those Macdonells were, I understand, father and uncle of the present Toronto M.P., Mr. Claude Macdonell. There was then neither choir gallery nor choir in the little church, but there were singers and some good ones, including the Fleming girls, Thomas Clohesy and Thomas Murry. There were several carpenters in the choir and they afterwards built a choir gallery over the entrance. The heating apparatus consisted of two large cast iron box stoves made in Scotland, and the fuel, of course, was cordwood, which was only sawed each stick in two. There were church wardens or trustees in those days, and if I remember rightly, the two

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GOVERNMENT'S DEFEAT

House of Lords Votes for Compulsory Religious Instruction

London, Oct. 30.—The first vote in committee of the House of Lords on the education bill was taken last night and resulted in the defeat of the government by a majority of 200. The vote came on an amendment to the first clause in the bill. The amendment, which was offered by Lord Henage, Liberal, makes religious instruction compulsory during a part of the daily school hours in all public elementary schools. Earl Crewe, speaking for the government, refused to accept the amendment, but after a most businesslike debate, the amendment was carried by 256 to 56. The majority included the entire opposition in the House of Lords with the exception of Lord Amphil, who voted with the minority. Among the majority were the Archbishop of Canterbury, twenty bishops, the Duke of Devonshire, all the peers who are members of the government, and Lord Rosebery, the Duke of Manchester, the Earl of Durham, Earl Russell, the Marquis of Northampton, Lord Brassey, Lord Grimthorpe, Lord Wearvale, Lord Haversham and Lord Reay.

A Noteworthy Admission

The London Catholic Times (daily) recently published a contribution from M. de Lanessan, the late French Minister of Marine under M. Waldeck-Rousseau. It appeared originally in the "Sicile," which has now become a sort of French edition of the "Times." Among other remarks, it contained one of great interest at the present moment. The object of the article is to explain the reasons for the apparent indifference to religion and religious questions in France. After having shown in his own way that the influence of the clergy has been adverse to the Republic, he adds what is a highly important statement just now: "The young people who have received their education in our secular schools during the last twenty-five years, have completely given up religion."

This is an admission of the force of which ought not to be neglected by members of Christian denominations during the present crisis. Here we have an avowal from a French Minister that one of the results of secular education is the destruction of the faith of the rising generation. This time M. Lavino, the implacable enemy of the Catholic Church, who represents the "Times" in Paris, deserves the thanks of the Christian churches. He has rendered the good cause a useful service, and so has M. de Lanessan, who, by the way, is the gentleman that at London kicked a crucifix out of the door of the hospital, the chapel of which he had converted into a music hall.

Death of Patrick J. Hurley of Lindsay

Lindsay, Nov. 5.—The town of Lindsay loses one of its most prominent citizens in the death of Mr. Patrick J. Hurley, which took place on Tuesday morning at his residence, Melbourne street. Mr. Hurley was born in the County of Haldimand 54 years ago. Leaving there in 1876, he came to Lindsay and at once became identified with the growing interests of the town, carrying on a large grocery, grain and boot and shoe business. Mr. Hurley was President of St. Vincent de Paul Society, a prominent member of the Knights of Columbus and C.M.B.A., and ex-Councillor of the town. Flags are at half-mast on the public buildings as a mark of respect for the deceased. R. I.P.

Miles O'Reilly was the county judge, and litigation was extensive. Among the lawyers that I remember were Sir Allan Napier McNab, George S. Tiffany, John Sheridan Hogan, John Ogilvie Hatt, Samuel B. Freeman, Richard Beasley, James Cahill, Robert Law, Andrew Stuart, Mr. Leggo and some others—quite a plenty no doubt. There used to be a magistrate's court held on John street near Main, by Major Bowen and another whose name I cannot now call to mind. Those two men held court in one room and were always busy. They encouraged litigation in place of making peace and the town was in a scandalous state from this cause. The government was at last petitioned to remove those men and it was done, when a Major Armstrong, a retired military man, was appointed in their place, and something like peace was restored to the community.
(Continued on page 8.)

VICTORY FOR IRELAND

Bryce Says Landlords will be Compelled to Reinstale Evicted Tenants if Necessary

London, Oct. 29.—John E. Redmond, the Irish leader, moved the adjournment of the House of Commons today in order to call attention to the lack of progress in the matter of reinstating evicted tenants in Ireland, owing to the speaker alleged, to the landlords' hindering the operations of the land act by refusing to sell untenanted lands. The land commissioners consequently were unable to provide farms for evicted tenants. Mr. Redmond said it was obvious that the government must resort to some system of compulsion. The patience of the Irish people was becoming exhausted and although the Irish party desired to give opportunity for the greatest degree of fair-play pending a declaration of the government's intention regarding Irish self-government, it thought that the chief secretary for Ireland ought to grapple with the matter at once. Replying to Mr. Redmond, Mr. Bryce, after some debate, said the government had done its best to cope with the grave obstacles before it and had won a certain measure of success. If the remedy is compulsion the chief secretary said the government might have to come to that. Walter Hume Long, Conservative, then declared that Mr. Bryce's statement involved a complete triumph for the Nationalists, and the subject was dropped.

Sir Wilfrid and Home Rule

(From the Ottawa Citizen.)
Editor Citizen,—In its criticism of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speech at the O'Connor meeting in Ottawa as reproduced in your issue of the 22nd inst., the Saturday Review only puts in other words the language used by Earl Kimberley, the then colonial minister in Mr. Gladstone's first administration in 1882, acknowledging the joint address of the senate and house of commons to the Queen in favor of Home Rule for Ireland and the release of over one thousand "suspects" then in the jails in Ireland, as originally introduced by Hon. Jno. Costigan in the Commons. But later Mr. Gladstone became a convert to the cause of the Irish people and sought the co-operation of the "parliaments beyond the seas." The Review says: "The domestic politics of Great Britain (Ireland is carefully omitted) is no business of the Dominion government."

Going back again to 1882, I remember a conversation I had with the late Sir Hector Langevin, then minister of public works, on the subject of Lord Kimberley's letter which it was expected would be referred to in the approaching session of the Canadian parliament. I asked Sir Hector what he thought of such a possible occurrence. "Well," said he, "my answer would be that we Canadians are directly and indirectly interested in the settlement of the Irish question. The late Fenian raids into Canada were altogether owing to our connection with England, otherwise we should not have been obliged to expend hundreds of thousands of dollars, besides the sacrifice of lives in resisting the invasion. The Fenians," he added, "had no cause to quarrel with us as Canadians, they misguidedly thought they were injuring England."

Don't you think Sir Hector Langevin voiced the general opinion of Canadians? And the Saturday Review and all others interested in the welfare of the United Empire should not lose sight of the fact that even at this very hour the Irish question is a stumbling block in the way of the much-coveted Anglo-American alliance. The address to the Queen in 1882 passed in both the Commons and the Senate without a dissenting voice, and on another occasion only six were found to oppose a series of resolutions favoring Home Rule in the Senate, while twice subsequently the House of Commons repeated their former recommendations. This, it appears to me, would demolish the Review's view of the possible action of "The Scottish and Irish Protestants of the Dominion." True "the Scotch are a powerful factor in Canada," but it is also true that both the "Irish Protestants" and the "Scotch" were found voting side by side with their Catholic fellow members on the different occasions on which the question of Home Rule for Ireland has been before the parliament of Canada.

As to the insinuation against Sir Wilfrid Laurier's sincerity in his profession of Home Rule for Ireland, in justice to that gentleman I feel bound to say that about twenty years ago, when I was engaged in collecting the opinions of leading Canadians of all creeds and nationalities on Irish affairs for Mr. E. Dwyer-Gray of the Dublin Freeman's Journal, who was engaged in a like undertaking for the United States as well as in the other British possessions, Sir Wilfrid's reply to me, which will be found in the book subsequently published, was, "I have already declared myself in favor of Home Rule for Ireland, and still hold that opinion." Asking insertion of the foregoing.—M.F.W.

LIQUEFACTION OF THE BLOOD OF SAINT

Immense Crowds Assemble to Witness Extraordinary Scene on St. Januarius Day

We have heard and read many accounts of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius in Naples, says a writer in "The Catholic Standard and Times of Philadelphia," but we had only a very faint idea of the awe with which one is inspired on standing by while a miracle is being wrought, or the enthusiasm of the Neapolitans and Catholics from other parts at its accomplishment.

There are two days in the year on which this miracle takes place. The first occasion happens early in May, the second on September 19. We had the privilege of being present yesterday in the Duomo while the miracle was wrought, and we believe few things would be more welcome to our readers than an account of it. Januarius, protector of Naples, suffered martyrdom under Diocletian about the year 305, in company with Festus, his deacon, and Desiderius, his lecturer. As Bishop of Benevento, he attracted the attention of Draconius, the governor, and on refusing to sacrifice to the gods, was by his orders decapitated at Pozzuoli, two miles from Naples. Immediately after the execution a pious woman collected some of the dead Bishop's blood, which she brought to Naples in two phials. This is the blood which, after sixteen centuries, we beheld yesterday—fresh living blood, as if it had come from the veins but a few hours before.

These few remarks are sufficient previous to giving a detailed account of the liquefaction. The great event may take place at any moment between seven and twelve, and therefore it was no wonder to find a crowd in the church at an early hour. By 9 o'clock the Duomo was filled, while in the chapel of the cathedral treasury there were about 1,500 persons laboring under intense excitement. On the steps of the high altar of this chapel an aged canon stood, holding the phial half-full of dry, hard blood. Priests, laymen, soldiers and gentlemen stood around. Outside the rails young and old, rich and poor, stood jammed together, praying, singing, crying out to the protector of Naples that the miracle might take place. The tension was great, for Neapolitans believe if the blood does not liquefy they shall suffer either pestilence or scarcity of crops. They regard St. Januarius as a father from whom they expect almost everything. Their confidence in him is strong, but they know that on more than one occasion the blood did not liquefy and a plague followed. His protection saved the city of which they are so proud from being destroyed by Vesuvius two or three times, especially in December, 1631, but they must admit that they have not always deserved it. It was not a thing to be surprised at, therefore, that those vivacious people were rather hysterical.

THE MIRACLE.

From the moment the canon held up the phial to the light of a candle before the coffer until the liquefaction occurred forty minutes passed by. Litanies, hymns and various prayers succeeded each other, yet no sign of any change in the hard mass was apparent. At length it began to grow soft. Pieces of the dark lump commenced to fall off. Then, the next moment the whole phial was almost filled with blood—and the miracle had taken place.

A cry went up from the crowd, and a wild scene followed. "Ecco! il miracolo e fatto!"—"Look, the miracle has taken place!"—came from every side. Words of thanks, repeated in a hundred forms, were given to "San Gennaro," only to be drowned by the strains of the "Te Deum" in which all joined.

From the heights of the citadel cannon boomed over the glad tidings over the city, and on every tongue were the same words—"Ecco! il miracolo e fatto." And Neapolitans, always merry and happy, were more so than ever. The coming year was to pass without mishap, for "San Gennaro" would still protect the city. And that day in restaurants, in the streets, in hotels, at railway stations the miracle was the dominant theme. Men wrangled over the precise moment the liquefaction had taken place; shrill-voiced women argued about how long "San Gennaro" had delayed them, but all were happy and agreed on one point—their protector has not forsaken his beloved city.

In Memoriam

In loving remembrance of Francis Nolan, who departed this life Oct. 21, 1906.

"A precious one from us has gone, A voice we loved is stilled, A place is vacant in our home Which never can be filled.

"God in His wisdom has recalled The boon His love had given, And though the body slumbers here, The soul is safe in heaven."
—A Friend.



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MY LITTLE KERRY COW. Cusha, cusha, cusha, my little Kerry cow. The king's own herds of cattle hold none more kind than thou; But, let one use thee with despite, And thou wilt kick and toss and bite...

CORDAYLIA OF THE ALLEY. At the corner of the alley Sis Cordaylia McNally. At the corner of the alley where the people come an' go In a penitent procession Passin' to an' from confession In the old Church of St. Joseph that was builded long ago...

For, Oh! the Irish eyes of her They twinkle at ye so, Ye hate to think the sighs of her, Are part o' the disguise of her, So, faix, she has yer penny gathered in before ye know...

HER REMNANTS. Cardinal Gibbons has a keen sense of humor. Recently he was a guest of a layman friend, Frank Murphy, in Roland Park, Baltimore...

THE DAILY LIFE OF THE POPE. Although the Holy Father lives in one of the most magnificent palaces in the world, the routine of his life is as simple and regular, as free from luxury and idleness, as that of the simplest parish priest.

HOW TO SAY THE ROSARY. While it is probably unnecessary to remind such professed clients of Our Lady as are the habitual readers of this paper that the month of October is dedicated in a special manner to the most common, the best-known, and best-loved of Marian devotions...

