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The Motherland

Latest Mail from
ENGLAND
IRELAND
and
SCOTLAND

Major Cowan, a well known gentleman was summoned to appear before the Lordship Justice for having ridden on a bicycle on the footpath at Killybegs. As he left the following day for Ballywater the summons did not reach him till the morning before the sitting of the court. He appeared immediately to the magistrates to ask for the postponement of the case but Mr. Gibson, R.M., etc., presided, proceeded with the case, and the maximum penalty—namely, £1—was imposed. Major Cowan would not pay the fine and the decision said he would not pay the fine that to devote a case with out hearing the defence was in his opinion, unjust, and to exact the maximum fine from a gentleman amateur rider, who cycles with a bell and a brake, at the average pace of eight miles an hour, and who has never passed a footpath passenger with out putting up, is, according to his view, unjust. Mr. Cowan was visited on the 12th inst. by two of the Down murrystabulars, and he accompanied them by train to Belfast, where he was given into custody of the governor of the Belfast Jail.

The hundredth anniversary of the great Ulster patriot, William Orr, was fittingly celebrated in Belfast on Oct. 14th, by a magnificent demonstration in St. Mary's Hall. Messrs John Dillon, M.P., Timothy Harrington, M.P., and William O'Brien travelled from Dublin for the purpose of taking part in the proceedings. They were received at the Belfast branches of the National Federation and National League, the Young Ireland Society, Florry Joy M. Craddock Literary Society, and the different local U.S. clubs. Among those present were—Messrs Joseph Devlin, Civic delegate; John Blythe, hon. secretary Belfast Branch Irish National Federation; John F. Rodan, solicitor; James M. Mahon, Hugh Martin, John T. Donovan, hon. secretary Belfast Young Ireland Society; Hugh Agnew, C. Fegan, Francis Blair, F. Ranton, P. M. Galt, George McCreery, J. M. Cunn, T. Farryell, T. M. G. Gigan, John Nugh, J. O'Neill, J. McCavana, A. Kerr, J. M. Guley, etc. Messrs. Dillon, Harrington and O'Brien were loudly cheered on making their appearance, and as they drove to the Lincen Hall Hotel they were enthusiastically greeted by a large crowd assembled in the vicinity of the station. St. Mary's Hall—the large hall—was given to the assembly by an immense crowd long before the meeting commenced. Banners and scrolls appropriate to the occasion were displayed throughout the hall, bearing such inscriptions as "Remember Orr," "Welcome to B. I. F.," "McDonnors William Orr," "1797," "Ulster wants Home Rule." Two American and Irish flags occupied prominent positions, and an interesting trophy was displayed in the form of a British flag captured at the Battle of Ballynahinch. On the platform was a memorial shield in green draped with crepe, and bearing in white letters the inscription "Remember Orr. Murdered for Ireland at Carrickfergus 11th October, 1797. Ireland a Nation." This memorial was unveiled after the meeting commenced by Mr. John Dillon amidst a scene of great enthusiasm. The Belfast National Brass Band occupied the platform before the opening of the proceedings, and played in excellent style a number of Irish national airs. A remarkable demonstration of the same took place with Messrs. O'Brien and Harrington, accompanied by some prominent local Nationalists, appeared on the platform. The immense gathering, representative of various Nationalist bodies and '98 clubs, rose en masse, and continued to cheer vehemently, and to wave hats for a considerable time. Mr. Michael M'Donnan, M.P., occupied the chair.

At Ennis Quarter Sessions a case was heard which excited an unusual amount of interest throughout West Clare. The plaintiff was a man named Patrick Markham, son to Thomas Markham, the taker of the evicted and boycotted farm of Killyhanny, and he claimed a sum of £50 damages from Rev. Martin M'Gurran, parish priest of Killyhanny, for alleged assault committed at the parish chapel on the 6th of June last. The jury found a verdict for Father M'Gurran.

The death of Judge Philip Francis Little, in his well-earned retirement at Monkstown, Co. Dublin, recalls the important part he took in building up the fortunes of the Colony of Newfoundland during many eventful years. The late Judge was born in Prince Edward Island in 1824, his father being a merchant originally from Dublin, and his mother a native

montary and the extraordinary escape of a three-man. It appears that at about three o'clock in the morning, a young man named J. P. and Thomas Moore (brothers) and a third man named Michael Collins, were returning from the fishing grounds in a small canoe through the Blasket Sound when the frail craft was struck by a wave, and swamped.

A horrible occurrence has startled the people of Limerick. Mr. John O'Riordan, V.S. was killed while driving into Limerick. It appears that the deceased gentleman left Rathfriland, where he had been attending the Quarter Sessions, to drive home. Mr. J. H. Moran, solicitor, accompanied Mr. O'Riordan, and when close to the village of Patrick's Well it seems they met a heavy cart driving in the opposite direction, with which Mr. O'Riordan's trap, a Liverpool gig, collided and he was thrown precipitately upon the road, receiving such injuries that he died soon afterwards. Great regret is felt in many quarters at the unexpected and untimely death of Mr. J. O'Riordan, the ex-Lieutenant of Limerick. Though he supported Mr. Parnell against the majority of the Irish representatives, he never underestimated the value of a national unity, and in later days in Limerick he patriotically assisted in alleviating the agony begotten of deplorable distress.

The trustees of Maynooth College have arranged that the successful candidate for the Chair of Rhetoric and of Ancient Classics, the Rev. Michael Sheehan, of the diocese of Waterford and Lismore, whose appointment was confirmed at the meeting last week, should be granted leave of absence, so that he may have an opportunity of proceeding abroad and studying the educational methods in higher classical studies in the leading Continental colleges and universities. The new professor has had a distinguished collegiate career. He was a Professor during his second year of Theology at Maynooth, and later on he was a Professor in St. John's College, Waterford, in his own diocese of Waterford and Lismore.

A Tory candidate on the look for Catholic votes was placed in a difficulty at the Middleton Division of Litchfield election. He visited a district where the Catholic vote was strong, and discoursed largely of what the paragonous Administration at present in office intended to do for the Catholic schools. An embarrassing incident followed. One of the audience handed the speaker a written question. Mr. Mitchell glanced at the paper and sat down. There was an awkward pause. "Get on with the answers," shouted an admulatory voice at the back of the hall. The nature of the first question suggested an explanation of his singular unorthodoxy. It virtually challenged Mr. Mitchell with being a member of an Orange lodge. He admitted that a great many years ago he did become a member of an Orange Lodge, that at that period he held Catholicism up to approbrium.

A Paris despatch says that one of the founders of the new society formed to promote the conversion of the Anglican Church to Roman Catholicism has been interviewed by a representative of the Matin, to whom he said: "We are going to inaugurate our work immediately. Special services have already been held at Arles, the true cradle of the Church founded by St. Augustine, and in Paris among the various sections of the Anglo-church. Every month in all towns in France Masses will be celebrated for the conversion of the Anglican Church. Plenary and partial indulgences will be granted to the presidents, directors, and associates of the various confraternities. Our action will not fail to be fruitful. Through the centuries, as Cardinal Vaughan reminded us at Arles, the Churches of France and England have always maintained the best relations towards each other."

The death of Francis Newman has revived a long discussion, for which he was largely responsible, as to the date at which his famous brother's "Apologia" was written. The natural answer, of course, would be 1864, with the addition that it was a direct consequence of Kingsley's well remembered attack. This was certainly the impression left upon the ordinary mind by John Henry Newman's original profuso; but Francis Newman was accustomed in later years to assert that the late Cardinal had for years before 1864 been waiting for suitable opportunity for offering the "Apologia pro Vita Sua," that he had even written a portion of it, and that Kingsley's onslaught appeared to him the fitting moment for its publication. It is improbable that any portion of the "Apologia" was written before the Kingsley attack, but there is no difficulty in assuming that Newman was always ready for such an assault, and that when it came he was prepared to meet it, with the result that an imperishable work was added to English literature.

