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VOL. XII., No. 44

TORONTO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1904

PRICE FIVE CENTS

MR. MICHAEL DAVITT

Speaks on Free Trade and Home Rule in a Notable Speech

Glasgow, Oct. 17.—A most successful Irish demonstration was held in the Wellington Palace, Commercial road, this afternoon, when an address was delivered by Mr. Michael Davitt.

Mr. Davitt addressed the meeting. He said: Your first resolution demanding National self-government for Ireland is in itself a testimony of the devoted loyalty of Glasgow Irishmen to the cause of their Celtic fatherland. It is also a reasoned appeal to the political intelligence of this educated land of Scotland to give its support to the unanswerable claims of justice in this connection. No one who knows anything of the past record of Glasgow's Irish citizens can question that loyalty for a moment. It has been conspicuously and generously manifested in every stage of the struggle in Ireland during the past thirty years in the auxiliary efforts of able lieutenants, like our Chairman (cheers), which Glasgow has given to our movement, and in the open-handed contributions that have never failed to offer timely assistance to both the National organization and the Irish Parliamentary Party (cheers). Glasgow has been and still is the chief citadel in Great Britain of the Home Rule cause, and it is in keeping with this your position and character that you should to-day once again address the people of Scotland in behalf of the principles for which you stand in this great contention for the rights of nationhood.

THE OPPOSITION OFFERED TO HOME RULE IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

is not an ordinary hostility, based upon constitutional grounds, or inspired by rational or fair contention. Nothing of the kind. The claim that two and two make four is not a bit more unanswerable in arithmetic than the claim put forward by three-fourths of the people of Ireland through four-fifths of their elected representatives, for a system of National rule, based upon the free suffrages of all the people, similar to that of Canada and Australia, and such as Ireland possessed a hundred years ago (cheers), in substitution for that system of Dublin Castle government which is anti-constitutional in character, an absolute and complete failure in operation after a century's experience, and which is today an institution without a friend or a supporter in any political party (cheers). Against this constitutional claim of ours there is no answer, except one from England, which simply says: "No, we shan't!" In other words, two and two, if Irish, do not make four in England. The sum works out all right in Canada, and in seven Australian colonies, but not in a land situated sixty miles westwards of Wales. But though English antagonism is racial and prejudiced, it is not by any means unquerable, for we know that almost every other Irish demand of the last one hundred years has been met in its time by the "no-we-shan't!" answer an attitude, only to win its claim, nevertheless, by the compelling force of its justice and through perseverance and sacrifice, just as will happen again as a result of similar pressure in the case of Home Rule (cheers). Allow me to put

THE MOST RECENT EXAMPLE.

Of this kind of Irish progress against English antipathy before our friends and opponents here in Scotland, as an argument in support of your first resolution. Twenty-five years ago the latest and greatest agitation for land reform sprang into existence among the peasantry of Ireland. Your honored chairman and myself had a little to do with the movement (cheers). It was a radical agitation, a popular uprising for a root and branch reform of a system of land tenure as unjust as that of Dublin Castle, only two hundred years older in its sins against the right, and in its legal and illegal infamies upon the industry and social welfare of the land workers of Ireland. The demand of the Land League was "the land for the people." (Cheers.)

What was the answer from England? A stern, "we shan't." Denunciations from Press, pulpit, and Parliament of "the communism and confiscatory agitation," an all the "mercenary agitation," an all the rest. Then came coercion, with coercion crime; after crime imprisonment, then partial concessions. The "no we shan't" was changed into "well, we will give you what we in England think Ireland requires, not what the Irish people ask for." You know the result of this ignorance and weakness associated with Westminster legislation for Ireland. There was more fierce agitation, more coercion, more crime. Lives were lost, prisons were filled again, the country was once more torn asunder, millions of public taxes were wasted in twenty-five years of unconstitutional rule and all its consequences; when all the opponents of Irish Radical land reform capitulated (loud cheers), and the original demand "of the land for the people" was agreed to in various purchase acts for the buying out of the landlords of Ireland by means of State funds advanced at low rates of interest. Now, let me put this

ONE QUESTION TO OUR UNIONIST OPONENTS

in this land of Scotland. Supposing that what was done by a Unionist Government in the year 1903; after a quarter of a century of semi-social revolution in Ireland, and all the attendant passions, crime, losses and waste of public money, had been accomplished by similar legislation in 1860; would not Ireland, as well as Great Britain, be to-day enormously better in every possible way? (Cheers.) Who will deny the proposition? Another correlative question necessarily follows, which is this: Are we to have a similar experience of the "No-we-shan't!" stupidity in English statesmanship on the present Irish demand for the right of the people of Ireland to regulate their own domestic concerns in their own way as, say, far off New Zealand does to everybody's satisfaction, and with no injury of any kind done to a single British or Imperial interest or concern? (Cheers.) This, ladies and gentlemen, is the question which will not be dormant at the coming General Election, though we are far from urging that it should be made an issue on this side of the Irish Sea, paramount to one at present raised by Mr. Chamberlain in the domestic affairs of Great Britain. That is, the British people will vote on the fiscal proposals which now occupy the forefront of public attention, while we in Ireland will make Home Rule our usual campaign platform. Both appeals—that of the ex-Colonial Secretary and that of Ireland—will be addressed to the working classes of Great Britain, not necessarily as alternative policies, but because all such proposed reforms, whether in support of Protection or in behalf of Home Rule, must be sought for through the assent of the electors, of whom

THE WORKING CLASSES

from the vastly preponderating majority. But I am going to put both these proposed reforms forward to the tribunal of Scotch, English and Welsh workmen, in order to show their relative merit and value to the industrial democracy of Great Britain (hear, hear). Now, what does Mr. Chamberlain advocate for the advantage of British enterprise and labor and for a closer bond of union between all parts of the British Empire than what obtains at present? There is only one honest name for this Fiscal scheme to levy duties upon foreign food, and that is Protection. The Prime Minister may insist that he is not a Protectionist, and so may Mr. Chamberlain, but a proposal to levy two shillings a quarter or imported foreign corn, a meat tax of five per cent, and a similar duty on dairy produce, so as to favor importations from the colonies and to stimulate home production in similar produce, may be called anything you please so as to avoid a name with a bad reputation; it will nevertheless be Protection in both principle and practice, and it will never be disguised in its economic demerits under any other name (cheers). But call it in the meantime what we please, it will work out to that numerous and important section of the people known as consumers—namely, the families of wage-earners—in something like those mentioned, a bonus of about a million and a half pounds each year to Canadian and Australian producers, and to bring in some six million more pounds to the British Treasury, with which to offset a remitted duty on tea and tobacco; it is computed that

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would have to be paid each year over what is paid now, by the householders and general consumers of the three countries, in the purchase of the home produce in flour, meat and dairy food, which will necessarily rise in price in sympathy with the duties placed upon the foodstuffs from the United States and European competing countries. This is Mr. Chamberlain's panacea (laughter) for the alleged decline of British trade and commerce, and the offer of relief which he makes to the working classes of Great Britain and Ireland who are the vast majority of the population of the three countries. Well, the answer has already been given to this offer (cheers). Every Trade Union organization has spoken decisively on the matter, and the reply is borrowed from a high authority whose words are clear and emphatic. They are as follows: "What is it that they (the Tories) have to offer us besides a vigorous Foreign policy, which might perchance find places for some of their younger sons, or a tax on the food of the people, which would undoubtedly raise their rents? As to the prospect of a return to Protection, in any shape or form, I think it is inconceivable that the agricultural interest would allow manufacturers to be protected while food imports went free, and I think it equally improbable that the working classes of this country will ever again submit to the sufferings and to the miseries which were inflicted upon them by the Corn Laws. In order to keep up the rents of the landlords." These are Mr. Chamberlain's own words (cheers and laughter), spoke in April, 1895, and they are as true to-day as when they gave expression to the Radical opinions of the ex-Colonial Secretary. Protection in these countries, as a substitute for Free Trade, can only benefit the landlord class at the expense of the consuming community and can have no other result than to further enrich certain aristocratic and capitalistic interests at the cost of

DEARER FOOD AND SMALLER WAGES

for the workers of town and country alike (hear, hear). It is an audacious proposal in face of the existing wealth of the rent-owning classes, and of the burden which their monopoly of land and of mineral royalties enables them to place upon the shoulders of the whole industrial community. Cheap food for the masses coming from America, the Argentine, and Russia, is to be taxed so as to cost consumers about twenty millions more each year than at present, in order to encourage British agriculture and to benefit the Colonial producers, while British and Irish landlords actually levy a class or monopoly tax upon British and Irish industry, in the forms of agricultural rent, mineral royalties and ground rents, of more than £150,000,000 a year. No such monopoly tax is levied in the United States, or in the Argentine or the Colonies, nor even in Russia, and this is the chief reason why cheap food can reach these shores from those countries. These foreign countries are protected against class monopoly, and hence the ease with which they can compete with the rent-ridden food-growers of these islands (cheers). This is the "protection" which the workers and their families stand in need of in Great Britain, and not the scheme which will make bread and beef dear in order to increase the rent-rolls of the Portlands, Devonshires, Bedford and Londonderrys, and other great land and colliery owners, with their enormous revenues levied off the sweat and toil of the farmers and miners of England, Wales and Scotland. It is quite unnecessary, above all at a Glasgow meeting, to insist upon all the industrial and social evils associated with this

CLASS OWNERSHIP OF LAND AND MINERAL RIGHTS;

how it handicaps industry, how it banishes labour from country to towns; how it causes crowding in cities, creates slums, deteriorates the physique of the people and breeds pauperism. All this is as well known to Mr. Chamberlain to-day

THE CHURCH IN FRANCE

Government's Narrow Escape on the Separation Bill

Paris, Oct. 29.—M. Combes to-day presented the Government's project for the separation of Church and State to the committee of the Chamber of Deputies having charge of the subject. The measure embraces twenty-five articles, which do not differ materially from the committee's measure heretofore prepared. Some of the chief features of the Government's bill are as follows:

Instead of making an outrage separation as the committee proposed, M. Combes providing for a period of transition with the view of the organization of new Church conditions, and allows the clergy an indemnity of 400 f. for four years following the separation, in order to permit of their making new arrangements for the private support of the churches. A system of pensions is provided for the dignitaries of the Church, according to age and position; provision is made against public and religious manifestations on the streets and highways; the general supervision of cults is retained; the French Embassy to the Vatican is suppressed, and there are many detailed provisions for carrying out the new regime.

The narrow escape of the Ministry last night from overthrow causes surprise and consternation in Ministerial circles. When the majority falls to twenty it is considered that the danger point has been reached. The Ferry Ministry resigned when its majority reached five. Therefore the narrow margin of four last night is the most serious blow the present Cabinet has received. It was the votes of the Ministers themselves which gave the slender majority.

The newspapers reflecting army sentiment continue to demand that the War Minister, General Andre, resign. The Figaro declaring that his retention of his portfolio will raise in the army a feeling of indignation amounting to mutiny.

Death of Father Twohey

Kingston, Oct. 27.—News reached the Bishop's Palace to-day of the death at two o'clock this morning, at Mount Clemens, Michigan, Sanatorium, of Rev. Father Twohey, of Trenton. Archbishop Gauthier was at his bedside when life departed.

Father Twohey had been in failing health of late. When at the retreat in Kingston, last month, he had to undergo treatment at the Hotel Dieu, and when he recovered sufficiently to be out, his doctors advised a complete rest. Accordingly he left Trenton for Mount Clemens, where typhoid developed.

The late Father Twohey was born in Lindsay, and was educated at the Regiopolis College, Kingston. He was stationed here for some time under the late Archbishop Cleary. Then he was appointed parish priest at Westport, afterwards being removed to Picton. About two years ago he was appointed to Trenton. He was chancellor of the diocese during the time of Bishop O'Brien, and was much beloved throughout the diocese.

Honor to Cardinal Secretary of State.

Rome, October 24.—This being the feast of St. Raphael and the name day of Cardinal Merry del Val, Papal Secretary of State, he received many greetings, all the Cardinals and other high prelates being especially cordial. The greetings of Cardinal Rampolla, former Secretary of State, were especially appreciated.

Among the American callers was Archbishop Chapelle, of New Orleans, Apostolic Delegate for Cuba and Porto Rico, who took his farewell.

Vrenton, N.J., the new general of the Order of Minor Conventuals, who paid his first visit to Cardinal Merry del Val since his appointment, informed the Papal Secretary that he would leave Rome in January for a visit to the European provinces in which there are establishments of the order. He will again leave Rome after Easter, 1906, for America, to reside at the chapter of the Conventuals there.

Monsignor Kennedy, rector of the American College, also visited Cardinal Merry del Val and presented him with the good wishes of the whole American College, informing him that for the first time the college opened the year with 100 students.

Funeral of Cornelius Shields

Sault Ste. Marie, Oct. 31.—The funeral of the late Cornelius Shields was held this afternoon.

Study by Mail

The well-known Central Business College of Toronto, is giving the very best mail courses obtainable, in all Commercial subjects, including Advertising and Illustrating, as well as a special course for the Chartered Accountants' Examination. This college has a continental reputation for thorough work, and is the largest and best representative Canadian Business School, and anything it does is always well-done. If a member of its field force is not convenient, anyone interested in Correspondence Instruction, may obtain a copy of prospectus on application to the Central Business College, Yonge and Gerrard streets.

A DELIBERATE FABRICATION

Spread by the Conservative Press About the Recent Meeting of the Bishops

Montreal, Oct. 28.—His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi makes the following statement with regard to what transpired at the recent meeting of the Canadian Hierarchy at Three Rivers. His Grace stated that the meeting dealt purely in Ecclesiastical matters.

