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## TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

More Hamilton "Recollections" Come Trooping to my Thoughts—Some Other "Giants" of Those Days—"Jack" Dunn from Skeneateles—"Jim" Mullin—Some Mahoneys—One a Great Artist Afterwards—The Flahertys, O'Rourke and Maguire—"Pat" McClosky, "Tim" Saine—Henry McSherry—Peter O'Meara, a Youthful Oracle—John and Jerry Sullivan—Three Egans, Men of Note—"Davy" White and John Kennedy—Three Ralstons—"Alek" Mitchell and His Brother Daniel.

Since writing my last Hamilton "Recollections" a number of new names have occurred to my mind. In my interview with Mr. Butler of the "Spectator" in the American Consul's office, the name of "Big Franks" came to be mentioned. Mr. Butler in his "Saturday Musings" set him down as one of the "giants of those days." Physically, he was the only giant that was mentioned. He was a "Corktown" boy, but not a Corkonian. Nor would that be any disgrace, for about that time was Canada ruled by Corkonians, in the persons of Robert Baldwin, Robert Sullivan, Francis Hincks and others. "Big Franks" father was an Englishman and his mother an Irish woman, while he was himself Canadian born. He had a yellow complexion and a deal to say for a large man. He was not lacking in enterprise. He learned the printer's trade with Solomon Brega, an Irish publisher who espoused the Reform cause. I think Francis Franks established the first newspaper in the village of Elora, which he dubbed the "Elora Backwoodsman." Hon. Col. Clarke, the present clerk of the Ontario Legislature, who had been an editor of the "Journal and Express," Mr. Brega's paper, had established himself in the same Wellington village as a merchant, and I think edited the "Backwoodsman" for Franks, and I believe eventually became the owner of the paper.

I make mention of this man Franks again, because of a singular coincidence. When I was living in the Illinois town of Peoria there was a family of printers living there named Franks, the father of whom was named Francis Franks, and was a large man, greatly resembling my old Hamilton friend, and until I interviewed him, thought him to be the same man; but he denied that he had ever resided in Canada. Our "Big Franks" I understood, removed to some town in Michigan.

There was another Hamilton printer in the early forties that I do not think any Hamilton printer of this day has any recollection of. With whom he learned the trade I do not know, but his name was "Jack" Dunn. Dunn is an Irish name, but this man was not Irish, which I know because I knew his father, and he was one of the few Englishmen then residing in Hamilton. He was a builder and carpenter by occupation, with a shop on the east side of James street near Rebecca street. "Jack" Dunn was both adventurous and demonstrative. When yet a youth he sought his fortune in York State and pitched his tent in a town with the classic name of Skeneateles, and worked on the Skeneateles "Democrat," making himself generally useful. About the year 1844 he returned to Hamilton full of vim and bombast, and determined to show the people of the Heights how a live newspaper of the sensational type should be run. He had neither type nor press of his own, but utilized the printing office of John Robertson, then located at the south-east corner of King and Hughson streets. The paper was named the Hamilton "Herald," so that my friends, the Harris Brothers, cannot boast that the name originated with them, al-

though the pictorial initial letters did. The sheet was spectacular perhaps because it was original in its type, following no newspaper rules. Dunn was his own editor, reporter, proof-reader, compositor and pressman. He reminds me of "Long John" Wentworth of the Chicago Democrat, the first newspaper in Chicago, when that paper was first brought out, with this difference—"Long John" was also his own carrier; but he was afterwards Mayor of Chicago and member of Congress. Well! It was getting to be cold weather and Dunn bought a load of cord-wood to make a fire and keep the office warm. The wood was dumped on the street in front of the office to await the arrival of some one with a buck and saw to make stove wood of it. It was contrary to the town by-laws to deposit firewood on the street, and "Jack" had a visit from Cheevers, the town constable, and the sensational gentleman late of Skeneateles was summoned to appear before the police board at the "Engine House" on King William street next day. The occasion was spectacular for Dunn was swelled with the pride of a loco loco democrat and the injured innocence of an enterprising and spirited citizen who had come back to his old home to teach his benighted fellow citizens some of the things he had gleaned abroad that would be for their benefit. The president of the board officiated and asked Mr. Dunn what he had to say why a fine should not be imposed upon him for a flagrant violation of a town by-law.

He made a regular stump speech. He dwelt on the harmlessness of the wood, the inconvenience of putting it anywhere else, while it was intended for immediate use and not for storage. No such absurd law as that prevailed in Skeneateles, where they were all free and independent citizens of a free republic that would countenance no such tyranny as interfering with one's rights like this. He was a free and enlightened Democrat, advocating equal rights for all and no tom foolery. They might call him a locofoco if they wished, but anyhow they were a lot of know-nothing demagogues who needed to be taught the lesson of liberty, free speech and equal rights and to look out for the first issue of the "Herald" when it appeared on Saturday. Then they would hear the eagle scream and the whangdoodle holler out! Mr. Dunn was fined \$2.00 and costs, but he had the matter for a sensational article for the first issue of his paper. Two columns with a "scare heading" were given to the wood matter and the first issue went off well; but Hamilton was not yet ready for that kind of "yellow journalism" and the "Herald" soon ceased to exist. Whether Dunn went back to Skeneateles or not no one seemed to know, but years afterwards it was said he found his way to the gold fields of California, where he was killed in a duel. At least so the legend ran.

"Jim" Mullin was another Hamilton printer who is not reckoned among "the giants of those days." He was not "voluble" like John Harris, nor profane like "Mick" Sweetman, nor sycophantic like Teddy Powers, nor demagogic like "Jack" Dunn, but was good-natured beyond any Hamilton printer I ever knew. I never knew him to utter an angry or discourteous word. His voice was ever for kindness, his action for courtesy. He would make fun wherever he could and do a kindness wherever he was able. He had a habit of using snuff and carried a picturesque snuffbox, and if he could do you no other kindness he would offer you a "pinch." He did not work regularly at the trade, but as occasion required. He was an Irish-Canadian, born, I believe, in the vicinity somewhere. There were a good many Mullins in those days. James Mullin had an uncle, a Dr. Mullin, near Copetown, several miles from Dundas, who was an Irish-Catholic, as I knew from some of the papers he subscribed for, but

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I never knew "Jim" Mullin to trouble any church, poor fellow.

There were several Mahoneys that "Old-Timer" knew in Hamilton in the forties. One of those Mahoneys was an attaché of one of the banks, perhaps the father of the present rector of St. Mary's Cathedral; and there was a Mahoney who lived but a short time in the city, because he led the life of a roving artist. This Mahoney was quite a young man when I knew him and that was in repeal days. I once heard him utter his sentiments with regard to the British Government. "The British Government," said he, "has among her other iniquities, taxed every pane of glass in Irish windows, and any government that would tax the light of heaven on the poor is not fit to exist." This Mahoney painted portraits, but I do not know any one whose portrait he painted in Hamilton, but he became famous as a roving artist, who many years afterwards made his headquarters in Chicago. I believe he painted the portraits of Popes and Kings as well as other men of distinction, and is one of those who uphold the artistic pride of that city. I think he died in Chicago more than twenty years ago.

There were two brothers, both real giants, in Hamilton in those days, named Flaherty—John and James. John had a reputation for sawing four cords of firewood in a day, and James was well known as a steamboat waiter.

"O'Rourke, Maguire, those souls of fire,  
 Whose names are shined in story,  
 Think how their high achievements  
 Once made Erin's greatest glory."

I don't remember about O'Rourke in Hamilton in the forties, but I am sure there were Maguires. Yes, I have a kind recollection of "Pat" Maguire, and hundreds of others had occasion also, for he was a kindly man. He was an officer of some sort on the steamer that plied between Hamilton and Toronto in 1849. I know that he was kind to Old-Timer when he made the trip that landed him in Toronto in the fall of that year on the "Admiral" or whatever boat it was that then occupied the route. He pointed out everything to me that was of any interest, especially after we came in view of Toronto. The old fort, the garrison, Privat's house on the island, etc. I asked him if there was any family among his Toronto acquaintances with whom I might secure board, and he told me of the Lee family, then residing on Frederick street, and with three generations of whom I have since kept up acquaintance. "Pat" Maguire and his brother Frank, years afterwards kept places of entertainment in Hamilton and were very popular, but I believe both are long since dead.

Who now in Hamilton remembers "Pat" McClosky of the red head, who kept the "Rising Sun" Hotel opposite the old market-house on south John street, in those days of gloomy forebodings, but ardent expectations. Perhaps no one, or Tim Shine, schoolmaster, who turned to tavern-keeping, but afterwards removed to Guelph?

Henry McSherry was an Irishman of some consequence during Hamil-

ton's early Irish days. I think he lived on Main street east; and so did the genteel and refined McKenna family. There was an O'Meara family living in Corktown, of which Peter, the eldest son, was the rising pride. Peter was the boys' oracle, as they used to sit at evenings on the edge of the sidewalk near the Manning cottage. Though but twelve or fourteen years of age, Peter O'Meara had a lot of knowledge stored away in his little head and he read a lot of books for one so young, and used to fascinate us with his recitals, especially with his descriptions of Napoleon's battles, with which he held us spell bound. I have never since seen the name of O'Meara in print that I did not think of Peter. He claimed that Napoleon's surgeon, Dr. O'Meara, was a relative of his family.

A man named Buckley owned a tenement house far up in Corktown, but I forget the name of the street. I remember it because a scolding woman lived in it who used to make an exhibition of herself occasionally, but I believe Mr. Buckley lived in Galt town.

John and Jerry Sullivan, shoemakers, lived in McCann's tenement house on Tyburn street. John played the fiddle and used to give occasional dance parties to the neighbors, and Jerry used to get on the "jamboree." Peter Connors, of kindest memory, lived in the same locality.

There were three Egans, quite respectable men, that were in business in Hamilton in the late forties. Two brothers kept a considerable grocery and liquor store on James street, a little south of McNab street, on the east side of the street, and went into the pork-packing business. One of them was for some time associated with a man named Brongest, who was an object. Brongest was a short man with a stomach so large that it was difficult for him to walk and one of the children's fads was to imitate him. Some 25 years ago I met one of those Egan brothers in Chicago, where he was in business on 12th street, near the Jesuit church, and we had a long talk about Hamilton. He was the first man to tell me about Charles Brega's great success in that city.

There was a James Egan, in the dry goods trade, who was nothing to these Egans. He was distinguished as a vocalist and used to sing in St. Mary's choir. I understand he is yet on the quarter deck of life, hale and hearty, and binds the past to the present in Hamilton's local history. Long may he live to tell the tale of her progress and greatness.

David White was a court crier, an imposing-looking gentleman of the Irish persuasion, who lived in Hamilton many years.

John Kennedy kept a grocery store in the old county building, at the south-west corner of Main street and Hughson, before Mr. Smiley bought it for the "Spectator." There was a public hall in the upper story of that building that no doubt Mr. Pearson will remember. I was present in that hall once when a man named McNab gave an entertainment of legereidmen. One of the feats performed was by Mrs. McNab, who lifted a blacksmith's anvil from the floor by the hair of her head.

Mr. Ralston, the inspector of weights and measures, who has already been alluded to, had several sons that I remember. One of them was I think, for a time foreman in the "Spectator" office; another was a salesman in Kennedy's wholesale dry goods store. They were both men of character and above the common lot. There was a third son whom we called "Bob."

Alex. Mitchell was prominent among Hamilton tailors, when cloaks were worn by gentlemen and white pants fastened by straps were fashionable. Mitchell was a "crony" of John Robertson, the printer, and was a member of the Amateur Theatrical Company, headed by John Harrison, the artist. He had a brother named Daniel, a printer, whom I often met.

The Hamilton Times, I had, is not kindly disposed towards Old-Timer. In its issue of Friday, Oct. 6th, I am viciously assailed with regard to some of my statements, they being condemned as "shockingly astray"; yet I am at a loss to learn who in

## MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE

The following account from the New York Freeman's Journal is interesting from any point, but in view of the branch of the Holy Name Society lately organized in St. Basil's parish of this city, it is particularly opportune:

More than 35,000 persons knelt upon the asphalted streets and upon the lawns of Hamilton Park, Jersey City, in the rain last Sunday to receive the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at the hands of Bishop John J. O'Connor, of Newark.

Nearly 20,000 of this vast congregation consisted of members of the Holy Name societies of the diocese. A more impressive sight was never witnessed. It was the closing of an eventful day, given over by the Holy Name societies to the registering of a gigantic protest against profanity, and especially blasphemous swearing. As the last word of the Benediction was pronounced the sweet tones of the Angelus rang out from the belfry of St. Francis' Hospital, a silent prayer was said by each of the assembled thousands and then the crowd dispersed for home.

The benediction was pronounced from the steps of St. Francis' Hospital. A magnificent altar had been erected upon the steps. It had just come dusk when the candles upon the altar were lighted, and the contrast between the sacred spot, resplendent with gold and fine linen, and the dark and muddy streets, in which the multitude knelt, made an impressive scene doubly impressive.

Bishop O'Connor was assisted in the solemn service by Monsignor John A. Sheppard, vicar-general of the diocese and president of the Union of Holy Name Societies, and Rev. Isaac N. Whelan, rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Newark.

The largest parade in the history of Jersey City preceded the services at the park. It is estimated that there were 20,000 men in line. The route of the parade was over one and one-half miles in length, and the first companies had reached Hamilton Park before the last ones had passed the starting point, Van Vorst Park, at Jersey avenue and York street.

There were no pauses once the parade started, and the men, marching in files of twelve, took two hours to pass a given point. The side streets for many blocks in the vicinity of Van Vorst Park were filled long before 3 o'clock with regiment upon regiment of Holy Name Society members from all parts of the Newark diocese. There were over 1,500 present from Newark, and Paterson sent 1,000 or more. Delegations were present from all of the Hudson County cities and towns, Englewood, Tenafly, Passaic, Summit, Belleville, the Oranges, Elizabethtown and Plainfield.

There were in line more than three times as many men as in the entire National Guard of New Jersey, or the equivalent of twenty regiments upon a war footing. Each man carried a cane with pennant attached with American flags, bearing upon a blue field the initials of the society, "H.N.S."

All lower Jersey City was decorated in honor of the occasion, and the line of march was resplendent with flags. The parade passed the Robert Davis Association club house on Mercer street, where the Democratic candidate for Mayor, Archibald M. