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PRICE FIVE CENTS

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

The Hon. Sir Dominick Daly for Twenty-Six Years Provincial Secretary of Canada—An Irish Catholic Without Political Passion—Member of a Distinguished Calvary Family—Represented the County of Megantic in Lower Canada—Stood by Lord Metcalfe when He Had His Trouble with the Reform Party, in the Early Forties—Was Afterwards Appointed to Various Governorships by the Imperial Government.

I have this week a more than difficult task to perform, as I desire to present your readers with a sketch of the career of a distinguished Irish Catholic statesman, who for more than twenty-six years filled a position of honor and trust in the public affairs of Canada, and afterwards filled more exalted offices at the disposal of the Imperial Government. He is harder to write about because he is harder to understand, and I was always on the opposite side from him in our political discussions; and those discussions were often acrimonious and unparading. The gentleman I have reference to was the Hon. Dominick Daly. Hon. Francis Hincks was a very able man, but a very pugnacious one and a hard hitter, and he deserved hard names and got them from his enemies. Mr. Daly, however, was a totally different kind of man and received different kinds of names, such as "the everlasting Secretary," "the Lilly of the Valley," "the Vicar of Bray," etc.

One of the circumstances I wonder at is that there are so few "Lives" of our public men written and published. I do not know any "Lives" of Baldwin, Sullivan, Lafontaine, Daly, Rolph and other men, who so conspicuously figured in the constructive period of our political institutions. I have found a "Life" of Daly, which would inform me when Mr. Daly came to Canada or under what circumstances. It is surmised, however, that he came here as Secretary to one of the Governors, and was found so useful that he was soon given a position of prominence. The time must have been towards the end of the thirties of the century before the present.

Sir Dominick Daly was the third son of Dominick Daly, Esq., by the sister of the first Lord Walsworth, and brother of Malachy Daly, Esq., a banker in Paris. He was born in Galway, Ireland, in the disastrous year of 1798, and married in 1826, the second daughter of Col. Ralph Gore, of Barrowmount, County of Kilkenny. He passed the usual examination, we are told, and was called to the bar, but did not practise for any length of time. When he came to Canada he settled in Quebec, and soon became Provincial Secretary for Lower Canada, for at that time French-Canadians were not permitted to govern their own country. At the time of the Union in 1841 he was appointed Provincial Secretary for the two Provinces.

Those men who filled the offices under Lord Sydenham and afterwards along with Mr. Daly, were the following: Robert Baldwin, Attorney-General West; L. H. Lafontaine, Attorney-General East; James E. Small, Solicitor-General West; J. H. Dunn, Receiver-General; Francis Hincks, Inspector-General; A. N. Morin, Commissioner of Crown Lands; Robert B. Sullivan, President of the Council; Dominick Daly, Secretary of the Province; H. H. Killaly, President of Board of Works; Malcolm Cameron, Commissioner of Customs; Thomas Parke, Surveyor-General. Every one of those gentlemen I have a recollection of excepting the last one, Mr. Parke. I think all were in the following administrations under Sir Charles Baggot, and until they resigned, under Lord Metcalfe.

That was the day when Irish political sagacity was valued, for five members of that Cabinet were Irish.

If we are to include Mr. Baldwin, who was born here. They were Messrs. Baldwin, Sullivan, Hincks, Daly, Killaly. Four of them belonged to Cork families, or were born in the County of Cork. Baldwin received his "political rudiments from his father," who was a native of Cork County, and advocated liberal principles before his distinguished son came to Canada. To what race, however, the Dalys belong it is hard to determine, because they were prominent at a time of the Crusades. An Irish scholar, however, tells me the Dalys of the County of Cork were originally O'Balvins and Fitzgeralds. Hincks' biographers claim for his family an English origin; however that may be, I know not; but he and his brothers, who were educators, were very learned men. I used to hear it said that when Hincks was employed in a bank here before he entered politics, he could add up four columns of figures at one time! Killaly was a Corkonian, too, but from what precise locality I know not, but before I get through I may ascertain. He did not mingle much in political controversies, but was a valued head of a department, and that was the time when some of our canals were being built. He was an exceedingly eccentric man in dress and was sometimes considered worth caricaturing. There were but three French-Canadians in that Cabinet—Lafontaine, Morin and Aylwin, and they were splendid representative men. Malcolm Cameron was the only Scotchman in that Cabinet. I do not know the nationality of Messrs. Small, Dunn and Rolph, but they may have been English, and most likely they were. At any rate they had their residences here; and the old home of Mr. Small, down at the corner of King and Ontario streets, is yet standing.

John William Kaye, the biographer of Lord Metcalfe, wrote of this Cabinet, which was so obnoxious to Lord Metcalfe, as follows: "There were indeed," he admitted, "able and honest men in the administration, but for the most part they were not moderate. They held extreme opinions; they were men of intractable tempers; they were principally Irishmen, Frenchmen, or men of American stock. The one British element in the Executive Council was comparatively small." Small was a man of some talent, but Dunn was not, but he stood for advanced principles. Aylwin was the best debater in the Assembly, for Sullivan had his seat in the Council, where he was the foremost man. The most strenuous of Hincks' opponents admitted his fitness for the position he held, but Lord Metcalfe's biographer states that he was vehement and unscrupulous, and "had a tongue which cut like a sword, and no discretion to keep it in order."

Mr. Daly, it was said, was peculiarly acceptable to Lord Metcalfe; but no matter who went and no matter who came, Mr. Daly was sure to continue holding his office, and was, therefore, it has been said by Mr. Baldwin himself, "The everlasting Secretary."

Mr. Lafontaine, the French leader, was admittedly a man of great abilities, and the biographer already referred to, sized him up by saying, "All his better qualities were natural to him, while his worse qualities were the growth of circumstances, which cradling him and his people in wrong had made him misanthropic and suspicious, a just and honorable man; his motives worthy and he warmly attached to his country; enjoying a high position rather by the force of his moral than his intellectual qualities; trusted and respected rather than admired; occupying as a leader of a united party a large space in the eyes of the public."

"A far abler and more energetic man" in Mr. Kaye's eyes, "was Mr. Baldwin, on whose mind the lessons he had learned from his father, were deeply impressed by the atrocious

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misgovernment of his native land, and the exclusiveness of a dominant faction. He was thoroughly in earnest, thoroughly conscientious, but to the last degree uncompromising and intolerant." This, of course, means that Baldwin was sincere and determined, like a man with a mission to accomplish, a success to achieve.

When Lord Metcalfe's Government resigned, that is the Reform part of it, it was different from that given in the foregoing list. Daly went in with them in that Government, but he declined to go out. Another French leader, a Mr. Viger, a very prominent man in his day, and a Mr. Wakefield, full of hope, gathered around Daly to form a new administration and one more suitable to the Governor's views.

On the 2nd of December, 1844, however, the House of Assembly, which held a large majority of Reformers, passed a vote of confidence in the retired members of the Ministry. The immediate cause of retirement was the Governor's persistence in making appointments without consulting his Cabinet. This action of the House was in accordance with a set of resolutions adopted in 1841, to which Lord Sydenham, then the Governor, had subscribed. After a long delay of months, Mr. Daly succeeded in forming a new Cabinet, not with himself at its head, but Mr. William Henry Draper, the smoothest Conservative leader of the country ever had excepting John A. Macdonald, and he too had his nicknames, "Sweet William" and others. But Mr. Daly continued to be the Secretary.

Mr. Daly represented a Lower Canadian constituency in Parliament, and it never failed to return him in the course of his many years. Indeed it has been said that the electors had a sincere affection for their Irish member, and there is no doubt but what he had much influence in the councils of the country. At first he was a member of the Board of Works as well as Provincial Secretary, and a seat in the Executive Council. The latter he held until 1846, but the former he continued to hold until 1848, taking an active part in most important affairs and continued representing Megantic County in Parliament until 1851, when he went to Europe.

Kaye, the biographer of Lord Elgin, gave this sketch of him: "Mr. Daly was the Secretary of State or, Provincial Secretary of Lower Canada. He was an Irishman and a Roman Catholic, but although for the latter reason his sympathies were strongly with the French people, or had been as long as they were oppressed by the dominant race, his feelings, the growth of education and early association, were of a conservative or aristocratic cast. All of Metcalfe's informants represented him to be a man of high honor and integrity; of polished manners and courteous address; a good specimen of an Irish gentleman. He was possessed of judgment and prudence, tact and discretion; in short, a man to be trusted. In 1851 he was appointed Governor of the Island of Tobago. In 1854 he was knighted and transferred to Prince Edward Island, of which he was Governor till 1869. In 1871 he was appointed Governor of Australia.

I do not think that Mr. Daly was

ENGLAND'S PREMIER

And His Former Close Connection With the Irish National Party—Justin McCarthy's Splendid Picture of the British Premier

My first acquaintance with Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, who recently became Prime Minister of King Edward VII., was made in the earliest days of my experience as a member of the House of Commons. The Fourth party, as it was called, had just been formed under the inspiration of the late Randolph Churchill. The Fourth Party was a new political enterprise. The House of Commons up to that time contained three regular and recognized political parties—the supporters of the Government, the supporters of the Opposition, and the members of the Irish Nationalist Party, of whom I was one. Lord Randolph Churchill created a Fourth party, the business of which was to act independently alike of the Government, the Opposition, and the Irish Nationalists. At the time when I entered Parliament the Conservatives were in power, and Conservative benches occupied the Treasury Benches. The members of Lord Randolph's party were all Conservatives so far as general political principles were concerned, but Lord Randolph's idea was to lead a number of followers who should be prepared and ready to speak and vote against any Government proposal which they believed to be too conservative, or not conservative enough; to support the Liberal Opposition in the rare cases when they thought the Opposition was in the right; and to support the Irish Nationalists when they believed that these were unfairly dealt with, or when they believed, which happened much more frequently, that to support the Irishmen would be an annoyance to the party in power.