Why is a lover like a gas-jet? Because he burns to meter.

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VISITING THE TOMBS... OF THE DEAD

A day or two ago, in company with the Rev. Father McLoskey, I visited the Roman Catholic Cemetery in Camp Hill, and on looking at the silent abodes of those who have gone into the house of their eternity I could not help thinking what care and prudence were exercised in the selection of the spot, for the grave yard is beautifully situated in an elevated place in the south eastern outskirts of the picturesque village itself.

Of course, the first thing that attracted my attention was the splendid granite monuments that bespoke the love and veneration of certain of the living for the remains of departed relations who rested underneath, while admiring these costly monuments of the noblest granite, I could not but be struck by the thoughtful arrangement of the monuments, for in the interment of man's mortal remains graves and racks are forgotten in the common fate that awaits all the children of Adam. A narrow clay bed six feet long by a few feet in depth is all the possessions that remain to mortal man once the animating soul has left his body. Side by side with the polished granite shafts lie graves marked by humble resting slabs, and some others that had no monumental distinctions save the raised mould covered by the green sward which Heaven itself had bestowed. In one of these latter graves, which had neither name nor headstone, the good pastor pointed to the enclosed bones of a former much-respected and beloved friend of my own, whose tragic and awfully sudden death caused a shock to the community. I purposely refrain from citing names or circumstances, but let it suffice to know that the victim was a thoroughly practical Catholic man, and that among those who made contrite confession and partook of the Holy Communion on the previous Sunday he counted as one. In this diversity of the rich and the poor, and the monumental decorations I could discern a type of the various tastes, ideas and financial circumstances of the survivors who decorated the tombs of their departed ones, and in the humble inscribed stone or tablet I thought I could see, perhaps, as strong a proof of veneration as that conveyed in the most expensive monumental stone.

The true sentiments of heart and soul and sorrow for loved ones that are no more cannot be measured by outward manifestations nor by the costliness of the decorations that cover their tombs. The value of the widow's mite, as determined by its circumstances, recurred to my mind, and I readily conceived the notion that, in this sense, the slightest real grief over the lonely grave should stand for much, and again I thought that how over different may be the conditions of our social rank and station in life in death and in the grave there is perfect equality. In the eternal decree has gone forth that all men shall die, and the same great underlying of this terrible fact no further use to us, for we are doomed to go under ground, to rot in the grave and become the prey of worms and maggots. Hence, the inevitable leveling of all social distinctions, and the destruction and mouldering of all earthly pomp and pretension.

The boast of heraldry, of pomp and power, All that beauty, all that wealth ere gave Alike await the inevitable hour, The grave's wide gate opens wide to the grave.

I know that reflections of this kind are apt to begot gloomy thoughts in the mind, and are alleviated by people of timid dispositions, still it is well that over unpleasant subjects should be considered, when we know that they have a deep meaning for us and are inseparably connected with our present and future existence. As I wandered through the graves of the silent dead I noticed the tombs of young infants as well as those of adult and middle life, together with that of ripe old age, and from this fact the inevitable conclusion was drawn that humanity has been placed in an uncertain and dependent state, and that the life of the youngest as well as that of the oldest may be snatched at any moment. From this thought came the sacred truth of the supreme necessity of being at all times ready to face death.

Then again as I read the various inscriptions on the headstones I saw that there were hardly any other records of the buried persons than that they were born on one certain day and that they died on another. While this epitome of one's earthly career may be enough to write on a tombstone, it may, in some cases, be regarded as typical of the short lived honors paid to our misery when we are gone, and if rightly pondered, should this very fact not tend to make us think less of the fleeting world around us, and to provide better for that life which will never end. When I looked still further at the different dates and ages engraved upon the tombs, I read records of individuals who died many long years ago, as well as of those who had gone, as it were,

visiting the place of some children in a sort of pilgrimage, but in the latter years of the parents, but in a look at the graves of the parents there is a thought of the folly of grieving for departed loved ones, because of the shortness of even the longest life. And again I strove to think of the great day of reckoning, when young and old and all of us will meet to give account of our lives, and our appearance before the Sovereign Judge.

In the midst, however, of all this solemn musing, one thing fastened itself upon my attention, and that was the extreme care bestowed upon the place of the dead, by the devoted pastor. He told of the improvements already done and of those projected, and occupying his mind I pointed to the piles of stones removed, of the blasting of huge ones, and to clearing up of the place generally, and the opening of a new road through the middle of the plot, and of a general beautifying of the grounds throughout. From all this I came vividly into my mind what scrupulous care the Catholic Church bestows upon her departed children for every inch of the Catholic grave yard in consecrated ground made holy by the sacred rites of the Church, and fit recipients for the bodies of the faithful departed until the great accounting day, when the long sleep shall awake to quit their narrow beds at the sound of the last trumpet. This great veneration for the faithful ashes from the glorious doctrine of Catholicity which insinuates the holy precept of the Communion of Saints, and of the tender spiritual bond that unites the souls of the living and the dead. As I instinctively knelt in prayer over the grave of my departed friend alluded to above, my consoling doctrine of a belief in Purgatory came more forcibly into my mind, and rising from the spot I looked more intently upon the huge black cross, in the middle of the cemetery, which spoke of man's redemption and of his hope of eternal life beyond the tomb.

I know then clearer than ever before what it means to pray for the dead, and in some measure I realized that this holy function has its root in the supernatural, for dust and rotten bones would not deserve a visit to the grave, and to be prayed for with fervor and devotion.

Thinking of this spiritual link that unites the faithful of the living and the faithful of the dead, I shuddered at the coldness and emptiness of non-Catholicism which is content to lay its beloved dead in their cold graves with out ever offering a single prayer for their souls' repose.

The Nunery.

Along the North lanes we spread
On the last day of lonely June,
Like harvesters among the weed
Tearing the hedge, we lunch at noon
O'erward at last our who's are stayed
Reverend an ancient abbey's shade.

Here, all Faith's D'forders reigned,
The B'ochosus held their sway,
Their pillaged houses now were gained
For prayer, an address to day,
O'er a few poor monks, whose days
Are spent in labor, prayer and praise.

Knock at the nunery's oak gate,
May we whom Pleasure fondly intrude
For prayer, an address to day,
O'er a few poor monks, whose days
Are spent in labor, prayer and praise.

We break the little chapel's peace,
A nun before its altar bowed,
Offers the prayers which never cease
According, like an incense cloud,
To Heaven, for the world's sins unknown.
Their sisters' sorrows, and their own.

We paced the garden: fall away
The curtains, and we seem to be
The pilgrims of an earlier day:
Of earth-life's piety;
For when a former found it meet
To make man's mind his judgment seat

The troubled waters of Galilee,
Reposed at evening gladly seek,
And would as once with Mary speak,
With the young nun who thro' the walks
Directs our steps, a soul so zealous
Happy and serene, she talks
Like one who was a child and dreamer
Have not by doubts been clouded o'er,
Or by thinsious held no more.

And other ways we see, whose forms
Show back against the bright June
Flowers;
Souls who seek shelter from the storm
Of life in these, we think, beloved;
Whom you seek, but seek they grave.
The joy they hope, beyond the grave.

For we are saddened men; we tire
Of life, whose aim we cannot tell;
Hopes, we live in vain desire,
Like saints, which Dante saw in hell
Our hearts by norms of doubt are driven
Where they are fixed, and fixed on Heaven.

Come hither, you who seek release
From turmoil; men of fever'd blood!
Here let this order's annuity's peace
Repose you, and calm your restless mood!
Lest fate, referred upon your way,
As we do on this holy day!
—JOHN HUNTERWOOD IN THE SPECTATOR.