Distractions are the chief hindrances to devout prayer; they can render our recital of the Rosary almost, if not quite, worthless. What an I to do to avoid distractions? Theologians tell us that before engaging in prayer, especially if it is to last for some time, it is indispensable to recollect ourselves for a few moments, and resolutely banish from our minds all that may distract us during that holy exercise...

Whoever, therefore, is desirous to keep his thoughts from wandering, and to recite the Rosary with devout fervor, will do well to follow the following counsel; it is that of an experienced master of the spiritual life. When saying the Rosary, pause for a moment from time to time, in order to collect your thoughts and refresh your soul by raising your heart anew to Heaven...

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Avo.d the Knife For Itching Piles A FAR SAFER, CHEAPER AND MORE CERTAIN CURE IS

Dr. Chase's OINTMENT It is customary for physicians to recommend a surgical operation as the only cure for piles, and on the strength of such advice many a person has undergone the suffering, the expense and the enormous risk of such an operation only to be disappointed by a return of the old trouble...

with the vocal prayers. Finally, it is of no slight importance to keep watch on the senses, particularly on the eyes, while reciting the Rosary; and to assume a respectful posture, as reverence for prayer enjoins. Unless these last two means are employed, we shall not easily be rid of distractions.

These are very useful hints. Undoubtedly a certain effort will be required if the Rosary is to be recited thus. Yet it will prove difficult only at first, and we know that what costs us nothing is generally nothing worth—an axiom especially true of prayer. If the Rosary is to be "a wreath of roses to be laid at Our Lady's feet," our rose garden must be teaded with assiduous, sometimes arduous care, or else weeds will spring up and choke the trees, and the blossoms will be scanty and poor.

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SAVE THEM FROM THE SALOON. The following is from a recent sermon by Rev. Dr. Phelan, editor of the Watchman: Our cities are all growing, but our congregations are not becoming much larger. What is the trouble? The priests are zealous. Catholics are all good at heart. The children of the Church are all anxious to save their souls. How is it that so many of our Catholic young men and young women are lost? Well, I will tell you one great reason why the young men are lost: They acquire the habit of drink.

Chocolate Custard.—Prepare a custard with the yolks of three eggs and one whole egg, one-half cupful of brown sugar and three tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate dissolved in half a cupful of warm milk. When nearly cooked add one tea-spoonful of vanilla extract. Pour into a mould and serve with whipped cream.

Whole Wheat Gems.—Mix two cups of whole wheat flour with one tea-spoonful of salt and two tea-spoonfuls of sugar. Beat the yolks of two eggs, add one cup of milk to them, beating all the while. Add the milk and egg to the flour, then a cup of lukewarm water. When well beaten add the whites, mix quickly, turn into hot, greased pans and bake in a hot oven for twenty-five minutes.

Almond Pie.—Into a pint of cream or milk stir the yolks of three eggs. Have ready four ounces of pulverized almonds and two tablespoonfuls of flour. Stir into the cream and sweeten to taste and add one tea-spoonful of almond essence. Cook in a double boiler until it thickens. Have a paste ready baked, pour the custard into it, froth and sweeten the whites of the eggs and spread over the top. Brown in a moderate oven.

JEFFERSON'S TEN RULES. Thomas Jefferson, who framed the Declaration of Independence and was the third president of the United States, also thought out these ten rules, which every one would do well to remember and practice:

Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself. Never spend money before you have earned it. Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap. Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold. We seldom repent having eaten too little. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly. How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened. Take things always by the smooth handle. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.

Banana Cottage Pudding.—Rub together in a small bowl two table-spoonfuls of butter and a half cupful of sugar to a white cream; then add two eggs, one at a time, beating two minutes between each egg. Now add

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five bananas, sliced thin, and a cupful of flour sifted twice, with a tea-spoonful of baking powder. Add about a third of a cupful of cold water, and mix rapidly into a smooth batter. Pour it into a paper-lined bread pan, and put it at once into a moderately hot oven to bake for about thirty minutes, or until a straw thrust into it comes out dry and clean. Serve with hot sauce.

Jellied Apples.—After coring large red apples plunge them in boiling water, cooking until tender, but not broken. Boil down the water into a thick syrup, using a cupful of sugar to one quart of water, and pour over the apples after filling the centre with currant jelly. An excellent dish served cold.

Veal Cutlets with Potatoes.—Mince fine and fry to a light brown one dozen mushrooms, a small onion, two ounces of ham and two sprigs of parsley, then lay in the cutlets, cover with white stock or a rich cream sauce and stew gently until the meat is tender, then lift out and place on a bed of hot mashed potatoes. Thicken the contents of the pan, season to taste, flavor with lemon juice and pour over the cutlets.

Panned Oysters.—For each person allow one slice of toast, two table-spoonfuls of hot milk and six oysters. Cut the bread in thin slices, remove the crust and toast golden brown. Butter, arrange in the dish and pour over the milk. Let stand for a moment to soak, then arrange the oysters on the toast, dust with salt and pepper and place in a very hot oven for five minutes or until the gills ruffle.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST Homestead Regulations. ANY ten numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 5 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 100 acres, more or less.

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The

Children's Page

ANATOMY IN RHYME.

Here are some rhymes which may help you to remember the number and location of the bones in the human body. Strange as it may seem, authorities do not agree as to how many actual bones are comprised in the face, but fourteen, not including the teeth, seems to cover the ground pretty thoroughly. After a hard day's romp in the woods or a long ride on the bicycle one might be inclined to think that the number and distinct aches are counted as each representing a bone. The verses are as follows:

How many bones in the human face? Fourteen when they are in place.
 How many bones in the cranium? Eight unless you've mislaid some.
 How many bones in the ears are found?
 Three in each to catch the sound.
 How many bones are in the spine? Twenty-four, like a clustering vine.
 How many bones in the chest are found?
 Twenty-four ribs, to the sternum bound.
 How many bones in the shoulder bind?
 Two in each—one before and one behind.

 How many bones are in the arm?
 The top has one; two in the forearm.
 How many bones are in the wrist? Eight if none of them is missed.
 How many bones in the palm of the hand?
 Five in the palm, so understand.
 How many bones in the fingers ten?
 Twelve bones, plus two and repeat again.
 How many bones are in the hip?
 One in each where the femurs slip.
 With sacrum and coccyx, too, to brace
 And keep the pelvis all in place.

How many bones are in the thigh? One in each, and deep they lie.
 How many bones are in the knee? One, the patella, plain to see.
 How many bones are in the shin? Two in each and well bound in.
 How many bones in the ankle strong? Seven, n each, but none is long.
 How many bones in the ball of the foot?
 Five in each as the palms were put.
 How many bones in the toes, all told?
 Just twenty-eight, like the fingers hold.
 There's a bone at the root of the tongue to add.
 And seamolds eight, to what you've seen.
 Now, adding them all, 'tis plainly seen
 That the total number is 214.
 And in the mouth we clearly view
 Teeth, upper and under, thirty-two.
 —Inter-Mountain Catholic.

MARJORIE JEAN'S DOLLS.

My dolls had a party—Susanna Ann Was ever so old that day, Because she was mother's before she was mine; But mother is young, they say.
 We packed up a basket of goodies; we had
 Some apples and peanuts and cake.
 We went to the meadow, out under the tree
 Which grows pretty close to the lake.
 Rosella had dollies—I think she had four;
 Rosella's my best friend, you see.
 Her hair is so curly; her eyes I forget;
 Our dolls were as old as could be.
 We made out of daisies a robe for Susanna,
 I wreathed a gold crown for her head.
 "O, now she is Queen of the May,"
 Marjorie Jean,
 So, curtesy, dolls," Rosy said.
 Susanna was flustered; she couldn't eat much;
 It must feel quite odd to be queen.
 Rosella cried out, "Take your dollies and run,
 Here comes a great bear, Marjorie Jean."
 Of course it was "Rover" who came with a bound;
 Away through the clover he flew.
 He ate up the cake we'd forgotten to take,
 And maybe an apple or two.
 'Twas the merriest party! I'm sure
 Susy Ann
 Will 'member it all of her years;
 Now that's all I'll say about dollies to-day,
 Except—they're the dearest of dears.
 —Grace May North, in Christian Register.

WHERE EXTREMES MEET.

(The Catholic News.)
 Once a little Hottentot
 Met a little Eskimo,
 Told him of a country hot
 Where the stately palms grow;
 Said that in that far-off land
 It was hot the whole year through.
 But the Eskimo remarked
 "Such a thing cannot be true."

 Then the Eskimo described
 His own land of ice and snow,
 Where in spite of nipping cold
 Thrived the hardy Eskimo.
 But the Hottentot in doubt
 Turned away and shook his head:
 "Such a thing cannot be true;
 I can't believe that yarn," he said.
 —Frisbie.

PLAYING "GROWN-UP."

"You are old enough to take very good care of yourselves," said Mother Hunt.
 "Of course!" said the children.
 "And you are all too old to get into mischief," said Mother Saville.
 "Sure!" said Fred and Louis.
 "We will be back at seven o'clock. Remember what I said about minding Lizzie, and remember, too, that you are on your honor, and are really in charge of the house. If any callers come, be sure to treat them very politely and tell them we are away for the day," and Mother Hunt climbed into the carriage with Mother Saville.
 Mother Hunt and Mother Saville had been to school together when they were girls, and only last week Mother Saville had brought her two children, Nanette and Louis, to spend a whole month with Mother Hunt. Fred and Elsie Hunt were very glad, indeed, to have the two new playmates, for they lived on a large country estate, and had few child neighbors.
 The two mothers had been invited to spend the day with another school friend in a neighboring town, and the four children felt very proud at being trusted to stay alone with only Lizzie and Hannah, the two maids.
 They stood at the gate and watched the carriage till it had vanished round a curve.
 "I feel quite grown up," said Elsie.
 "Let's play we are grown up," suggested Nanette. "Let's be grown up all day. You and Fred be Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, and Louis and I will be Mr. and Mrs. Saville. On, and let's dress up, too."
 "Say, that will be great!" Fred exclaimed. "Come on, Louis, I'll get some of father's clothes for you."
 "If any one comes," said Elsie, as she and Nanette went upstairs, we will talk just as if we were really our mothers."
 "Let's put on the prettiest dresses we can find," suggested Nanette. "Oh! Oh! I wish I dared put on mamma's new white silk muslin party dress with the pretty violet silk underneath. Would you?"
 "I don't know," said Elsie, doubtfully. "Of course, you could be careful. I'm going to put on mother's blue silk with the long train."
 "Oh, are you?" cried Nanette. "Then I will put on the muslin. We won't go outdoors."
 A few minutes later two very much grown-up little maids, holding up their trailing skirts daintily, started downstairs to the parlor, where they found Fred and Louis.
 The girls shouted with laughter when they saw the boys. Louis had on a gray striped smoking jacket and broad-brimmed straw hat. Fred's overcoat trailed on the ground and his father's new silk hat almost served as hat and ear-muffs, too.
 "Allow me to help you into the carriage, Mrs. Hunt," said Louis, politely.
 The carriage was made of rows of chairs with a tipped-over chair in front for the horse. When they were all seated Fred gave a great "click" and they started on their drive.
 Before they had gone far there came a knock on the front door.
 The children all jumped out of the carriage in a hurry.
 "You go, Elsie," said Fred, beginning to turn the chairs around.
 "Well, now, you remember, no matter who it is, you are to stay in the parlor and pretend you are all grown-ups."
 The children all sat down and listened breathlessly.
 "Good-morning, miss," they heard a gruff voice say. "Is your ma at home?"
 "I am my ma," they heard Elsie say, hesitatingly. "Anyhow, I am Mrs. Hunt."
 The children giggled audibly.
 "Now, look here, miss, you can't fool me! Run and call your ma. I have some very pretty dress goods to show her."
 "A peddler!" whispered Fred.
 "If you do not care to show your goods to me you may go away at once," said Elsie, determinedly. "I am the lady of the house."
 "Well, lady," said the man, roughly, "show me into the parlor, and while I am getting out my goods you can bring me a drink of milk and a piece of pie."
 "Certainly," said Elsie, with dignity.
 "I'm awful scared!" said Nanette.
 "I don't believe he's a good man. I'm going to hide," and she scampered behind the sofa.
 "Fraidy!" whispered Louis.
 Elsie entered with the peddler.
 "This is my husband, Mr. Hunt, and this is Mr. Saville," she said, politely, to the peddler, who laughed loudly at sight of the bashful looking boys.
 "Why, where is Mrs. Saville?" asked Elsie.
 "She heard one of the children crying upstairs," said Louis.
 The peddler looked puzzled.
 "Is Mrs. Saville your ma?" he demanded of Elsie.
 "Oh, no, indeed!" Elsie answered quickly; "she is Mr. Saville's wife," and she pointed to Louis. "Now while you are showing these gentlemen your goods I will get you something to eat."
 "I ain't a-goin' to unpack my goods just for you," said the peddler when Elsie had disappeared. "I passed what looked like a circus procession as I came along. Don't you youngsters want to run down the road a bit to see if it is comin'?"
 Without a moment's hesitation the boys started. They forgot, in their eagerness to see the circus, all about little Nanette, who was left alone in the room with the peddler.