When show a report of the meeting which appeared in a Toronto paper, His Grace expressed great surprise and amazement. After reading the article His Grace said: "This article astonishes me. It is false from beginning to end. To begin, there are several reported present who were absent. Archbishop O'Connor, of Toronto; Bishop Cahoy, of St. John, N.B.; Bishop Macdonnell of Alexandria, Bishop O'Connor of Peterboro, Bishop Archambault of Joliette, Bishop Dowling of Hamilton, and Bishop Michaud of Vermont, who are mentioned as being present, were not there.

"The Archbishops of Canada only assist at the Council. The meeting is an annual event similar to that held by the Archbishops of the United States. The meeting takes place every year on the first Wednesday of October. For the last three years it was held in Ottawa. The meeting this year was to be held in this city, but at the request of Bishop Cloutier, of Three Rivers and to change the date to October 13th, so as to afford the Archbishops the opportunity of assisting at the crowning of the statue of the Blessed Virgin at Cap de la Madeleine.

"This explains the presence of the bishops simultaneously in Three Rivers with the archbishops, which the writer in his haste or ignorance put down as participating in the deliberations of the Council. They were not even present at the meetings, they came solely to assist at the crowning of the statue. The whole article is false from the first word to the last. The intimation or guess that we were to issue a joint eucharistic letter on the political situation of the day—that a hint might be passed among the cures not to oppose the Laurier candidates, and as the article continues, thereby let the world conclude that we had made some agreement, by which separate schools should be forced upon the Territories or to try and obtain better terms from the conservative leaders, is pure invention—false in every word. There was no mention made in any shape or form of politics. Neither did we discuss the school question. We discussed purely church matters and the events of the year in connection with the church. I repeat emphatically, the whole article is false from the first word to the last and wish you would repeat in the Star my formal, positive and forcible denial to all assertions that there was any political question or phase discussed at our meeting."

In reply to the question of his approaching visit to Rome had any bearings on the conclusions of the Council, the Archbishop replied: "None whatsoever. I had planned my trip long before the meeting. I anticipate my ad limina visit, which is prescribed by the canons of the Church, and which I should make in 1905, in order to assist at the grand ceremonies of the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception. My venerable predecessor, the late Mgr. Bourget, fifty years ago assisted at the promulgation of the Immaculate Conception, and I think it fitting and proper to assist at the golden jubilee of the event. It will be my first opportunity to pay my respects to His Holiness, Pius X."

The Archbishop will leave New York on November 3rd, in company with Rev. Canon E. Roy.

Abby 300 Years Old

The ninth centennial of the celebrated Abby of Grottaferrata, near Rome, will be celebrated with solemn ceremony Friday. Cardinal Vanutelli will be the principal celebrant.

This Abby is the only monastery in Italy where all the ceremonies are conducted according to the Rumanian rite. One prominent feature of the celebration will be an exhibit on art objects illustrating the history of the famous Abby, which was founded by St. Nilo in the eleventh century.

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THE CAKE AND PIE ANGEL

Before the congratulations following his triumphant graduation from the high school had grown cold Philip Conway was listening to a business offer from one of his father's old friends.

"If you accept this position," the man was saying, "you are to go from place to place, all over the country, wherever any unusual gathering is in progress. You are to pitch your tent in the most prominent spot you can find, make tea with the apparatus we provide, and distribute sample cups and advertising matter to the crowd. In each town you will need to hire two neat young women by the day to serve tea and wash the dishes. You need do none of the actual labor yourself, but you are to keep things in running order—to be the business manager, in fact. Of course we pay all expenses. Will you do it?"

"I must do something," replied Philip. "If you think I'm equal to it—if you're willing to trust me—I'll be glad to try it."

"Prof. Kendall says you have plenty of executive ability, and that you are trustworthy. Those are the principal requirements. It's a man's work, but I believe you are capable of doing it. Come to my office tomorrow morning if you decide to undertake it, and I'll give you detailed instructions."

The following morning Philip went home jubilant. Forty dollars a month and expenses seemed a princely sum to the boy. He thought almost scornfully of his classmate, Sam Peters, who was tremendously elated over the prospect of earning five dollars a week.

"Of course," said Philip, grandly, "it isn't the sort of thing a fellow wants to engage in for life, but it's a good thing while it lasts, and mother needs every dollar I can earn. I know Mr. Prescott is doing this solely because he and father were such friends, but I'll just show him that he didn't make any mistake."

With this noble resolve the lad started out upon his new and unusual enterprise, pitching his tent from week to week in strange and diverse places. He visited towns that were undergoing the agonies of street fairs, firemen's tournaments, Fourth of July and other celebrations. He travelled in the wake of circuses and "Wild West" shows—wherever there was a crowd there was Philip with his free samples of tea.

He mastered the intricacies of a complicated gasoline stove, solved the problem of serving the greatest number of persons in the shortest space of time, and learned to hire, with careful judgment, his two white-aproned assistants.

He discovered, too, that each town possessed at least one small boy who was willing, for the trifling reward of a dime and a few sample packages of tea, to fill his big copper boiler with water, and to keep the freakish gasoline stove from exploding or otherwise misbehaving.

Of course Philip made mistakes at first, but he profited by them. Mr. Prescott, the teaman, had reason to feel that he had made a wise choice in selecting his friend's son as his advertising agent.

Wherever the lad went he made friends. He had a bright, attractive face, he carried his handsome head with a jaunty, self-respecting air, and he was all business. His small boy assistants spoke of him as "the proprietor" and addressed him as "sir."

Moreover, his mother was a gentlewoman; therefore her boy's speech was refined and his manners were irreproachable. "A fine boy," was the verdict wherever he went.

The latter part of September found him in northern Michigan, where the Carp County Agricultural Fair was in progress. He obtained permission to pitch his tent between what the directors facetiously called "the jelly-and-jam building" and the horticultural department. By Monday noon his outfit was unpacked and everything was ready for business; but the crowd was not ready for tea.

The fair grounds were inconveniently far from town. Many of the exhibitors who had no horses and felt too poor to patronize the railroad, even at greatly reduced rates, carried their exhibits from town, over two miles of dusty road.

The distance, too, from the entrance gate to the buildings was considerable; but it seemed never to occur to the lounging group of men and boys just within the gate to offer any assistance to tired old women, who fairly staggered under the weight of home-made pickles, potted plants and rolls of rag carpet.

His tent up, his samples unpacked and his helpers instructed, Philip found time heavy on his hands until he discovered a weary old woman bent almost double over a huge basket of carrots.

"Let me help you," said Philip, springing to her assistance. This was only the first of many baskets that the energetic lad carried from the gate to the buildings that day. The people amused him by their quaint speeches, and it did not occur to him that he was doing anything unusual.

Toward noon he went to town for his luncheon. As he was entering the gate of the fair grounds on his return he noticed just ahead of him a portly woman with two baskets filled with plates.

"Let me carry those baskets," said Philip, touching his cap. "It's easy to see you've been well brought up," said the woman, with a disdainful glance at the loungers that sprawled on the benches. "I guess you don't belong to this town."

"No," said Philip, "my home is in Pennsylvania."

"I'm the cake-and-pie woman," volunteered his companion, displaying a badge, upon which was printed, "Superintendent of Class G." "It beats all the way folks bring their doughnuts and cake and goodness knows what else, without a sign of a plate to put 'em on. Every year we have to lug out a bushel or two of plates for other people's doughnuts. Come in when you're hungry and I'll let you sample some of mine. Thank you for carryin' the baskets. If I had a boy I'd like him to be just such a boy as you are—mine went to Cuba."

Philip knew without further words that the boy who had gone to Cuba had not returned. During the week that followed Mrs. Bailey and the "tea-boy" exchanged many courtesies in the way of cookies and cups of tea, and the long, tiresome days were pleasanter for both in consequence.

The last day of the fair was the time set for an exciting series of horse races. The attendance on Friday afternoon exceeded all previous records, and the entire crowd was assembled upon or near the grand stand. Upon the platform used for the acrobatic performances Philip saw several men with their heads close together over certain small books. Philip had attended too many county fairs not to recognize the men at once as professional betters, who were quietly making wagers on the various races. Their business is seldom conducted openly at the fairs, but surreptitious ways are not hard for them to find.

Philip considered himself very much of a man, and quite capable of taking care of himself under any circumstances. To be sure, he had no intention of betting, but he wanted to see what was going on. The men on the platform seemed to be having a lively time; but as Philip was climbing over the rail to join them one of them stopped him.

"Run home to your mother, sonny," said the man, sneeringly. "Were you thinkin' of puttin' five cents on somebody's nag?"

Philip colored angrily, drew a roll of bills from his pocket, and retorted, "I guess I'm old enough to bet if I want to. I've seen more horse races this fall than you've ever seen together. I know something about horses, too. Here, just to show you that I'm no greenhorn, I'll put a five on Torchlight."

Philip's knowledge of the ins and outs of betting, however, was far more limited than he suspected; but the men winked at one another. They scented an easy victim.

Torchlight won the first heat, and a surprising number of crisp bills found their way into the lad's hands. Elated at sight of the money and spurred on by the jeers and commendations of the men, Philip threw caution to the winds, staked all he had, and more—on the second heat, and lost.

In the meantime, Philip's stout friend, the motherly cake-and-pie woman, had chanced to see, from her place on the opposite grand stand, the group on the platform. Towards the end of the final heat, when every other neck was craned to see the horses sweep down the home stretch, Mrs. Bailey sat with her shrewd eyes fixed upon Philip's face. She saw it grow white as the horse swept past the judges' stand and under the wire.

"M land!" said she. "If I'd realized sooner what he was up to I'd marched over there and rescued him! But maybe he ain't worth savin'. Dear me! I don't know what this world's comin' to."

With empty pockets and hanging head Philip worked his way through the crowd and set off across the field toward the little white tent. Mrs. Bailey, surprised and disappointed, watched him until he disappeared from view. Then, with a long, regretful sigh, she gave him up.

"It's a pity—a pity!" she said. "But when a mere babe like that is stepped in vice it don't take him long to land in the penitentiary—and him the pleasantest boy I ever laid eyes on! I don't know when I've been so mistaken in anybody. Well, it's too bad—too bad!"

Mrs. Bailey decided that she would have nothing further to do with the erring Philip, but some hours later, when she had locked up her building for the night, some motherly impulse impelled her to look in upon her young neighbor for a farewell word. It was the last day of the fair, and she knew that the tea-tent would be gone in the morning.

"After all, sayin' good-by ain't goin' to make a gambler of me," said she, philosophically, "and a kind word ain't goin' to do the lad any harm, if he is bad. When all's said and done, he's been the politest young chap—"

Mrs. Bailey opened the flap of the tent and looked in. Philip was seated on a wooden box, with his head against the gasoline tank, his face buried in his hands. He had dismissed his assistants, and he sat alone, as Mrs. Bailey said afterwards, "just swallowed up in grief and un-washed teapups."

"See here," said Mrs. Bailey, spreading a newspaper over an up-turned boiler and seating herself beside Philip. "I want to know how long this here gamblin' business has been goin' on? You didn't strike me, somehow, as comin' of gambler's stock."

There was no response, but something warm and wet splashed on the boy's knee. Mrs. Bailey noticed it with a sudden ray of hope.

"Cry away if you want to," said she, laying a kindly hand on Philip's shoulder. "I don't know as I think any less of you for it. Was this, by any chance, the first time you've done any bettin'?"

Philip nodded his head. "Sure pop, honor bright?" "Honor bright!" mumbled Philip, with a gulp. "The last, too."

"Sure pop, the last?" "Yes."

"Then you sit up here and tell me about it like a man. If you can just convince me that I haven't made a mistake in you, after all, you'll make me a happier old lady than I've been for some hours. I declare, it just made me sick to see you with those men."

Touched by her sympathy, Philip poured forth the whole story, adding that the money he had so foolishly risked and lost belonged to his employer, from whom he had received it only the previous day; that he had mailed most of his salary to his mother, who needed it to eke out a slender income, and that he was due in three days at a fair in another state, with no visible means of reaching his destination.

"But, oh dear!" Mrs. Bailey, he concluded, "the worst of it all is that I'm so horribly disappointed in myself! I did think I had more sense. I didn't dream that I could be such an idiot. I'm so ashamed!"

"I don't know but that's the one redeeming feature," said Mrs. Bailey. "Seventy-five dollars! That's a heap of money—and nothing to show for it! I don't pretend to know anything about horse racing, but they do say it's all fixed up beforehand whose horse is to win and whose ain't—that's one of the tricks of the trade. I guess you know by this time that bettin' ain't a safe pastime; but there—there, I ain't goin' to scold a mite. Now you just come right home with me, and get a good supper, for a don't believe you've had a bite; you can carry two baskets of plates back to the car for me, if you like. You can sleep in Sam's bed—I'd kind o' like to think there was a boy sleepin' in that bed once more—and soon's the bank's open in

the morning I'll see to it that you have enough to pay your way to whatever you want to go—and nobody a bit the wiser."

"Except me," said Philip, genuinely surprised and deeply touched. "But, Mrs. Bailey, you don't know one thing about me except what I've told you. How do you know I'm to be trusted?"

"I'm willing to risk it," returned Mrs. Bailey, beaming over her spectacles. "I guess a woman that's bought seven cows in her lifetime, without bein' cheated once, ain't goin' very far astray in her judgment when it comes to folks—cows and folks havin' a good many traits in common. I ain't a mite afraid of you."