The Fourth Party was made up of numbers exactly corresponding with the title which had been given to it. Four men, including the leader, constituted the whole strength of this little army. These men were Lord Randolph Churchill, Arthur J. Balfour, John Gorst (now Sir John Gorst), and Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, who has during more recent years withdrawn altogether from parliamentary life and given himself up to diplomacy, in which he has won much honorable distinction. Sir John Gorst has recently held office in the Government, and is believed to have given and felt little satisfaction in his official career. He is a man of great ability, and acquisitions, but these have been somewhat thrown away in the business of administration.

The Fourth Party certainly did much to make the House of Commons a lively place. Its members were always in attendance—the whole four of them—and no one ever knew where, metaphorically, to place them. They professed and made manifest an open scorn for the conventionalities of party life, and the parliamentary whips never knew when they could be regarded as supporters or opponents. They were all effective debaters, all regarded with sarcasm and invective, all sworn foes to dullness and routine, all delighting in an opportunity for obstructing and bewildering the party which happened to be in power. The members of the Fourth Party had each of them a distinct individuality although they invariably acted together and were never separated in the division lobbies. A member of the House of Commons likened them once in a speech to D'Artagnan and his Three Musketeers, as pictured in the immortal pages of the elder Dumas. John Gorst he described as Porthos, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff as Athos, and Arthur Balfour as the sleek and subtle Aramis. When I entered Parliament I was brought much into companionship with the members of this interesting Fourth Party. One reason for this habit of intercourse was that we sat very near to one another on the benches of the House. The members of the Irish Nationalist Party then, as now, always sat on the side of the Opposition, no matter what Government happened to be in power, for the principle of the Irish Nationalists is to regard themselves as in perpetual opposition to every Government so long as Ireland is deprived of her own national legislature. Soon after I entered the House a Liberal Government was the result of a general election, and the Fourth Party, as habitually Conservative, sat on the Opposite benches. The Fourth Party gave frequent support to the Irish Nationalists in their endeavors to resist and obstruct Government measures, and we therefore came into habitual intercourse, and even comradeship, with Lord Randolph Churchill and his small band of followers.

Arthur Balfour bore little resemblance, in appearance, in manners, in debating qualities, and apparently in mould of intellect, to any of the three men with whom he was then constantly allied. He was tall, slender, pale, graceful, with something of an

COMMUNICATION

To the Editor Catholic Register:

Dear Sir,—I read with pleasure your strong editorials re report circulated by The Globe of your city, that the Hon. Minister of Justice was on the eve of resigning, and naming his successor in the Cabinet without any mention or regard to the important element which the Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick so fittingly represents.

The whole tenor of the Globe's remarks asent Mr. Fitzpatrick's retirement and especially the naming of his successor, are, to say the least, an insult to Irish Catholics and will be considered as such. I am sure the Minister of Justice has too much stamina to allow this ousting process by The Globe.

It is regrettable that since the Autonomy Bill was placed before the country a veiled desire to force the Minister of Justice's retirement has been noticeable with The Globe. Does this paper, with a view to please a few disappointed politicians, desire the downfall of the Laurier Government? If their animus is against Sir Wilfrid Laurier, let them come out boldly, but stabbing him in the back is not consistent with a paper which has done yeoman's service in the past.

The writer has had occasion to meet and speak to quite a number of leading Conservatives, and what is their united opinion re The Globe's action,—that the forcing out of the Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick means the complete disintegration of the Liberal Government as presently constituted. Let every well-wisher of Sir Wilfrid Laurier take a practical hint from the apparent joy which Conservative papers take from The Globe's new role.

The Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick is today the acknowledged leader of the Irish Catholics in Canada, Conservative and Liberal; their accredited representative in the councils of the Dominion Government. Hands off, is the advice tendered in good faith by a life-long Liberal. Do not, no matter how high the prompter, the Globe, tamper with this Minister, as he stands on the top rung in the estimation of the whole undivided element which he so ably represents. Any meddling of above nature would be looked upon by Irish Catholics as an infringement of their rights and unfortunately would be visited on the Liberal Government and that quickly, provided The Globe's methods bore fruit.

Bismark, in his retreat, made the now historic remark (he was no fool)—beware of a united minority backed by a strong parliamentary leader. But even this strong, united and firm support from his (Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick's) co-religionists, represents only in a limited manner the hold which the Minister of Justice has on this Dominion. The vast majority of Canadians of every creed, class and race, admire and appreciate his strong personality, great administrative talent, and put the highest value on his broad-mindedness and great love for this Canada of ours. His retirement would be a loss to the country.

Whenever the Hon. Minister wishes to retire for personal or family reasons, this is his indisputable right, but it must be of his own free will and only when he so desires.

Will you kindly, Mr. Editor, give space to these hurried remarks, which are written for the good of our common country. I am, dear sir, Yours truly,

CANADIAN.

Montreal, Aug. 10, 1905.

ever charged with any dishonorable conduct. He was not a good party man; that is all. He had judgment and had the capacity to hold on. He was without political passion, and was better fitted for a bureaucrat than a reform politician. He was much reviled for the former characteristic. But he has found defenders. Among those who espoused his defense was the late Mathew Ryan of Montreal, who himself made a good under secretary; and for a long time filled such a capacity under Mr. Hincks in the Inspector-General's office.

I would like to know more about Mr. Daly's previous and subsequent careers and display his better qualities to the credit of the race.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

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BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

"Walk him up and down further of them, sir?" cried old John, "and when you see me and a noble gentleman entertaining ourselves with talk, keep your distance. If you don't know your distance, sir," added Mr. Willet, "after an enormously long pause, during which he fixed his great dull eyes on Hugh, and waited with exemplary patience for any little property in the way of ideas that might be coming to him, "we'll find a way to teach you, pretty soon."

Hugh shrugged his shoulders scornfully, and in his reckless swaggering way, crossed to the other side of the little green, and there, with the bridle slung loosely over his shoulder, led the horse to and fro, glancing at his master every now and then from under his bushy eyebrows, with as sinister an aspect as one would desire to see.

Mr. Chester, who, without appearing to do so, had eyed him attentively during this brief dispute, stepped into the porch, and turning abruptly to Mr. Willet, said,—"You keep strange servants, John."

"Strange enough to look at, sir," answered the host; "but out of doors; for horses, dogs, and the like of that, there ain't a better man in England than that Maypole Hugh yonder. He ain't fit for indoors," added Mr. Willet, with the confidential air of a man who felt his own superior nature, "I do that; but if that chap had only a little imagination, sir."

"He's an active fellow now, I dare swear," said Mr. Chester, in a musing tone, which seemed to suggest that he would have said the same had there been nobody to hear him.

"Active, sir!" retorted John, with quite an expression in his face; "that chap! Halloa there! You, sir! Bring that horse here, and go and hang my wig on the weathercock, to show this gentleman whether you're one of the lively sort or not."

Hugh made no answer, but throwing the bridle to his master, and snatching his wig from his head, in a manner so unceremonious and hasty that the action displeased Mr. Willet not a little, he disappeared as upon Mr. Chester's first visit, and quickly disappearing by the stable gate.

"That with him is nothing," repeated Mr. Willet, brushing his wig with his wrist, and inwardly resolving to distribute a small charge for dust and damage to that article of dress, though the various items of his guest's bill; "he'll get out of a most any winder in the house. There never was such a chap for flinging himself about and never hurting his bones. It's my opinion, sir, that it's pretty nearly all owing to his not having any imagination, and that if imagination could be (which it can't) knocked into him, he'd never be able to do it any more. But we was a talking, sir, about my son."

"True, Willet, true," said his visitor, turning again towards the landlord with his accustomed serenity of face. "My good friend, what about him?"

It has been reported that Mr. Willet, previously to making answer, winked. But as he never was known to be guilty of such lightness of conduct either before or afterwards, this may be looked upon as a malicious invention of his enemies—founded, perhaps, upon the undisputed circumstance of his taking his coat, counting downwards from his chin, and pouring his reply into his ear.

"Sir," whispered John, with dignity, "I know my duty. We want no love-making here, sir, unbeknown to parents. I respect a certain young gentleman, taking him in the light of a young gentleman; I respect a young lady, taking her in the light of a young lady; but of the two as a couple, I have no knowledge, sir, none whatever. My son, sir, is upon his patrol."

"I thought I saw him looking through the corner window but this moment," said Mr. Chester, who naturally thought that being on patrol, implied walking about somewhere.

"No doubt you did, sir," returned John. "He is upon his patrol of honor, sir, not to leave the premises. Me and some friends of mine that use the Maypole for an evening, sir, considered what was best to be done with him, to prevent his doing anything unpleasant in opposing your desires; and we've put him on his patrol. And what's more, sir, he won't be off his patrol for a pretty long time to come, I can tell you that."

after carefully balancing father and son in his mental scales, had arrived at the distinct conclusion that the old gentleman was a better sort of customer than the young one. Throwing his landlord into the same scale, which was already turned by this consideration, and heaping upon him again his strong desires to run counter to the unfortunate Joe, and to all matters of a general principle to his opposition of love and matrimony, it went down to the very ground straightway, and sent the light cause of the younger gentleman flying upwards to the ceiling. Mr. Chester was not the kind of man to be by any means dim-sighted to Mr. Willet's motives, but he thanked him as graciously as if he had been one of the most disinterested martyrs that ever shone on earth; and leaving with him many complimentary remembrances on his great taste and judgment, to prepare whatever dinner he might deem more fitting the occasion, bent his steps towards the Warren.

Dressed with more than his usual elegance, assuming a graceful manner, which, though it was the result of long study, sat easily upon him and became him well; composing his features into their most serene and prepossessing expression; and setting in short that guard upon himself, at every point, which denoted that he attached no slight importance to the impression he was about to make; he entered the bounds of Miss Haredale's usual walk. He had not gone far, or looked about him long, when he descried coming towards him a female figure. A glimpse of the form and dress as she crossed a little wooden bridge which lay between them, satisfied him that he had found her whom he desired to see. He threw himself in her way, and a very few paces brought them close together.

He raised his hat from his head, and yielding the path, suffered her to pass him. Then, as if the idea had but that moment occurred to him, he turned hastily back and said in an agitated voice,—"I beg pardon—do I address Miss Haredale?"

She stepped in some confusion at being so unexpectedly accosted by a stranger; and answered, "Yes."

"Something told me," he said, looking a compliment to her beauty, "that it could be no other than Miss Haredale. I bear a name which is not unknown to you—which is a pride, and yet a pain to me to know, sounds pleasantly in your ears. I am a man advanced in life, as you see. I am the father of him whom you honor and distinguish above all other men. May I for weighty reasons which fill me with distress, beg but a minute's conversation with you here?"

Who that was inexperienced in deceit, and had a frank and youthful heart, could doubt the speaker's truth—could doubt it too, when the voice that spoke was like the faint echo of one she knew so well, and so much loved to hear? She inclined her head, and stopping, cast her eyes upon the ground.

"A little more apart—among these trees. It is an old man's hand, Mr. Haredale; an honest one, believe me."

She put hers in it as he said these words, and suffered him to lead her to a neighboring seat.

"You alarm me, sir," she said in a low voice. "You are not the bearer of any ill news, I hope?"

"Of none that you anticipate," he answered, sitting down beside her. "Edward is well—quite well. It is of him I wish to speak, certainly; but I have no misfortune to communicate."

She bowed her head again, and made as though she would have begged him to proceed; but said nothing.

"I am sensible that I speak to you at a disadvantage, dear Miss Haredale. Believe me that I am not so forgetful of the feelings of my younger days as not to know that you are little disposed to view me with favor. You have heard me described as cold-hearted, calculating, selfish."

"I have never, sir," she interposed with an altered manner and a firmer voice; "I have never heard you spoken of in harsh or disrespectful terms. You do a great wrong to Edward's nature if you believe him capable of any mean or base proceeding."

"Pardon me, my sweet young lady, but your uncle—"

"Nor is it my uncle's nature either," she replied, with a heightened color in her cheek. "It is not his nature to stab in the dark, nor is it mine to love such deeds."

"She rose as she spoke, and would have left him; but he detained her with a gentle hand, and besought her in such persuasive accents to hear him but another minute, that she was easily prevailed upon to comply, and so sat down again.

"And it is," said Mr. Chester, looking upward, and apostrophizing the air; "it is this frank, ingenious, noble nature, Ned, that you can would so lightly. Shame—shame upon you, boy!"

"She turned towards him quickly, and with a scornful look and flashing eyes. There were tears in Mr. Chester's, but he dashed them hurriedly away, as though unwilling that his weakness should be known, and regarded her with mingled admiration and compassion.

moved, but gazed upon him as though she would look into his heart.

"I throw off," said Mr. Chester, "the restraint which natural affection would impose on some men, and reject all bonds but those of truth and duty. Miss Haredale, you are deceived; you are deceived by your unworthy lover, and my unworthy son."

Still she looked at him steadily, and still said not one word.

"I have ever opposed his professions of love for you; you will do me the justice, dear Miss Haredale, to remember that. Your uncle and myself were enemies in early life, and if I had sought retaliation, I might have found it here. But as we grow older, we grow wiser—better, I would have hoped—and from the first, I have opposed him in this attempt. I foresaw the end, and would have spared you, if I could."

"Speak plainly, sir," she faltered. "You deceive me, or are deceived yourself. I do not believe you—I cannot—I should not."

"First," said Mr. Chester, soothingly, "for there may be in your mind some latent angry feeling to which I would not appeal, pray take this letter. It reached my hands by chance, and by mistake, and should have accounted to you (as I am told) for my son's not answering some other note of yours. God forbid, Miss Haredale," said the good gentleman, with great emotion, "that there should be in your gentle breast, one causeless ground of quarrel with him. You should know, and you will see, that he was in no fault here."

There appeared something so very candid, so scrupulously honorable, so very truthful and just in this course—something which rendered the upright person who resorted to it, so worthy of belief—that Emma's heart, for the first time, sans within her. She turned away, and burst into tears.

"I would," said Mr. Chester, leaning over her, and speaking in a mild and quite venerable accents; "I would, dear girl, it were my task to banish, not increase, those tokens of your grief. My son, my erring son, I will not call him deliberately criminal in this, for men so young, who have been inconstant twice or thrice before, act without reflection, almost without a knowledge of the wrong they do,—will break his pledged faith to you; has broken it even now. Shall I stop here, and having given you this warning, leave it to be fulfilled; or shall I go on?"

"You will go on, sir," she answered, "and speak more plainly, yet, in justice both to him and myself."

"My dear girl," said Mr. Chester, bending over her more affectionately still; "whom I would call my daughter, but the Fates forbid, Edward seeks to break with you upon a false and most unwarrantable pretence. I have it on his own showing; in his own hand. Forgive me, if I have had a watch upon his conduct; I am his father; I had a regard for your peace and his honor, and no better resource was left me. There lies on his desk at this moment, ready for transmission to you, a letter, in which he tells you that our poverty—our poverty; his and mine, Miss Haredale—

forbids him to pursue his claim upon your hand; in which he offers, voluntarily, to free you from your pledge; and talks magnanimously (men do so, very commonly, in such cases) of being in time more worthy your regard—and so forth. A letter to be plain, in which he not only jilts you—plainly the word; I would summon to your aid your pride and dignity—not only jilts you, I fear, in favor of the object whose slighting treatment first inspired his brief passion for yourself and gave it birth in wounded vanity, but affects to make a merit and a virtue of the act."

She glanced proudly at him once more, as by an involuntary impulse, and with a swelling breast rejoined, "If what you say be true, he takes much needless trouble, sir, to compass his design. He is very tender of my peace of mind. I quite thank him."

"The truth of what I tell you, dear young lady," he replied, "you will test by the receipt or non-receipt of the letter of which I speak—Haredale, my dear fellow, I am delighted to see you, although we meet under singular circumstances, and upon a melancholy occasion. I hope you are very well."

At these words the young lady raised her eyes, which were filled with tears; and seeing that her uncle indeed stood before them, and being quite unequal to the trial of hearing or of speaking one word more, hurriedly withdrew, and left them. They stood looking at each other, and at her retreating figure, and for a long time neither of them spoke.

"What does this mean? Explain it," said Mr. Haredale at length. "Why are you here, and why with her?"

"My dear friend," rejoined the other, resting his accustomed manner upon his infinite readiness, and throwing himself upon the bench with a weary air, "you told me not very long ago, at that delightful old tavern of which you are the esteemed proprietor (and a most charming establishment it is for persons of rural pursuits and in robust health, who are not liable to take cold), that I had the head and heart of an evil spirit in all matters of deception. I thought at the time; I really did think you flattered me; but now I begin to wonder at your discernment and variety of spirit, and to honestly believe you spoke the truth. Did you ever counterfeit extreme ingenuousness and honest indignation? My dear fellow, you have no conception, if you never did, how faint the effort makes one."

Mr. Haredale surveyed him with a look of cold contempt. "You may evade an explanation, I know," he said, folding his arms. "But I must have it. I can wait."

"Not at all. Not at all, my good fellow. You shall not wait a moment," returned his friend, as he lazily crossed his legs.

"The simplest thing in the world. It lies in a nutshell. Ned has written her a letter—a boyish, honest, sentimental composition, which remains as yet in his desk, because he hasn't had the heart to send it. I have taken a liberty, for which my parental affection and anxiety are a sufficient excuse, and possessed myself of the contents. I have described them to you nice (a most enchanting person, Haredale; quite an angelic creature), with a little coloring and description adapted to our purpose. It's done. You may be quite easy. It's all over. Deprived of their adherents and mediators, her pride and jealous rousers to the utmost with nobody to undeceive her, and you to confirm me; you will find that their intercourse will close with her answer. If she receives Ned's letter by to-morrow noon, you may date their parting from to-morrow night. No thanks, I beg; you owe me none. I have acted for myself; and if I have forwarded our compact with all the ardor even you could have desired I have done so selfishly, indeed."

"I curse the compact, as you call it, with my whole heart and soul," returned the other. "It was made in an evil hour. I have bound myself to a lie; I have leagued myself with you, and though I will so with a righteous motive, and though it costs me such an effort as haply few men know, I hate and despise myself for the deed."

"You are very warm," said Mr. Chester with a languid smile. "I am warm. I am maddened by your coldness. Death, Chester, if your blood ran warmer in your veins, and there were no restraints upon me, such as those that hold and drag me back—well; it is done; you tell me so, and on such a point I may believe you. When I am most remorseful for this treachery, I will think of you and your marriage, and try to justify myself in such remembrances, for having torn asunder Emma and your son, at any cost. Our bond is cancelled now, and we may part."

Mr. Chester kissed his hand gracefully, and with the same tranquil face he had preserved throughout—even when he had seen his companion so tortured and transported by his passion that his whole frame was shaken—lay in his lounging posture on the seat and watched him as he walked away.

"My scape-goat and my drudge at school," he said, raising his head to look after his friend of later days; "we could not keep his mistress in her way to carry off the prize; I triumph in the present and the past. Bark on, ill-favored, ill-conditioned cur; fortune has ever been with me—I like to hear you."

The spot where they had met was in an avenue of trees. Mr. Haredale not passing out on either hand, had walked straight on. He chanced to turn his head when at some considerable distance, and seeing that his late companion had by that time risen and was looking after him, stood still as though he half expected him to follow and waited for his coming up.

"It may come to that one day, but not yet," said Mr. Chester, waving his hand, as though they were the best of friends, and turning away. "Not yet, Haredale. Life is pleasant enough to me; dull and full of heaviness to you. No. To cross swords with such a man—to indulge his humor unless upon extremity—would be weak indeed."

For all that, he drew his sword as he walked along, and in an absent humor ran his eye from hill to point full twenty times. But thoughtful, he soon put it up, smoothed his contracted brow, hummed a gay tune with great air of glee, and was his unruffled self again.

CHAPTER XXX.

A homely proverb recognizes the existence of a troublesome class of persons who, having an inch conceded them, will take an ell. Not to quote the illustrious examples of those heroic scourges of mankind, whose amiable path in life has been from birth to death through blood, and fire, and ruin, and who would seem to have existed for no better purpose than to teach mankind that as the absence of pain is pleasure, so the earth purged of their presence, may be deemed a blessed place—not to quote such mighty instances, it will be sufficient to refer to old John Willet.

Old John having long encroached a good standard inch, full measure, on the liberty of Joe, and having snipped off a Flemish ell in the matter of the parole, grew so despotic and so great, that his thirst for conquest knew no bounds. The more young Joe submitted, the more absolute old John became. The ell soon faded into nothing. Yards, furlongs, miles arose; and on went old John in the pleasantest manner possible, trimming off an exuberance in this place, shearing away some liberty of speech or action in that, and conducting himself in his small way with as much high mightiness and majesty as the most glorious tyrant that ever had his statue reared in the public ways, of ancient or of modern times.

As great men are urged on to the abuse of power (when they need urging, which is not often) by their flatterers and dependents, so old John was impelled to these exercises of authority by the applause and admiration of his Maypole cronies, who in the intervals of their nightly pipes and pots, would shake their heads and say that Mr. Willet was a father of the good old English sort; that there were no new-fangled notions or modern ways in him; that he put them in mind of what their fathers were when they were boys; that there was no mistake about him; that it would be well for the country if there were more like him, and more was the pity that there were not; with many other original remarks of that nature. Then they would condescendingly give Joe to understand that it was all for his good, and he would be thankful for it one day; and in particular, Mr. Cobb would acquaint him, that when he was his age, his father thought no more of giving him a parental kick, or a box on the ears, or a cuff on the head, or some little admonition of that sort, than he did of any other ordinary duty of his; and he would further remark, that but for this judicious bringing up, he might have never been the man he was at that present speaking, as he was, beyond all question, the dullest dog of the party. In short, between old John, and old

Table for August 1905, THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY. Includes days of month, day of week, color of vestments, and feast names like S. Peter's Chains, S. Stephen I., Pope, Finding of Relics of S. Stephen, S. Dominick, Our Lady of the Snow, etc.

UNIVERSITY MATRICULATION BY MAIL. We make a specialty of preparing students for University and Departmental examinations. We guarantee success to students who follow our instructions. Canadian Correspondence College, Limited TORONTO, CAN.

John's friends, there never was an unfortunate young fellow so bullied, battered, worried, fretted, and brow-beaten; so constantly beset, or made so tired of his life, as poor Joe Willet.

This had come to be the recognized and established state of things; but as John was very anxious to flourish his supremacy before the eyes of Mr. Chester, he did that day exceed himself, and did so good and chafe his son and heir, that but for Joe's having made a solemn vow to keep his hands in his pockets when they were not otherwise engaged, it is impossible to say what he might have done with them. But the longest day has an end, and at length Mr. Chester came down-stairs to mount his horse which was ready at the door.

As old John was not in the way at the moment, Joe, who was sitting in the bar ruminating on his dismal fate and the manifold perfections of Dolly Varden, ran out to hold the guest's stirrup, and assist him to mount. Mr. Chester was scarcely in the saddle, and Joe was in the very act of making him a graceful bow, when old John came diving out of the porch, and collared him.

"None of that, sir," said John, "none of that, sir. No breaking of patroles. How dare you come out of the door, sir, without leave? You're trying to get away, sir, are you, and to make a traitor of yourself again? What do you mean, sir?"

"Let me go, father," said Joe, imploringly, as he marked the smile upon his visitor's face, and observed the pleasure his disgrace afforded him. "This is too bad. Who wants to get away?"

"Who wants to get away?" cried John, shaking him. "Why you do, sir, you do. You're the boy, sir," added John, collaring with one hand, and aiding the effect of a farewell bow to the visitor with the other, "that wants to sneak into houses, and stir up differences between noble gentlemen and their sons, are you, eh? Hold your tongue, sir."

Joe made no effort to reply. It was the crowning circumstance of his degradation. He extricated himself from his father's grasp, darted an angry look at the departing guest, and returned into the house.

"But for her," thought Joe, as he threw his arms upon a table in the common room, and laid his head upon them, "but for Dolly, who I couldn't bear should think me the rascal they would make me out to be if I ran away, this house and I should part to-night."

It being evening by this time, Solomon Daisy, Tom Cobb, and Long Parkes, were all in the common room too, and had from the window been witnesses of what had just occurred. Mr. Willet joining them soon afterwards, received the compliments of the company with great composure, and lighting his pipe, sat down among them.

"We'll see, gentlemen," said John, after a long pause, "who's the master of this house, and who isn't? We will see whether boys are to govern men, or men are to govern boys."

"And quite right, too," assented Solomon Daisy with some approving nods; "quite right, Johnny. Very good, Johnny. Well said, Mr. Willet. Bravo, sir."

John slowly brought his eyes to bear upon him, looked at him for a long time, and finally made answer to the unspeakable consternation of his hearers, "When I want encourage you from you, sir, I'll ask you to get on without you, I hope. Don't you tackle me, sir, if you please."

"Don't take it ill, Johnny; I didn't mean any harm," pleaded the little man.

"Very good, sir," said John, more than usually obstinate after his late success. "Never mind, sir. I can stand pretty firm of myself, sir. I believe, without being shored up by you." And having given utterance to this retort, Mr. Willet fixed his eyes upon the boiler, and fell into a kind of tobacco-trance.

The spirits of the company being somewhat damped by this embarrassing line of conduct on the part of their host, nothing more was said for a long time; but at length Mr. Cobb took upon himself to remark as he rose to knock the ashes out of his pipe, that he hoped Joe would therefore learn to obey his father in all things; that he had

found, that day, he was not one of the sort of men who were to be trifled with; and that he would recommend him poetically speaking, to mind his eye for the future.

"I'd recommend you, in return," said Joe, looking up with a flushed face, "not to talk to me."

"Hold your tongue, sir," cried Mr. Willet, suddenly rousing himself, and turning round.

"I won't, father," cried Joe, smiling the table with his hands, that the jugs and glasses rung again; "these things are hard enough to bear from you; from anybody else I never will endure them any more. Therefore I say, Mr. Cobb, don't talk to me."

"Why, who are you," said Mr. Cobb, meaningly, "that you're not to be talked to, eh, Joe?"

To which Joe returned no answer, but with a very ominous shake of the head, resumed his old position, which he would have peacefully preserved until the house shut up at night, but that Mr. Cobb, stimulated by the wonder of the company at the young man's presumption, retorted with sundry taunts, which proved too much for flesh and blood to bear.

Crowding into one moment the vexation and the wrath of years, Joe started up, overturned the table, fell upon his long enemy, pummelled him with all his might and main, and flushed by driving him with surprising swiftness against a heap of spittoons in one corner, plunging into which, head foremost, with a tremendous crash, he lay at full length among the ruins, stunned and motionless. Then, without waiting to receive the compliments of the bystanders on the victory he had won, he retreated to his own bed-chamber, and considering himself in a state of siege, piled all the portable furniture against the door by way of barricade.

"I have done it now," said Joe, as he sat down upon his bedstead and wiped his heated face. "I knew it would come at last. The Maypole and I was part company. I'm a roving vagabond—she hates me for evermore—it's all over!"

(To be Continued.)