The moment the boys' backs were turned the peddler began to stuff into his pockets valuable little trinkets that lay about the best parlor, a jeweled paper cutter, a solid silver bonbon dish, a cut-glass vase and lots of other things.
 Nanette, peering cautiously from the corner of the sofa, saw him stealing. Forgetting how frightened she was, she began to shout at the top of her lungs: "Louis! Fred! Lizzie! Hannah! Come quick! Stop! You horrid man! That's my auntie's!"
 The man was so surprised at her sudden shrieks, which came from behind him, that he dropped the thing he was just picking up, took his pack and started out of the house as fast as he could go. Nanette, forgetful of her mother's dress, started after him and caught his coat-tails just as Louis and Fred, Lizzie, Hannah and Elsie and the hired man came in answer to her cries.
 "He's got his pockets full of Auntie Hunt's things!" panted Nanette.
 "Well, I guess he'll want to show them to the sheriff," said the hired man. Then he and Hannah and Lizzie walked the man off to the next door neighbor, who was at home and would know just what to do about the matter.
 Fred, Louis and Elsie turned to praise Nanette for being so brave.
 She was down on her knees, holding up the front breadth of her mother's beautiful dress. Square in the centre was a three-cornered jagged tear.
 "I-caught it—on the sofa—when I ran after the peddler," she sobbed. "And mamma will never, never love me any more—and—I am going to my papa now! I never—never want to be grown-up again. Boo-hoo-hoo!"
 The children took off their grown-up garments and spent the rest of the day in trying to comfort Nanette and in trying to be good. They all felt very young and small and miserable. When the mothers finally came home they all tried to explain at once. When it was finally made clear Mrs. Saville picked Nanette up in her arms, as she used to when she was a little girl, a very little girl, and told her that she was very glad she had been so brave.

CANCER OF THE BREAST.

Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadians who have tried their painless home treatment for cancer in all parts of the body. Some of the cures are simply marvellous.

ELEPHANT TRAINING.

(Boston Pilot.)
 Some of the simpler tricks with which an elephant entertains his audience are entirely rudimentary and come as natural to him as the "lapping" of milk comes to a cat, says a writer in Appleton's Magazine. For instance, the blowing of a mouth harp. With childlike curiosity the big beast is forever groping and investigating with the tip of his trunk, and by means of the blunt, fingerlike projection on the end of it he picks up the harmonica just as he would pick up a pin or a penny or any other thing his monstrously elongated nose encounters. The natural inhaling and exhaling of the breath through the trunk starts the "music" and this so pleases this beast with the mind of a child, that the difficulty is not to make him play when told, but to make him stop at word of command. Exactly the same with the dinner bell, which any elephant will grasp in the tip of his trunk and swing in wide arcs, delighting himself with the tinnabulation. And when once, by means of sugar and petting and caressing, the big fellow has been made to understand when to start and when to stop the racket, it is an easy matter to substitute a fan for the bell and say the animal is fanning himself.
 Not until the trainer begins to teach his pupil acrobatic tricks do his real troubles begin. The man may have an entire herd of eight or more elephants to break in, and each of these must be broken separately, day for day, and one after another. To accomplish this, the training is conducted in the same logical manner as that of a schoolboy learning arithmetic. Just as the schoolboy learns addition before he learns subtraction,

IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW

Thousands of women suffer untold miseries every day with aching backs that really have no business to ache. A woman's back wasn't made to ache. Under ordinary conditions it ought to be strong and ready to help her bear the burdens of life.
 It is hard to do housework with an aching back. Hours of misery at leisure or at work. If women only knew the cause. Backache comes from sick kidneys, and what a lot of trouble sick kidneys cause in the world.
 But they can't help it. If more work is put on them than they can stand it's not to be wondered that they get out of order. Backache is simply their cry for help.
 They will help you. They're helping sick, overworked kidneys—all over the world—making them strong, healthy and vigorous. Mrs. P. Ryan, Douglas, Ont., writes: "For over five months I was troubled with lame back and was unable to move without help. I tried all kinds of plasters and liniments but they were no use. At last I heard tell of Doan's Kidney Pills and after I had used three-quarters of the box my back was as strong and well as ever."
 Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.50, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

learns subtraction before he learns multiplication, and must know multiplication before he can venture into the difficulties of division, so each trick the elephant learns is the foundation of a more complicated one. Before an elephant can be taught to waltz on his hind legs he must know how to walk on them, before he can walk on his hind legs he must learn to balance himself on them, and so on.
 When the actual work of the trainer begins, he finds himself opposite a mild, willing, good-natured creature possessing intelligence something like a three-year-old child, but weighing from twenty-five to forty times as much as himself and at first incapable of understanding what he wishes to convey. His sole stock in trade with which to bring the great creature under control is a lump of sugar of the sort of which you need two or three to sweeten your morning coffee. He is to begin to teach a leviathan to lie down and to stand up at a word just as if instead of weighing from 2,000 to 4,000 pounds the animal were a mere puppy. And as if the beast were a mere puppy the trainer proceeds.
 Butterfly Suspenders. A Gentleman's Brace, "as easy as none." 50c.
 MY CAT.
 (From the New York Alliance.)
 Very early one morning I heard an open wagon stop in front of my house and two cats were tossed out, a black and white one and a maltese and white. Then the man whipped up his horses and went flying down the road, while the poor cats meowed dismally and seemed very much frightened by their strange surroundings. The maltese was so pretty that I gave her a home with me, while the black and white one went somewhere else; and I never regretted taking the cat in, for she was an excellent mouser and ratter. She soon cleared the premises of all such vermin.
 That was during July and August; then came September days, and I had to go to teaching, shutting up the house from Monday morning until Friday night. I left puss in charge of a good-hearted neighbor, but she preferred her own home, and upon my return came meowing piteously towards me as if to reproach me for leaving her so long; but she soon got over it and went about the place as usual.
 The next week when I came home she meowed even more pitifully than before, and would scarcely leave my sight during the two or three days I remained at home.
 At last she understood through some sort of instinct or deep study—I think it was study. She knew when I was going away, and so, one Monday morning she was ready to go, too; but I did not know it until half way over to the railroad station, a distance of about a mile. I chanced to look back and there was kitty trotting close behind me.
 Well, I knew it wouldn't do to take a cat to school, and for the first time in my life I spoke crossly to her. I said in as stern a tone as I could command, "Go home!" The cat trembled. She dared not come one step nearer, but she just sat down and meowed after me. I could hear her until I had left her looking like a far-away speck in the middle of the road. My heart ached as I boarded the train, and I had to tell all of my little school folks about it.
 The next time pussy met me she did not say a word, but followed me into the house and lay down in my lap with a sad, patient look on her face.
 Poor beast! I had to give her away when I left my old home, and it hurt me so, though I knew the new home would be ever so much better for her. She was restless for a long time, I am told, but grew reconciled at last. I never fail to enquire about her when I have the opportunity, and there is still a warm place in my heart for the cat that loved me so well and served me so faithfully. —Mrs. A. E. C. Maskell.
 A Sound Stomach Means a Clear Head.—The aching pressure of a nervous life which business men of the present day are constrained to live makes draughts upon their vitality highly detrimental to their health. It is only by the most careful treatment that they are able to keep themselves alert and active in their callings, many of them know the value of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills in regulating the stomach and consequently keeping the head clear.

WHERE JIM'S MONEY WENT.
 Jim's father was dead, there were only he and his mother to earn for the little ones.
 Mrs. Knowles helped at the day nursery and Jim tended the babies at home.
 Jim did other things too; he sold papers along the street where he lived, he took up ashes and carried coal upstairs for several neighbors, he ran lawn mowers in summer and shoveled snow in winter; he did everything that came to hand, either keeping his brother and sisters with him or putting them in charge of the eldest girl.
 Jim was really a remarkable boy, and none knew it better than good Mrs. Knowles herself. So when he asked hesitatingly for the share of his earnings that his mother had said must go for new clothes for himself his request was granted.
 "He's old enough to buy his own things," his mother said. But when the new suit did not appear she wondered, especially as dollars were scarcer than usual, and crimping was in order.
 "Could he be spending foolishly?" she thought.
 One September night Jim asked his mother: "Do you know what day it is?"
 "Why, my birthday, sure!" she exclaimed. "I'd been so busy I'd forgotten it!"

It Infuses a Rich, Brown Liquor

Clear and without cloud or sediment

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

Packed only in Sealed Lead Packages which preserve its many excellent qualities: 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At all Grocers.

"I thought I'd clean up the cellar to celebrate," observed Jim.
 "And we helped," piped up Philip.
 "Yes, you did," Jim agreed. "You worked hard."
 "And there's somethin'—giggled Mary.
 Jim interrupted with a warning finger, and the little teal-tale lips were speedily closed. Mary stood in fear of Jim, although he was always kind.
 "I want you to go down to see the cellar," Jim said, and after tea the family went downstairs.
 It was a very neat apartment that Mrs. Knowles looked upon, and she said such a tidy place was as good a birthday present as she wanted.
 At that the children broke out in little exclamations and smothered bursts of laughter, which made Jim hurry past the woodpile to the bin beyond.
 "Mother," he said, "here is your real present!"
 Then the youngsters squealed and shrieked with delight as Mrs. Knowles cried out in genuine astonishment:
 "Why, Jim! Jim—a ton of coal!"
 Then more soberly: "But, my boy, your new suit?"
 "My old one is good enough," Jim said.

We all Have Missions in the World. —There is a work to do for every man on earth, there is a function to perform for everything on earth, animate and inanimate. Everything has a mission, and the mission of Dr. Thomas' Eclsetric Oil is to heal burns and wounds of every description and cure coughs, colds, croup and all affections of the respiratory organs.

THE REAL GENTLEMAN.

We don't know his name, occupation or where he came, but we do know that he was a gentleman, and a man with a mother, and if he had a wife and a sister they were fortunate.
 He was sitting in a crowded car. An old lady with a faded sunbonnet and basket, got on the car at the door behind him at one of the country stations and walked slowly along the aisle looking a little wistfully to the right and left. She passed this man's seat. He looked up at her quickly, glanced up and down the car, saw no vacant seat and immediately rose up, touched the old lady's arm, and said, "Here's a vacant seat, mother."
 The old lady looked at the strong young fellow and said, "Thank you, dear, but that is your seat, isn't it?"
 "Oh, no," was the reply, "that seat belongs to the railroad company and they sold you the right to sit in it. I have been sitting a long time, and need to stand for exercise."
 The old lady took the seat. The young man put her shawl and basket in the rack, asked her where she was going, talked about the weather and crops, and listened to a long story about her daughter whom she was going to see, ten miles up the road.
 When the station was reached, the young fellow took down the basket and shawl and assisted the old lady to the platform, shook her hand, said good-bye and returned to the car. The old lady watched him as long as she could see him and then turned to her daughter who was waiting for her. Not a person on the car but admires the young fellow—would have trusted him anywhere, and all wished they had the manhood to do as he had done.

Wear Trade Mark D. Suspenders, guaranteed. Price, 50c.

IT WAS ONLY A CAT

It was only a cat—black as the ace of spades and with a curiosity that has not yet reached the end of her nine lives—but Mother Belding loves it because she raised it from a kitten and the "girls" gave it its name. Baby makes her home in the kitchen of the Belding House and as there is not room for both, rats and mice make their headquarters elsewhere.
 Monday night about midnight Mother Belding heard a commotion in the

kitchen. Something was wrong for Baby was cutting up. So she arose from her bed and went to the kitchen to investigate. On opening the door a cloud of smoke nearly overcame her. The kitchen was on fire and poor Baby nearly smothered.
 It seems that the wood-box back of the kitchen range had caught fire and the flames had communicated to the walls. With the aid of Mr. Holmes, the burning box was gotten outside and a few pails of water soon quenched the flames, and all was over without the household being alarmed. A few minutes later the fire would have been beyond control. Baby had saved the hotel from destruction.

Are you a sufferer with corns? If you are, get a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It has never been known to fail.

CRACK THESE NOW

When is a sailor not a sailor? When he is a-loaf.
 What tree is of the greatest importance in history? The date.
 Which is heavier, a half or a full moon? The half, because the full moon is as light again.
 Why are the fourteenth and fifteenth letters in the alphabet of more importance than the others? Because we cannot get "on" without them.
 What two letters do boys delight in, to the annoyance of their elders? Two T's (to tease).
 Why are fowls the most economical creatures that a farmer keeps? Because for every grain they eat they give a peck.
 What relation is the door-mat to the scraper? A stepfather (farther).
 Why would a pelican make a good lawyer? Because he knows how to stretch his bill.

SHE NEVER CRITICIZED.

"If there is anything I detest, dear, it is criticizing what another person wears."
 "Yes, Erna."
 "Now, take Clara, for instance. She is always ridiculing some one's taste."
 "Really?"
 "Yes, and just look at her hat. Why, it sits like a crow's nest."
 "You think so?"
 "Yes, and that waist. Did you ever see anything so ludicrous? And that skirt. It looks like a lithograph for a museum. And those heels. They are impossible. To think she criticizes what people wear. That is something I never do, no—never."

GAMES OF NATIONS.

Here is a funny little feature called "The Game of Nations." It will serve to get the thinking cap on and to furnish a half hour's entertainment. On slips of paper to be given each guest write the questions, and when returned to the hostess with the correct answers they should be:
 1. The nation from which we start?
 2. The nation for teachers? Explanation.
 3. The nation for pupils? Subordination.
 4. The nation for actors? Impersonation.
 5. The nation for theological students? Ordination.
 6. The nation for a political candidate? Nomination.
 7. The nation for an unpopular official? Resignation.
 8. The nation for poets? Extermination.
 9. The nation for evildoers? Condemnation.
 10. The nation desired by monopolies? Combination.
 11. The nation which indicates a class? Denomination.
 12. The nation on a crusade? Carriage Nation.

MILLCENT MAY.
 Millicent May was very fair,
 With violet eyes and golden hair,
 And she was gowned with greatest care.
 Was Millicent May, my dearie.
 She sat in her carriage, nor even bowed
 Her lovely head to the passing crowd,
 For she was fair and she was proud,
 Was Millicent May, my dearie.
 But pride oft endeth in disgrace,
 For she fell, she fell and broke her face.
 And in oblivion took her place,
 Did Millicent May, my dearie.
 So by this tale you will agree
 That the fate is sad of such as she,
 Though but a doll she chanced to be,
 Did Millicent May, my dearie.

THE LOVEABLE GIRL.

To be placed in the corner of a young girl's mirror and read while she is making her toilet:
 She cultivates reserve.
 She thinks, then acts.
 She speaks ill of no friends.
 She lives in her mother's faith.
 She cares for her body as God's temple.
 She writes nothing she may regret.
 She knows there is nothing more undignified than anger.
 She knows that to love and be loved is her birthright if she is but worthy of love.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

 Cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Pain or Tightness in the Chest, Etc.
 It stops that tickling in the throat, is pleasant to take and soothing and healing to the lungs. Mr. E. Bishop Brand, the well-known Galt gardener, writes:— "I had a very severe attack of sore throat and tightness in the chest. Some times when I wanted to cough and could not I would almost choke to death. My wife got me a bottle of DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP, and to my surprise I found speedy relief. I would not be without it if it cost \$1.00 a bottle, and I can recommend it to everyone bothered with a cough or cold."
 Price 25 Cents.

The Catholic Register

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P. F. CRONIN, EDITOR

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JOSEPH COOLAHAN is authorized to collect among our Toronto subscribers.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 8, 1906.

THE DECISION OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL.

The hammer has fallen. The Privy Council has dismissed the appeal of the Christian Brothers against the Minister of Education of Ontario. As a consequence, all teachers of Separate Schools in the Province of Ontario, whether religious or not, must be legally qualified. It means that many who are now teaching, and who have been teaching for several years with credit to themselves and with success, can teach no longer.

highest affection the human soul is capable of exercising. If there is any real improvement upon old, well-tried ways they are most willing to adopt them. The approval they seek is a life spent faithfully and silently in the poor class-room for the great Teacher and Master.

POLITICS OR BUSINESS.

Principal Gordon of Queen's College, Kingston, writing in his College Quarterly and expressing his humiliation at the grave abuses which the London election trial elicits, calls upon good men and true to enter politics, and rid them of these disgraceful abuses.

generation for an idea to fructify or a system to develop results. If things are so bad at this early date what will they be towards the end of the next generation? Things must go farther before they begin to turn.

FRENCH EVOLUTION.

At first the government thought that the bishops would accept the associations of worship. And in case the Pope forbade these associations they fully expected a division in the episcopate. How at every turn from the reply of Cardinal Lector to the papal encyclical down to the pastoral of all the bishops the government was utterly baffled.

WHY MEN DO NOT GO TO CHURCH.

Under the above heading a lengthy correspondence has been going on in one of our city papers. The caption as written contains the seemingly certain implication that in the churches there is a tangible and recognized dearth of men.

motive was not always understood. The example has not been without effect, and doubtless many who before believed that men did not go to church are now convinced of the contrary by the evidence brought so vividly before them.

What Do Public Schools Teach

(From the New York World.) To-day in New York, over five thousand positions in various lines of business are open to young girls and boys varying in age from fifteen to eighteen years—and not a thousand applicants ready to fill them.

announced her willingness to start at \$7 per week. A ruled and labeled space was displayed for those who had worked for other firms, showing the name of firm and dates between which the employee had served each employer.

SPELLING OF FIRM NAMES.

But most remarkable of all was the varied and erratic spelling of firm names familiar to every New Yorker and seen daily in advertisements. These girls and boys, and also grown folk, could not spell correctly the name of the firm for which they had worked anywhere from six weeks to six years.

COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA (Maple Leaf Label) Absolutely Pure COWAN'S MILK CHOCOLATE CAKE ICINGS, Etc. Used in Every Household

A STRUGGLING INFANT MISSION

Where is Mass said and Benediction given at present? IN A GARRET, the use of which I get for a rent of ONE SHILLING per week. Average weekly collection, 3s. 6d. No endowment whatever, except MOPE.

DON'T TURN A DEAF EAR TO MY URGENT APPEAL

"May God bless and prosper your endeavors in establishing a Mission at Fakenham. "ARTHUR, "Bishop of Northampton." Address— FATHER H. W. GRAY, Hempton Road, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

There is Some Reason for the Greatly Increased Attendance at the ELLIOTT Business College TORONTO, ONT.

Kennedy Shorthand School At New York last week Miss Rose L. Friz, the Kennedy School expert typist, won for the second time the Championship of the World.

A Good Chance To secure an education that will meet quickly and surely fit you for the practical duties of life, is offered by this school.

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Religious Vocations for Boys and Youths

The Congregation of the Holy Cross with headquarters in Notre Dame, Ind., is in urgent need of vocations to the brotherhood. Young men or boys from 14 years upward will have every chance here of preparing themselves thoroughly to become instrumental in saving the souls of those that may be entrusted in their care.

Letters addressed on this subject to the Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey, provincial, or to Brother Aidan, C.S.C., superior of the house of studies for the teaching brotherhood, will receive prompt attention.

Some time ago Maurice Francis Egan wrote as follows to a friend who doubted his fitness for the world: "There is no doubt that much of the unhappiness of life in our new country—where Catholic doctrines are so well taught, but Catholic traditions are as yet unformed—is due to the fact that the importance of vocation is not recognized.

"If a young man have a longing for a higher life—a life far away from the bitter strife and competition of the world,—he naturally looks to the priesthood. But it often happens that his previous training or the bent of his real vocation unfits him for the order of Melchisedec. Too often, dependent and perplexed, he goes back into the turmoil, to be cast about as a chip in restless waves, and perhaps to be torn to pieces by them. He is unhappy; he feels that he has missed something in life, what this something is, he does not discover until too late. He has missed that most necessary of all things for peace in this life and happiness in the next—his vocation; and he has missed it because he has not been taught the meaning of this word vocation, which has a solemn meaning for those who find it and an awful one for those who miss it. He finds himself 'fit for nothing,' or he succeeds perhaps in gaining the material resources of life and yet carries through all an aching heart.

"This applies likewise to women, but not more forcibly than to men. How many young women are leading aimless lives, buffeted by the winds of the world, in anguish, in danger, in fear, in perplexity! How many have become spiritual wrecks, because they have never found their vocation! "It seems that misunderstanding and ignorance are responsible for this rather than perversity. They misunderstand their relations with God; they are ignorant of the meaning of the word 'vocation,' and they foolishly imagine that if they have not the talent or the education sufficient to fit them for the priesthood that there is no place for them in the cloisters of the Church. But what a mistake this is!—what a terrible mistake! In the religious life there are many mansions, and the man or woman who doubts his or her fitness for life in the world must carefully consider this.

"These thoughts have been suggested to me by the observation of how little Catholics in America seem to understand the meaning of the religious life at Notre Dame. As a writer and reader, I knew the religious life only from my acquaintance among some of the best priests in the world—those of America,—but I had never before come close to the life of a great religious community, and the knowledge of the spiritual losses occasioned by the missing of vocations and the sight of the beautiful and edifying lives led here in religious love and peace have induced me to write this.

"At Notre Dame, there is a place for everyone. Teachers are sent out to Parish Schools, High Schools and Colleges, having been fitted for their work in the spiritual atmosphere of the place. Each man finds the avocation most suited to him, for there is work for all, and to the end that Catholic education, which must depend on the efforts of those who offer themselves for its propagation, may have a great center here,—to the end that the Godhead of Christ and the Immaculateness of His Blessed Mother may be the better proclaimed and understood. The community is, as it were, the root from which these tender white lilies spring.

"The community of the Holy Cross has not lost any of the spirit of the Church, while it keeps itself in sympathy with the movement of America towards enterprise and material progress. Nowhere have I been more struck by the adaptability of our Church to circumstances than at Notre Dame. The community, directed by the burning faith of the venerable Founder and animated by his zeal, has cleared the wilderness; it is a child of God and of America; it has done

its pioneer work; it now remains for you who are seeking your vocation in life to ask yourself whether you cannot get nearer to God and to His peace by helping to keep alight the crown of stars that glows on the forehead of our Lady at Notre Dame. "As I have said, nowhere have I been so impressed by the spirit of cheerfulness, of obedience, of energy, of unostentatious spirituality, of peace, and of devotion to the cause of Christian education than here. The Brother at Notre Dame, to my mind, has solved the great problem which the Emersons, the Hawthornes and the Danas have tried in vain to solve; he has found how to lose himself in work for God, and to bear the lily of purity that he may gain the palm of triumph at the end."

The Church and Living Wages

Week after week Socialist journals published in this country boldly assert that the Catholic Church is standing by the side of the money-power. Because she has rejected many of the principles of Socialism they are trying vigorously to make it appear that she is hostile to the efforts of honest labor to better its condition. Most of the Socialist leaders thoroughly know that justice to the man who toils does not depend upon the success of their cause, yet none of them care to so admit. They are not demanding better wages for toil. They seek to destroy the wage system entirely.

But the Church is concerned with the cause of labor, and demands for the man who wants better pay and better conditions. Father William Barry, of Oxford, England, speaking of the demands of latest trade union congress for living wages, says that the congressists condemn under-payment, "sweating," and the like exertions as crimes against justice, blots on civilization, and a social danger. "In this bold view they will certainly find the Catholic Church on their side," he says. "About that we cannot be mistaken. The Church has been pledged, time out of mind, to the doctrine of a just wage, for 'the laborer is worthy of his hire.' And the hire cannot be simply reckoned at any price which a workman is compelled to accept. Society owes him, in exchange for his toil, a decent human subsistence. Labor is a social function; its reward must be a fair equivalent, or a cheque on the whole resources of the body politic, sufficient to maintain the man, the citizen, the head of the family, the Christian, in conditions that shall not, at least, be degrading. Moreover, the return of industry is a first charge on its products; and to defraud the laborer of his wages—his just human wages—is a sin crying to heaven for vengeance, like murder itself. So the Bible teaches; so the Church catechism declares.

Every man says Pope Leo XIII. has a right to procure what he needs in order to live. The poor can procure it in no other way than by work and wages. Let it be granted, as a rule, that workman and employer should freely agree as to wages. Yet there is a dictate of nature more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man. It is that the remuneration must be enough to support the wage-earner in reasonable and frugal comfort. If through necessity, or fear of a worse evil, the workman accepts harder conditions because an employer or contractor will give him no better, he is the victim of fraud and injustice." (Leo XIII. On the Condition of Labor).

"These are words of amazing courage and consequence—a challenge to base modern Capitalism not unworthy of the successor to that Hildebrand who wrested from feudal lords the Church's freedom. Observe now Leo XIII. does not establish the working man's claim on charity, but on sheer economic justice. Anything which falls below the living wage thus defined is—what does the Pope say it is? Why, simply fraud. And fraud of a detestable kind, for it is robbing the hopeless, starving children, driving women on the paths of shame—in short, it is blood money accumulated by torture and wrong from its victims by oppression. 'Unlimited bargaining,' whether applied to labor, to commodities, or to means of transit and other public resources, falls under the curse pronounced against usury. It is an evil contract, for it preys upon the vital necessities of workman, consumer, producer, each taken at an unfair advantage. 'The exorbitant prices charged and the enormous profits obtained by some of the trusts,' says an American Catholic writer, 'are not only a menace to public welfare, but positively unjust and dishonest. Yet the contracts by which this result is brought about are all free.' Free, that is to say, in appearance and as the law now stands. But still, in their essence, fraudulent, being founded on conditions that are not just. And vilest among all such frauds is the denial to labor of its right to live, and to live decently."