"Industry must prosper," as the husband said when holding the baby while his wife chopped wood.

The Domain of Woman

TALKS BY "TERESA"

Probably there is no dish that is so much abused and misused as the pudding which usually appears at a first course, either in the shape of a hard, round cannon ball or a half liquid composition looking something like melted custard poured over plum cake.

Why is this? I am at a loss to imagine very likely because it is made in a fashion and with ingredients that an English cook would never dream of using.

I have no doubt the above recipe would make a very nice pudding but it is about the most un-English method I ever heard of.

More than half the ingredients used in England are omitted, including nutmegs, salt, almonds, spec, brandy.

Excuse me as the French are at cooking, it seems to be impossible for them to manage to turn out a creditable pudding.

It is in this essential difference between French and English dishes that resides the proper cooking of the latter so different to the French; unless they have been accustomed to catering for English tastes.

Plum pudding, as she is made in France, is usually served up in a soup tureen, or else it is no hard that it could stop a rifle bullet fired at sixteen paces.

I remember the dull account given by a cousin of mine who had been staying in Paris over Christmas, of the difficulty she encountered in making a plum pudding.

Being an English, or rather Irish girl, her hosts were very anxious to do her honor by providing her national dish on Christmas Day.

But how to make it? that was the question. My cousin happened to overhear an earnest discussion between the mistress and the cook, and she innocently volunteered to make the pudding.

The offer was hailed with delight. They waited at last for a real English plum pudding about which they had heard so much, and made by a mistress hand, too, for they had no doubt "cher Mrs. O'Connor" was a splendid pudding maker.

This being her first attempt she was not quite so sure about it as she would have been had she had more experience.

Mary came in for a chat the other afternoon. Mary had come in at ten o'clock because, she says, she can never get such tea as we give her anywhere else.

Just try omitting the teaspoon every time you use it, then when you are going to make tea, pour a little boiling water into the teapot and let it stand a few minutes to get quite hot.

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It is a fine sermon it must have been if it had no better effect on the congregation. "I remarked severely," I hope you didn't snicker.

"I can't very well hear it," admitted Mary. "She was one of the finishing, namely pearly sort, and seemed to be afraid to let the words come out of her mouth."

"I suppose she is a clergy—what do you call her—clergywoman?" "No, she isn't, her husband is a minister."

"There was another woman preacher we went to hear last week," continued Mary. "She is a minister, herself, and she was just splendid. I never heard such a sermon as she preached in all my life."

"Humph! I always thought you people believed implicitly in the Bible." "So do we," was the placid reply.

"Well, how about St. Paul's telling women not to raise their voices in the church? He distinctly says that the women must keep silence in the churches, and if they want to learn anything they must ask their husbands at home."

"A great deal we should learn of them," with holy countenance. "That's our own fault; we don't bring them up as we ought to do; what is the use of our going and spouting out sermons when our own children are being allowed to grow up anyhow?"

"Mary's reply to this was an allusion to old maid children and the paragon they always are."

"Perhaps it old maids just confused themselves to the theoretical bringing up of other people's children, and did not attempt to reform the world by pulpitory and platform spouting it would be a good thing."

"But Mary never troubles about grammar, so it did not matter so much; and for the exact motto—well, nothing excites her; you can argue yourself wiser, and she will bring you back to the straight and every time with the correct direction of logic I over came across in myself."

like that should not get into a pulpit at all. "If you allow women to preach, how are you going to prevent the silly ones from making an exhibition of themselves?"

"There's plenty of silly men in the pulpit," said Mary, innocently. "Sprink for your own following my dear," I retorted.

"Whatever others do the Church takes good care that her priests shall be properly a fully trained in all their duties, preaching not the least of them."

"I'll take another cup of tea, please," says Mary.

Irish and English Catholic Novelists.

The difference between a novel and a novelette is one of length only, a novelette is a condensed novel, and no one unless a novelist of experience and ability can do it justice.

The book opens with a tale of London life, entitled "A Dress King," written by Louise Emily Dubrovo.

The next story, "In St. Patrick's Ward," by M. E. Francis, the pseudonym of Mrs. Frances Bindell.

"Theo. Gift," under which name Mrs. Dorothy Boulger, the author of "Pretty Miss Bellow."

"Fair Dorothy Wilmet," the fourth story of the book, is from the pen of Bronnia Pauline von Inugel.

"O Carmine's Secret," her latest novel, published in London, her contribution to the book now under consideration is a tale of the time of Elizabeth and the persecutions endured by Catholics under the reign of the "Virgin Queen."

Lady Amabel Kerr, the daughter of an English earl, is a convert, having been received into the Church about twenty-five years ago.

"Just what was wanted," is that of a poor, uneducated woman, with utter disregard for self, devotes herself to her bed-ridden and feeble-minded parents, caring for them until they die, and neither expecting nor receiving credit for her work.

"The Celebrations for the New Century" The arrangements for the celebrations at the beginning of the new century are going on apace.

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letters. Mr Knowles recent novel, "Omniscience," an epically in The Month for early a year, and has since been republished in three volumes by Blackwood, of Edinburgh.

"The Child Countess," published a few years ago, proved highly successful. Her present story, in which we believe, she makes her first appearance before an American public, treats of noble lords and ladies, of courts and royalty.

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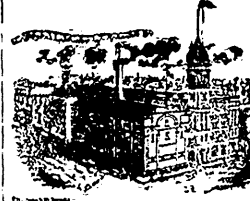
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The Catholic Register.

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Calendar for the Week.
11 - St. Martin's
12 - St. Mark's
13 - St. Stanislaus-Kostka
14 - St. Francis
15 - St. George
16 - St. Edward
17 - St. Hugh

Right Rev. Dr. Gaughran, Bishop of Kimberley, South Africa, who was in Toronto last week, is a man of information concerning recent history in British South Africa and the Transvaal.

Hamilton Herald—Some of the best judges we have are men who were schoolmates as pleaders. The judicial mind is cautious, prudent, calm, cool and well balanced.

A press cable from Rome says the Archbishop of Montreal, Mgr. Bruchési, had a lengthy audience with the Pope on Monday and was informed that His Holiness will shortly address a letter to the Canadian episcopate vindicating the right of Catholics in Manitoba to religious teaching.

The point raised by Mr. Goldwin Smith in Canada against the celebration of the battle of Trafalgar has been raised in England by his friend Dr. Conan Doyle. But the Canadian objection had the force of the English one because in England the Navy League represents something, whilst it may be argued also that France would not feel the sting of the affront when the channel separates the two countries.

The English bye-election to fill the vacancy in the House of Commons for the Middleton Division of Lancashire, created by the death of Mr. Thomas Holden (Conservative) raised a direct appeal to Irish Catholic voters. The Conservative candidate, William Mitchell an Orangeman and an anti-Home Ruler, made bids for Irish favor regardless of consequences, on the issue of increased aid for voluntary (including Catholic) schools.

All who ever hear of Margaret L. Sheppard can well believe that her life is as hard as her reputation. But her business instincts ought to have revolted any more Canadian perfections after the terrible exposure she experienced here some years ago.

The Toronto Globe is making away with illegitimate children in baby farms and by human agents passing as baby farmers. As at last been officially reported upon by Dr. Sheard, medical health officer. This terrible scandal has been one of the numerous skeletons in the closet of Toronto the good for many a year.

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The Toronto Army and Navy Veterans attended at Michael's Cathedral on Sunday, and were made welcome by the rector, Rev. Frank Ryan, in the name of the Archbishop. Father Ryan made one of his characteristic addresses. He spoke upon a noble theme, the character of the true soldier, his love of God and country.