"You're just an angel! I don't know how to thank—" "Just a cake-and-pie angel," said Mrs. Bailey, rising cautiously from the creaking boiler. "Come, shut up shop as quick as you can, my lad. It's most time for the last train."

Neither Philip nor Mrs. Bailey said a word about repaying the loan, but within a month the money began to return in instalments. Each check was accompanied by a letter that Mrs. Bailey considered far more precious than the money. She read and reread those letters until the paper parted at the creases.

"The politest, the pleasantest and the most sayin' boy!" said she—Carroll Watson Rankin in the Youth's Companion.

On An Irish Jaunting Car

(By Seumas MacManus.)

It was in early May, and I was doing a little touring, and on this particular occasion was about to proceed from Bawnboy, in the County of Cavan, to Enniskillen. My friend Corrigan, who was seeing me off, accompanied me to Duff's lane, a mile below Bawn, whence Duffy's wagonette was wont to start every market-day for Enniskillen. Fearing that the vehicle already had gone, we began looking up tracks when we had arrived at the end of the lane.

"This is a horse's track," said Corrigan. "It isn't," said I. "You'd scarcely recognize," said he, "a horse's track when you'd see one—you haven't that much 'gumpshin'."

"That may be, indeed; but at the same time," said I, looking hard at a mark left in the mud by his foot, "at the same time," said I, "I'd know a donkey's track if I was to meet it in the middle of the Sahara."

The arrival down the lane of Duffy's side-car at this point checked reprisals. "Hello, my man," said I to Phil McGoldrick, the driver. "Where's the wagonette?"

"Gone to Glan with the Bishop," returned Phil. "Did the Bishop understand, my good man, that I intended riding to Enniskillen to-day in that wagonette?"

"I don't know, nor devil a bit of me cares—that's more." "Easy, me man, easy—is that the way to answer a gentleman?" said I, straightening myself up with the intention of striking awe to Phil's heart.

"Troth, an' I'm thinkin' them that would you were a gentleman has a dail to answer for. Gentleman, moray! They must be turnin' out chape pathners somewhere if you're wan—" "Now, see here! I came to get a seat on a wagonette, and not only do I meet with insult from you, but you turn around and ask me to go on a rickety old side-car that I verily believe was the identical one used to wheel the bears into Noah's ark. Sir," said I, "you are a vile impostor!"

"Aisy, avic, who axed you to go on my car? Ye're very shraight intirely if I thrust the likes of ye on it at all, an' all for I misjudged me very much if I could persuade a dacent man to sit alongside ye."

"I won't go on your gol-dingied, old tax-car, ye son of a lobster!" "Maybe," said Phil insinuatingly, "maybe e'd lake to go tandem?"

"Why," said I, somewhat mollified, "I don't care if I do. I should have preferred the wagonette, but seeing I can't get it, I don't mind if I go tandem."

"All right, agrah, jist step out wan foot after the other, an' when ye reach Enniskillen ye can tell 'em without a lie that ye came in tandem."

I gave him one withering look that should have caused an ordinary man to shrink up and vanish. Phil only laughed heartily, and said: "Why, then, if ye won't go tandem, I'll have ye on an ornament."

After trying my good-by over Corrigan I got up along with a few countrymen who were going to Enniskillen market.

As we proceeded, I endeavored to entertain Phil (and inspire him with respect, also) with a fiction about how I was a government official travelling through these parts for the purpose of reporting upon the character of the car-drivers.

"Troth," said he, "I don't doubt it; ye're had enough lookin' to be old Balcoot himself."

"I am a near relation to Mr. Balcoot," said I, determined to make my entertain a wholesome awe of me.

"Well, throngs, though I niver had a very high opinion of the same family, I don't think they wor so lake thramps as all that. Faith, they must reckon you an ornament."

I found I had another ring to grow on my hotn yet before I could hawer him. We were nearing the village of Swanlinbar, and the market cars coming from Curlough were rendering the scene lively. The sun was just rubbing the sleep out of his eyes (which were watery enough looking, like he had been in the "tare" last night) away in the eastern horizon, and the mists were arising from the valleys and lazily creeping up the hillsides. Belmore Mountain on the left, and Slieve Fushin on the right, appeared splendidly garbed in their morning majesty, and far back to the southwest of Belmore the Glan Mountain looked up to Cullough, who stood aloft regally in their midst, as they took off their hats, or rather nightcaps (of mist), to him; and I tell you he looked gorgeous in plate back to the car for me, if you like. You can sleep in Sam's bed—I'd kind o' like to think there was a boy sleepin' in that bed once more—and soon's the bank's open in

the little farmers sitting by the wayside at the mouths of lanes nursing their little firkins of butter till a cart or car should come along and give them "a lift," completed a magnificent touching scene.

Phil piled men and firkins on the car without stint, until on rolling through Swanlinbar our load consisted of seven men, three firkins, and my portmanteau. The Swanlinbar people didn't seem to recognize me, for they didn't call out the band or that sort of thing. I was glad of this, for I was travelling strictly incog. It is remarkable that most great men prefer this method of travelling. The late German Emperor was fond of it.

Some miles beyond the town Phil pulled up at Michael Maguire's forge to have a shoe fastened. But, of course, Michael was yet in bed. Phil put his mouth to the place where the keyhole used to be and insinuatingly whispered: "Michael." Silence within. Then he shouted: "Michael!" All to no purpose. I knew Michael of old, and I said if Michael was the same Michael still, a little whispering through the keyhole wouldn't disturb his dreams.

"Phil, avourneen," said I, "let me at the door," and I gave him such a "theatrical" as Phil called it—as made the old rafter shake. Then, applying my mouth to the keyhole, I roared out such a "Michael!" as must have lifted that individual clear out on the floor. Phil said he heard the delf on the dresser shake; but I won't vouch for that.

"What the devil?" shrieked Michael, "What the devil's up out there, that ye must thray to knock down a man's house lake that?"

"The devil's not out here at all, at all, Michael." "It's now yer fault, then, or ye'd rise him. Who the devil's there?" "The devils are Phil McGoldrick, who wants a shoe fastened, your humble servant, and several other equally respectable country gentlemen, who are thrayin' to keep the pavement warm batin' it wid their feet."

"All right," said Michael, "I'll be with ye immajietely," and after five minutes I discovered on prying through a broken pane, Michael, once more in the arms of Morpheus, and be snorin' like vengeance. "Michael!" I yelled, that you might have heard me at Cullough.

"Holy Moses!" roared Michael, waking up. "Is Bedlam loose this mornin'?" "No, Michael, nothing loose, barrin' the mare's shoe."

"All right, I'll be with ye immajietely," and immajietely Michael turned over and went to sleep once more.

I tried to force Phil to drive on to Enniskillen and get the shoe fastened there.

"Sarra foot I'll go! Do you want the mare to thravel on her knees?" "Well, I should think not," said I. "She seems to have enough to do to travel on her feet. Howsoever, I'll rise Michael for you, and that in double-quick time."

If Michael was anywhere this side of Kingdom-come my yell now at the broken pane would have fetched him. After the usual parley, Michael was on the point of assuring me that he'd be with me "immajietely," when I interrupted him with: "Michael, ahahsky, don't hurry yourself; we're goin' down here to Charlie Murphy's to have a treat, and ye needn't mind rising till we cork back."

"Hold on, ye bla'guards!" said Michael. "Don't dare do there till I am with ye!"

In ten minutes we had the shoe fastened and we were leaving Michael and his concern behind.

Phil now said that the first cart they overtook the firkins were carrying would have to be transferred to it; for it was against the "master's orders to lift firkins. We soon came up with Peter Cassidy who had a load of firkins on his cart.

"Peter, avic," said Phil, pulling up, "ye'll hev to put another couple of firkins on. I hev too big a load."

"Och, the sarra wan more!" replied Peter. "It's too many I hev already."

"So you won't oblige me by puttin' on a hungry firkin?" "The dickens take ye for a stupid boshune! Don't ye see I can't?"

"Och, well, niver mind, ye could cadder ye!" said Phil, who wasn't going to be outdone in abusive language. "If ye wanted to be disobligen' at self ye might larn to keep a civil tongue in yer head. If ye don't, maybe some wan jill be after goin' to the trouble of tacin' ye manners some of these days, ye ill-tongued rascaloon, ye! Troth, it's little could be expected of the lakes of ye, that niver had as much manners as would carry mate to a head!"

An as for your old rickie of a horse, small wonder ye wouldn't put a load on him, he's for all the world lake a del-carr on four props, an' it bakes me to know why the polis lets ye drive him about, ye ould profligate ye!"

I perhaps should have mentioned that Phil took care to get some little distance ahead of his victim, before he turned the flood of abuse on him. We soon overtook another cart.

"Can ye take a couple of firkins?" said Phil to the driver. "I can take wan."

"Off wid yours, now," said Phil, addressing the owners of the firkins that were on the car; "and pitch your ould firkins on there. Off wid yours quickly or I'll heel all into the shough."

The cartman put on the first firkin willingly, the second under protest, but when it came to the third he said he was blowed if he's put it on. The owner of the rejected firkin thereupon started back to deposit it on the car; but Phil vetoed this, and there the poor fellow stood, affectionately hugging his little firkin, and looking appealingly from cartman to cartman; but

"No kind emotion made reply. No answering glance of sympathy." "What'll I do?" said he at length. "Ye'd better be after doin' some-thin' an' that quick," said Phil; "I'm not goin' to stan' here all day lookin' at ye coortin' your firkin there like omaghaun ye are. Are ye comin' on?" "Yis, if ye let on the firkin."

Table with 3 columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS. Includes dates for ALL SAINTS, Twenty-fourth Sunday After Pentecost, etc.

Lighting Fixtures McDonald & Willson TORONTO

St. Michael's College Educational. Under the special patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and directed by the Basilian Fathers. Full Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses.

THE PLACE. "There's no use, Aunt Emma. I can't think of anything that I do well enough to earn a living by it. I surely can't wash, as most of the heroines in stories do, and as surely can't teach school or tend in a store, and there are more to sew now than are needed. What I shall do is a conundrum over which I've been puzzling these three weeks. I seem to be no nearer its solution, but I'll never give it up. Somewhere in the world there is a place for me, and I'll find it yet!"

Loretto Abbey. Wellington Place, Toronto, Ont. This fine institution recently enlarged to over twice its former size is situated in a conveniently accessible business part of the city, and yet sufficiently remote to secure the quiet and seclusion so essential to study.

School of Practical Science. Toronto. The Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering of the University of Toronto.

Departments of Instruction. 1-Civil Engineering, 2-Mining Engineering, 3-Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, 4-Architecture, 5-Analytical and Applied Chemistry.

Laboratories. 1-Chemical, 2-Assaying, 3-Milling, 4-Steam, 5-Metereological, 6-Electrical, 7-Testing.

ST. JOSEPH'S Academy. St. Alban Street, Toronto. The Centre of Instruction in this Academy has been a successful laboratory, conducted by the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, who are awarded Teachers' Certificates and Diplomas in this Department.

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The HOME CIRCLE

THE ROSE. Why is the rose, beyond compare, The queen of flowers? 'Tis not more fair Than many others—nor so rare.

Its dainty petals, folded tight, Enshrine a heart—or red, or white— That breathes of love—exhales delight.

O, mystery of Nature's art— 'Tis just that quality of heart, That saw the rose for e'er apart.

—Mary M. Redmond in Donohoe's for September.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLE. Cut a thin slice off both top and bottom of tomatoes, slice and sprinkle with salt, using one cup of salt to a peck of tomatoes.

CHOW CHOW. Make a strong brine, and from time to time drop in tender bean pods, young pop-corn ears, onions, cauliflower (pulped apart), both green and ripe tiny peppers, small green tomatoes, cucumbers, urripe cantelopes cut in cubes, and nasturtium seeds.

FROM CELLAR TO GARRET. The little soft cotton dish mops make excellent dusters.

WHEN YOU GO TO COLLEGE. I hope you have been judicious in your selection of clothing.

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Children's Corner

DISAPPOINTED. Dorothy, aged three, was to be taken on her first long trip.

EDISON AMENDS AN EPIGRAM. Francis Bacon Croker, a professor of electrical engineering at Columbia University, recently wrote to Thos. A. Edison for a photograph of the inventor.

I WOULDN'T FRET. Dear little lad, with flashing eyes, And soft cheeks where the swift red flies.

HE FIGURED IT OUT. "I've got an eight-year-old boy at home that will make either a metaphysician or a detective—I'm not sure which."

GOODNESS IS THE SOUL'S BEAUTY. Edith came across the above line in her parsing lesson, and after puzzling over its meaning for some time, carried it over for explanation to her mother.

HALF-PAST. "Half-past what?" asked Connie. "Three," guessed Nan.

BRIDGET DEAR. And why not? All day the thud, thud, thud of the iron had echoed in the hot kitchen.

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THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE BENEDICTINE SALVE

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS RHEUMATISM What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says: 212 King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1903.

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

John O'Connor, Toronto: 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.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me the marvelous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvelous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism.

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.

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MONTREAL REPRESENTATIVE

LOCAL AGENT
JOSEPH COOLAHAN
Is now calling upon Toronto Subscribers.

THURSDAY, NOV. 3, 1904.

THE TASTE OF CROW.

The Toronto News has behaved in a contemptible manner towards the public in regard to its exploded sensation over the recent meeting of members of the Catholic hierarchy at Three Rivers.

THE IMPENDING VOTE.