In Chicago a few days ago John Allen, a foreman of the Edison Company, received a fatal shock and Rev. Father McLoughlin administered the last rites in the street, surrounded by hundreds, who stood with uncovered head while conditional absolution and Extreme Unction were being given.

DRESS WELL

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LEINSTER IRISH COLLEGE

Opened by Archbishop Walsh, with Douglas Hyde and Many Prominent Gaelic Present

The new Leinster College of Irish was opened on October 15th. There was a large attendance. Dr. Douglas Hyde presided, and delivered a short speech of welcome in Irish. Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, apologized for being unable to address them in Irish, and explained that this was one of the reasons that constrained him on more than one occasion to deny himself the pleasure of accepting invitations from the Gaelic League to distribute prizes to the successful competitors at the Oireachtas or some other meeting.

Under ordinary circumstances his Grace felt that no one should be regarded as qualified to take a prominent part in the proceedings of any meeting held for purposes closely connected with the Gaelic League who was not competent to address the meeting in Irish.

In some way or other, however, it had come about that he found himself publicly credited with the originating of the project which had now been realized, although he did not think that he had done any more in the matter than to give expression to an idea that must have been floating through the minds of many of them, and if he were not greatly mistaken had previously been put forward by Mr. John MacNeill.

This was an altogether exceptional meeting. Their new college, while as yet its resources were necessarily but limited, had a vast field of work before it. As his Grace understood it, that work might be marked out naturally into two sections—the teaching of Irish, and the vastly more important and difficult work of teaching the students how to teach Irish. He did not suppose that the college would limit its career of usefulness by admitting to its Irish classes none but those who wished to qualify themselves as teachers. He was sure there would be a welcome for all who wished to take advantage of the opportunities of learning the language which the college would place within their reach.

The primary conception of the college, as he took it, was that it was to apply itself in a special manner to the instruction and training of those who were either actively engaged in the teaching of Irish, or who wished to become thoroughly competent teachers of the language.

His Grace mentioned at this point that the previous morning he had received a rather ill-conditioned letter pointing out with a certain air of triumph that the whole conception of the new College was shown by the very name to be "a downright absurdity—an absurdity fit to take a prominent place in that most absurd and fantastical of all the movements ever started in this country, the movement conducted by the Gaelic League."

His Grace said he was not going to say one word there or elsewhere in vindication of the Gaelic League or its work—that work of many-sided excellences which, to the advantage of the country and of the people in so many ways, the League had been carrying on with such signal success.

The writer from the lofty height of his pedagogical standpoint had thought it necessary to explain that a Training College was not a College for the teaching of any particular subject, but that its proper business was to teach how a subject or subjects should be taught to others.

It was truly marvelous, said his Grace, how energetically, not to say viciously critical, some people in this country became when work connected with the Irish language is in question. His Grace then pointed out that even in the Training Colleges maintained by the National Board a very considerable amount of time, energy and resources had to be expended in the teaching of subjects to the students, as well as in training them how to teach. This was also the case in the English and Scotch Training Colleges. But against these there was not a word of criticism. He would not have noticed this ignorant criticism were it not for the opportunity it gave him in pointing out clearly the nature of the work which their new College set before it.

In the first place, it would teach Irish to all-comers, while always keeping in view that those who were to be engaged in the teaching of Irish were persons for whose benefit the College was primarily established. In the second place, it would do the proper work of Training College by teaching the teachers how to teach Irish.

Putting Nationality and everything of that kind out of sight for the moment, his Grace asked his audience to look at the matter solely in its bearing upon the intellectual development of the country. Everyone who had even the faintest claim to be regarded as an educationist was well aware that nothing could be more radically unsound than the method which had been generally followed in Ireland and England in the teaching of modern languages.

Dr. Mahaffy, unquestionably a competent authority on the subject, had written, not long since, an article in an English educational journal, in which he said that he felt that he had reason to be thankful that he had not been sent to learn French or German at any English schools. His Grace then pointed out the absurdity of "teaching" a modern language by making pupils trudge along the dreary road of conjugations and declensions, complicated grammatical rules, long lists of words following those rules, and equally long lists of exceptions. This was the system generally followed, although there might be occasional creditable exceptions. But, said his Grace, when the Irish

language was put forward as a general subject of instruction there was an intellectual awakening. The discovery was made that there were whole fields of pedagogical methods to be surveyed, and attention was directed to the best Continental methods of teaching modern languages. The result was that there was not another language, he ventured to state, on the teaching of which so much skilled capacity had been brought to bear as upon Irish. The reason was obvious. Neither by the teachers nor by the pupils was Irish regarded as a mere piece of dull drudgery. It appealed to them personally. Their interest was awakened, and a sense of the importance of proper teaching methods was aroused. Yet they were told that the time given in the schools to the teaching and learning of Irish might as usefully be expended upon the intricacies of Hebrew and Chinese.

His Grace then gave an illustration of the interest taken on the Continent in the Irish language movement. A year or two ago he was in Moravia, an Austrian province, and one day he was forced to take shelter from a thunder storm in a house in a remote village. It happened to be the house of the local schoolmaster, and in the course of their conversation the schoolmaster informed him that his pupils knew from him what was being done for the revival of the Irish language. Before his Grace left the house, the schoolmaster got him to mark on a map of Ireland the districts in which Irish was still spoken, and the places in which the movement had been making most progress. He was proud to be able to inform that Moravian teacher that there was more earnestness in the work and better results obtained in the city of Dublin than in any other place.

Amidst great applause, his Grace then declared the College open, and expressed his best wishes for its success. The fact, he added, that two Professors of such scholarly attainments as Dr. O'Daly and Dr. Henry had been secured for it, was one upon which they could securely rest confident anticipations for that success.

Interesting and able speeches in Irish pointing out the necessity of such a College, and the valuable work it could do, were delivered by the Rev. Dr. O'Daly, Mr. Michael Walsh, and Miss Agnes O'Farrelly, M.A. (representing, respectively, the Munster, Connacht and Ulster Training Colleges).

Death of Mrs. Chas. Farrell of Hamilton

The funeral of the late Mrs. Chas. Farrell, who died on Monday, October 29, took place from her residence, 152 East Jackson street, at 9:30 Thursday morning, to St. Patrick's church, where Rev. Father Walsh celebrated requiem Mass, assisted by Rev. Father Mahoney of St. Mary's Cathedral. Interment was in Holy Sepulchre cemetery. The pall-bearers were: James Wal, C. J. Bird, J. McCardle, Thomas Murphy and Thomas Lawlor. Many beautiful floral tributes were sent by the following: Dominion Express Company employees, St. Patrick's Club, employees of Fralick & Co., employees of Parisian Laundry, employees of millinery department of Finch Bros., employees of T. Eaton Company (Toronto), department E., office staff of Cathart Power Company, office staff Parisian Laundry, Ladies' Benevolent Society, Mrs. W. Shields, Mrs. Murphy and family, Mrs. Thomas Lawlor and family, Mrs. Milligan, Mrs. Harvey, N. A. and J. J. Sinnott, Miss Reba Cathere, Miss A. Connolly, Miss E. Stubbs, Miss Minnie Obermeyer, Miss Mary McMahon, Miss Kate McMahon, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Girvin (Toronto), Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Fralick, Miss R. Cattin, Mr. and Mrs. C. Goodwin, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. R. Lavelle, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Lynch, Copetown.

Besides her husband, Mr. Chas. Farrell, she leaves five sons, as follows: Rev. John Farrell, parish priest of Cluny, County Longford, Ireland; William A., Michael, Charles and Edward, young men of Hamilton; she also leaves one daughter, Agnes, a young woman, who resides at home; besides her sister, Catherine Nolan. There were present at the funeral Mr. Farrell's brothers, John of Cayuga, Haldimand County, and Patrick of Woodstock, Ont., also a niece, Mrs. Mary Nolan of Saginaw, Mich., and her son Charles. From Toronto came Mrs. Mary Lynch and Mr. Lynch's sister, and also her daughter; Mrs. Nelly Simon, and Mrs. Michael Lynch of Copetown, County of Wentworth.

There came to the family cable messages of sympathy and sorrow from her son, the priest, in Ireland, and from Mr. Michael Farrell of Edgewood, County Longford, Ireland. Also telegraphic messages of condolence from Rev. Father F. Craven of Galt; Rev. Father O'Reilly of Oakville; Rev. E. Doyle of Freelon; also from relatives in Duluth, Minn.; Toledo, Ohio; London, Ont.; St. Thomas Ont., and Toronto.

Mrs. Farrell was a native of Ennisworth, County Wexford, Ireland, and was 55 years of age. The complaint from which she died was inflammatory rheumatism. She came

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TORONTO, ONTARIO

to Hamilton with her family 28 years ago, from Indiana, County Haldimand. She was a woman of strong religious feeling and was an energetic worker in church societies, but especially the St. Patrick's Ladies Benevolent Society, by which her loss will be most felt. R.I.P.

Boyle—Traynor

St. Michael's church, Sydenham, was the scene of a pretty wedding at 8.30 o'clock Thursday morning, the 18th ult., the contracting parties being Miss Anna Agatha Traynor, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Traynor, Armagh Farm, Sydenham, and Mr. William J. Doyle of Clan William, Sask. The Rev. P. J. Shaughnessy performed the wedding ceremony and said the Nuptial Mass. The bride, who was given away by her father, was charmingly gowned in blue silk with real lace yoke and trimmings and carried cream roses. Miss Justina Traynor, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid and was also gowned in blue silk. Her bouquet was composed of red carnations. Mr. Charles Doyle of Leith, cousin of the groom, acted as best man. The choir of the church rendered the wedding music and Mr. Morris Traynor also sang. The wedding March was played by the bride's cousin, Miss Doyle, organist of the church. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, at which many relatives and friends tendered their congratulations and an elaborate wedding breakfast was served. The groom's gift to the bride was a purse of gold. Mr. and Mrs. Doyle left by the Alberta in the afternoon for their western home.

TORONTO MARKET

Grain:— Wheat, fall, bush ... \$0.74 to \$0.75 Wheat, red, bush0.74 Wheat, goose, bush0.70 Earley, bush0.54 0.55 Oats, bush, new0.39 0.40 Rye, bush0.75 Peas, bush0.80 Buckwheat, bush0.55 Seeds:— Alsike clover, fancy ... \$6.30 \$6.60 do., No. 16.00 6.20 do., No. 25.25 5.40 do., No. 34.50 4.80 Red clover, new7.00 7.35 old, do6.50 6.75 Timothy, No. 11.50 1.80 Timothy, No. 21.20 1.40 Hay and Straw:— Hay, per ton ... \$13.00 \$14.50 Straw, bundled, ton ... 14.00 15.00 Straw, loose, ton ... 7.00 Fruit and Vegetables:— Potatoes, bag0.65 0.70 Apples, bbl.1.00 2.50 Cabbage, per doz.0.30 0.40 Onions, per bag0.75 0.80 Poultry:— Turkey, dressed, lb.0.14 0.16 Geese, per lb.0.10 0.12 Hens, per lb.0.09 0.10 Spring chickens, lb.0.10 0.12 Spring ducks, lb.0.10 0.12 Dairy Products:— Butter, lb. rolls0.26 0.30 Eggs, strictly new laid, dozen6.35 0.40 Fresh Meats:— Beef, forequarters, cwt. \$4.50 \$5.50 Beef, hindquarters, cwt. 8.00 9.00 Lambs, dressed, lb.0.10 0.11 Mutton, light, cwt. ... 8.00 9.00 Veals, prime, cwt. ... 10.60 10.50 Veals, common, cwt. ... 7.00 9.00 Dressed hogs, cwt. ... 8.00 8.50 Five hundred teachers are leaving London to visit and observe educational methods in America. About fifty will come to Canada.

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A LATE VISITOR

(Benziger's Magazine.)

"I'm terrified, doctor!" said Mr. Ind. She had tripped hurriedly on the steps of the doctor's house, when she stood alone a little way up the street. Apparently she had run all the way from the bank, and was almost breathless, her color coming and going, and her golden hair rather wild. She had a little black case in her arms and was absurdly hugging it.

The doctor regarded her gravely. He was a solemn young man, apt to look reproachful if his patients were only slightly ill. With dignity he put this patient in a chair. "And the symptoms—?" he had begun. Mrs. Ind laughed nervously. "It's these rumors," she said, "about thieves and burglars. You don't know how frightened I have been lately, and the servants say—oh, doctor, pity me! With my husband away, and suspicious characters haunting the place, I am nearly frantic!"