The Belle of To-day

The woman with the sense of humor is belle of the present day. She is the fashion. Men say she is a novelty. If so, that is one reason why she is the belle. To be like every other woman in a crowd means social obliteration. To see the funny side of things has more than a social value, for the woman who sees the funny side of every-day trials saves herself many wrinkles, and saves her family much suffering.

The woman with a sense of humor seldom worries herself or her friends. She is like a breath of fresh air—she refreshes everyone she meets. She is cheery, and a bit of her cheeriness remains in the hearts of those who have been near her. The woman who sees the point of a joke is seldom bilious, and almost always plump and fair to look upon. She seldom has the blues, because she laughs in the midst of them and spoils the effect. This woman's husband doesn't wear a long face as he goes to business in the morning, and it is his own fault if he is a dyspeptic. Her children are the kind who relish play, and their faces are dowered with rosy cheeks and laughing lips. She, this woman, who you, sir, I'll ask you to get on without you, I hope. Don't you tackle me, sir, if you please.

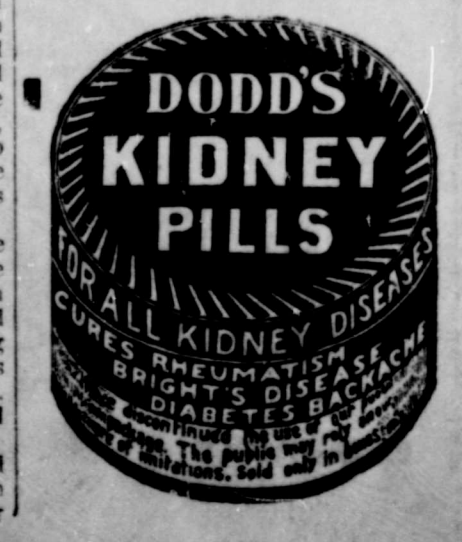
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AN AUDIENCE WITH THE POPE. Rome, July 31.—An American pilgrimage of about 100 persons arrived here Saturday. The Pope received in private audience yesterday Bishop Larocque of the Diocese of Sherbrooke, Quebec. He was very cordially received.

A Wide Sphere of Usefulness.—The consumption of Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil has grown to great proportions. Notwithstanding the fact that it has now been on the market for over thirty-one years, its popularity is as great as ever, and the demand for it in that period has very greatly increased. It is beneficial in all countries, and wherever introduced fresh supplies are constantly asked for.



.....The HOME CIRCLE

THE PRICE OF A DRINK. "Five cents a glass!" Does any one think That that is really the price of a drink?

she sees or wants to see, and advice, questionings, and what not, fall upon deaf ears. But the girl who marries at twenty-five is tolerably sure of domestic happiness.

THE BABY OVER THE WAY.

Across in my neighbor's window, With its drapings of satin and lace, I see 'neath a crown of ringlets, A baby's innocent face.

MAKING WIVES HAPPY.

"It seems to me that the way to make a woman happy is to give her all your sympathy and affection," says Dr. Edward Brooks in Rochester Herald.

TO TAKE THE DRUGGERY OUT OF YOUR OCCUPATION.

Do it cheerfully, even if it is not congenial. Endeavor to do it better than it has ever been done before.

Sometimes, when the day is ended, And I sit in the dusk to rest,

With the face of my sleeping darling Hugged close to my lonely breast, I pray that my neighbor's baby May not catch Heaven's roses all.

IN HANGING A MIRROR.

Choose a spot where it will reflect the view from the window or some thing pretty; then it will add to the beauty of the room.

EVILS OF SMALL SHOES.

There is no excuse for aching feet and ill-fitting shoes in these enlightened days. Shoes were never more smoothly finished, better made, or sold more reasonably than now, and if feet suffer, then the fault lies with the individual.

'Tis Prudent to Prevent Disease

A LITTLE CARE AND ATTENTION NOW MAY ADD YEARS OF COMFORT AND HAPPINESS TO YOUR LIFE.

Disease does not, as a rule, develop in a few days or a few weeks. When you hear of people becoming victims of Bright's Disease or dropping dead from heart failure you can depend on it that they have been ailing for months and years.

THE AGE TO MARRY. The girl who marries at twenty is usually quite convinced in her own mind that she will be absolutely and perfectly happy all her life long.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

FORTUNATE COUNTRIES.

Denmark claims that there is not a single person in her domain who can not read and write. On the north-west coast of New Guinea, the island of Kutaba, surrounded by a wall of coral three hundred feet high on one side and from fifty to one hundred feet on the other, maintains thirteen villages of natives, to whom war, crime, and poverty have been unknown since the beginning of their traditions.

BRUNO, THE ST. BERNARD.

I first saw Bruno, a magnificent St. Bernard, in one of the corridors of the Villa Quisiana, at Capri. He was sitting at the foot of the stairs; his fine wide eyes, clear and luminous as agates, were fixed on the upper steps, where two women of mature years and affected youthfulness stood nervously hesitating, as if they feared to descend.

AN EDUCATED CROW THE LATEST WONDER IN LONDON. Tommy, an educated crow, that arrived recently at the London, England, Zoo, has already astonished the officials and visitors by his remarkable proficiency in speech.

The Zoo authorities would not place him in one of the aviaries. His linguistic talents would have been wasted there. Instead he has a cage to himself in the insect house, and the following list of the favorite English phrases is posted up outside: Tommy is so naughty.

Every heart has its secret sorrow, which the world knows not, and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.

They drive Pimples Away.—A face covered with pimples is unsightly. It tells of internal irregularities which should long since have been corrected. The liver and the kidneys are not performing their functions in the healthy way they should, and these pimples are to let you know that the blood is impure.

ATHEROMA FREE

I will tell it as it was told to me. A few days after Bruno and his master had removed to the Hotel Tiberio, Rosalie and her mother and her nurse were on an excursion to the Villa Tiberio, which is near a majestic cliff that rises hundreds of feet above the sea.

Beside herself with fear, the nurse rushed away for aid, while the mother hung over the edge of the cliff, in helpless agony, stretching her hands imploringly toward her child.

It was Bruno's master, who was struggling up the face of the cliff, where there was scarce footing for man or beast. But Bruno was far in advance, puffing, snorting, pawing, clinging to tufts of grass and slight projections, inserting his strong nails in crevices and fissures, leaping chasm after chasm, fighting every inch of the way, his eyes blood-red and his muzzle white with froth.

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THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE Benedictine Salve

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS RHEUMATISM

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

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

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism.

Peter Austin, writing from Des Moines, Iowa, under date of July 2nd, 1905, says: "Enclosed please find M.O. for \$1.00, for which send me 1 box of your Benedictine Salve. Rheumatism has never troubled me since your salve fixed me up in December, 1901."

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit.

Mr. John O'Connor: DEAR SIR,—Please send me three more boxes of Benedictine Salve, as soon as possible. Enclose please find cheque and oblige. Yours sincerely, (Signed) FRANCIS P. MURPHY. Cobourg, April 22nd, 1905.

Mr. John O'Connor, 197 King Street, Toronto: DEAR SIR,—Enclosed please find one dollar (\$1), also postage, for which I wish you would mail to my address another box of Benedictine Salve. Hoping to receive same by return of mail, I am, sir, Yours truly, PATRICK KEARNS.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding, Itching Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times intense agony and lost all hope of a cure.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation.

Rev. Father McDonald of Portsmouth, Ont., sent for a box of Benedictine Salve on the 11th of April, 1905 and so well pleased was he with the result of its use that he sent for more as follows: Portsmouth, 18th May, 1905.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the upper part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated.

John O'Connor, Esq.: DEAR SIR,—Early this week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder. I applied Benedictine Salve, and the next day I was all right and able to go to work.

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JOHNO'CONNOR 199 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON CO., 171 King St. E. And by all Druggists PRICE \$1.00 PER BOX

CANCER Permanent Cure Guaranteed, without knife, X-Ray, Arsenic or Acid; no inconvenience. Write for book. Southern Cancer Sanitarium, 1320 E. Monument St., Baltimore, Md.

DRESS WELL

First, then talk business and you'll get a hearing. Don't buy expensive new suits—let me redeem your old ones.

FOUNTAIN, "My Valet"

Cleaner and Repairer of Clothing

30 Adelaide West. Tel. Main 3074.

ENGLAND'S PREMIER

(Continued from page 1.)

some disturbance in Mr. Gladstone's Government led to Mr. Forster's resignation of his office in 1885, when the Conservatives again came into power and formed a government, Balfour was appointed President of the Local Government Board and afterwards became Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant—in other words, Chief Secretary of Ireland. He had to attempt a difficult, or rather it should be said, an impossible task, and he got through it about as well as, or badly as any other man could have done whose appointed mission was to govern Ireland on Tory principles for the interests of the landlords and by the policy of coercion.

shrinking disposition, and he never appeared to enter into debate for the mere pleasure of debating. He gave the idea of one who would much rather not make a speech were he altogether free to please himself in the matter, and as if he were only constraining himself to undertake a duty which most of those around him were but too glad to have an opportunity of attempting.