The campaign is drawing to a close and the issue is in the hands of the electors of Canada. The opposition began the fight with a formidable and aggressive platform, including more adequate protection, imperialism and opposition to the new trans continental road as an unnecessary and wasteful undertaking.

ritating topics of creed or race. The number of English-speaking Catholic candidates in the field is larger than in any past election we can recall, and there are very good prospects of ten English-speaking Catholic supporters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier entering the next parliament.

MR. JOHN MORLEY.

Having, in his speech at the Canadian Club, gently warned the people of this land against vain imitation of European militarism, and spoken words of generous friendship for Ireland, John Morley was presented at Toronto University on Monday afternoon for the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law.

When Mr. Goldwin Smith began to speak, his words were a true echo of the reflection that must have been in the minds of many of those assembled. Most brief was his reference to the literary and political fame of Mr. Gladstone's friend and biographer.

But the opinions of public men are not usually important unless they ripen into action. Here Mr. Morley was deeply serious when he repeated time and again these two commonplaces: There is a relation between cause and effect. There is a difference between right and wrong.

In manner, language and ideas simple and without a shadow of affectation as he spoke, there was deep and potent suggestion in the half hour's discourse. Every sentence was a public message and the quick sympathetic applause that broke out at intervals proved that a fearless statesman's words were clearly understood.

To the students and to all young men and women Mr. Morley read from a scrap of paper which he had carried in his waistcoat pocket this short sentence of Mr. Gladstone's: "Believe me when I tell you that the thrill of time will repay you in after life with an usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and that the waste of time will make you dwindle, alike in intellect and moral stature, beyond your darkest reckoning."

SUPERSTITIOUS TORONTO.

In Toronto, which is an enlightened and Protestant city, a fortune-telling lady from Kansas has divided the attention of the people with the politicians during the wind-up of a general election. This is a great deal to say, either for the capacity of the lady to humbug the crowd or for the credulity of the people to swallow su-

perstitious pretences. But it is in its details that the episode is truly surprising. In Toronto the ordinary run of fortune-tellers, palmists and the like get but short rope. They are usually brought before the police magistrate, charged with witchcraft under an ancient statute and smartly fined. But the Kansas lady's case is a reserved one. To her a city detective brings a case of stolen jewels from a prominent citizen, and she pretends to put the baffled sleuths upon a new scent.

Not one word is heard in disapproval of these doings. The lady is reaping in cash as fast as she can count it and everybody is happy. The widows are told that their investments and speculations will be profitable and the young girls that they will all be married next year. If a new sect were formed on the crest of this wave of sordid superstition it would undoubtedly become a rich and influential denomination.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Combes is moving rapidly. The late M. Waldeck-Rousseau appears to have considered Combes an unwilling agent in the hands of anti-religious forces. He mistook his man. The forces arrayed against Christianity could not have been provided with a more obedient tool.

The Dijon, France, Municipal Councilors have voted the abolition of saints' names from the streets of the city. Some of the thoroughfares are to be called after Ernest Renan, Emile Zola, Blanqui the Communist, whose motto was "Ni Dieu, ni Maître," and so on.

It is stated in Paris that the Bishops of Dijon and Laval-Mgr. Le Nordez and Mgr. Geay—are to receive each an allowance of 8,000 francs yearly (\$1,500) from the Sovereign Pontiff, or rather from the Holy Office, which has special funds for such purposes. If the two Bishops had resigned while in favor with the French Government, they would only be entitled to a superannuation allowance of 6,000 francs, or \$1,000, from the State, and would receive nothing from the Holy See.

The Combes Ministry after driving the monks of the Chartreuse from their hereditary monastery pretend that they have discovered and now possess the recipe of the monks for the manufacture of their liqueurs, and that they are now manufacturing and about to ship them to foreign countries under the old label. In these circumstances, Messrs. H. Riviere and Co., of 50 Mark Lane, London, write to say that the secret and process of the manufacture of their liqueurs have been preserved absolutely intact by the monks, and that "the French Government is neither manufacturing nor about to sell such liqueurs."

Barrie Correspondence

Mr. T. F. O'Meara is ill with typhoid fever and is in the Barrie Hospital for treatment. His many friends will be pleased to learn that he is improving under the kind and skillful treatment which patients receive in this fine institution.

FATHER MORICE'S GREAT BOOK

The History of the Northern Interior of British Columbia by Rev. A. G. Morice, O.M.I., is reviewed by the Northwest Review. Father Morice, who came as an Oblate missionary from France more than twenty years ago, has long been known among the learned as a man of fine scholarship and an authority among philologists.

This book includes the first authentic account of the early years of Sir James Douglas, who was such a prominent figure in the beginning of the Province of British Columbia. Father Morice points out in his preface the necessity of his work by two primary instances. "Who knows that long before Victoria and New Westminster had been called into existence, the province had been settled in a way, and had possessed a regular capital—at Stuart Lake, where a representative of our own race ruled over reds and whites?"

The History begins as far back as it possibly can. After a clear and interesting description of "The Country and its Aborigines," Father Morice records the earliest trustworthy traditions still preserved among the Indians of that region, and in doing so he has achieved what no historian of Central Canada (Manitoba, N.W.T., and New Ontario) has been able to do. In our part of the Dominion Indian oral tradition affords what occurred more than a hundred and sixty years ago.

In the course of this first venture of white men among suspicious or hostile Indians Mackenzie had occasion to regret the pleasure he had taken in firing off his gun to frighten and against him and his men, as he says in his "Journal," "I was in the ludicrous position of people haunted by the apprehension of those whom fear had driven away from them."

In 1805 the head officers of this company, in conference at Fort William, Lake Superior, decided to enter the field west of the Rocky Mountains, and Simon Fraser, son of Captain Fraser, a U. E. Loyalist, and then 29 years old, was chosen as the man best fitted for this great undertaking.

Matilda, Ont., and died at St. Andrews, in the township of Cornwall, in 1862, at the age of 86. In the autumn of 1805 Fraser found on the shore of a lake, 17 miles long, which he named McLeod, in latitude 55 deg. 0 min. 2 sec. north, a fort of the same name, which is the first permanent port ever erected within that part of British Columbia which lies west of the Rockies.

An amusing incident is related in connection with the first introduction of tobacco and soap to the Carrier Indians. To understand the anecdote one must know that these Indians were in the habit of cremating their dead, and when the deceased left a couple of wives these had to stand by, patting the corpse, till the hair was burned off their own heads (p. 89). For twenty years no effort was made by the ruling whites to put a stop to this inhuman cruelty to the poor widows. Now for the story.

As to the effect of the Hudson's Bay Company on the native population of Caledonia, Father Morice says: "The writer sincerely wishes he had not to answer that question; but the close association of the two races during the last eighty years renders imperative the consideration of the result of such commingling. Both written and oral information is not wanting to force on us the conclusion that the influence of the superior race was decidedly detrimental to the best interests of the Western Dene."

In reference to the character of these natives, although Father Morice does not hesitate to mention their dreadful depravity before they were converted (p. 228), he is ever ready to defend them when he can against slander. When Peter Skene Ogden, governor of New Caledonia, writes to Theobald about the Indians: "Look at our numbers compared to theirs; look at the many opportunities they may have of committing murder; look at their treacherous character."

A name which figures prominently in the Hudson's Bay records between 1824 and 1831 is that of William Connolly, a chief factor, whose name was given to a fort and a river. In the obituary notice of his daughter, Sister Connolly, which appeared in our last issue, he is erroneously called Henry Connolly.

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Death of Canon McCarthy

The death is announced from Ottawa of Very Rev. Canon Peter McCarthy, for the past 14 years pastor of St. Bridget's parish, and since 1891 Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Ottawa. He was born at New Ross, Ireland, May 6th, 1851. His parents moved to this country when he was a child and settled in Pembroke. He attended Ottawa University, and was ordained priest at Pembroke by Bishop, now His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, on June 17th, 1877.

The funeral took place on Saturday morning and was attended by almost the entire parish of St. Bridget's. At 10.30 a.m. the Solemn Mass of Requiem was chanted in the parish church, where, in the sanctuary, the late Canon's remains had lain in state from 4 p.m. the day before, attended in pious vigil throughout the afternoon and night by different gentlemen of the congregation.

Assisting in the musical services were members of all the other Catholic church choirs of the city, and of St. Mary's Bayswater. Mr. Louis Dauray was the director, and Mrs. T. Stringer presided at the organ.

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SIR WEST RIDGEWAY

His Startling Conversion to Irish Sympathy

The following appeared in The London Times:

To the Editor of The Times: Sir,—At the desire of the Irish Reform Association I enclose for publication a copy of a letter addressed by me to their chairman, Lord Dunraven.

You will observe that this letter was written before the last meeting of the association, and therefore, although it gives expression to my full concurrence with the aims and objects of the association, it does not commit me to equally unreserved approval of the particular methods formulated at that meeting for carrying into effect the proposed policy.

Let me anticipate the usual charge of inconsistency by mentioning that the views and opinions expressed in my letter are not of recent birth. They were conceived during the period of my service as Under-Secretary for Ireland, and were embodied in a memorandum written in 1889. In that memorandum I advocated the occasion of a liberal measure of local government in provincial as well as county councils, the administration of the education grant and other funds raised for that purpose by a local body—at least partially representative—with safeguards for minorities in the various localities, the decentralization of finance, and consequently the loosening of the rigid Treasury control, the reorganization of Dublin Castle, and especially the abolition of that chaotic anachronism—administration by semi-independent boards, whereby three men do the work of one—and the creation of a council to advise the Chief Secretary such as that of the Secretary of State for India, and comprising the representatives of all parties.

So long as I was in the public service, faithful to the traditions of the Civil Service, I held my peace, but now that I am free to speak I ask for the hospitality of your columns, not because I claim any special value or originality for my opinions, but because I think that it may interest those who are again studying and discussing the eternal Irish question in the light thrown upon it by the manifesto of the Reform Association to learn the conclusions which were independently formed by a man who was Under-Secretary during six stormy years—who was pledged to Ireland an uncompromising supporter of law and order, but free from preconceived opinion and anxious to consider Irish questions in a judicial spirit.

Naturally I rejoice at the spontaneous spread of liberal and enlightened views among Irish landlords; but for this revolt, or, let me say, awakening, the extremists of the Unionist party—none the less dangerous because loyal and conscientious—are chiefly responsible, for they by their stubborn policy of non-possimus, by their refusal to allow justice to be done to the Roman Catholics of Ireland in the matter of University education, and last, but not least, by the short-sighted and relentless way in which they expelled from the House of Commons the wise and patriotic Irishmen who there represented the sober-minded members of the Unionist party, have caused moderate Irishmen to reflect angrily that there is an irreconcilable policy which spells disaster to the Union. I am, sir, your obedient servant.

WEST RIDGEWAY

The Athenaeum, Pall Mall, S.W., October 10th.

September 7, 1904. Dear Lord Dunraven,—Permit me, a former Under-Secretary of State for Ireland, to congratulate you and those who are associated with you, on the formation of the Irish Reform Association, and to express my cordial concurrence with its aims and objects and with the policy which it advocates. Most emphatically do I agree that the prosperity of the people of Ireland, the development of the resources of the country, and the satisfactory settlement of the land and other questions depend upon a pursuance of a policy of conciliation and of good will and of reform, and gladly do I welcome the proposal of your association to promote "a Union of all moderate and progressive opinion, irrespective of creed or class animosities."

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N. MURPHY

I believe that in such a combination only can salvation be found for divided and distracted Ireland. Certainly, peace and content cannot be extracted from the policy of the extremists of either party—those, on the one hand, who regard chronic coercion as the Irish millennium to be prayed for by all true Unionists and those, on the other hand, who strive to reach the goal of separation by lawless, if not violent methods. If these extremists, either Unionist or Nationalist, were to have their way poor Ireland would for ever remain the cockpit of politicians and the reproach of the Empire, but if the policy of the Reform Association is adopted there will be, I believe, some hope of a united, prosperous, and therefore contented Ireland.

Since my retirement from the Irish Under-Secretaryship I have never ceased to be a vigilant but necessarily silent observer of Irish politics, and when a Unionist Government came into power with an overwhelming majority at its back, believing as I did in the generous and far-sighted views of its leaders, I expected much. I must confess to some disappointment at the result which has been achieved.

Undoubtedly much has been done. Mr. Gerald Balfour created the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, which under the sympathetic guidance of Sir Horace Plunkett is developing an industrial Ireland, and Mr. George Wyndham has, I hope and believe, gone far towards settling the land question. Nevertheless, several real grievances remain unredressed, and other important questions have not been touched, or, if touched, quickly dropped. Foremost among these is the University question. We all know Mr. Balfour's statesmanlike views on this important subject, but the extremists of the Unionists forbid him to do justice to the Roman Catholics of Ireland. Nor can we reasonably hope that the Opposition which in power will dare to grasp this nettle, and consequently we moderate men are forced to the conclusion that if this question, on which the peace and contentment of Ireland so largely depend, is ever to be settled, it must be settled in Ireland by the Irish themselves.

For this reason, but not for this reason alone, do I subscribe to the proposal of your association, for "the devolution to Ireland of a larger measure of local government than she now possesses," and unhesitatingly do I share your belief that the Union will be strengthened, not endangered, by that concession.

We all remember the dire predictions which attended Mr. Balfour's gift to Ireland of the limited rights of local government which she now enjoys, and we have lived to realize what I realized at the time—that happily Cassandra, for once, prophesied falsely. Therefore we need not be alarmed or depressed if she again denounces the devolution to Ireland of those extended rights of local government which must sooner or later be delegated in other directions if the Imperial Parliament is to be saved from paralysis and impotence.

I am, dear Lord Dunraven, yours sincerely,

WEST RIDGEWAY

The Earl of Dunraven, K.P.

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JOHN MORLEY ON IRELAND

Claims to be an Irishman and His Heart Turns to the Irish Question.

Right Hon. John Morley, who was the guest of the Canadian Club, Toronto, on Monday in the course of a short speech which he delivered devoted most of his attention to Irish affairs. He said:

"The chairman seemed a little perplexed as to using the words English, Scotch, Irish, Canadian. To a certain extent, I claim to be rather international because I was born in England, I represent the best of Scotch constituencies (laughter) and the most active portion of my political life has been devoted to Ireland so that I call myself an Irishman. I hope, before I go back after my short visit, within three or four months, at all events, to have seen three general elections, one in Canada, another in the United States, and third, and not altogether the least interesting of them to me, in my own country."

"I have heard, but I may be entirely wrong, that here and across your southern border it is a foregone conclusion. I may say without arrogance and with every confidence I may inform you that it is a foregone conclusion in the third of these countries. Upon the points at issue upon this continent it would be rather presumptuous and impertinent for me to meddle. I will only make this general observation that, in the present exciting age of the world, where there are new and even startling apparitions of nations among the forces of the world, you may depend upon it, gentlemen, that the choice of rulers at such a moment, either in Canada of the United States or the motherland, may prove to be a very serious departure for good or evil in the policy and persons of this who so embark."

"Now, so far as Canada is concerned, I hope you will let me, without offence, say but one thing on the topic which, I am sure among yourselves you often debate. You will understand what I am at when I say I submit to you that, in my view, no policy that withdraws resources from the gigantic and supreme and beneficent task that lies around you of laying the solid foundation of prosperity in your own land—that any such diversion, and such departure, would be, I submit, a grievous mistake. And, depend upon it—like my distinguished host here, I have thought of this question for many years—and depend upon it, for you here with your own work lying to your hand, to suffer yourselves to be caught in the entanglements and quarrels of the Old World would, indeed, be a poor compensation for the loss you would suffer in attention to your own development and your own good."

"He would gather, proceeded the speaker, that his thoughts turned to Ireland, struck by the points of resemblance between the French-Canadians and the Irish. It was a mournful reflection to him that had the same policy been adopted for Ireland as for Canada in 1763, the history of Ireland would be vastly different. Anything that set up division between two races anywhere in the world worked mischief to mankind."

"If I was what in Canada is called a statesman, don't believe I should find any part of my work more interesting than in making effusion and common effort for the common good of the land." He believed that after the general election in England that with the distribution of parliamentary power the Irish party would be able to hold the balance between the two parties.

He was certain there were in that assembly profound difference of opinion as to the policy proposed for Ireland.

"I myself never quarrelled with any one because he did not come right round to our newly adopted opinions," said Mr. Morley, "even in that great difference of 18 years ago."

All were agreed in a common desire to do justice to Ireland and the gift of £112,000,000 of good British money was proof that they were not only just but generous.

"If it should appear that these Irishmen are in a position to determine for us what our policy shall be, I think that John Bull will waken up to consider the question if such a state of things is really terrible; and he will perhaps apply himself again to a solution of the national difficulty which is still outstanding and still confronts us." The speaker thought that those of strong views in Toronto would not dwell under the delusion of supposing that a grant of money would avert the necessity of this is national. I gather from your silence that you feel I am on polemical ground. I hope I have not shown anything of the polemical spirit," the speaker said, with conciliatory tones, and the response was reassuring.

"Having twice assumed the responsibility of Irish government, which is not a joke, and it is not any more a joke when the Nationalists are your friends than when they are your opponents. I trust you will forgive me giving so much space to this matter in my observations." He was sure that whatever the result of the elections, there would be manoeuvres from one side or the other.

A Valuable Prize

Moving through London, Ont., sometimes called the "Forest City," during the past week, I accidentally stumbled into the home of an old friend, Mr. Walter Kilgallon, whose family as well as that of his wife, are both well-known and much respected all over North Middlesex. The "stumble" proved a pleasant one, but it was doubly more so when his clever little daughter, Mary, trusted you will forgive me giving so much space to this matter in my observations. He was sure that whatever the result of the elections, there would be manoeuvres from one side or the other.

RANBLER

Every man has as much business within himself as a physician in a common pestilence.

MR. MICHAEL DAVITT—Continued from Page 1.

me a little farther in my comparison between Mr. Chamberlain's "Fiscalities" and the principles and policy of Home Rule. Let me come down to concrete actualities. In 1891 John Ballance,

THE SON OF AN ULSTER EVICTED TENANT FARMER,

became the Prime Minister of the Home Rule Colony of New Zealand. He was a strong Labor leader and an able reformer. He placed pro-labor men in power, in place of pro-capitalist politicians, and with what result? New Zealand is to-day the most progressive country in the world. Not a single pauper can be found in the colony. There is a progressive income tax and land tax; a taxation of land values, a local option law, one man one vote, with votes for women as for men (cheers.) There are old age pensions for workers, a Government bank, direct advances of state money to land workers and others on adequate security, with many and various other beneficial laws; all passed with the purpose of minimizing poverty among the people, and with the object of making domestic government a State agency for promoting the material betterment and social well-being of all the workers and all the taxpayers, without distinction of class, interest, or creed (cheers) "Delendo est Carthago," as old Cato once said to the Romans; and we Irishmen here to-night can say to the toiling millions of Great Britain: "Look to Home Rule in the Colonies to see what British and Irish workers can obtain and accomplish under the protection of its laws and institutions in New Zealand and Australia and if the wage-earners of these islands expect to share similar benefits and blessings they can get, and get only, from the triumph of Home Rule principles in the political arena of Great Britain and Ireland" (cheers). My friends, Messrs. Balfour and Chamberlain

ARE NOT TIRED OF THE IRISH QUESTION

in Westminster. Nothing of the kind. They want to keep it there, and thereby to keep out of Parliament all radical issues that would raise the question of class rule in government and class ownership of land (cheers). They hate and oppose Home Rule in Ireland because they know it would result in laws similar to those now in operation in Australia and New Zealand, and they dread, as the example of an Irish National Assembly, engaged in promoting domestic prosperity by democratic legislation, would spread to Great Britain and imperil the present supremacy of the classes in the government of these islands and in the rule of the British question will soon arise in Irish political circles.

"What attitude are the Irish voters in Great Britain going to take at the next general election, as between rival parties?" (Hear, hear.) It is an important question, and we are all deeply interested in it. We are each entitled to our honest views on this matter, and I only claim an individual right to express my opinion for what it is worth (hear, hear). I claim the right to advise (cheers), but not the privilege to command, and of course, I am as liable to err as any other human item in the Irish movement. Frankly, I am opposed to both the talk about and the policy of the Irish Party having the balance of power in the next Parliament. I doubt very much the wisdom of such talk, and I believe such a policy would spell certain defeat to the Home Rule cause in the next House of Commons, should such a balance of power fall by any chance to the Irish Party. This is a question of race and principle, and not of policy. Liberals and Tories are British in general racial feeling, though divided on political issues into party divisions, and so are, of course, the people of Great Britain. They will not permit an Irish Party of eighty to dictate what a British House of Commons of 670 members shall or shall not do, any more than the Irish Nationalist majority in Ireland will permit the dictation of the pro-British minority in our country (cheers); and there is absolutely nothing more certain in the politics of the next five years than the summary rejection of any proposed Irish measure by the House of Lords, if such a Bill is the price to be paid by any British Party for Irish support in the House of Commons.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION

shall again be made, the foremost electioneering issue for Irish or Catholic electors in British constituencies notwithstanding the declarations made at the last General Election by English Catholic leaders, that if Irish Catholic voters forced this issue to a settlement in this Parliament, it would in future be out of the way of Home Rule (hear, hear). Well, they got this settlement of the question in the Act of 1902, and yet we are now threatened by a body in London called the Catholic League with the same policy which is to make the School question again paramount to that of the Home Rule in English elections. So far as this is done by English Catholics who take their politics from the "Tablet" we cannot reasonably object. They are deadly enemies to the Irish National demand, but as nine-tenths of the Catholics in England are Irish it is a deliberate attempt to virtually proselytise these in the political creed of Toryism and to place them in opposition to the Irish movement. I hope and believe that this policy will be resisted by our Parliamentary leaders (cheers). No true Irishman anywhere will put any School question before the question highest and dearest to Ireland, that of National Government, especially at the insidious suggestion of badly-concealed enemies. Enormous injury was done to the interests of Home Rule in Great Britain during the past two years, owing to the assistance given by the Irish Party to the present government on the schools question, some Irish members going so far as to support the closure against Welsh members and to vote for the coercion of the mass of the Welsh people who are rightly and manfully standing for National education against a class invasion of that right. I appeal to my fellow-countrymen in Britain not to permit themselves to be used again as mere

TEMPTING BUT DANGEROUS BALANCE

was tried once before with disastrous results, by Mr. Parnell, in 1885. He so balanced both British Parties that one of them split in two to oppose his purpose, and the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill in 1886 was due entirely to the tactics which Tory intrigue had suggested to Mr. Parnell in the previous year. Home Rule must come on its merits, as a measure of justice to Irish claims, as a means of relief to the Imperial Parliament, as a measure to appease Irish hostility in America (cheers), as a great revolutionary reform essential to the interests of the masses of the people of Great Britain, as well as to those of Ireland, and not by means of the Irish Party proposing to hold some British Party in power in return for some offer which the House of Lords is certain to reject. The Party that should hold a balance of power in the House of Commons, and will, I hope, even in the next Parliament, be the British Labor Party (cheers). This would ruffle no racial feeling, no matter how it might startle the Tory and Liberal politicians; and if I might suggest policy for Irish leaders and Irish voters in Great Britain for the next general election it would be this: Support neither Tory nor Liberal in any constituency where a Labor member can be elected by aid of Radical and Irish votes (cheers), and thus help to return fifty or sixty Labor members to a House of Commons which could, and they would, with Radical and Irish support, carry a one

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man one vote measure, the payment of election expenses and of members of Parliament out of the taxes, as in every single British Colony and every other constitutionally governed country; and with these progressive changes effected in the constitution, the Labor Party of the near future, if not of the next Parliament, would insure Home Rule for Ireland, and, possibly, for England, Wales, and Scotland as well (cheers). I confess, my friends,

I AM NOT OVER SANGUINE.

that this suggestion will prevail, but that does not lessen my faith in the wisdom of a plan of action that would offer the working classes of Great Britain a direct incentive and encouragement to do for our country, and their own, what class politicians in the Tory and Liberal parties will not do if they can possibly avoid it. Labor representation in the House of Commons is ridiculously small when compared with other Legislatures (hear, hear). Belgium has over thirty in its Parliament, Holland has sixteen, France has thirty-six, Italy has twenty-five, Germany has eighty-one, for the Social Democratic Party is virtually the Labor Party in all Continental Parliaments; Australia has forty-six in its Commonwealth Legislature; West Australia has a Labor Ministry; New Zealand's Progressive Party numbers seventy-eight, and it stands for industry as against class interests, while the twenty or more millions of workers of all grades in Great Britain send only thirteen Labor members to Westminster. This is a state of affairs which British workmen will not allow to continue, and I for one hope and believe that in the very next Parliament there will be a Labor Party forty or fifty strong, at least, which, in conjunction with eighty Nationalists from Ireland, who are sure to be, as usual, true to the interests of labor (cheers), will mutually aid each other in promoting all measures which will make for the rule of the people as against class rule, and will stand for such legislation as Home Ruled New Zealand now enjoys to the content and blessing of its prosperous and progressive population (loud cheers). Others, however, are advising other policies, and among them are those who insist that

POLITICAL INSTRUMENTS FOR TORY PURPOSES

to the injury of Ireland's National cause. No question, whether that of English Catholic Schools, or of an Irish Catholic University, must be allowed to come before the question of Home Rule. This is to all true Irishmen paramount to every other public question that can appeal to our kith and kin in Great Britain, and I feel confident that you and they, having already done your duty to the cause of Catholic Schools here in these countries, will not be parties to further English Unionist intrigues on this issue, but will rally once again to the support of the demand of the people of Ireland for such a measure of National Government as will put an end to this Anglo-Irish strife and restore to the Irish people the right to legislate in their own land for the domestic needs and for the peace, contentment, and prosperity of our common Fatherland (loud cheering).

Councillor Connell said it gave him the greatest possible pleasure to prove that a hearty vote of thanks be accorded to that unassuming, but brilliant Irishman, Michael Davitt, for his masterly address (cheers). They say in him all that was best, most heroic, and most self-sacrificing in the children of the Irish peasantry (cheers).

Mr. C. L. Gillespie seconded the vote of thanks, which was carried with acclamation.

Mr. Davitt suitably replied, and proposed a similar compliment to the chairman, which was carried with enthusiasm.

The proceedings concluded with the singing of "God Save Ireland."

Live Stock Trade with Argentina

Some information regarding the possibility of developing a trade in live stock with Argentina is given by Mr. W. S. Spark, the well-known English horseman, in a letter to Mr. F. W. Hodson, live stock commissioner. Soon after his arrival in that country Mr. Spark wrote: I find all cattle landed here must be disinfected of breeding, have to bear the entire loss. Notwithstanding all this trouble, it will pay breeders to send really good pure-bred Shorthorn bulls and heifers here to sell. You can't sell grade cattle at any price. In a later letter Mr. Spark says: The more I see of this country the more convinced I am that the Canadians can do a very large trade here in live stock, and agricultural machinery, neither of which there is any duty on here. I enclose you an account of a sale of imported bulls which took place last week, which shows that the twelve animals offered brought \$79,900, or an average of nearly \$6,660 each. These prices are in Argentine dollars, equal to 44 cents Canadian money. I have attended eight similar sales and the average prices paid have been 1,400 Canadian dollars each. The bulls sold, I am told by good judges who have been to Toronto show, would not be good enough to win there. The only time to sell here is in September (the best month), October and November, so they have to be shipped in June and July from Canada. You really should attend next year's exhibition at Buenos Ayres in September, which will be international. I hope Canada will make an exhibit, for if she did all the stock could be sold at the exhibition at every remunerative price.

W. A. CLEMONS.

Grief can take care of itself, but to get the full value of joy, you must have somebody to divide it with. He that has lived in popularity and applause knows not how he would bear infamy and reproach.

A QUESTION OF MEMORY

The Eminent Novelist was in a dull mood. For some minutes now he had been regarding rather blankly the equally blank sheets of paper lying before him on his desk. It was a June morning, and—somehow—memories of another June morning, far off in the long ago, obtruded.

Mayhap, it was the bright sunshine streaming in through the open London window, filling the air with dancing thoughts, that made our novelist so retrospective—and idle. He had in his mind, vaguely, a vision of that June morning in a Devon cider orchard, when in the eternal egotism of youth he had talked, and she had listened. When, half fearfully, he had touched the mysteries of love.

Long ago—oh, very long ago! Bless me—what was the girl's name? She had had ridiculous ideals incompatible with such a merry round face and such impertinent red hair—the Eminent Novelist recollected. Her father had owned the cider orchard and many others. What was the name? Sampford, or Widdicombe, or Debby-house?

Not any of them a bit like it. She was a memory—nothing more. The Eminent Novelist sighed. Times had changed since then. Now he was—well, famous, in a sort of way. That is, he had no worldly sordid troubles.

A discreet tap at the door disturbed these more comfortable reflections. It was the page boy.

"Please, sir, a lady."

"Yes?"

"Won't give her name, sir. Wants to see you very particular. Has called twice already."

"Ask her to be good enough to come in," interrupted the Eminent Novelist, with a faint hope of "copy" rising within him. Those blank sheets were reproachful.

A moment later a girl rustled into the sanctum. She was dressed in violet voile, made in the extreme of fashion, with a great black feather hat on her well-poised head. She appeared very much at ease and smiled affably enough toward the Eminent Novelist.

"You must forgive my 'boarding' you like this," she began graciously. "I haven't sent the carriage away, so you can imagine that I won't really detain you."

The Novelist indicated a seat and bowed.

"Thanks awfully. I see I have disturbed you. Well, to the point, then, at once. I have come to talk about your books. Your last one is a distinct falling away."

The Novelist sank in his round-backed chair and waited in silence.

"Oh, I know it's unusual and all that for one's opinion in the open," the girl went on airily. She had a perfume of violets about her, and a pretty trick of dimpling her cheeks. The Novelist seemed to have remembered having seen something like it before. Very frank eyes she had, and gleaming hair. Altogether, the Novelist found it in him to overlook her impudence.

"I have read all your books, don't you know," continued the girl, suddenly becoming serious. "And, in a manner, I have rather gone in for them. A woman's first enthusiasm sort of thing—falling in love with a portrait idea. You understand?"

"I think so." (He rather flattered himself on understanding the sex!)

"Well, honestly, you know—you're not doing yourself justice. I won't say you're pot-boiling exactly; but, at any rate, you're lighting the fire preparatory to it. Now, I'm sorry—and so are heaps of people, who—

who care, don't you know."

"It's very good of you." "Not at all. As I said, one has ideals and things in one's youth." (The Novelist admitted that.) "You are rather my ideal—or you were. I can prove it to you that you are falling away. Take your first book, for instance—"

"Crude and very young," suggested the Novelist.

"Crude and very sincere," corrected the girl swiftly. "I begin to believe that with age and experience one's eyes grow dim. I understand it's physiologically so in the fifties; but, as regards the soul, decay appears to set in much earlier. I'm not keeping you?"

"Please go on."

"Well, do just read some of your early work again. I'm sure—"

"If you can really prove to me that my stuff is becoming worse instead of slightly better," the Novelist checked her, "I will very willingly give a check for one hundred guineas to any charity you like to name."

The violet girl laughed again and dimpled her round cheeks. Well, that is business, certainly, and I'd dearly like to take up the challenge! But I want to speak of your books generally, with a view to helping you—and myself. You know that now it's your name that sells."

The Novelist shrugged his shoulders and glanced toward the clock.

"It's so, I am afraid," said the girl, smoothing her skirts, deprecatingly. "I won't keep you a minute longer. This is my notion. I'll write your stories for you, and you'll sign them. It will be a good deal less work for you, while—"

"Yes?" inquired he, rising.

little while the Eminent Novelist heard the sound of departing carriage wheels. He laughed then heartily—utterly. "Well, I'm—"

He stopped short and returned to his desk. There, he unfolded the paper, and glanced casually at it. "H'm—rather like my style," he admitted. He looked at the end. "Clever girl that—I wonder if there's anything in what she says? I would like to know." He seized his pen; signed the manuscript in his neat, small handwriting; then pushed the paper hastily into an envelope. Without permitting himself time to relent, he addressed the envelope to his agent; stamped it; rang for the page boy.

"Post that at once, will you?" he ordered coolly.

Within three posts the manuscript was returned—with an incredulous note from the agent.

"My dear chap," it began somewhat familiarly, "what are you about? Is it a joke or midsummer madness? You send me a queer little piece—thoughtful, analytical, and done with more than your usual style. So much I'll freely admit. But where's the story? Don't you know by now that the tale's the thing? Haven't I drummed it into you ever since we started together; and with the best results for both of us? I can sell your stuff like hot cakes in the ordinary course; and I can find a market for the last—if you insist."

"But! Firstly, the public hate analysis. They haven't the leisure for it, or the patience—or the understanding. Secondly, they can only appreciate thought so long as it keeps on the copybook platitude level. Hang it man—remember how books sell! Lastly, as regards style, the public honestly don't care one way or t'other. Forgive my brutality and let me know what I'm to do."

"Yours, perplexed."

The Eminent Novelist pacified the publisher by withdrawing the obnoxious piece and sending him two short stories in his (the E. N.'s) later manner.

Then the Eminent Novelist waited for the return of the violet girl with outward calm.

Inwardly, he was disturbed—a little. He felt some sense of triumph that her impudent notion of fooling the public should have failed so dimly at the very outset!

Moreover, on reflection, he decided that the agent had sought to soften his rejection of the MS.; and so had ingeniously implied it to be "too good." This seemed a reasonable view of the man's letter. On the whole, the violet girl hadn't actually secured a point.

Having thus entirely disposed of her, the Eminent Novelist glanced a second time at her story. He smiled as he noted the construction, the anti-climax, the "youngness" of the thing. He shrugged indulgently toward the quaint rounding of her sentences, so intelligently reproducing his own style. One or two phrases stirred him; indeed, he allowed reluctantly that there was merit in the piece.

It was really clever how she caught his earlier methods.

"Ideals are the Unattainable," she wrote, "yet every decent man will strive after them!"

"Time smooths away the epochs in our lives; so that presently only wrinkles are left to mark their scars."

"My next book will be all margin. But I don't suppose the public will appreciate the delicate irony of it."

Satirical, eh? Another phase of youth! He returned to his work. His new daring novel—"Heart of a Girl."

She came, with her faint fragrance of violets and memories. The Eminent Novelist took up an attitude of tolerance toward her and strove to lesson the blow. She put that aside—Well—about the story? Did you sign it?"

"I did."

"And send it off?"

"Yes. I was weak enough to dare so much." He laughed a little as he turned up the agent's letter. "I sent it away without a word—and the secret still remains between the two of us. I was piqued into being unfairly fair! Now, please read my agent's reply, returning the story the very next night." He handed her the letter.

She read it, standing; her own expression unreadable. She sat down suddenly in the chair he silently offered, and read the note a second time. He perceived, as she bent her pretty head, that her hair was of a very charming color—red, gold and shining. He fancied, as she did not look up, that perhaps she was—crying.

He made the effort then to break an awkward silence; but she interrupted him on his first words, in a strange stifled manner.

"Did you say a hundred guineas," she asked, "or was it pounds?"

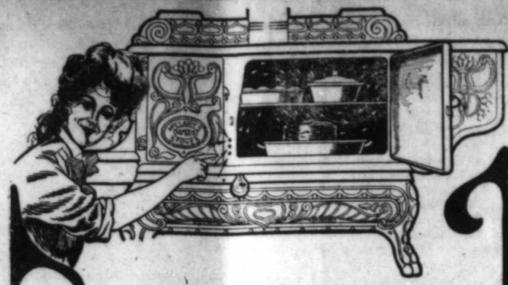
"I don't think I quite—"

"You said that if I could really prove your work to be falling away, you would give—"

"Oh, yes; a hundred guineas to any charity you cared to name," he remarked stiffly. "I had not forgotten. The offer is still open."

She raised her eyes. They gleamed maliciously at him as her cheeks began to dimple. "Perhaps you will be good enough to get out your check-book," she remarked, calmly returning him the agent's note.

"What do you mean?"



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The Average Young Man

Perhaps the moralists have been too hard on the young man, says the Quarterly, Altoona, Pa. Maybe he isn't so bad after all. At any rate there is no lack of pretty fairly average good fellows. They don't pretend to be paragons. But they pay their way. They put in good solid work every day and don't like it if they are idle. They get to bed before midnight. They try to do no man evil. Talking mean things about people they know is something they don't enjoy and don't propose to do if they can help it. They have a little intellectual life. They are not ignorant of what is going on in the world. Sometimes they read the editorials in the dailies. Talk square ordinary sense to them and they will answer you in kind. About topics which their line of work brings to their notice they can say a good deal. They do like certain diversions. Athletics attract many of them. Strength, speed and skill always capture game money from them. Reading circles are too new and strange, debating societies belong to the youth of their fathers. Libraries, public and private, they leave to novel-reading young women. Their tastes are not there.

Religion is entirely unobjectionable to the average steady young fellow who is discussing their parents practiced it—often fervently. It is a good thing with them. So far as they think of it they approve of it, but they don't think of it much. The church service of Sunday is no sooner out of sight than out of mind. They will not be classed as infidels or non-Christians, but the gulf between them and devotion, piety, ardor, faith and the other qualities of virile, living Christianity is very wide.

The interest they take in religion is fairly gauged, perhaps by the money they put into it. Good, steady and sensible as they may be, they are not much at church building or asylum sustaining. The zealous ticket-vendor at a church fair prefers to deal with a married man every time. It is well that the churches of the country are so well built up. Perhaps the mature generations have been overdrawn upon in this particular, and the incoming generation is evening matters up by too much economy. So the whirligig of time brings in its revenges.

Those of our typical young men who do get married do so with much less sentimentalism than was displayed in former decades. We observe the influence of this fact in the novels of the day. The preliminaries are short, direct and matter-of-fact. A young man writing or even quoting poetry in such affairs is as much the exception now as it was the rule in other ages, when troubadours did our fashion business.

A rushing-to-average young man, if they look over the summary of their expenses for the year, will observe the most of their money is spent on themselves. It goes for board and clothing. It serves to gratify this or that little taste in luxuries. It helps them to "have a good time." Our young men do like, occasionally, to have a good time, and they must have it. But their money does not go for charity. Not much of it goes to the church. And, as a local pulpit speaker observed, they do not like to spend it on their girls. It is all for ego. It is this selfishness that thoughtful people are beginning to consider the chief fault of our ordinarily respectable young fellow. That kind of man doesn't lend his life for the defence of his country. Self-sacrifice is not one of his shining virtues.

This is the young man as you meet him, with "naught extenuated and naught set down in malice." The characteristics are those of a healthy animal endowed with an attenuated soul. The spiritual life is too much eliminated from the every-day world of the people to give us the best attainable types of manhood. And how badly we stand in need to-day of the best types of manhood!

A Soothing Oil.—To throw oil upon the troubled waters means to subdue to calmness the most boisterous sea. To apply Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil to the troubled body when it is racked with pain means speedy mitigation of the most refractory elements. It cures pain, heals bruises, takes the fire from wounds, and as a general household medicine is useful in many ailments. It is worth much.

When our pleasures become pure and healthful our minds will be full of sunshine, for the surest criterion of a sound nature is a capacity for innocent enjoyment. The most sympathetic and deeply feeling amongst us are those who have suffered and who have overcome. They have learnt the value of the sunshine, and are not those who have eyes and see not.

Opportunities in Little Things

Don't wait for extraordinary opportunities. Seize common occasions and make them great. Every day is full of these. Larger opportunities come only to those who keep their eyes open for the smaller ones that are constantly presenting themselves.

Some people cannot see opportunity anywhere. They would pass through a gold mine without seeing anything precious or worthy of their attention. Others will find opportunities in the most barren and out-of-the-way places. Watt saw an opportunity in the old syringe used to inject the arteries previous to dissection. Bunyan found opportunity in the Bedford jail to write the greatest allegory of the world, on the untwisted paper that had been used to cork his bottles of milk.

Michael Angelo found a piece of discarded Carrara marble among waste rubbish, beside a street in Florence, which some unskilled workman had cut, hacked, spoiled and thrown away. No doubt many artists had noticed the fine quality of the marble and regretted that it should have been spoiled. But Michael Angelo saw an angel in the ruin, and with his chisel and mallet, he culled out from it one of the finest pieces of statuary in Italy, his young David. An observant barber in Newark, N.J., thought he could make an improvement in shears for cutting hair, invented clip-pers, and became rich. A Maine man was called in from the hayfield to wash clothes for his invalid wife. He had never realized what it was to wash clothes before. Finding the method slow and laborious, he invented the washing machine and made a fortune.

PROFESSIONS AND TRADES MULTIPLIED.

Opportunities? To the young man with open eyes and ears, who alive to the possibilities of the twentieth century, they are everywhere. Avenues greater in number, wider in extent, easier of access than ever before existed, stand open to the sober, frugal, energetic and able mechanic, to the educated youth, to the office boy and to the clerk—avenues through which they can reach greater successes than ever before within the reach of these classes in the history of the world. A short time ago there were only three or four recognized professions—now there are 50. And of trades, where there was one, there are a hundred.

Bestir yourselves, young men who cry "No chance!" Wake up to your opportunities, which are everywhere. All doors of service are open wide for you. The world looks to you to be ready to take the places of the men who made the nineteenth century the greatest in achievement of all ages. The east and the west, the north and the south call to you. In agriculture, in mechanics, in business, in science, in inventions, in surgery, in law, in the higher and lower walks of life alike greater work remains to be done than has ever been accomplished.

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Happiness is a great power of holiness. Thus kind words, by their power of producing happiness, have also a power of producing holiness, and so of winning men to God.

Do not expect too much from other people, but remember that all have some ill-nature—those occasional outcroppings we must expect, and that we must forbearance and forgive, as we often desire forbearance and forgiveness ourselves.

Useful at all Times.—In winter or in summer Parnele's Vegetable Pills will cope with and overcome any irregularities of the digestive organs which change of diet, change of residence, or variation of temperature may bring about. They should be always kept at hand, and once their beneficial action becomes known, no one will be without them. There is nothing nauseating in their structure, and the most delicate can use them confidently.

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He that has to do with an enemy upon him that he has to encounter one in the field. Never retort a sharp or angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel. Learn to say kind things whenever the opportunity offers.

The way to make future calamities easy to us in the sufferance is to make them familiar to us in the contemplation.

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It may be of little use to know that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is a positive cure for croup if it is not to be obtained at the critical time.

Most persons who have tested this treatment for croup keep a bottle at hand, so that by prompt action they can prevent the disease from reaching a serious stage.

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KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS

BY J. HARRISON

Kind Hearts are more than Coronets. And simple faith than Norman Blood.

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CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"Nor do I, thank God, love you in that way, for if I did I would make the parting doubly bitter. I have been careless, maybe—but I am not all to blame. I love this dear old place—every inch of its ground. I could not rest in my grave buried out of Lindsay's white soil."

"I have made you cry," he continued, for the tears were flowing continually down her cheeks. "I am not worth a single tear. But your self-sacrifice, your friendship, shall be with me wherever I may go. And it is better for me—God knows a hundred times better for you that I go alone."

He put his arms about her tenderly then, and kissed her on the lips, his own eyes heavy with tears. She broke from him, and ran up through the woods and out past Matthew like a startled deer. And she had registered a vow in the depths of her aching heart that no other lips should ever touch hers in caress again. That she would die as she had lived—alone.

Then, after years of silence, had come the news of his death—the bitter, sudden news that had almost killed her. She shuddered as with cold now when she thought of it. What was to prevent her bringing back the body of the man she loved—to taking the matter in her own hands? With Laurence Lindsay resting in the majestic silence of death at his gates, the master of the manor might rave and storm, but for decency's sake dare not refuse admission.

She thought this over now, and at last drew pen and paper towards her, and started a letter to Mr. Fraser. A pathetic little note it was in its way. Though its writer strove to be thoroughly business-like, the yearning of this unguarded moment stole into the terse lines. Would he advise her? she asked. And then went on to tell him of Laurence Lindsay's wish, and of how, after hearing of his death, she had tried to find the Mr. Fraser who had been so good to him, but could not. And of that very evening ex-Senator Hilliard had mentioned his name. She had made bold to write to him—and would he answer her? For well she knew that Laurence Lindsay could not rest in his alien soil, nor could she rest thinking of him so far away, for she had been his true friend and loyal comrade even in his absence.

"She looked up when that letter was signed and sealed—looked up at the pictured face, and drew it towards her. "Are you satisfied with me?" she whispered. "Laurence, my darling, are you satisfied with me?" Her tears fell heavily and slowly. She leaned her head down on the desk, and pressed her lips to the photograph. "My darling, my darling, be satisfied with me."

She faced the world again the next morning with serene blue eyes and mien as proud as ever. Her letter she posted with her own hands, and after that came another trial—waiting. She had no idea how long it would be before it reached him. The first week she would not think of it. Put with the second came expectation, and with the third a longing that was almost feverish. And then just as she felt that she could bear the suspense no longer, the answer arrived. It was one pleasant afternoon as she sat with Aunt Estelle and Gertrude in the former's sitting-room. Aunt Estelle, busy with her embroidery, did not notice how the girl's face changed, and how her hand shook when she saw the foreign postmark. Uncle Eric, looking up from his newspaper, inquired in a jocular manner whether it was her turn to be receiving love-letters now.

She smiled, and made some evasive reply, slipping the note, meanwhile, into her bosom. Then in order to distract the attention of the others, she went about her self-imposed duties as usual. She poured the tea, waited on her aunt, practised a song or two with Gertrude. Only now and then her hand stole to the front of her dress, in order to assure herself that the precious missive was a reality, not a dream.

He wrote a peculiar, cramped hand, she thought, when she first unfolded the thin sheet in the privacy of her room. And then she settled herself to decipher it. "Some years ago, when I first met Laurence Lindsay," began the letter. "He told me of Miss Mildred Powell. He told me of her strength of character, her fidelity. Pardon me if I laughed at him—for I did not believe in either of these traits as characteristic of women. I see that I have been unfortunate."

"Well did Laurence love his country and his home. It brings the past vividly before me when you ask me to help you to fulfil his wish to be buried in his native soil. "But there are many difficulties in the way. I would be obliged to go to Costa Rica—to the inhospitable regions in which my poor friend lies—in order to be sure that it was really his body that came back. I am not prepared for this journey yet. "I would take it more quickly if I were sure that his uncle would consent that he be buried in the Lindsay vault. It would hardly be wise to try so great an undertaking without his approval. "Through Laurence I know that there is an old man connected with the manor—Matthew, I think they call him—who would be willing to help and advise you. I will manage to see you within the next few weeks, perhaps, through this Matthew if I can discover him. At the present a letter addressed to 'Hotel L'Etranger, Paris, will reach me. How soon I may come to the United States I cannot tell, for I am but a bird of passage anywhere. "Why not broach the subject to Mr. Lindsay, and find out how he feels in the matter?"

"Which is just what I dare not do," she murmured. "How Laurence must have loved to describe his home—and me—and poor old Matthew to a stranger in a far-away country! Oh, to think of him dying alone—all

alone! Of Matthew—and of me, of me!" She sighed. "Had he stayed here, had we seen each other! Oh, he would have grown to love me, I know, I know he would. No one ever took my place in his heart. "There was a new problem facing the girl now. What was she to do? How broach the subject to Uncle Eric? How bear his reproaches, maybe his sneers, in all probability his rage? She winced. She would write again to Mr. Fraser and explain things before she did so.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Mother's Disappointment.

The happenings at Lindsay Manor were affecting one more person as deeply as any of the principal actors in the scenes. At Westport, in her little room, Mrs. Lindsay pursued her daily avocations just as serenely as usual. France had grown quite settled—the year from sixteen to seventeen does a great deal to mature the hoydenish, thoughtless, incipient future woman. She was very tender with her mother—much more tender and gentle than she had ever been—for she noticed that there was a weary droop to the kind lips, and an anxious frown between the eyes and seldom lighted now with the glad merriment of old.

For her first-born, probably the dearest of her children, was causing her the greatest sorrow of her life. She saw before him nothing but misery. His letters showed her how deep was his infatuation. It was not the sort of affection she had thought her Hugh would have entertained. Day by day the new love was absorbing all his thoughts, his cares, his tenderness. Day by day he was putting from him all and everything save one alone. He had given himself up to the great passion with what seemed madness to his mother. She could not really tell why she felt so badly over it—there was a strange foreboding at her heart, despite his reassuring letters, their joyous tone.

She never lost her temper with her children, and when Agatha came, rejoicing at Hugh's engagement, exalting the new sister-in-law-to-be to the skies, the mother had nothing to say except coinciding words. Then, in an unguarded moment, her daughter told her of that last interview with Gertrude before she left—told her that she had always been afraid of Hugh falling in love with the girl—that his good-fortune was partly due to her. Who knew what might not have happened had she not roused Gertrude's pride before things went too far.

Mrs. Lindsay listening, almost speechless, turned now. Agatha, gazing up with satisfied complacency, read something in the flushed face, the flashing eyes of her mother she had never seen in them. For the first time she stood frightened before her. "Not another word!" said Mrs. Lindsay. "Not another word! I am at last learning how well I have succeeded in raising my children. That you, my daughter, could have wounded the heart of that most loving child in such a bitter manner! That child, for whose welfare I have prayed night after night, scarce daring to ask of God the great boon that she might love my son! Now I hold the key to her pathetic little letters—in which her aching heart tried to mask its pain under smooth-sounding words. And my son Hugh, my darling, whose prayers were learned at my very knee—forgetful of his pride, forgetful of his religion, he takes this woman—who will humble him first in his own eyes, and be the cause probably of the loss of his immortal soul! Go home, Agatha, go home, and when you reach there go down on your two knees, and ask God to give you the child-like faith, the loving heart of the little girl you despise. Would to God she were indeed to be my daughter! Gladly would I welcome her, and her place would not be lower with me than any one of you."

She left the room then, and Agatha, astonished, sat silent for a long time. She had never seen her mother so moved in all her life. And she was scared as well at the storm she had raised. She went away, indeed, not angry—but frightened. And that night when her husband came home she told him, with tears, of the occurrence. He was a sensible young fellow on the whole, and he comforted her, telling her that they would go together and ask her mother's forgiveness.

So it happened that Agatha—a very humble, Agatha indeed—crept into her mother's loving arms, and with penitence asked her not to remember that she had wounded her. And, perhaps, in that hour, the mother and daughter got closer together, and Agatha realized in very truth the sublimity of her mother's soul. For Leigh had written—and Mrs. Lindsay took out the beautiful letter, each character so carefully formed. She read the high-sounding phrases that, analyzed, meant so little. And she placed Gertrude's scrawl beside it, and she showed Agatha how the one note was missing from that high-flown epistle—the note of sincerity. In Gertrude's every line was simple affection and honesty—one felt she said not half that her heart dictated.

And Agatha saw with her mother's eyes, and learned the value of things material in contrast with those immortal. "Oh, mother," she said, "when shall I be as wise as you are?" And the mother answered, smiling sorrowfully: "When your children are as old as mine."

And, indeed, as those weeks sped by it was well for the good woman that she knew not the truth of the conditions existing at the manor. Already had the mocking words of ex-Senator Hilliard begun to be verified. Leigh was discontented. That first high mood in which she had resolved to give up all things for Hugh Lindsay wore away. Her manner towards him underwent many changes. She was as contradictory

as an April day—one moment all sunshine, the next a storm-cloud. So great was his love that her first sweet words were enough to remove all disagreeable impressions. It was natural for her to feel so, he told himself. She was so wonderful—she had been so completely a law unto herself, what surprising in the fact that she often took to heart the thought of a husband's absolute power? By his gentleness and kindness he would show her that apart from being his sweetheart she was also his beloved comrade and friend.

Eric Lindsay was satisfied, and his wife expressed her contentment all willing, even anxious, to agree with him in everything. Gertrude, bravely fighting out the sorrow of her life, and resisting Aunt Estelle, who was bringing all her influence to bear in order to arrange a marriage between the girl and young Bayard Cameron, found herself in deep waters. She had grown very gentle and tender in her intercourse with those who constituted her family, but in a case of this kind Aunt Estelle was to learn that the stubborn will of old remained. Leigh's almost constant presence did much to control her little heroine self-control for the hour, and then to make the younger girl write secretly. She had not much for her pains, however, and in crossing swords with so skilled an antagonist in the use of repartee she got the worst of it. They were quiet skirmishes on the whole, for Leigh had no wish to pose as a jealous sweetheart, nor Gertrude as a love-sick, disappointed girl. Hugh was perfectly dense to Leigh's innuendoes that Gertrude cared for him, and she had enough womanliness left not to say what she meant outright. To him each passing day made Leigh more precious.

"You have no idea," she said once, "how hard it is to contemplate the future. I wish you would get angry at me, Hugh, some time, and give me a thorough scolding—but no, do not, or I shall be more unhappy still. You men, when you marry, absorb but one element into your lives. We women change our whole existence."

Replied by one woman whose every careful word had been true one, whose every feeling was a true one, whose Hugh's ideal was a rare and radiant creature who could think no wrong. In Leigh he felt that he had found her. It was well that she contemplated the future with such troubled eyes. She was no harebrained, careless character, not she. The cynical phrases that so often passed her lips were no indication of her true nature, he assured himself—merely bubbles that rose to the surface, echoes of the artificial life she had led in the artificial coin of the artificial world. She would forget them when she entered the country of truth and simplicity—his native air, his mother's native air.

He had to return to the city the last of November, and he had hoped that Leigh would promise to marry him at Christmas, so that he could spend the next month fitting up their new home, with his mother's help—for she must be content with the home of his own loving hands would make the little house at such a speedy marriage. No, that wasn't half enough time, she wanted longer to get used to the idea. Even April was too soon—but she would consider it then. April—it was not long to wait—four months more than he had counted on.

His mother wrote just then—a very gentle letter, and in it she asked him to bring Leigh and Mrs. Fenton for a week's stay at the little house in Westport. And Leigh, with a sweet look in her eyes, consented willingly. "And while you're there I'll take a run to the office and drop in on my partner," said Hugh, with a practicalness that made the girl feel suddenly that she hated him. "I've earned this vacation honestly, but perhaps he'd like a little help for a few days. Besides, I want you and mother to get to know each other—you will succeed in doing so better if I am not there."

So it chanced that Westport, at the close of one beautiful day towards the end of October, received Mrs. Fenton and her daughter. This meeting between his mother and his betrothed had been Hugh's one wish. He had no doubt as to the consequences. If Mrs. Lindsay looked about her little home, wishing it were finer to receive Hugh's aristocratic sweetheart, she did nothing to dress it up. The girl must know that as they really were.

"She will perhaps understand my boy better when she sees the home in which he was born," said his mother, with wistful longing. "God grant her a true heart—may she be as good as she is beautiful." In her welcome there was nothing left to be desired. She opened her arms to the girl, and Leigh, stirred on. "I wanted to do things for my eyes, returned her embrace with a warmth that astonished Hugh and impressed his mother favorably. She greeted the older woman no less heartily, and then took them to their rooms. The simple chamber, with its pure white curtains and sparse furniture, struck the girl, who was so used to luxury, as a relief.

"It looks so cool," she said, smiling. "And it will be such a change. I did not bring my maid," she went on. "I wanted to do things for myself for a week to see what it is like. I never did without a maid more than a day at a time before this."

She was standing at the mirror taking off her hat as she spoke. The mother noticed how beautiful she was, how altogether patrician, and how altogether out of place in this small room. But she would allow herself no such thoughts as this last. "Let me be your maid," she said, smiling. "Remember I am Hugh's mother, and anything I can do for you will be a pleasure indeed."

Hugh went to the city next day, leaving Leigh to his mother and sisters, and at first Leigh did enjoy the change. Everything was so very different that the novelty of it attracted her—for the first two days. At the end of that time she made up her mind that life in such a place as this was circumscribed and narrow and miserable. They were so dreadfully punctual and so conscientious. When one is ruled by self-admiration there is no self-examination. Unwillingly Leigh had to confess that Hugh's mother was more lady-like than her own, despite her comparatively humble surroundings. And realizing this, she tried to be as clever as she possibly could. No one knew better than she how to turn

high-sounding phrases, to say much and to mean little. She exerted herself to display the talents that had won her a reputation. Experience of life had made Mrs. Lindsay forbearing towards all humankind. When the young girl spoke to her on so many themes, and with such brilliant speech, she looked at her with clear-eyed wisdom, and then in a few simple words, laid bare the fallacy of her ideas, or showed her how much more she knew of the subject than Leigh herself. Nor did she do this in a patronizing way, but gently, as if she had been Agatha or France.

"Three days more of it!" said Leigh to her mother on Wednesday morning. "Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, we have been here three centuries. Oh, I shall be so old when I get home again!" "It isn't bad here," said Mrs. Fenton, who, in her way, enjoyed anything that left her in peace. "And Mrs. Lindsay is an excellent cook."

It was the worst thing she could have said. Leigh made a wry face. "I suppose I, too, will be expected to be cook, and everything else," she said, hotly. "What of the Leigh Fenton I have known—she of superior longings and attainments—"

"You'd lose those very soon if you hadn't enough to eat," said Mrs. Fenton, placidly. Now that her daughter was engaged she saw no reason to be so considerate of her. Besides, there was no danger in the prospects that Leigh viewed so gloomily—for had she not Eric Lindsay's word on it? They stayed the week. The day before they left for home Leigh was sitting beside Mrs. Lindsay on the porch. France was busy in the house and her merry voice could be heard in a snatch of song as she went from room to room. Leigh listened in silence a long time, unconscious that Mrs. Lindsay's eyes were on her face. At last she patted a yawn and threw the novel she had been trying to read on the step.

"How can that girl sing so?" she asked, turning to the mother. "What a sober life you live out here—and how practical!" "An earnest, quiet, happy life it is to us, my child," she returned, gravely. "I couldn't lead it," her teeth shutting together with a snap. "No? Tell me, dear, what sort of a life you would like. A different one to ours?" "Different? Oh, heavens!" The girl smiled at the absurdity of the question. "I would not, I could not, live a dull life in a dull house. I must have excitement, emotion, poetry, beauty."

"There is no life on God's earth without its poetry and beauty, Leigh." She shrugged her shoulders. "And just as much as we put into it just so much does it contain. We can idealize even our daily occupations."

"Such occupations as yours—mending, darning—" The girl shuddered. "With love and duty as the spirit of your daily existence—there is beauty even in these." "Ah, well, we won't discuss it," said Leigh, slowly. She must get away from this quickly—she would stifle here. "Perhaps I expect too much," she went on. "I have always wanted to be best in everything. Nothing but what was perfect ever suited me. I dreamed that when the time came my love would come to me with such idolization as the poets write of. The love that makes kings lay down their crowns for the sake of a poor girl!" Her eyes glowed. "A love that would carry a man out of himself—a wild tempest of affection that would stop at nothing. Oh, somewhere there is love like this in this world."

The mother looked at her as if she had suddenly gone mad. "And for this great, all-absorbing, passionate devotion, what have you to offer?" The question was an honest one. For the first time in her life, perhaps, the girl gave an honest question as honest, if unexpected, answer. "Only this," she said, touching her face with her hand. "Only that!" sorrowfully. "What a poor exchange for a man's whole heart."

"Love Hugh," said the girl, casting down her eyes. "He makes me ashamed of myself often. Hugh understands me, almost defers to me. He knows I am not like other people." "You are romantic, Leigh, and life is an earnest thing after all—from which we can expect to reap only what harvest grows from the seed we plant. Dreams do not help us to lead aimful lives."

"What are dreams to you are the breath of life to me," sharply. So this was Hugh's sweetheart, thought the mother—this was her home-loving, quiet boy's future wife, this girl whose head was filled with silly nonsense, with fantastic notions. And Hugh saw none of these faults. She was his idol. Afterwards how would it be with him? He was not one to yield the truth of his heart and soul to any one woman's views. But if he really loved her would she not lead him to her way of thinking as his father had been led by her? Slowly, maybe, but surely, from his holy religion—for the sake of her who believed in nothing. Oh, that she might speak to this girl with the tongue of an angel, would that she could show her the reality of life as she had found it! With a sigh she laid her hand over the beautiful white ones.

"My child," she said, tenderly. "I want you to listen to me. My views are not yours, for I am old and I have seen many things come to pass. Above all the idle fancies that weave their way into our lives, there is but one thing necessary—the will to do right. God is our supreme Creator, and a woman is at her best and loveliest when bowing to His decree. The passionate love you describe is not the true love God wishes us to have—for He must come first in our hearts—first and foremost. Does He come first in yours, Leigh—even before Hugh?" "I am not much interested in religion," said Leigh, indifferently. "Hugh has said he will show me how you Catholics believe some day. If I can see it—but pshaw!" She shrugged her shoulders gracefully and vanished again. She had recovered her artificial manner and was anxious to change the subject. With an aching heart Mrs. Lindsay spoke of other things. And that day, ended, and Leigh went home.

"Thank God," she said, when she found herself in the train, leaving Westport. "Thank God, I should

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In and Around Toronto

FEAST OF ALL SAINTS.

The Feast of All Saints was celebrated on Tuesday last. In the churches of the city a high mass and several low masses were said, and in the evening Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given and Vespers for the dead sung in preparation for the Feast of All Souls.

ALL SOULS DAY.

Wednesday, the Feast of All Souls, saw the face of everything changed from that of the previous day. Then our churches were all in the brightness of the glory of the Saints and the Church triumphant; on All Souls day we saw nothing but signs of mourning as typified by the vestments and garb of our sanctuaries.

ANNUAL MEETING OF MOUNT HOPE COMMITTEE.

The annual meeting of the Committee of Mount Hope Cemetery was held at St. Michael's Palace on Sunday afternoon. His Grace the Archbishop presided and Rev. Father Rohleder acted as Secretary.

THE HOSPITAL QUESTION.

In view of the late grant by Mr. Cawthra Mulock of \$100,000 to the General Hospital, under certain conditions and for certain purposes, the Hospital question generally has acquired a position of immediate and vivid prominence in the mind of the public, and the "News" of last week publishes interviews with the Government, the city, the medical faculty and others on the subject.

a mistake to dwarf the powers of others, which so far as the immediate convenience of the public is concerned are at least of equal moment. If a grant from the city be decided upon it would be following the already public opinion generally, to divide the grant amongst the hospitals in proportion to the work done, for which last year's schedule of grants would serve as a very fair scale.

COLLECTION FOR SUNNYSIDE ORPHANAGE.

The annual collection in aid of the Sacred Heart Orphanage at Sunnyside will be taken up in the churches of the city on Sunday next. In making the announcement from the pulpits attention was drawn to the great work which the institution is doing and to the necessity for cooperation on the part of the public.

WORKING FOR CHRISTMAS.

A few days ago news accidentally came to hand of the working of a certain Sodality of the west end, who at their last meeting formulated a plan of helping on the generous spirit which envelops things generally at Christmas, by making a collection of clothes to be given at that time to those in need.

SHEPPARD-DAWSON.

At St. Patrick's church, Toronto, Sept. 21st, the marriage of Miss Mary Sheppard to Mr. William Dawson took place. Rev. Father Dearling officiated. The bride was attired in a travelling suit of navy blue basket cloth.

THE LATE SERGEANT-MAJOR D'ARCY.

On Sunday, Oct. 30th, the death occurred of William D'Arcy, late Sergeant-Major of Her Majesty's 47th Regiment of foot. The closing of the life of the deceased was the ending of an active and interesting career. A native of the County of Limerick, Ireland, where he first saw the light about seventy years ago.

DEATH OF GEORGE THOMPSON.

Among the late deaths is that of Mr. George Thompson of No. 3 Stafford street. The sad event occurred at Gravenhurst Oct. 24th. The remains were brought to Toronto and the funeral took place from St. Mary's church on Thursday morning to St. Michael's cemetery. The deceased was in his 24th year and was the youngest son of Mary and the late Henry Thompson. R.I.P.

THE SOLDIER'S GOOD CONDUCT MEDAL.

Appropos of the mention elsewhere in this column of the military good conduct medal, it may be interesting

to hear something of its meaning and value. I happened to be present when a gentleman entered the room to pay a visit to the remains of the late Sergt-Major D'Arcy. It turned out that he himself was a veteran, that he had not known the deceased in life, but seeing the death notice, was prompted to pay a last mark of respect to one who had been a brother in arms.

MISS CATHERINE MALLON. The death of Miss Kate Mallon, which occurred at St. Michael's Hospital as the result of a fracture sustained a few days previously, takes from the east end a member of one of the oldest and best known families of St. Paul's parish.

In Loving Memory

Of Mary Meehan, Who Died Sept. 26, 1904, Aged 24 Years. She is gone, our blessed sister, She is gone from earth away; No more shall pain and sorrow Her gentle spirit stay.

A Pioneer of Ekfield

Mrs. Margaret Gallagher of Lot 3, Con. 1, Ekfield, passed to her reward on Monday evening, Oct. 17th. She was the beloved wife of the late John Gallagher, and her death took place at her home near Longwood at the age of 69 years.

FLANAGAN—At Chicago, Oct. 24, 1904, Daniel Joseph Flanagan, son of J. Flanagan, sr., aged 62. Buried at St. Michael's Cemetery, Toronto, Oct. 27, 1904. Only surviving brother of Mrs. Cloney. Lord have mercy on his soul.

DIED.

The Crick in the Back—"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," sings the poet. But what about the touch of rheumatism and lumbago, which is so common now? There is no poetry in that touch, for it renders life miserable.

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Toronto Island Breakwater Extension" will be received at this office until Wednesday, November 2, 1904, inclusively, for the construction of an extension to the Breakwater on South side of Toronto Island, City of Toronto, in the County of York, Ontario, according to a plan and a specification to be seen at the office of H. A. Gray, Esq., Engineer in charge of harbor works, Ontario, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

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THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST. 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. A fee of \$10 is charged for a homestead entry.

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 and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years. (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this Act, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land 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. The term "vicinity" used above is meant to indicate the same township or an adjoining or cornering township. A settler who avails himself of the provisions of Clauses (2), (3) or (4) must cultivate 30 acres of his homestead, or substitute 20 head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have besides 80 acres substantially fenced. The privilege of a second entry is restricted by law to those settlers only who completed the duties upon their first homestead to entitle them to patent on or before the 2nd June, 1889. Every homesteader who fails to comply with the requirements of the homestead law is liable to have his entry cancelled, and the land may be again thrown open for entry.

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. Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, as well as respecting Dominion Lands in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa; the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba; or to any of the Dominion Lands Agents in Manitoba or the North-west Territories. JAMES A. SMART, Deputy Minister of the Interior. N.B.—In addition to Free Grant Lands, to which the Regulations above stated refer, thousands of acres of most desirable lands are available for lease or purchase from Railroad and other Corporations and private firms in Western Canada.

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