The doctor looked puzzled, perhaps doubtful what he should prescribe for that. "And so I came in this afternoon to bring my sapphires and put them in the bank. Imagine my state of mind, doctor—the bank was closed!" She looked at him tragically, pausing. Outside the horses were jingling their harness, lifting their heads impatiently toward each other; the carriage had followed her down the street.

"It will be dark before I get home," said Mrs. Ind piteously. "Think! the long, long lonely drive, and then all night to be in terror about my sapphires. I can't face it! Doctor, will you—will you let me leave them here? If not, I shall be gray with fright."

She thrust the black case into his hands with an excited gesture. "Leave them here?" repeated the doctor, uncomfortably. "Please! You can run across with them to the bank directly it opens tomorrow morning; and you are so safe living in the town, and your house such an unlikely place—so very safe altogether! Shut them up in that cupboard, behind the bottles!"

Rather unwillingly he had to acquiesce. After all, it was only for a night. He took up the little black case that was so precious, and wrapped it in medicated cotton-wool till it was completely hidden. Then he put it on the highest shelf of his private cupboard, as the lady prayed him, behind the bottles.

She had driven away in a hurry, afraid that he might repent, and he shut the door after her with a new sense of responsibility. "What was it?" called a young voice from the upper regions as he stood on the mat reflecting. Peggy, sister, housekeeper, and dispenser, was leaning over the stairs. The doctor glanced up gravely.

"My patients," he said, "trust me not only with their lives—but their sapphires."

Peggy came running down. She was a young girl with eager eyes, and although she had none of her brother's solemnity, the laugh in them was always frustrating her attempts to look staid. Just now her expression was dismay.

"Oh," she cried, "and if anybody were to break in?"

"We must risk it," said the doctor, smiling.

The night-bell had been ringing in Peggy's dreams. She had heard it and half awakened, her brother had come along the passage hurriedly and called something through the keyhole; but the dreaming held her fast. It must have been a long while after that she started up and listened.

What was that? Had Harold not gone out, after all? How was it, then, that she remembered the house door's clang and the sounds of wheels? She should have got up to see that he had all he wanted, and—heavens!—to bar the door. That must have been what he called through the keyhole. Mrs. Ind's sapphires in their charge and the house-door left on the latch!

Peggy sat up in bed conscience-stricken, reaching out for her dress.

CURED HER BOY OF PNEUMONIA

Newmarket Mother is loud in her Praises of the Great Consumption Preventative

"My son Laurence was taken down with Pneumonia," says Mrs. A. O. Fisher, of Newmarket, Ont. "Two doctors attended him. He lay for three months almost like a dead child. His lungs became so swollen, his heart was pressed over to the right side. Altogether I think we paid \$140 to the doctors, and all the time he was getting worse. Then we commenced the Dr. Slocum treatment. The effect was wonderful. We saw a difference in two days. Our boy was soon strong and well."

Here is a positive proof that Psychine will cure Pneumonia. But why wait till Pneumonia comes. It always starts with a Cold. Cure the Cold and the Cold will never develop into Pneumonia, nor the Pneumonia into Consumption. The one sure way to clear out Cold, root and branch, and to build up the body so that the Cold won't come back is to use

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ing-down and her stockings. It was pitch dark, but she felt a queer kind of hesitation in striking a match, as if that would make visible many terrors, all merged in the general eeriness of the dark.

Again! What was it? She held her breath to listen. Surely, surely, there was somebody in the house!

With a courage that ruled her beating pulses she sprang out of bed and dressed, feeling that she would be braver with all her clothes on. Then she ventured out on the landing. Leaning over the stairs she heard, surely, unmistakably, little noises far down below.

It was no use waking the maids on the upper landing. They were only two, an old woman and a young girl, and they would only add their shrieks. Peggy turned quickly into her brother's room. As she thought, it was empty. What would she not have given to hear a powerful snore? The bed was not even rumpled; he had been sitting up late, and the summons must have surprised him on the way up. And then it struck her—what if it had been a false alarm to get him out of the way?

There was an old pistol in the room that the doctor played with occasionally, shooting bottles in the backyard; and Peggy had learned to fire it. She took it up now and charged it, betwixt fright and laughter, and then, like a ghost, but in a very unghostly panic, slipped down the stairs.

The hall lamp was out, black out. Peggy felt her way across to the door, and passed her hand up and down. It was only latched. Her fingers were turning the key, and mechanically feeling to find the bar, when a thought arrested her. Who might she be barring in?

A subdued rustle reached her from the doctor's study; it was queer and threatening, because unaccountable. And with it another sound, horribly like the tread of a man.

Peggy was an audacious young woman, and had always been famed in the family for her pluck. A little minute passed while she was standing there listening—and shaking. Then she stumbled forward in the darkness, past the glistening hall chairs, and an oak chest that was terribly in the way, and flung open the study door.

The lamp was lighted. It glimmered dangerously in the eyes of a man—a stranger.

Peggy had not guessed till then how sure she had been that, after all, it was only the cat—or Harold. She was dumb with fright.

At her appearance he had jumped up, confounded. He was tall and dark and powerful; a man who could crush her with a finger; but—but—she had the pistol. She lifted it quickly. It might be a matter of life and death, and—it—she were not dauntless—!

"Stir, and I shoot!" she cried. He looked at her; it was a measuring glance that might carry the fate of either. Peggy braved it with a high front and her little shaking finger at the trigger. Then she saw his eyes twinkle amusedly and there was a sudden smile at his mouth.

"Do you think I am a burglar?" he asked.

"I do," Peggy answered stoutly.

"But—but—I assure you—"

He smiled at her as if the accusation were too absurd to be entertained for a minute; his manner was very gentlemanly, more amused than embarrassed. Peggy saw then that he was better dressed than one would expect in a burglar; good-looking and rather carefree. At least he was not a ruffian. A queer little impulse of pity moved her to say—

"If you will go away quietly, I—I will not call the police."

He made no sign of willingness to accept her offer. Rather it appeared to amuse him more than her threatening attitude with the pistol.

"Will you not allow me to explain?" he asked.

Peggy looked at him sternly. She was not much afraid of him just at present. Only she must not let herself think and tremble.

"What are you doing here?" she said. "Who are you?"

"Has your brother—you are Miss Ryder?—never spoken to you of Jack Lancaster?"

Peggy shook her head.

"It looks black, then," he said, with another twinkle. "But the fact is, I'm an old chum of his, and happening to be traveling this way I thought I'd pay him a surprise visit. The last train, you know, gets in here at about eleven."

It was glib, but the housekeeper shook her head again, unbelieving.

"Harold would have wakened me," she said. "There would have been a room to get ready."

"I wouldn't have anybody called up," said he. "Ryder said I could share his room, and asked me to go up and take possession. But he was sent for half-an-hour ago, and I said I would sit up till he came in."

Peggy's eyes wandered doubtfully about the room. The fire was smoldering, dim and red, the doctor's slippers were flung, as usual, inside the fender. His pipe lay on the mantelpiece beside another, an unfamiliar one; perhaps, after all, it was true. As she wandered her eyes fell lower, and she saw a strange array on the table. Three silver mugs and a flagon were glittering in a row. The stranger saw her quick glance.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "she thinks I was packing up his college trophies to make off with."

That frank explanation and his look of comical despair disarmed the girl at last. What would Harold say when he came and heard how she had treated his chum? She threw up her hands in consternation.

"Oh!" she cried. "What am I to do? How can I apologize?"

"Don't!" he said. "I'm willing to admit that it was suspicious, and I am greatly obliged to you for not insisting on marching me off to prison." He laughed, the joke of the thing apparently striking him for

more than its awkward side. Peggy wondered amazedly at herself that she could ever have taken him for a burglar. She was very full of remorse. "I'm so sorry," she said, looking at him with an eager longing to make amends. "What can I do to make you comfortable?"

"It's all right," said Mr. Lancaster. "With your permission I will just sit here and smoke till Ryder comes in. Please go up again, and don't bother about me. Leave me in charge of the house and—the sapphires."

Peggy started. "I won't wonder you were anxious," he said, with a smile. "Ryder was just telling me about it when he was called out and had to go. They seemed to be weighing upon his mind, too, and he asked me most solemnly to keep an eye on them. He forgot to say where they were, though, so how am I to guard them? Are they in here?"

"Yes," said Peggy, faintly. Mr. Lancaster surveyed the room carefully.

"All right," he said. "Then am I to guard that cupboard? But, look here, Miss Ryder, you really must go back to bed and leave me at my post."

His tone was kind and authoritative, as any one might address a wan little weary person who ought to be sent to bed. Peggy reddened, and wondered again at her past belief.

"Is there anything I can do first?" she asked, wistfully. "Don't you want something to eat or drink? Did you have any supper?"

"I—I believe we hadn't," he answered. "We were so glad to see each other, and just sat talking, and then Ryder was called out in such a hurry. I said I'd forage—oh, pray, don't trouble!"

However, Peggy had already disappeared into the kitchen. The fire in the range was still alight; it had been left so to keep a kettle warm for the doctor. She thrust a bit of kindling wood into it until it lit all the kitchen, and, although terribly afraid of rats, tugged her skirts tight around her and ventured gallantly into the larder.

Finally she came back laden to the guest in the doctor's study.

"You should not, you really should not," he said, coming forward to help her to put down the things she carried. With indiscriminate hospitality she had fetched ham and cold beef and a leg of mutton that was unhappily still uncooked. Mr. Lancaster laughed, and she laughed, as they both looked at this proof of her bewilderment, and then she fled and brought in a cheese. It was a huge one in a china dish, and the guest cleared the silver cups off the table to make room, arranging them almost affectionately along the mantelpiece.

"They are pleasant reminders," he said with a little sigh, "of ancient triumphs and the old days at Princeton."

The doctor was a Fordham man. That little slip had been fatal. True, the inscription on the silver mug he was handing referred to a Princeton triumph, but it had not been won by Harold; it was a relic of a cousin who had left it in his keeping. Peggy watched him with an appalling conviction in her soul. Coming so close upon the relief of the past few minutes, this revelation made her feel all unstrung. She put out a hand to support herself at the table, and her eyes grew large with fear.

He had taken up one of the smaller mugs, and she thought he started.

"I tried both colleges, you must know, Miss Ryder, and I'm afraid neither was very proud of me. I was always a lazy chap."

The wonderful readiness of the man! He turned carelessly from the mantelpiece and began to finger the doctor's pistol. (If she had only kept it instead of rashly flinging it on the table!)

With her heart in her mouth Peggy watched him. He was examining the thing with an air of amused disdain, probably finding it rickety, and also, she thought, debating. She saw him glance up quickly at the place where Mrs. Ind's sapphires had been put, and she believed she could understand why the same glance should fall on her. He was making up his mind.

"If you're sure you have all you want," she said, quickly, "I will say 'good-night!'"

And she saw his look of relief. He took a step toward her and put out his hand.

"Good-night," he said. In a despairing flash Peggy realized what her retreat would mean. It would save her own life perhaps—she could see past the smile in these determined eyes—but after that it meant ruin. The sapphires had been trusted to them; their disappearance would always be a haunting blur on the doctor, if nothing worse than that. Friends might disbelieve—enemies would accuse them. There would just be her halting story, a tale of cowardice at the best! And then Mrs. Ind's despair—!

"There is a light in the hall," he said, deliberately, as she fancied. "You had better leave this door ajar."

And she knew that she would not

be allowed to escape and give the alarm. Had he guessed what was in her mind? All at once an idea struck her; she paused, and looked at him with a smile that, if he had only known it, was a smile of daring.

"Oh," she said, "I have forgotten to get you anything to drink. You will have some sherry?"

"Thank you," he answered briefly. "I—I never drink anything stronger than tea."

"Then you will have that," she said. "I can hear the kettle singing. I will make you a cup of tea."

"Don't trouble," he said, rather impatiently. "It will not take a minute," said Peggy kindly. Courage was returning to her with a chance of action, and she was able to play her part. Her impetuous hospitality reassured him; he did not try to arrest her as she vanished, leaving the study door wide open. If he were to follow her all would be lost, but he did not. He could hear from where he was standing if she unbarred one of the outer doors or slid up a window.

In the kitchen she caught up a teapot and emptied into it an extravagant heap of tea; then she bent over the kettle, and there was a reassuring sound of pouring water. The man in the doctor's study could not fail to hear it. When there was about a cup full of water in the teapot she put on the lid, and with a quick motion set a jug under the boiler and turned the tap. Then, while the noise of pouring went on uninterrupted, she darted across the kitchen—across the passage.

There was hardly a clink in the surgery and she searched among the bottles. She was back again in an instant. The light had gone out in her hand as she crossed the hall in a breathless hurry, but the bottle she was bringing with her glimmered in the flickering darkness of the kitchen. With her hand on the teapot she paused, and peered fearfully out of the darkness toward the lamp-lit study. By an effort she lifted the teapot and walked steadily, quickly in.