Now a-days the only reason why gunpowder treason must never be forgotten is that the venomous story furnishes the long bow to malevolent persons who shoot the arrows of malice at statesmen like Hon. Edward Blake. Far above the reach of their ordinary instruments for mud-slinging.

But the old lies are printed now in the H. address of the Ontario public schools and from those who love such the teaching in those schools have plenty of opportunity for something big, they brought into this young country among the young generation. No wonder that you find in our newspapers in Toronto on the anniversary of Cecil Rhodes, who and from whom the youngsters imitate their knowledge.

We do not doubt at all that The Globe is perfectly unconscious of talking through its pole when it accuses us of any other denunciation they would instantly be deluged in its editorial columns. Quite recently a Toronto minister in a public paper and without provocation called Catholics by the odious name of idolaters.

Ontario Judicial Appointments

We have shown that Catholics are ignored in Ontario in the making of judicial appointments. To the protest we have raised in this connection many objections are already filed. These objections, at least, do not lack the spice of variety. The Globe, for instance, in its Monday morning leader, remarked, without any allusion to the point of religious discrimination, that the range of choice is somewhat narrowed by difficulty to induce men of the highest standing in the legal profession to go upon the bench.

Hon. Edward Blake's Appeal for the Irish National Fund. The REGISTER is pleased to be able to announce this week the appointment of a strong central committee to forward in Toronto the appeal made by Hon. Edward Blake for Canadian aid to the Irish National Fund.

misrepresentation of the facts. The Globe knows there are six judges of the Supreme Court, of whom two—Sir S. Strong and Mr. Justice Gwynne—are from Ontario. The plan of representation is provincial, and our claim was in behalf of a Catholic as one of the two Ontario representatives in the Supreme Court of Canada.

We would ask our contemporary to be patient with us for a little while. We have some statistics ready touching the matter of representation in the provincial departments of Government. One thing at a time is enough. We shall take the opportunity of investigating all the facts regarding provincial appointments, and we would drop the hint now to The Globe not to say our statistics are "dubious." That is a more bold assertion. Behind our statistics are the names. Remember this.

Passing from The Globe, we see that The Hamilton Herald draws a grotesque caricature of representation on the bench, bringing in all the denominations down to Tunkers and Quakers. We would not consider that the subdivision of the non-Catholic denominations is not alleged in Ontario to prejudicially affect any par velle class of them in the eye of the state; that our objection is entirely founded upon the evidence of prejudice against Catholics; that we are not laying down any new political doctrine but one that is now respected in England, Ireland, Quebec and in other parts of the British empire.

The Orange Sentinel makes no bones about denying that Catholics in Ontario have produced a large enough number of able men either in the mercantile or legal field to entitle them to recognition on the bench. As our friend declines upon common hardness of mouth we shall not waste many words in answering. Its words are not original, it borrowed it from the late John Sandfield Macdonald, himself a Catholic.

His Grace the Archbp. of Toronto \$ 200
Sir Frank Smith 1,000
Hon. Edward Blake 1,000
Hugh Ryan 1,000
Eugene O'Rourke 500
Thomas Loug and Brother 500
Vicar-General McCann 100
Rev. F. Ryan 100
Rev. J. L. Hand 100
Very Rev. Dean Harris, M.D. 100
James J. Foy, Q.C. 100
M. J. Haney 200
John Ryan 200

The central committee, of which Rev. Frank Ryan is chairman, have already added some hundreds to the above amounts. We are promised the second list of subscribers for our next issue; but the committee is not able at present to fix the time for the closing of the lists. The committee,

however, is actively forwarding the appeal in every district of the city. It is felt that no such aids as public meetings, concerts or the like should be necessary to reach the people of the Home Rulers of Toronto when their distinguished fellow citizen asks them to help a cause which they have always been true to, and for which he has sacrificed the strongest ties of family and the emoluments of the most lucrative legal practice perhaps in Canada.

But we believe it is not the intention to let Mr. Blake depart without a demonstration worthy of him and of Toronto. The public here in sympathy with Irish Home Rule would be particularly pleased to hear his views on the present situation both in England and Ireland. Lord Cadogan, the Irish viceroy, last week made a speech to his followers in England drawing a bold outline of the promised nationalist scheme of local county government for Ireland. Promises and bold outlines are all right in their way, but the friends of Home Rule in Canada do not need to be told that the value and importance of the county government measure, as a step towards the concession of Gladstone's Home Rule, will depend almost entirely upon the influence of the Irish Parliamentary Party during the next session of parliament, and upon the moral and material support the Irish representatives receive from the Home Rule colonies of the empire and the Irishmen of the United States.

These considerations will help the fund Mr. Blake now asks for. But it must not be supposed that only large and generous subscriptions are wanted. The amount subscribed must speak for the moral as well as the material aid of Toronto, and for that reason the smallest subscriptions will be as cordially acknowledged by the central committee and by Mr. Blake as the largest donations. The names will be published in THE REGISTER and in The Dublin Freeman's Journal.

We have no doubt that readers of THE REGISTER elsewhere throughout Canada are also doing their share to aid Mr. Blake and Ireland.

Poking Fun at a Bishop.

The editor of The Canadian Churchman and Bishop Sweatman of Toronto have been made the victims of an outrageous practical joke. The joker, in a letter to The Churchman, signs himself "George Ward," and it is a fair supposition that the office "demi" is in the editorial chair when the letter passed up to the printers. Under the pretence of darning the Methodist brethren Mr. Ward takes the opportunity to deliver the following sarcastic tirade at Bishop Sweatman, the denomination of which The Canadian Churchman is the organ:

In our church a bishop, so long as he is incumbent, does not use his own name, but that of his diocese. For instance, our own bishop is not "Bishop Sweatman" or "Arthur Sweatman," but is "Bishop of Toronto," or "Arthur Toronto," and should always be designated Bishop of Toronto, just as he signs himself Arthur Toronto.

Mr. Ward should have signed his name Ward McAllister. Then the readers of The Churchman would have had an inkling of the fun and might have perceived that the dictator of Anglican episcopal style in Canada was really holding Bishop Sweatman and his brothers up to public ridicule in the same way as Ward McAllister treated New York's "Four Hundred." But we should not have volunteered an explanation of Mr. Ward's well-deserved purpose only that he saw fit to provoke a wider range of attention to his wit by saying foolishly insulting things concerning English converts and the Catholic Church. On this account our esteemed Anglican contemporary cannot blame us if we too throw a brick on the glass roof of its episcopal conservatory, seeing that the stone throwing commenced in its own columns.

Let us show by a few historical facts that Anglicans in Canada to-day have precisely the same right to elect an episcopacy as Methodists, Presbyterians or Salvationists; no more, no less. Their right consists in this, that there is nothing in the Canadian statutes to forbid them calling the leaders of their clergy bishops. The Methodists do it, and in time Presbyterians and Salvationists may follow the fashion. Such is the whole situation in a nut shell, and such it has been since 1910 when the Constitutional Act of 1791 was repealed and the erection of Canada into a Bishopric, done in pursuance

of that statute, went by the board along with all other contents of the Establishment which the Parliament of George the Third tried to fasten upon this young country at the close of the last century. In a word statutory religion has now no hold in Canada, and the long mouldered roots of the Bishopric of 1791 are not at all likely to throw up fresh shoots at this late day. If the Parliament of George the Third had made its Canadian constitution irrevocable, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, Anglicans in Canada would still have a legally founded episcopacy. But as things have turned out Anglicanism possesses in point of fact at the present hour no more legal right in Canada than any other sect.

Now let us see what bearing these facts have upon the name and title of the Anglican bishop of Toronto. That gentleman inherited from his parents the name of Sweatman. He received at baptism the name of Arthur. He should desire to get rid of his name there is an easy way of going about it. An application to Parliament, for which there are many precedents, including the well-known case of Amor de Cosmos, will provide for any difficulties that subsequently might arise. The Anglican bishop of Toronto has never applied to Parliament to have his name changed to "Arthur Toronto." We next find that the decision of the Anglican synod has elevated him to the denominational rank of bishop. So that he would have in his own denomination the full right to call himself Arthur Sweatman, Bishop of Toronto. "Bishop Sweatman" would be the democratic, American way of expressing the sum of his honors. But we must admit that the American style in this matter is as senseless as calling men of other occupations Mayor Shaw, Coroner Johnson, Lawyer Oler, Editor Wilson and Hod-Carrier Brown.

There is no common acceptance on this continent of titles and titles of clergyman are the least understood of all. But in the midst of this essentially American (and therefore capricious) confusion there is a safe way offered to any bishop of any denomination for protecting his dignity. Let us offer an illustration by copying the usual style of a Canadian Catholic prelate. James Vincent O'Leary, by favor of God and the Apostolic See, Archbishop of Kingston. There you have the title and the authority upon which the title is founded. There is nothing disguised here. Dr. Sweatman has his own authority to fall back upon, the authority of the synod that made him a bishop. His title has no other foundation. He is not a bishop of the English Establishment. The effort to establish by law the Anglican domination in Canada failed, and every statute connected with that historical incident was long ago repealed.

Consequently all this Ward McAllister nonsense about "Arthur Toronto" can be nothing else than an unwarrantable attempt to make ridicule of a worthy clergyman in the columns of his denominational organ.

Provision for Rescued Boys.

We understand that a report has been submitted to the Advisory Board of the St. Nicholas Paul Children's Aid Society, by the secretary, Mr. P. Hynes, recommending the withdrawal of the boys rescued by this Society from the St. Nicholas Institute building, as soon as other arrangements can be made. The force of Mr. Hynes' recommendation is at once apparent. The difficulty arises in the present lack of suitable provision elsewhere. The St. Nicholas Institute is a working boys home, and the lads lodged there deserve every consideration to which they are fairly entitled by reason of their honesty and industry. To begin with, the accommodation of the Institute is limited, and crowding must result if something is not quickly done in the way of finding a separate building for the charges of the Children's Aid Society. Then again any joint occupation is necessarily destructive of the Institute by reason of the ingress of a class coming directly from the Police Court. We need not urge other obvious points of consideration arising from this very important fact, showing the practical impossibility of converting the Institute to the new service for any length of time. But as we have said the great difficulty is the want of special accommodation for the Children's Aid

Chats with the children

Three little boys from Frostland
Came floating like white birds tonight.
When the moon was high in the heavens,
And the stars were big and bright,
But these three little boys from Frostland
Were by far the loveliest sight.

They were dressed in the newest ice
work
That by a starlight was seen.
For the cold North wind that brought it
With his mighty breath, had blown
And these three little boys from Frostland
Wore dresses as little as a queen.

They treaded their slithering garments
Over meadow and bush and tree
And over the city pavements
They skated in such glee.
You see they were out for a frolic,
These fairies from Frostland, three.

Nobody saw them coming,
Till the moon was shining bright,
Nobody saw them passing
For a fairy step is light.
They came and they went in the silence
Of the cold and starry night.

Next morning the grass had jewels
That brought but a faint glow
On the window panes were pictures
That no brush had ever made.
But the three little boys had vanished
To their home in Frostland, three.

M. I. BROWN.

Will the world be writers among
our young people give their attention
for a moment?

A letter lying on the desk prompts
the request. It is a pretty letter,
evidently written by a bright, sweet-
tempered, anxious girl, who does not
know how much she asks when she
asks an editor (one of the busiest
people in the world) to answer a lot
of questions that our intelligent young
friend can answer for herself, if she
will just sit down for a quiet hour's
study of Donahoe's. This will tell
her the length of the stories generally
used, the style and many other things
necessary for a young writer to learn.

Bless those ambitious young writers!
Don't we know just how they feel! If
time permitted, we would like to write
to every one of them, but this message
must do for all.

Perhaps it may interest you a little
to be told how one girl began to write.
Her first effort was a poem, but very
fortunately she used the word "dis-
perse" instead of "depense," and the
particular stanza in which this slip
occurred was read aloud to the class
by the teacher, who added some
remarks of her own on the presumption
of people who used words without
knowing their meanings. You can
imagine the poet's feelings. However,
it cured her of writing poetry; she
never wrote another stanza. That is
why we say "fortunately." There
are too many bad poets in the world.

Her next attempt was in the several
story line, and being a generous little
girl she decided to share the glory
with her deskmate, who had no liter-
ary tastes whatever, and couldn't con-
struct a sentence properly if by doing
so she would gain possession of a
castle of gold. This did not prevent
her from entering heartily into the
collaboration idea, and when the au-
thor had scribbled out the chapters
her literary partner copied them neatly,
and they were submitted to the teacher.
That teacher must have enjoyed many
a laugh, but she leaned more kindly
towards prose than she did to poetry,
so the story progressed happily till one
unlucky day, when the chief author
was too ill to attend school, and the
girl who wrote a pretty hand but could
not compose was moved to complete
the serial. Now this completion was
something very dear to the author's
heart, and she had planned a brilliant
ending. Perhaps she had been too
arbitrary in expecting her partner to
accept her views for the heroicous
future, and then again, for a girl of
eleven her ideas were very advanced,
and a marriage she had witnessed in
the Catholic drama had furnished her with
a suggestion for a very pleasing con-
clusion. Unhappily, her co-worker
still dwelt in the realms of childhood,
and wound up the story to suit her
fancy.

After school she called on her sick
friend, and in her cheery way told her
the day's doings.

"I finished our story, Blanche,"
she said, blithely.

"You finished it?" gasped Blanche,
"without me!"

"I didn't think you'd mind," faltered
the delinquent. "I worked very
hard to get it done."

"Did you give it in?" asked the
author, sternly.

"Mother James took it. It's all
right though, Blanche. Everyone
will know it is the end, for I wrote
'end' at the bottom."

"What did you do with Josephine?"
was the next question.

"Oh, her father came back and
brought her a pound of candy," said
Bessie, rather proudly.

"She was an orphan!" cried the
author. "Don't you remember it
began 'I was a bitter night, when
the orphaned Josephine—'"

"I forgot," gasped Bessie. "What
ever shall we do?"

"I don't know," was the gloomy
response. "I had such a lovely end-
ing."

"There was the pound of candy,"
suggested Bessie, more hopefully.
"Don't you like that?"

"She was going to be twenty years
old at the end," said Blanche, scorn-
fully. "Do you suppose when we are
twenty we'll eat candy?"

"I think—I will, faltered the out-
print. "But what did you mean to do
with Josephine?"

"I was going to marry her to that
man who was married in the Cathedral
last week. He was a lovely man,"
lamented the author. "And I was
going to have the chimes play, and a
carpet down the steps, and—and—"
you've spoiled it all!"—and fairly over-
come by disappointments, combined
with illness, the author broke down
and wept, Bessie joining in heartily.

The next day the partners appeared
at the teacher's desk, and Bessie pre-
ferred a request.

"If you please, Mother James, may
we have the story back? We're going
to have two ends to it?"

"Two ends, my dear!" said Mother
James, looking suspiciously serious.
"That is rather unusual, isn't it?"

"Yes, Mother, explained Blanche,
"but you see there were two writers,
so we have decided we ought to have
two ends."

Thus the difficulty was adjusted
very happily. One of the writers is
now a nun of the Sacred Heart Order,
and the other—well, after a while
she wrote stories that were accepted
and published, but she will never write
anything that gave more pleasure than
did those early efforts.—Donahoe's
Magazine.

AN OLD WITNESS.

An old whitebeard stood before
the court as a witness. The lawyer
for the defendant tried to confuse
him.

"You are James Miller?"

"Yes."

"Are you the James Miller who was
sentenced under mitigating cir-
cumstances for robbery?"

"No."

"You are, perhaps, the Miller who
was sentenced to two years' imprison-
ment for theft, then?"

"I am not that, Miller, either."

"Were you ever in prison?"

"Yes; twice."

"How long the first time?"

"One afternoon."

"One afternoon! And the second
time? You must make truthful state-
ments, for you are a sworn witness.
If you were in prison for so short a
time, what did you do?"

"I whitewashed a cell for a lawyer
who had cheated his clients."

The lawyer did not ask any more
questions on that subject.—Our Boys'
and Girls' Annual.

CHERISH CAREFULLY THE LITTLE VIRTUES

"How carefully," said St. Francis
de Sales, "we should cherish the little
virtues which spring up at the foot
of the cross!" "What virtues do you
mean?" someone asked. "They are
simplicity, meekness, benignity, bearing
another's burdens, condescension,
softness of heart, cheerfulness, cordial-
ity, compassion, forgiving injuries,
simplicity, candor,—all, in short, of
that sort of little virtues. They, like
obscure violets, love the shade;
like them, are sustained by dew; and
though, like them, they make little
show, they shed a sweet odor on all
around."

STRANGE BIRDS NESTS.

The habits of birds often suggest
that they must be in possession of
reasoning powers in addition to their
instincts. A clergyman writing to a
friend in Calcutta says: "I write this
at the foot of the lofty mountain called
Cape Comorin, whose rocky head
seems to jehang his base.

The birds which build pendulous
nests on the sides of the mountain are
very numerous. At night each of
their little habitations is lighted up as
if to see company.

The sage dove bird fastens a bit of
clay to the top of the nest, and then
picks up a fire fly and sticks it on the
clay, to illuminate the dwelling, which
consists of two rooms.

Sometimes there are three or four
flies, and the blaze of light in the little
cell dazzles the eyes of the birds which
often kill the young of these birds."

DON'T BE TOO CLEVER.

It is possible to be too clever as
well as not clever enough; now which
of the two do you think the sailors in
the following story were?

In a small old town built on the
sea-shore there lived two sailors named
Jack and Joe. They were great
friends, and had one boat between
them, and went out fishing together.

They were both strong and brave
and sunburnt. They both liked rum,
I am sorry to say, and both wore
loose trousers. And so they could
never make out which was the
cleverest.

"I know the best way to cook
mackerel and herring and sole," said
Jack.

"So do I. And I know the best
way to sell them," said Joe.

"So do I. And I know the best
way to catch them," answered Jack.

"So do I," answered Joe. "But
what is the use of all this when we
haven't got any ropes for our net?"

"If we had time, we could make
some," said Jack.

"If we had money, we could buy
some," said Joe.

"If we knew where, we could borrow
some," said Jack.

"If we knew where, we could steal
some," said Joe.

Just then the church bells began
ringing for evening prayer.

"They ring those bells with ropes,"
said Jack.

"And the ropes are very good,"
said Joe.

Jack smiled. Joe laughed.

"Shall we go to church to-night?"
asked Jack.

"And shall we stay until last?"
asked Joe.

Up the hill went the two sailors.
They stopped in church till the pray-
ers were all over and everybody had
gone home.

"Now is our time," said Jack.

"Is our time now," said Joe.

Off they went to the tower where
the bells were hung.

Here they found two fine ropes.

"One for me, cried Jack.

"And one for me," cried Joe.

The ropes climbed the two clever
sailors, like a couple of monkeys.

"I'm up at the top," said Jack.

"So am I," said Joe.

Jack pulled out a knife from his
pocket, and cut Joe.

Loek, look! I went Jack's knife. He
out through the rope over his head
and down he fell, and broke his pate
on the stones at the bottom.

"Oh, crakes!" groaned Jack at the
bottom.

"What'd have thought of that?"

"What a stupid head you were,"
cried Joe at the top. "You should
have done as I do."

With these words he out his rope
close under his feet.

Down it fell, and left him hanging
by his two hands at the top.

"Oh, crakes!" cried Joe at the
top. "Who'd have thought of that?"

"So am I," said Jack. "You were
grounded Jack. You will have to
hang there till morning."

And so he did and made his arms
so stiff he could not move them for a
week.

It was a sad night for the two clever
sailors. They cried, and groaned,
and prayed till morning.

Then Jack was taken off to the
hospital and Joe was taken off to
prison.

Which were they, too clever, or
not clever enough?—TERRA.

HIS ORDERS OBEYED.

"Golden Days" tells of a travelling
man who put up for the night at the
leading hotel in a small town, and
before retiring left very particular
instructions to be called in time for an
early train.

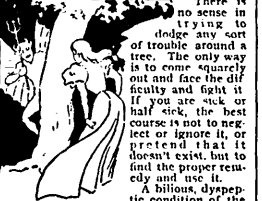
Early in the morning the guest
was disturbed by a lively tattoo upon
the door.

"Well?" he demanded, sleepily.

"I've got an important message for
you," replied the bell boy.

The guest was up in an instant,
opened the door, and received from
the boy a large envelope. He tore it
open hastily, and found a slip
of paper on which was written in large
letters, "Why don't you get
up?" He got up.—The New World.

AS PARMELO'S VERTABALE PILLS con-
tain Maudsley and Daudet's, they cure
Liver and Kidney Complaints with un-
erring certainty. They also contain
Roots and Herbs which have special
powers only discovered in their action
on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. A.
CARUCROSS, Shakerpare, writes: "I
consider Parmelo's Pills an excellent
remedy for Biliousness and Derangement
of the Liver, having used them myself
for some time."



A lazy fellow, idling away his time,
was asked where he had expected to go
when he died. "I shall go," he
replied; "I shall be carried."

There is
no sense in
dodge any sort
of trouble around a
man's feet. The only way
is to come squarely
out and face the difficulty
when it comes to the
door. If you are sick or
half sick, the best
thing to do is to get rid of
the ailment or ignore it,
or pretend that it
doesn't exist, but to
find the proper remedy
and use it.

A bilious, dyspep-
tic condition of the
system not only makes life miserable, but
it is sure to lead to something worse, unless
promptly taken in hand and corrected. It
is foolish to attempt to judge such troubles
by any mere temporary expedient. The
only way to get rid of them is to get them
good and all by a thoroughly rational, scientific
medicine like Dr. Pierce's Golden Med-
ical Discovery.

The disordered, debilitated condi-
tion of the liver and bowels, which is the
direct action upon the liver and
digestive organs, it gives them power to
make fresh, healthy blood free from all
impurities, it drives all disease germs out
of the circulation, it creates solid, muscular
tissue and restores the power.

Lung and throat affections, which are
often simply the result of impure nutri-
tion, are reached and cured by this wonder-
ful "Discovery" in cases where cod liver
oil emulsions are useless, because the "Dis-
covery" is readily assimilated by delicate
stomachs, because its superior effects are
permanent.

"I am one of your most grateful
patients," writes Mrs. Annie M. Newman, of
Birmingham, Wayne Co., Pa. "I have taken
Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, also Favorite
Purifier and Pellets with wonderful results.
I was as nearly as my friends free from all
disease brought to life. The doctor said I had
consumption and death was only a matter of
days. I was told to catch them, but I
tried your medicine. I continued until I had taken
a full bottle of Discovery, and several bottles
of Pellets. I got well and have done a great
deal of hard work since."

When the liver and bowels don't work,
the body and brain won't. Dr. Pierce's
Pleasant Pellets are a sure, safe, speedy
and permanent cure for constipation, and
a fearful habit of "cover-up" and a gentle
laxative and two mild cathartics.