There are instances, no doubt, of men gifted with an absolute genius for eloquent speech who have had no natural inclination for debate and would rather have been free from any necessity for entering into the war of words. I have heard John Bright say that he would never make a speech if he did not feel it a duty imposed upon him, and that he would never enter the House of Commons if he felt free to keep away from its debates. Yet Bright was a born orator and was, on the whole, I think, the greatest public and parliamentary orator I have ever heard of in England, not excluding even Gladstone himself. Bright had all the physical qualities of the orator. He had a commanding presence and a voice of the most marvelous intonation, capable of expressing in musical sound every emotion which lends itself to eloquence—the impassioned, the indignant, the pathetic, the appealing, and the humorous. Then I recall an instance of another man, not, indeed, endowed with Bright's superb oratorical gifts, but who had to spend the greater part of his life since he attained the age of manhood in the making of speeches within and outside the House of Commons. I am thinking now of Charles Stewart Parnell. I know well that Parnell would never have made a speech if he could have avoided the task, and that he even felt a nervous dislike to the mere putting of a question in the House. But no one would have known from Parnell's manner when he took part in a great debate that he was not obeying in congenial mood, the full instinct and inclination of a born orator. Nor would a stranger have guessed from Parnell's clear, self-possessed, and precise style of speaking that he was putting a severe constraint upon himself when he made up his mind to engage in parliamentary debate.

The QUIET HOUR

ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCUSSION.

The discussion between Roman archaeologists as to the actual site of the scene of the martyrdom of the Prince of the Apostles is still on the tapis. Many are for the generally received tradition that St. Peter was crucified on the Janiculum, on the spot now covered by the small temple, and marked by a commemorative slab. Others maintain that the scene of martyrdom was actually the gardens of the tyrant Nero, under whom he suffered, and which covered the site now occupied by the Vatican. The discussion might not have gone beyond the archaeological circle, but as both parties have referred to the doubt in His Holiness, it seems worthy of mention. We have it on very good authority that, notwithstanding the man and grave affairs demanding His Holiness's attention, he is by no means indifferent to the matter, and has ordered the most skilled among the archaeologists to draw up a memorial, and will study the question and cause it to be studied before committing himself to an opinion as to which side the probability of the truth lies with.

ST. CATHERINE OF ALEXANDRIA

St. Catherine, Patroness of Philosophy, lived in the early part of the fourth century. She was martyred at Alexandria. She was especially celebrated for her learning and philosophical culture, and has always been considered the special patron of philosophical schools. It is said that in revenge for the discomfiture of a company of heathen philosophers, with whom she had been compelled to dispute, St. Catherine was condemned to a most horrible death. She was bound to a wheel, armed with spikes, in such sort that every turn of the machine would cause the spikes to pierce her body. But the cords were miraculously broken, and the malice of her enemies foiled. Hence, St. Catherine, virgin and martyr, is always represented with a wheel, and the extreme popularity of this Saint is indicated by the fact that a wheel of a certain construction and appearance is to the present day called a Catherine wheel.

CHURCH OF CROAGH-PATRICK.

It may not be generally known that a Catholic church is being erected on the summit of Croagh-Patrick—that lofty Irish mountain on which St. Patrick prayed for the preservation of the children of Erin. The church is not a large one, but the incredible labor of conveying materials up so steep a mountain has more than trebled the ordinary expense. No man who has not climbed or has failed to climb, this rugged cone can appreciate the effort to carry up even one stone weight of cement. And yet the whole church—foundation, walls and roof—is of concrete, and every stone of cement, every gallon of water, every shovel of sand, is carried, little by little, slowly up the mountain.

THE TAPER.

I stood in the old Cathedral Amid the gloaming cold, Before me was the chancel, And unlit lamps of gold. From the mullioned window's chalice Was spilled the wine of light, And across the winter valleys Was drawn the wing of night. The frescoes of the angels Above me were unseen, And viewless were the statues Each pillard arch between. The chancel door swung open; There came a feeble light, Whose halo like a mantle Fell over the acolyte. And one by one he kindled The silver lamps and gold, And the old Cathedral's glories Before my eyes unrolled. The jet of light was feeble; The lamps were stars of flame; And I could read behind them Innumeral's wondrous name. The taper—light's chandelier—Touched all the chandeliers; As if by heaven transfigured Appeared the saints and seers. Along the sculptured arches Appeared the statues dim; And pealed the stormy organ The peaceful advent hymn. And as the form retreating Passed slowly from my sight, Eclipsed in lights it kindled, Was lost the taper's light. One taper lights a thousand, Yet shines as it has shown; And the humblest light may kindle A brighter than its own. Herakiah Butterworth, in Zion's Herald.

UNAUTHORIZED PRAYER.

The Vicariate of Rome has been obliged to issue still another warning against the propagation of an unauthorized prayer. A few weeks ago many hundreds of simple-minded Romans began to receive copies of a prayer. If they recited it for nine days and distributed it, each to nine other persons, they were promised all sorts of blessings, temporal and spiritual; if they failed to do this they were threatened with the direst penalties in this world and the next. The Osservatore Romano promptly denounced the thing, but the Osservatore is not very widely read, and the "endless chain" was at its deadly work. This week the Vicariate has found it necessary to address a circular to all the parish priests of Rome urging them to inform the faithful "publicly and repeatedly" that the prayer is condemned by the ecclesiastical authorities, and the contagion seems to have spread to other dioceses in Italy.

THE PRIEST OF THE TUNNEL.

The boring of the Simplon tunnel, the largest tunnel in the world, was completed last spring. The Simplon is the fourth of the great Alpine tunnels. It was commenced in 1881 and was built by the Italian and Swiss Governments at a cost of \$13,000,000. Its total length is over 12 miles, while the St. Gothard, hitherto the longest, is nine miles long. The Mount Cenis is eight and the Arlberg six miles long. The building of the Simplon was accompanied by enormous difficulties and great danger to the workmen. On the second day, when only a short distance in the mountain, the first accident occurred, which resulted in the death of two engineers, Father Mattei, the priest of a neighboring village, was called to the bedside of the dying men. When he saw the dangers that surrounded the workmen on all sides, he gave up his parish and remained with the working force to the end of the great undertaking. While the greatest care was taken to avoid accidents, there were eighty-five during the six years of construction, and on several occasions Father Mattei was at the side of the man killed.

When the work was first begun the priest held himself in readiness at the mouth of the tunnel. After two miles of tunneling had been done an inexhaustible subterranean spring was uncovered. A bed of rock on the roof of the tunnel, about 500 yards in length, began to move and threatened to fall in and block up the tunnel. The pressure was so tremendous that tree trunks of the largest girth which were placed to support the roof were snapped like matchwood. Solid steel rafters were also bent, but finally the rock settled itself and became solid. After that the work was easier. Now during the time of the great danger when the workmen employed were probably not aware of the seriousness of the situation, Father Mattei went to the tunnel and remained with the workmen for two months until the greatest danger occurred the largest number of accidents, but the father was on hand on each occasion, and able to tender the last sacraments of the Church. He never lived to see the actual completion of the work, but two weeks before the two forces met in the centre of the tunnel he was taken suddenly ill and died in a few days. His death was so generally deplored that work was stopped all over the tunnel on the day of the funeral, the only day in six years when that was permitted. A monument is proposed to be erected at the Swiss entrance of the tunnel, and on the stone will be engraved the simple legend:

Odd Gifts to Alfonso

Paris, Aug. 8.—M. Lepage, a humble tanner, inhabiting the little town of Segre, bought the corpses of two horses killed at Place Rohan, Paris, by the bombs thrown at the young king of Spain last June. Lepage did not want them for the purposes of his profession, but being a patriotic Frenchman, and particularly abhorring the anarchists he exercised all his skill removing the skin of the animals in such a fashion as to preserve the parts penetrated by the projectiles from the bomb. Then he made from them two fine rugs, and without consulting anyone, wrote directly to Alfonso offering them as presents to the memory of his unfortunate escape from death. The King wrote back explaining that a sovereign was not permitted to accept presents from private individuals or dinarily, but in view of the special circumstances of the case he gladly received them and desired to express his warmest thanks, since it was the bodies of these poor animals that protected him and M. Loubet from the murderous designs of the anarchists.

Death of Thomas Gorman, Hamilton

Thomas Gorman, a life long resident of Hamilton, died last week and was buried from St. Mary's Cathedral at Holy Sepulchre. Deceased was unmarried. Mrs. Ellen Phillips of Hamilton is a sister. Another sister is Mrs. Malone of Covington, K.Y.; Michael Gorman, Dubois, Pa., is a brother.

Mgr. Sharetti in London

London, Ont., Aug. 14.—Mgr. Sharetti has been in London for a short stay. The eminent churchman paid a visit to St. Joseph's Hospital and also to the Sacred Heart Convent. On Sunday morning at 8 o'clock he said Mass at St. Peter's Cathedral. At Guelph Monsignor Sharetti and Bishop McEvay will visit Bishop Dowling, head of the Diocese of Hamilton, who is ill in St. Joseph's Hospital there. To-night he will leave for Ottawa. Monsignor Sharetti was much impressed with London, which he considered a beautiful city.

Two Deaths in Same Family

Ottawa, August 8.—Two members of the same family died within fifteen minutes of each other to-day, both being victims of tuberculosis. Mrs. Napoleon Cloutier, aged 43, who has been ill for two years, passed away on Church street, and fifteen minutes later Mr. Moses Grave, her brother, aged 41, who has been ill for seven months, died on St. Andrew street. Mrs. Cloutier's husband is at present in Montreal.

Changes at the Church of Our Lady, Guelph

As a result of the changes at the Church of Our Lady, Guelph, Fathers Connolly and Doherty, S.J., are now resident, and will be at the service of Rev. pastors and communities throughout Ontario for retreats, Tridna, etc., etc. Clergymen and laymen of all professions and pursuits desiring to make a private retreat of three or four days will find accommodation and direction in the residence adjoining the Church of Our Lady.

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CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION TORONTO, ONT. AUG. 26 TO SEPT. 11, 1905. OPEN TO THE PUBLIC FROM 9 a.m. Tuesday, Aug. 29th to 10 p.m. Saturday, Sept. 9th. The Days of the Exhibition: Saturday, Aug. 26th, Preparation Day; Monday, 28th, Exhibitors' Day; Tuesday, 29th, Opening Day; Wednesday, 30th, School Children's Day; Thursday, 31st, Manufacturers' Day; Friday, Sept. 1st, Press Day; Saturday, 2nd, Commercial Travellers' and Pioneers' Day; Monday, 4th, Labor Day; Tuesday, 5th, Stock Breeders' and Fruit Growers' Day; Wednesday, 6th, Farmers' Day; Thursday, 7th, Americans' Day; Friday, 8th, Society and Review Day; Saturday, 9th, Citizens' Day; Monday, 11th, Get-away Day.

MUSIC IN ABUNDANCE. By the Best Bands in the Country and the Famous Irish Guards. A Concert by massed bands, including the Irish Guards, will be given each evening, from 8 to 10 o'clock. From time to time excellent bands will perform, while that of the Exhibition will play in front of the Grand Stand every afternoon and every evening. THE FALL OF PORT ARTHUR. And one of the Most Magnificent Pyrotechnical Displays Ever Attempted. The Pyrotechnics. The Earth's Canopy to be Studded with Crystallized Electricity and Many-Hued Sparks of Radium Glow.

WORLD'S GREATEST BELL FOUNDRY. Church Bell and Chime Bells. Best Copper and Tin Only. THE W. VAN DUZEN COMPANY. Buckeye Bell Foundry. Cincinnati, O. ESTABLISHED 1837. NOTICE TO CREDITORS. In the Surrogate Court in the County of York. In the matter of the estate of Charles Prensail, late of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, piano finisher, deceased. Notice is hereby given, pursuant to section 38, chapter 129, R.S.O., 1897, that all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said Charles Prensail, deceased, who died on or about the 31st day of August, 1898, are required to send by post, prepaid, or to deliver to John T. Loftus, 712 Temple Building, Toronto, the solicitor of the estate of the said Charles Prensail, on or before the 1st day of September, 1905, their Christian names and surnames and addresses, with full particulars in writing of their claims and a statement of their securities (if any), held by them, duly verified by statutory declarations. And take notice that after the said 1st day of September, 1905, the administrator of the said deceased will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto having regard to the claims of which he shall then have notice, and the said administrator will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claim shall not have been received by him at the time of such distributions. Dated this 11th day of August, 1905. JOHN T. LOFTUS, Solicitor for William P. Prensail.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. Commencing June 4, 1905. THE "Ocean Limited" Will Leave Daily Except Saturday MONTREAL 19:30 Arrive Daily Except Sunday ST. JOHN 17:15 HALIFAX 20:15 ONLY ONE NIGHT ON THE ROAD BETWEEN Western Ontario and St. John, Halifax etc. SAVE HOURS OF TIME. Grand Trunk Express Leaving Toronto 9:00 a.m. Makes Connection. Through Sleeping Cars between Montreal, St. John and Halifax. Dining Car Service Unequaled.

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TEACHER WANTED: Junior room, Hastings, R.C. Separate School, duties to commence Sept. 22nd. Salary \$250.00 per annum. Applications with testimonials received until Aug. 15th by John Coughlan, Sec.-Treas. Hastings P.O., Northumberland Co., Ont.

LOT FOR SALE. Dundas St., S. side, near Gladstone. 25 x 100, to a lane. Address MARTIN O'GRADY, 94 Lock St.

5000 Children's Prayer Books. 10c. each. STATUES—Two Feet High SACRED HEART, BLESSED VIRGIN, ST. ANTHONY, Etc. SPECIAL BARCAIN \$4.00 and \$5.00 each. Mail Orders Promptly Executed. J.J.M. LANDY JEWELLER 416 QUEEN ST., W. Toronto, Can. Phone Main 2758.

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New Method Laundry Limited 187-189 Parliament St. TORONTO. PHONES—MAIN 4546 and MAIN 3289.

The Central Business College of Toronto. Among the educational institutions in Canada organized and conducted as a private enterprise, and providing special courses of training for the benefit of young men and women, it is evident that the Central Business College of Toronto occupies a leading place. From the records of the school placed at our disposal we find this college was organized by its present Principal, Mr. W. H. Shaw, in August, 1892, just thirteen years ago. It began operations in a modest way, enrolling during its first year but one hundred and fifty-five students, who were cared for by a staff of three teachers. Now we find an annual enrollment of twelve hundred and forty-three students, and a staff of twenty-three members. This remarkable growth can be attributed more largely to the modern methods which prevail in this school, to the thoroughness which characterizes the work of every department, and to the constant endeavor of the Principal and every member of the staff to see that all students receive such careful personal supervision in their studies as to best ensure good results, than to any other causes. The total number of students who have passed through this college, leaving their names on its register, is now above the eight thousand mark, and with this force of representatives scattered throughout the various provinces of the Dominion, aiding in the conduct of the commercial enterprises of our country, and sending their friends to enjoy the training which gave them a successful start, it is no surprise to find this school the strong, well equipped, well organized institution it is to-day.

Rev. Father Devlin, S.J., whose health has greatly improved, has gone to Prince Edward Island, where he will be engaged in preaching missions for the next two months. NOTICE TO CREDITORS. NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to the Revised Statutes of Ontario, chapter 129, that all persons having claims against the estate of Alicia Baynham, late of the City of Toronto in the County of York, spinster, who died on or about the 24th day of June, A.D., 1905, are hereby required to deliver to the undersigned, solicitor for the executor of said estate, on or before the 15th day of August, 1905, full particulars of their claim, duly verified by affidavit, and that after said date the executor will proceed to distribute the proceeds of the estate among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have notice. Dated this 9th day of August, A.D. 1905. W. T. J. LEE, Solicitor for Executor. Dineen Building, corner Yonge and Temperance streets, Toronto.

Some Unbidden Guests

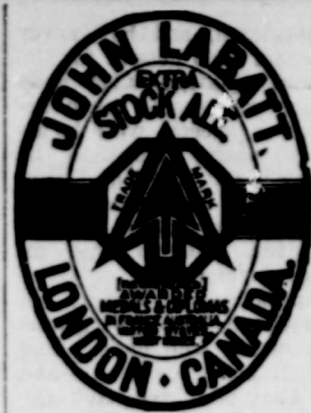
(By Kirkland B. Alexander.)

The dinner had unquestionably been very good, indeed, even to the service. The waiter had been attentive and had shown precisely the proper gratitude for his tip, which proved that he had come from larger fields than the tight little town of Worham. I had seen a number of nice-looking people in the dining-room, and there's always an esthetic thrill in that. A girl with an uncommonly fine pair of eyes had been good enough to divide her attention between her oysters and me—and that tickles a vanity that has been accumulating cynicism for thirty-two years.

That wasn't, as a matter of fact, the first thing I saw, but never mind. The car was manifestly hors de combat. And gazing upon it with an expression of despair that no Raphael ever illuminated, while a wrench hung limply from her gloved hand and a smudge of black sat jauntily upon her nose, was a distractingly pretty girl. I saw her straighten her hat and streaming white veil, and then pick up her dainty skirts preparatory to another—very under that brute of a car. Then by mind and my chivalry rushed back in a buoyant flood. I showed the stone-faced audience apart and stepped into the arena.

As I suspected, the summer dance was in full swing. First, I encountered my bell-boy sentinel. "I seen him, sir, 'bout half an hour ago." "You seen who?" I said, dropping into bad grammar for the sake of economy and good fellowship. "The wild-eyed blonde feller. He went by here with somebody in with him 'bout fifty miles an hour." Bedwell going fifty miles an hour without me? Ridiculous!

sang to the blinking stars a song of unbridled merriment that eclipsed the harmony of Orpheus or the music of the spheres. "Well," she said without a shadow of reserve, "you're delicious—simply delicious. What in the world made you do it?" "What one thing in the world always makes a man of thirty-two caper and giggle like a college freshman? What do you think is the chief unsettle of logic, reason and—?" "They're missing explosions," she suddenly exclaimed joyously. "Great!" I said. "That's right, and they're muffer explosions, too. By jove—they've stopped. Now come on, Grenier!" and I shoved it up to the first speed.



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It is the Correct Thing To remember that mere talk lacks a great deal of being conversation. To remember that personalities are ill-bred. To listen respectfully to old people and those whose position entitles them to consideration. To avoid talking scandal and gossip. To avoid coarseness in conversation as one would the leprosy.

Household Helps Carpet Sweepers Hot Water Dishes Etc. Most Cutlery Dish Soothers Bread Graters Washers Wringers Mangles Cake Moulds

To remember the Golden Rule and do unto others as you would have them do unto you, when tempted to repeat an ill-natured or compromising bit of gossip. For women, old and young, married and single, not to indulge in delicate and coarse expressions, or select topics for conversation which they would blush to have overheard by gentlemen.

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To manifest marked displeasure when indelicate and immodest subjects are broached. To frown down all mention even of salacious books and newspaper scandals. Good breeding as well as delicacy requires this.

JAS. J. O'HEARN PAINTER has removed to 249 Queen St. W. and is prepared to do Painting in all its Branches both Plain and Ornamental Cheap as the Cheapest Consistent with first class work. Solicit a trial.

To remember that if you cannot keep your own secrets, it is hardly fair to expect your friends to keep them for you. To remember that slander is a grievous sin.

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To correct patiently and courteously any misstatement made in regard to the Church or her history. For a person who mingled much in cultivated society to be familiar with the Catholic position in regard to the leading questions of the day, and to be "loaded and primed" conversationally when the occasion demands.

To remain always calm, cool, and collected in an argument. For a Catholic to offer to loan suitable books to one seeking information, and then decline, if he feels like it, any further discussion at the time. To practise Hannibal's tactics, and carry the war into Africa, in an argument; in other words, to ask an explanation of the creed of an opponent rather than to spend all one's force in defending one's own. To remember that a fool can ask more questions in a minute than a wise man can answer in an hour.—The Correct Thing for Catholics.

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SOME UNBIDDEN GUESTS

(Continued from page 6.) They would. I took the coat buttons of a pompous old gentleman, who ignored my squawk. We chased a delivery wagon up on the curb and bumped a horse's nose to get between a brougham and a truck. We were leaving a trail of maledictions in our wake that must have made situations for our pursuers. We were sparking wonderfully, though, and when I remarked this, the girl said: "Yes, it is a darling of a machine, isn't it?"

ington to her sister's wedding. Miss Codrington had brought me to Bedwell's wedding. "Sorry you missed the ceremony, old man," said Bedwell, the first to pull himself together. "Though I can't say I care so much for the rest of your guests."

OVER A DOZEN MARVELLOUS MIRACLES

At the Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre Over a dozen marvellous miracles were wrought during divine service in the Church of Ste. Anne de Beaupre on Wednesday, July 26th, and no less than six pilgrims from the vicinity of Boston, Mass., who arrived there on Monday, shared in the wonderful manifestation of God's bountiful goodness. The occasion was the annual feast of Ste. Anne, and over four thousand pilgrims from all parts were in attendance at the imposing and impressive service when the miracles took place.

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In and Around Toronto

HINTS FROM A SERMON.

In one of our churches of the West ... End on Sunday, a number of practical lessons were deduced from the Gospel of the day.

TIMMONS—BAIL.

A pretty wedding took place at St. Paul's Church, Toronto, Aug. 9, between Miss Mary E. Timmons, daughter of James Timmons, and Alphonso D. Bail.

CATHOLIC BOOK STORE OPENED.

Mr. J. J. M. Landy, of 410 Queen street west, has opened up a new business in which he hopes for a large patronage from the Catholics of Toronto.

NAMES WERE MISSED.

The following names of successful candidates at the late "Entrance" examination, were inadvertently omitted from the list sent in for publication.

DEATH OF MRS. MCCARTHY.

Mrs. Catherine McCarthy, wife of the late Charles McCarthy, died at her residence, 23 Herriek street, on August 9th.

ST. MARY'S BEING DECORATED.

The interior of St. Mary's Church is undergoing the process of decoration. The work is expected to take about two months and the estimated cost is three thousand dollars.

VESTMENTS Chalices Ciborium Statues, Altar Furniture.

W. E. BLAKE, 123 Church St. Toronto Can.

FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION.

The Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, which occurred on Tuesday, the 15th inst., is celebrated on next Sunday.

PERSONAL.

Controller Ward has returned from his trip to Vancouver and Portland, Oregon.

Misses Minnie, Lillie and Maude McConvey, 83 Dundas street, have returned after a two weeks' visit in St. Ann's, Montreal and Coteau.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell of 62 Spadina avenue, have returned from a two weeks' trip to St. Anne De Beaupre.

THE LATE THOMAS HANSON.

Mr. Thomas Hanson died August 9th at the early age of twenty-one years. He is survived by his widow and father, from whose residence, 14 Power street, the funeral took place on Friday morning from St. Paul's church to Mount Hope Cemetery. R. I. P.

DEATH OF YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF E. F. WHEATON.

Kathleen Agnes, the youngest daughter of Mr. E. F. Wheaton, died at her father's residence, 182 George street, on Sunday, August 13th.

RECEPTION AT ST. JOSEPH'S.

Outside the warring elements created chaos and confusion along the busy streets of the city, but inside the convent walls the beautiful chapel of the Congregation of St. Joseph presented a scene of harmony, beauty and peace.

FROM TORONTO TO HAMILTON.

When I started out for Hamilton on Saturday afternoon for a two hours' sail on the Turbina, the innocent venture had on its face nothing of the somewhat perilous moment that the voyage held in store.

DEATH OF MISS CATHERINE FINN.

Miss Catherine Ann Finn, an amiable and much esteemed young lady of Hintonburg, died on Saturday last at the home of her father on Seventh avenue.

THE official tests by the Inland Revenue Department of the Canadian Government show the Royal to be a pure baking powder, superior to all others in leavening strength.

It therefore makes purer, more wholesome and economical food than any other baking powder or leavening agent.

Royal Baking Powder is more convenient for use than cream of tartar and soda and makes finer-flavored food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

REV. FATHER O'BRYAN, REC-TOR. Rev. Father Gregory O'Bryan, S.J., so well known in Toronto from his many successful missions, has been appointed rector of Loyola College, Montreal.

FOURTEEN HUNDRED CHILDREN PRESENT.

Fourteen hundred children were present at the Separate school picnic; of the Hamilton schools last week.

Dies of Yellow Fever

New Orleans, La., Aug. 9.—A sudden change in his condition to-day speedily culminated in the death of Archbishop P. L. Chappelle of the diocese of Louisiana.

From the first Dr. Larue was apprehensive as to the result. The disease made steady inroads and yesterday the Archbishop was found to be in a critical condition.

Death of Patrick Fahey

Port Colborne, Aug. 15.—Mr. Patrick Fahey, aged 90 years, died at his home here to-day. He was one of the early settlers, and was employed as lock tender on the old Welland Canal.

Bishop Dowling Doing Well

The statement that Bishop Dowling has successfully withstood an operation in St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph, will be glad news to his many friends.

Death of Rev. Father Villeneuve

Windsor, Aug. 15.—Rev. Father Villeneuve, who has been a Roman Catholic priest for forty years, died at Hotel Dieu Hospital this morning of diabetes.

Ordnation at Basilica

Rev. Edward O'Garra, of Loyola College, Montreal, was ordained at the Basilica, to the order of deacon, on next Sunday.

It Costs you NOTHING and You Will MAKE BIG MONEY if You Read Every WORD of this Advertisement



MR. ED. M. MEEHAN President Toronto Typographical Union No. 91.

This week the Catholic Register presents its readers with the photo of Mr. E. M. Meehan, President of Toronto Typographical Union, who as the head of the local body had the honor of presenting the address of welcome to the visiting delegates and visitors.

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FALL TERM OPENS SEPT. 5th ELLIOTT Business College TORONTO, ONT. Cor. Yonge and Alexander Sts.

One of the largest and best commercial schools in the Dominion. All our graduates are absolutely sure of securing positions. Strong staff of teachers, modern courses, splendid equipment.

STRATFORD ITEMS

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Purdy left last Saturday for Sarnia. From there they go by boat to the Soo, Fort William and Duluth, returning by Georgian Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Byrne are on a visit to friends near Goderich. Mrs. Alfred Fischer, of Waterloo, is the guest of Mrs. J. J. Schmitzler, Bay street.

Mr. J. M. McGowan of the Chicago American, is in the city on a short visit to his home.

Misses Aggie and Tessa Witt have returned from a trip to St. Ann. Mr. Frank Macklin has returned home after having had a pleasant vacation in Muskoka.

Their New Pastor

"The old order changeth, giving place to the new," was never more impressively exemplified than on Sunday at the Church of Our Lady, Guelph.

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The Canadian North-West

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-West Territories, excepting 8 and 26, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

ENTRY

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the District in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the Local Agent for the District in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES

A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required by the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act and the amendments thereto to perform the conditions connected therewith, under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months' residence upon cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years. (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this Act, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother. (3) If a settler was entitled to and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence upon the first homestead, if the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead. (4) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

Should be made at the end of the three years, before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent or the Homestead Inspector. Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so.

INFORMATION

Newly arrived immigrants will receive at the Immigration Office in Winnipeg, or at any Dominion Lands Office in Manitoba or the North-West Territories information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

ESTATE FUNDS TO LOAN

LOWEST RATES OF INTEREST HEARN & SLATTERY Barristers, Etc., 46 KING STREET WEST TORONTO

BELLS

Steel Alley Church and School Bells, See Catalogue. The C. S. ELLIOTT Co. O. Hillaboro.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS UNEXCELLED

W. E. STIGGEORGE LONDON ONT

TYPEWRITERS

All makes rented and sold on instalments UNITED TYPEWRITER CO. Limited TORONTO

Fill in your name (in full) on this form, or if you prefer, copy the form on a sheet of paper, sign it and post to us in an envelope. Name in full, Address in full, When writing, state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss. Give fullest possible address as goods and addresses are frequently referred to us through the post, marked "Can't be found." Our own full address is C. S. BORG, Mgr., Clerk & Englewood Station, Chicago, Ill.