"I will pour out a cup," she said, "and you must drink it—you really must."

He took it from her hands and drank it, swallowing it hot, with an unwilling haste. As he put down the cup she rose.

"And now," she said, "good-night!"

He watched her up the stairs. She knew it. From where he was standing he could see the far-away flutter of her skirt, higher and higher as she disappeared, and she walked up lightly, humming a little, high scrap of song. But as soon as she reached the turn of the stairs, and shutting the nearest door with a bang, leaned over the banisters and listened.

Would he find out the trick? Would she hear his angry tread and his voice quick and dangerous, warning her of the punishment she must reap? Or would nothing happen? It was a risk; she had known it when the idea came, and she had faced it desperately. A minute—another minute. She hardly knew whether it was the creak on the stairs or her own heart beating. With it the silence was getting awful.

Ah, what was that? A faint attempt at movement, a stumble, and then a fall?

Peggy waited until she could stand the hush no longer and then went creeping down the stair. It was taking her life in her hand, but still—

The light was still as high in the study, but all the room was curiously still, and something strange was lying half on the floor, half across a chair! It had happened!

Peggy halted, triumphant, and yet terror-stricken, gazing at her work. If she had killed him? But no, no, surely—her hand had been almost steady.

She came a little nearer. His head lay against the chair; his dark hair was ruffled as he had fallen.

At that sight triumph had altogether the upper hand. She turned to rush out into the street and alarm the nearest houses, to bring men to carry the burglar away to prison; and just then she heard the doctor's key at the door.

He was almost overturned by her eager rush, and her wild, white face was as startling to him as a ghost's.

"Why—" he gasped. "Peggy—Peggy!" and his solemn young countenance lost its professional gravity. She almost dragged him into the study.

"It's a burglar," she said. "He broke in to steal the sapphires. And I wasn't sure that he hadn't murdered you! And, oh, Harold, it has been awful! But I gave him some of that new stuff; you said it took effect very quickly—just enough to make him sleep. Oh! I hope I have not killed him, after all!"

The doctor could not understand half her speech any more than Peggy had understood what he had called to her through the keyhole before he started; but he saw the prostrate figure and gave a jump. He dropped on his knees before the burglar.

"Great Scott! Peggy, what have you done to Jack?"

To that heroine the next minutes were years of interminable remorse. Harold's reproaches she could bear proudly, conscious of the best intentions, but not the sight of that still, still figure.

She sank into a corner, telling herself that she had murdered him, and that it would haunt her always—that she would never smile again all her life; and the tears were bitter and imminent in her eyes.

But at last with shaking and care he wakened. He raised himself a little, saw the doctor's horrified face, and laughed. To Peggy that laugh was the most beautiful sound in all the world.

He turned to her. In his look there was fun and forgiveness, and more than that—

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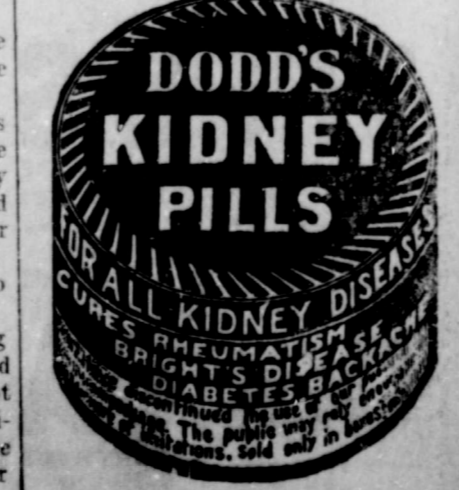
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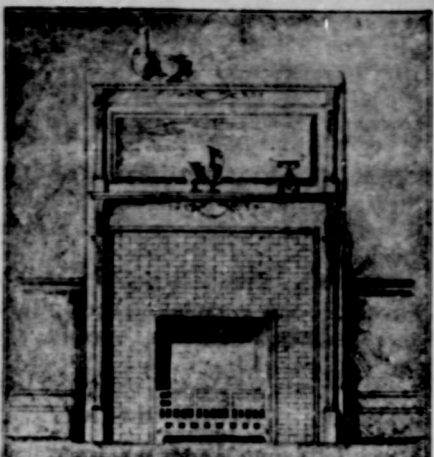
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In and Around Toronto

A MAGNIFICENT SUCCESS.

The work of the "renewals" in St. Paul's, St. Mary's and St. Helen's parishes, which came to a close on Sunday evening, was from beginning to end a pronounced success. The attendance, which heralded in last week, which was devoted to the men of the different parishes, was rather augmented than decreased as the days went on and the last exercise seemingly saw every man in place and everyone capable of reporting as having made the renewal. It is said that great as was the success of the Missions of last year, that it has been surpassed in every way by that of the renewals just closed. At St. Mary's Father Mulligan preached the closing sermon and complimented the four-hundred men present on their continuity of fervor as evidenced by their regular attendance at the 5 o'clock and again at the later Mass. He counselled them to persevere and to avoid the occasions of sin and to show their earnestness by the renewal of their baptismal vows, which request was complied with, the men rising and making their promises with loud and sincere voice, while the lighted candle held by each typified the faith to which all testified. At St. Paul's the same scene was enacted, the two thousand or more taking part testifying to the lively dispositions of the great east end parish. St. Helen's saw what was probably the most striking scene in its history, when during the pronouncing of the vows the lights of the church went out and the congregation of over seven hundred men rose and with lighted tapers held aloft, protested their renunciation of Satan, his works and pomps. The effect was vivid and impressive and Father Hamill, in his closing address, declared that the renewal at St. Helen's had been the finest in his experience. If appreciation and good results are any reward to the hard-working missionaries who have been laboring for the past two weeks in Toronto, then certainly their measure is full to overflowing, for on every hand are heard expressions of appreciation and results are visible everywhere.

DEATH OF MRS. ANNIE HICKEY CONSIDINE.

The news of the death of Mrs. P. Conside came as a severe shock to the entire community. Mrs. Conside, who was Miss Annie Hickey before her marriage, came from her home in Chicago on an annual visit to relatives at her old home in the city. She contracted a cold at the Exhibition, from which bronchitis and rheumatism developed later. As her condition became serious Dr. King, her physician, advised a removal to St. Michael's Hospital, where she remained in a critical state for about a week, and despite the efforts of medical skill and unflinching attention, she died on Monday, Oct. 15th, with her husband and relatives at her side.

Mrs. Conside's death brings profound sorrow to a multitude of friends, not only in Toronto, where she was born, but also in Chicago, where she had resided for the past ten years, and where her friends were legion. She was one of the most popular ladies in St. Michael's parish and was always a prominent figure in its social life. Her genial disposition and broad sympathies endeared her to all and she was beloved by old and young alike.

The esteem in which Mrs. Conside was held by those who knew her was amply testified by the numerous spiritual offerings and the many telegrams and letters of sympathy received by her relatives from friends in various places in the United States. Many in Toronto will miss the yearly visits of one whose presence brought sunshine and happiness to all who met her.

The funeral was held on Thursday morning from the family residence on Jarvis street, and proceeded to St. Michael's Cathedral, which was crowded with friends and acquaintances of the deceased lady. Rev. Father Ryan celebrated the requiem High Mass and the entire service was solemn and most impressive. The full choir chanted the Gregorian Funeral Mass and Mr. J. J. Gillgoly (St. Paul's choir) sang "De Profundis" with considerable feeling during the Offertory. The funeral was private, only the immediate relatives and old family friends following the hearse to St. Michael's cemetery, where Rev. Father Ryan assisted by Rev. Father Wilton, read the prayers at the grave.

The pall-bearers were Messrs. Meahan, Clancy, Newlands and Meahan, and the chief mourners were Mr. P. Conside (of Chicago) husband of deceased; Mrs. M. H. Sullivan, a sister, and Mr. Lee Sullivan, a nephew. R.I.P.—Com.

FEAST OF ALL SOULS.

The Feast of All Souls was observed in the city churches with all the sad and solemn ceremonial befitting the day. The draped altars and the catalgic placed before every sanctuary were mournful reminders of the sorrowful sentiments the day called forth and the large numbers at the different Masses and of those who approached Holy Communion, spoke eloquently of the thought of the living for their dear ones departed, and of their belief in the sublime and consoling doctrine of the Communion of Saints.

PRESENTATION TO MISS O'BRIEN

On leaving the Toronto World to take charge of the Advertising Department of the Catholic Register, Miss Mary O'Brien, who had been on

the World's staff for the past three and a half years, was presented with a handsome pearl ring and the following beautiful and highly complimentary address. Mr. H. E. Smallpiece read the address and made the presentation:

To our dear Miss O'Brien: This is a time of sadness mingled with gladness. We are sorry that Providence has ordained that you should be called to leave the services of the Toronto World and that we must soon lose the sweetness of our companionship here with you, but on the other hand we are glad that the call will take you to a newspaper where you will have many opportunities for advancement and equal opportunity of making a lasting impression upon those with whom you come in contact.

We in the Toronto World have, with the sense of respect and dignity that is ever with us, been accustomed to call you Miss O'Brien, but in our thoughts you have been ever Mary—the finest name that was ever given to women on earth—while in our dreams, if we ever have time to dream, we have inscribed you with the title of St. Mary. You have been the presiding angel over the switchboard for so long, you have been the Goddess with the crucifix of oil to pour upon the troubled waters of the Circulation Department, the Business Office and the Editorial room so long that we have come to look upon you as an absolute necessity for the getting out of the Toronto World.

The severing of the ties that bind us, even in the small degree that your passing from the Toronto World to the Catholic Register is, will leave us disconsolate for many a day and it will be your duty to see that at least a dozen times a day you ring up the switchboard of the Toronto World to let us know that you are still in the land of the living, and that your thoughts once in a while wander back to that newspaper and to those good friends and companions who have learned to honor your womanly qualities and to think more kindly of our fellow beings for having known your sympathetic nature.

We present you with this small token of our esteem, and trust that whenever you look upon this ring you will feel certain that kind hearts are more than coronets, and the cordial sympathy of our fellow beings is an earnest of the good things in store for us across the Great Divide.

THE STAFF OF THE TORONTO WORLD.

Though now with another paper, Miss O'Brien will always remember her associates on the Toronto World as amongst her most sincere friends and the time spent with them as amongst the happiest years of her life.

GOOD—RYAN.

A pretty wedding took place at St. Michael's Cathedral, when Miss Margaret Ryan became the bride of Mr. Percie Good. Rev. Father Rhodelet officiated and said the Nuptial Mass. The bride was handsomely gowned in blue celine, relieved with net and lace, and was attended by Miss Nellie Malone, charmingly attired in green silk. The bride and her attendant carried prayer-books. The groom was supported by Mr. J. Burney. Mr. and Mrs. Good left for Cleveland and Detroit and on their return will reside on Sherbourne street.

GORMALLY—O'BRIEN.

A pretty wedding took place at St. Patrick's church on Oct. 29th, when Miss Catherine O'Brien, daughter of the late Richard O'Brien, became the bride of Mr. John M. Gormally, son of the late William Gormally. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. William J. Keane. Mr. A. S. Gormally supported the groom, Miss Alice Gormally assisted the bride and Miss Margally O'Brien acted as flower girl.

After a wedding breakfast served at the residence of the bride's mother, 252 Simcoe street, Mr. and Mrs. Gormally left for the Western States.

The bride's travelling suit was of navy blue broad cloth with hat to match.

The groom's gift to the bride was a gold watch, to the bride's maid a lyre set with pearls, to the groomsmen a pearl tie pin, and to the flower-girl a pearl necklace.—Com.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

All Saints' Day saw exceptionally large congregations in the churches. The last Mass in every parish was a High Mass. In the evening Vespers for the dead were sung and sermons on death and on the souls in Purgatory were preached in preparations for the Feast of All Souls.

DEATH OF MRS. F. DELANEY.

The death of Mrs. Delaney, wife of Mr. Francis Delaney of 65 Oxford street, is much felt by all who knew and now mourn her unexpected and unlooked for end. Mrs. Delaney was sick only a few hours and her death came in the nature of a shock to her friends. Of a gentle and amiable dis-

position, her quiet and engaging presence will now be missed in the Altar Society and among the parishioners of St. Francis' church, of which parish she was a member. The funeral took place from St. Francis' church on Wednesday morning, where requiem Mass was said by Rev. Father McCann. Interment took place at Mount Hope cemetery, where a tiny babe and mother were laid in one grave.

Many attended to pay a last tribute to the departed lady. Mrs. Delaney is survived by her mother, Mrs. Moses, and by her husband. R. I.P.