Domestic Reading

As there is no show of beauty in the
root of a tree, and yet whatever beauty
or grace there is in a tree comes
thence, so, too, from the lowliness of
faith—from faith as the foundation—
comes whatever merit or blessedness
the soul can ever attain.—St. Au-
gustine.

The Blessed Virgin is invoked by
us as the Mother of Christ. What is
the force of thus addressing her? It
is to bring before us that she is who
from the first was prophesied of, and
associated with the hopes and prayers
of 'men of all true worshippers of
God, of all who 'looked for the redem-
ption of Israel' in every age
before the redemption came.—New
man.

An element never separated from
morality is the satisfaction or happi-
ness which accompanies moral action.
The ideal may be regarded as consist-
ing of worth and happiness, the
latter being consequent upon or
incident to the worth attained. The
relation is that cause and effect, and
therefore one is never found without
the other. Neither alone constitutes the
moral idea. Neither alone is aimed
at. They are together, like heat and
light.

It is well to say little until you have
thoroughly made up your mind, and
then do not hesitate in your state-
ments. The temptation of the
average man is to express some
opinion at once, but if that is changed
later, the full force of the first opinion
is lost. Let others do the wrangling.
Your opinion will have all the more
influence if you come out strong with
it at the close of the discussion, when
not only are the others considerably im-
pressed as to what they want but you
had the advantage of hearing many
sides of the case. That is to say, that
in your daily behavior towards the
others it is well to keep your "talk"
in reserve. It is a habit that is easily
acquired, and one that in the end
works both ways. It adds both to the
value of your advice, and the advice
has an added value so far as others are
concerned; and when you only say a
little, that little has the more consider-
ation.

Thoughts are the aliment upon
which the mind feeds. If they are
kept pure and in constant ex-
ercise, they impart health and vigor, and
are like fertilizing currents running
through the soul. There is one view
respecting them which should awaken
the greatest anxiety to have them
under proper control. A simple
thought, whether good or evil, will
introduce other trains of reflection of
a hundred nature. Thoughts long
company, and will gather round them
others of a congenial character, and
it is therefore of the highest importance
that we should converse within the
chamber of the mind those of an
ennobling and purifying nature.

In some respects manners resemble
language—that is, they are signs or
expressions of sentiment or feelings.
This is undoubtedly their original
intent, and if in the course of time
they become somewhat overworn and
less significant it is but the natural
result of every form which no longer
holds the spirit that once animated it.
Their continual change shows this.
Tokens of deep submission and
 homage, such as the prostration of the
body, have gradually diminished as
personal freedom has increased, until
now only the graceful bow is left, and
the prolonged and flatteringly saluta-
tory salutation commonly exchanged
by degrees become abridged into friendly
greetings. But to argue from that
that the respectful bow or friendly
greeting should be dispensed with
shows that the meaning of each is
wholly unaltered. They are the
recognized signs, at the present time,
of a respect that is due, and of a good
feeling that is everywhere to be
desired.

Truth has many powerful enemies
against which it struggles, and to
which it is too often sacrificed. Fear,
passionate desire, envy, malice, greed,
shame, and a host of other emotions
come into conflict with truth, and
prove its deadly foes. When they take
possession of the mind, justice departs
and truth is often ruthlessly stricken
down. It has, however, another op-
ponent, which is less apparent and less
open to criticism, but not less effec-
tive in its assaults. This is the desire
of being forcible, emphatic of creating an
impression of being interesting in
conversation, brilliant in writing,
eloquent in oratory, successful in
debate. These are all good things,
and worthy of being striven for in
their respective places. At first sight
it does not appear that they are ever
to suffer with truth, or demand that
she be sacrificed to them. Yet they
often do, and the reason is not far to
seek. The desire for forcible utter-
ance tends towards emphasizing only
one side of the question, whereas
truth is many-sided. He who would
tell a good story is strongly tempted
to exaggeration, whereas a faithful
adherence to truth would moderate or

Farm and Garden

Mr. Alex. Clarke, one of the man-
agers employed by the Butter and
Cheese Association of Western
Ontario has, by request of the cheese-
makers, made a special inquiry to
ascertain the quality of the milk
supplied to the York factory. The
law provides that no milk shall be
supplied to a cheese factory from
which cream has been taken, or to
which water has been added,
that the strappings must be sent with
the rest of the milk, that is, that the
milk supplied must be whole and
undiluted, as it is supplied by the
cows. Mr. Clarke first proceeded to
ascertain at the factory the quality of
the milk supplied by each farmer.
He then visited the farms of those
whose milk indicated a quality poorer
than it should be. The result was a
presentation and fines of \$5 and \$6 for
the offenders.

Secretary Wilson, in a recent
speech at the Ohio State Fair, strongly
advised the Ohio sheep husbandman
to be sure to raise sheep that were
good for mutton, as well as for wool.
While the fleece of a fine-wooled
sheep is for more per pound than the
fleece of a good mutton producing
sheep the total value of the fleece of
the one is less than that of the other,
the difference in the value of the
mutton produced was very consider-
able. He also strongly advised the
keeping of sheep that mature early,
and the preparation of a portion of
the yearly production of lambs for
market before they were a year old.
He asserted that the conditions for
raising good mutton sheep were as
favorable in Ohio as in any part of the
world. This advice of Secretary
Wilson is right to the point, and fits
the case of the Canadian sheep raiser
quite as well as that of the Ohio
sheep raiser. And it is some satis-
faction to know that the conditions
for growing good mutton sheep in
eastern Canada are just as favorable
as they are in Ohio.—Ex.

It is a common idea among farmers
that oats from two much shade to be
used as a nursing crop with good re-
sults. In this they are right if the
seed is sown at the usual thickness,
but the amount of seed can be lessened
so that even our rankest growing
oats will serve as an excellent protec-
tion for the young clover plants. The
reason we usually get a catch of
grasses in our summer fallows is, that
the soluble plant food in the surface
soil has not been entirely washed out
by the fall rains, or used up by the
wheat plants, and the tender clover
plants are able to obtain such nourish-
ment as will stimulate an active
growth which very young. This will
also hold good for sowing with the
spring grain, and the success which
Mr. Remond has achieved with his
clover meadows is due to a clear
understanding of the requirements of
such a crop, and a fair knowledge of
the underlying principles whereby
such conditions may be attained.

It can hardly be denied that at the
time of spring seeding, the physical
condition of the newly-stirred soil is
better for sowing grass seeds than that
for the wheat if sown early in April, and
if we can so contrive that we may
obtain the proper chemical conditions
it will undoubtedly pay us to modify
our nurse crops to suit the require-
ments.

Speaking to the Globe of the North-
west cattle trade, Mr. B. Robertson
of Montreal said, "The cattle
turned out bad, as they have for the
past two seasons. For several reasons,
namely the flies, rain and long grass,
they failed to fatten up well, but I may
also mention the fact that a great
many of the farmers are to blame for
the careless manner in which they
finished the stock. During the year
there was an enormous number of
cattle raised in the Northwest, and
there would have been a very serious
glut if many thousands had not been
taken across the line for feeding pas-
tures. In fact, if this outlet had been
closed I believe that cattle in Montreal
would have sold at a cent a pound, and
the very same stock, too, that they are
now getting 2 1/2 to 3 cents for. The
shipments to the other side of the
water turned out bad, and many of the
commitments show losses. The
United States stock, on the other hand,
was found to be in very good shape,
and the result is that the Canadians,
owing to nothing else than the inferior
quality, have been selling anywhere
from 3 to 10 a pound under the
Americans. Our farmers might, if
they took the pains, finish off their
cattle in good style, and there is no
doubt but that they would not be
price in the English market equal to any-
thing the farmers across the line are
getting."