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ST. MARY'S SCHOOL.
Monthly Competition.
Form IV., Sen.—1 John Skain, 2 John Cronin, 3 Thomas Lundy, 4 Romeo Grossi, 5 Edward McCool, 6 Leo Albert.
Form IV., Jun.—1 Fred Fensom, 2 Wm. Hand, 3 Joseph Deferari, 4 John Bannon, 5 Peter Hanley, 6 Edward Devine.
Form III., Senior—1 Basil Watson, 2 Edward Spelman, 3 John Harris, 4 Thomas O'Connell, 5 James Hyland, 6 David Dinan.
Form III., Jun.—No returns.
Form II., Sen.—1 James Gray, 2 James Malone, 3 David Christie, 4 Clarence Hickey, 5 John Thomas, 6 Eugene Shannon.

Honor Roll for the month of October, 1906.
Fourth Form, Senior—1 Edward McCool, 2 Thos. Lundy, 3 Romeo Grossi, 4 John Cronin, 5 John Lane, 6 Leo Albert, 7 Leo Ryan, 8 Harry Sullivan, 9 Thos. Seallon, 10 Louis Murphy.
Fourth Form, Junior—1 Fred Fensom, 2 Wm. Hand, 3 John Bannon, 4 Joseph Deferari, 5 Wm. Thompson, 6 Peter Hanley, 7 Edward Devine, 8 Joseph Skain, 9 Hugh Callaghan, 10 Augustine Deot.
Third Form, Senior—1 Clifford Landreville, 2 Edw. McLague, 3 Harry Overend, 4 Basil Murphy, 5 Joseph Harris, 6 Wm. Madigan, 7 Charles Hogan, 8 Edw. Conderon, 9 Arden Hayden, 10 Basil Watson, 11 Wm. Watson, 12 Edward Burns, 13 Frank O'Halloran.
Third Form, Junior—No results.
Second Form, Senior—1 Clarence Hickey, 2 Richard Foley, 3 Francis G. Lane, 4 Francis Ryan, 5 Thos. Noon, 6 David Christie, 7 James Akrey, 8 Francis Murray, 9 James Gray, 10 Harold Lynn, 11 Frank Marvin, 12 James Meian.

ST. MICHAEL'S SCHOOL (BOYS). OCTOBER HONOR ROLL.
Testimonials.
Form IV.—Excellent—Frank Moran, Frank Meahan, Archie Gilmore, Jas. Deacon, John Quealey.
Good—Leo Schneider, Charles Sullivan, Robert McCabe, David Stormont, Barry Cronin, William D'Allesandro.

Monthly Examination.
Sen. Div.—1 Archie Gilmore and Neil Smith (equal), 3 Frank Meahan, 4 Leo Schneider, 5 Charles Sullivan, 6 Frank Moran.
Jun. Div.—1 William D'Allesandro, 2 John Quealey, 3 David Stormont, 4 William Kelly, 5 Barry Cronin, 6 Harold Cashman.
Form II., Sen.—1 Charles Adams, 2 Joseph McNamara, 3 Nicholas Casentino, 4 Fred Quealey, 5 Walter Buckman, 6 Maurice Hartnett, 7 William Beale, 8 Leo Carey, 9 Richard McCarthy, 10 Frank Gloster.
Form II., Jun.—1 Frank Boylan, 2 Cecil Martin, 3 Percy Enright, 4 Gerald Cronin, 5 Joseph Fernandez, 6 John McGrogan, 7 Basil Vaillencourt, 8 James Whelan, 9 Joseph Lamontia, 10 William O'Connor.
Form I.—1 Julius Ziaki, 2 John

STRAELE, 3 Harry Dion, 4 Gordon Somers, 5 Bertrand, Harman, 6 Charles Speyer, 7 Anthony Carona, 8 William Duffey, 9 Francis Shanahan, 10 Early Duffey, 11 George Jackson, 12 Frederick Dillon.
Sen. III.—Francis Rinnie and John Pierce (equal), William Soul, Arthur O'Halloran, Joseph Jacobs, Edward Meagher.
Jun. III.—Fred. Hughes, Michael Farhat, John Adams, Francis Gallagher, James Shanahan, Harold Koster.

ST. PETER'S SCHOOL.
The following pupils obtained over 80 per cent. in monthly examinations:
Senior IV.—B. Leonard, N. Warde, M. Williams, T. Ennis, B. Malone.
Junior IV.—G. Bradley, C. Bennet, E. Kavanagh, E. Sullivan, R. Stock.
Senior III.—E. Marshall, N. Flaherty, M. Krigbaum.
Junior III.—S. Baird, W. Milloy, J. Fitzgerald.

ST. FRANCIS' SCHOOL (BOYS) HONOR ROLL.
Testimonials.
Jun. III.—Edward Case, Joseph Hunter, Jas. Harrington, Frank Byron, Norman Tully, James Heffron, Lawrence Corkery, Edgar Sullivan, George Finnegan and John Heffron.
Sen. II.—Norman Boland, Cecil Wagner, Robert Durand, Philip Finnegan, Christopher Lambrick, Ambrose Dee and Joseph Bero.
Fourth Form—Excellent—Jos. Finley, Philip Bero, Fred Glynn, Leo Lambrick, Raymond Halligan, Alphonse Stewart, Leo O'Leary, Fred Durand, Thomas Belisle, Terence Granery.
Good—Charlie Finley, Ernest Broderick, John Jamieson, Jos. Wright, Gordon Monahan, Jas. Cronin.
Sen. Third Form—Excellent—Edward Murphy, Anthony Bell, Francis Bolger, Gerrard Kelly, Francis Gentle, Basil Hinchey, Fred Kearns, Thos. Corkery.
Good—Harry Hickey, Leo Glynn, John Dempsey, William Cahill, Archie Hamilton, Basil Kirkland.
Results of the monthly competition: Form III., Jun.—1 James Harrington, 2 Joseph Hunter, 3 Francis Byron, 4 Henry Harrigan, 5 James Heffron.
Sen. II.—1 Norman Boland, 2 Cecil Wagner, 3 Robert Durand, 4 Philip Finnegan, 5 Christopher Lambrick.

RESULTS OF MONTHLY EXAMINATION
Fourth Form—1 Joseph Finley, 2 Thomas Belisle and Terence Granery, 4 Raymond Halligan.
Form III., Senior—1 William Cahill, 2 Edward Murphy, 3 Anthony Bell, 4 Leo Glynn, 5 Francis Gentle, 6 Fred Kearns.

CONFIRMATION WAS GIVEN.

His Grace the Archbishop gave Confirmation at St. Paul's church on Sunday morning and at St. Mary's sixty-five adults were confirmed at 4 p.m.

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

(Continued from page 1.)

The year 1842 was an eventful one in the history of Upper Canada, or Canada West, as it was then named. The assembly engendered by the rebellion of 1837 still existed, the first union parliament was in power, Lord Durham's famous report was being discussed, sometimes with sticks and other rude weapons; Sir Charles Bagot, a sick man, was governor; the Baldwin-Lafontaine (Liberal) administration was guiding the ship of state, and Kingston had the honor of being the seat of government. Sir Allan Napier McNab was member of parliament for Hamilton, and his opponent at the late election was Mr. Tiffany, whose wife was an Irish lady. "Terry" Branigan was a man of considerable political importance and led the Irish because he was their most active man. At this time Sir Allan McNab owed his election to his indebtedness, because he had been extravagant in building his Dundurn Castle, and his creditors were anxious to keep him in parliament because if defeated he would have to go to jail for his indebtedness and in such case they feared they would never get a penny. The Great Western Railroad was then talked about and "Sir Allan" went to England on its behalf, I suppose to negotiate the sale of stock. When he returned in the fall of the year he received a great ovation. I remember that "reception" and some of the queer characters I noticed for the first time. There was Paola Brown, a West India negro, who was the town bellman, big, fat and black and short of wind. He called out all auction sales, lost children, etc. He always began his announcements with "Oh yes!" and finished with "God Save the Queen!" "Lord Goderich" was another negro, but without legs, having lost them on board a man-of-war vessel and got his nick name from shouting for Lord Goderich. He was a poor fellow, who lived mostly on charity and the sale of greens named "lamb's quarters," that many people relished. Whiskey was cheap then, and "Lord Goderich" got his share of it. Another character was a loyal Scotchman, who went by the name of "Lord Macdonald," who used to be loud in proclaiming that he was "born a Tory, would die a Tory, and go where all good Tories go."

WILLIAM HALLEY.
(To be continued.)
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and diplomas to the successful pupils. The chorus singing by the choral class, which was composed of thirty-five young ladies, was most enjoyable, and creditably rendered. The several vocal numbers given by Misses McIlhargey and Granger, were rendered in excellent voice, exhibiting much sweetness and power. They are very promising vocal pupils. The reading by Miss Hurley was worthy of special mention, as indeed was almost every number on the programme. The department of the scholars was most pleasing and showed the result of careful work by interested teachers.

After the presentation of the prizes Ven. Archdeacon Casey gave an excellent address to the pupils, reviewing the progress of the Academy since its inception and showing that its history had always been advanced from year to year until the present, when it showed even a brighter outlook than in any year of its history. He also gave some wholesome advice to the young ladies on the value of building a sound foundation, both spiritually and morally. Short speeches followed from Rev. Father Sullivan, Senator McHugh, Inspector Knight, Mr. O'Reilly, Prof. Jackson, Rich. Kyle and John Flurey.
The following is a copy of the programme and a list of the prize winners:

PROGRAMME—PART I.
Chorus, "On Life's Journey"...Veazie Choral Class.
Vocal, "Song of Sunshine"...Bunning Miss Granger.
Instrumental, Impromptu...Rheinhold Miss Kingsley.
Vocal, "Ave Maris"...Cherubin Miss McIlhargey.
PART II.
Instrumental, "Kamennoi Ostrov"...Rubinstein Miss Fleury.
Vocal, "Come Where the Fields are Gleaming," by Misses McIlhargey, Granger, Smith, Guinea and Lacey.
Recitation—Miss Hurley.
Vocal, "Sub Tuum"...Batman Choral Class.
"God Save the King."

MEDAL AND PRIZE LIST.
Following is the list of those who received medals, prizes, etc.
Gold Medal for general excellence, presented by the Rev. Father McGuire, awarded to Miss Mary Hurley.
Gold Medal, presented by Mr. B. J. Gough, awarded to Miss Laura O'Neill for honors in commercial work and highest standing at final examinations.
Souvenirs of junior leaving, presented to Miss Mary Begley, Isabella Begley, Gertrude Donaghy, May Heenan and Gertrude Lucas, by Venerable Archdeacon Casey.
Prizes awarded to Misses Loraine McMahon, Katie Jordan and Amy Smith, for honors in commercial course.
Miss Lizzie Dwyer for highest standing and first class honors in senior rudiments of music.
Miss Josie Clancy for first class honors in piano examination.
Diplomas awarded by the Educational Department to Misses Mary Hurley, Mary Begley, Isabella Begley, Gertrude Donaghy, May Heenan and Gertrude Lucas, for having passed the required examination for Junior leaving.
Diplomas awarded in commercial course to Miss Laura O'Neill with honors in stenography, bookkeeping and commercial law.
Miss Katie Jordan, with honors in stenography and bookkeeping.
Miss Loraine McMahon with honors in bookkeeping!

ST. JOSEPH'S ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT, Lindsay
The commencement exercises in connection with St. Joseph's Academy, Lindsay, took place Tuesday evening, Oct. 30th, in the music room of that institution, before a number of invited guests and friends of the pupils.
The programme consisted of vocal and instrumental selections, readings and the presentation of medals



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Miss Amy Smith with honors in bookkeeping and penmanship.
Diplomas awarded in commercial course to Misses Katie Hoolihan, Mary Robertson, Ethel Arksey, May McDonald, Florence Callaghan, and Josie McRae.

Testimonials awarded by the Toronto College of Music to Miss Josephine Clancy for having passed the required examination on Junior Piano with first class honors. Miss Reta Gough and Miss Hattie Holmes.
Primary Piano—Miss Mary Conley, honors; Miss Mary Lonergan, honors, Miss Mary Prunty.
Junior Vocal—Miss Winnie Granger, honors; Miss Mabel McIlhargey, honors.
Primary Violin—Miss Florence O'Brien, honors.
Junior Written Harmony—Miss Jennie Meahan, honors; Miss Nettie O'Boyle.
Junior History—Nettie O'Boyle.
Senior Rudiments of Music with first class honors, Miss Lizzie Dwyer, Miss Jean Morin, Miss Mary Killen, Miss Susie Fleury, Miss Eva Staples, Miss Lizzie Guinea, with honors. Miss Josephine Clancy, Miss Madeline Craig.
Testimonials awarded by the Toronto Conservatory of Music to Miss Minnie Granger for having passed the required examination in Junior Piano and to Miss Myrtle Carter, for Primary Piano.
Testimonials awarded by the Toronto University to Miss Lizzie Dwyer for having passed the required examination in Junior Piano.