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.—Mr. S.
Ackerman, commercial traveler, Bollo-
ville, writes: "Some years ago I used
Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL for inflam-
matory rheumatism, and three bottles
afforded a complete cure. It was the
only of any summer trouble I have
without crutches, and every movement
caused excruciating pain. I am now
out on the road and exposed to all kinds
of weather, but have never been troubled
with rheumatism since. I, however,
keep a bottle of Dr. THOMAS' OIL on
hand, and I always recommend it to
others, as it did so much for me."

Heavenly Nuptials

O Lord, I have loved the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth.

The beautiful convent of the Precious Blood, on St. Joseph street, was on Friday morning, November 5th. The good religious were to joining in the advent amongst them of two more sisters, and the reception of two novices.

Miss Evangelina Rorke, of Toronto, who will be known as Sister Mary of St. Peter, became a cloistered nun, and Sister Benedicta pronounced her vows as a novitiate.

The people's chapel was crowded at an early hour in the morning, the congregation being chiefly women. The friends and relatives of the newly professed occupied front seats.

A few moments after 9 o'clock the Rev. Father Marjony, Provincial of the Basilians, entered the sanctuary, accompanied by the attendant clergy.

Then the impressive ceremony began with the blessing of the habits. The celebrant then seated himself, the door in the grating between the sanctuary and the cloisters was opened, and Miss Rorke entered, and kneeling before the priest, reverently received the habit.

Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament followed, during which the door in the grating again opened and Sister Mary of St. Peter prostrated herself before her sacramental Lord, and with Sister Benedicta, pronounced fervently the vows that bound her to Him for ever.

By this time every woman in the chapel was crying. Try as one might, it was impossible to prevent the tears from gathering in one's eyes. It was as though Martha wept because her sister Mary had chosen the better part, and preferred rather to sit at the feet of the Lord than to busy herself with the cares of the world.

Perhaps it was more the sweetness of the ceremony, the innocence and holiness of the young candidates, that appealed to womanly hearts and brought to their eyes tears that were not all of sorrow, even for the relatives who were giving up a beloved daughter and sister to the Lord.

How hollow and empty the world seemed in that tiny chapel; how vain and frivolous looked our ambitions and aspirations as we heard the sound of the spring lock shutting a soul out of the world for ever.

The Mass was said by Very Rev. Father Wynne, who also preached the sermon.

A large gathering of ladies assembled in the parlors after the ceremony to greet and congratulate the newly professed, and to ask the prayers of the earnest and fervent young religious.

May the sweet paths of religion lead their feet into pleasant places.

James Carey's Widow Dies.

Last week in a little English south coast village, was witnessed the funeral of Mrs. Carey, wife of the informer, James Carey, who played so prominent a part in the tragedy of the Phoenix Park murders.

Death of Mr. Joe Moloney of Douro.

PATERBOROUGH, Nov. 9.—The residents of Douro in large numbers and representative men from other parts of the county attended the funeral of the late County Councillor John Moloney at St. Peter's Cathedral.

LAUREL MARKETS

Toronto, Nov. 9. On the curb in Chicago at this opening to day December wheat was quoted at 90c, and in December wheat was quoted at 90c, puts on Dec wheat 11c, puts on May wheat 8c, puts on December wheat 11c, puts on May wheat 8c.

TOBACCO MARKETS

Wheat—The offerings were not so free, owing to the stress to the lower prices, there was a good demand to day for export and the market was steady, with sales of 200,000 cars of No. 2 red at the middle freight and north and west. Sprig sold at 70c east and 65c west. Manitoba wheat lower at \$1.01 for No. 1 hard ground in transit, and 97c to 98c for No. 1 hard ground in transit.

Butter—The receipts are unchanged. The market is firm at 15c for 16c for good to choice pale salted tubs, and 10c to 12c for common and in tubs.

Wheat—The receipts are fair, there is a good demand at the market. Steady at 17c to 17 1/2c for fresh gathered and 13c for limited.

FARMERS MARKET

The receipts of grain on the street market to day were 6,000 bushels, prices were about as follows: Wheat—No. 2, 90c; No. 3, 85c; No. 4, 80c; No. 5, 75c; No. 6, 70c; No. 7, 65c; No. 8, 60c; No. 9, 55c; No. 10, 50c; No. 11, 45c; No. 12, 40c; No. 13, 35c; No. 14, 30c; No. 15, 25c; No. 16, 20c; No. 17, 15c; No. 18, 10c; No. 19, 5c; No. 20, 0c.

Don't forget the Annual Sale in aid of the Sisters of the Precious Blood

which opens on the 22nd in Conventure Life Building, Come and see Mrs. M. J. the Queen in her Coronation robes at the doll table.

Mail Orders carefully filled the same day as received.

OUR OVERCOATS Are this season, as always, not cheap goods, but reliable goods at the lowest possible prices. Men's Ulsters, in good brown froize, lined, all sizes, \$4 to \$5.00. Men's Ulsters, in grey or brown froize, heavy all-wool lined, splendidly finished, with a high cut coats, 8.50. A better and heavier line in grey, blue or brown froize, 10.00. Men's Good Blue Beaver Overcoats, double breasted by front, velvet collar, lined, 5.00. A finer line, with plain or velvet collar, good Italian lining, 8.50.

EXTREME NERVOUSNESS

FREQUENTLY BRINGS ITS VICTIM TO THE VERGE OF INSANITY.

The case of a Young Lady in Smith's Falls who suffered a severe attack of this disease, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured her.

TOBACCO MARKETS

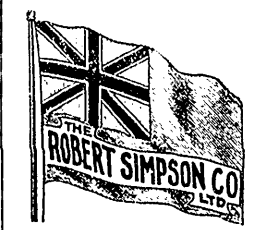
Many cases have been reported of how nervous who had suffered for years and whose case had been given up by the attending physician, have been restored to health and vigor through this new world famous medicine, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but we doubt if there is one more startling or more instructive than that of Miss Elizabeth Muschall, who resides with her brother, Mr. Tom Muschall, of this town, an employee in Frost A. Wood's Agricultural Works.

The doctor said that she was suffering from a complication of nervous diseases, and that he could do little for her. The minister with whom she lived then wrote us of my sister's state of health and had her come to Smith's Falls, in the hope that a change and rest would do very little for her.

My sister had been in that state for some time, but with poor results, and finally acknowledged that the case was such which he could do very little for. My sister had by this time become a pitiable object, the slightest noise would disturb her, and the slightest exertion would almost make her insane. It required someone to be with her at all times, and often sat a fit of excitement nervousness she would be come unconscious and by this time in that state for hours.

SMITH'S FALLS, Sept. 11th, 1897. I hereby make declaration that the statements in above as to the condition of my sister, and the benefit she received from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are absolutely correct.

Witness, J. H. Ross. First Street Arab: "I heard of a case that seems often have to go a week without a drink." Second Street Arab: "No wonder they get their backs up!"



November Blankets

Are you comfortably fixed for Bed Covering? We have loads of Blankets - Comforters and Quilts of the right kind, and we are making our prices an inducement to buy these goods now.

- 1. Super White Blankets, continuation border, size 6x80, reg. \$1.90, special \$1.50. 2. Extra Super All-wool Blanket, size 6x80, full blue border, thoroughly secured and fully finished, special \$2.90. 3. Fine Super White Wool Blanket, full blue border, full blue border, size 6x80, special \$3.26. 4. Extra Super All-wool Blanket, size 72x90, full blue border, full blue border, pink or blue border, special \$5.50. 5. 6 pairs of 7 Home spun Blanket full blue border, 6x84, unshrinkable, full blue border, size 72x90, full blue border, size 72x90, reversible, handsome design, special \$1.35.

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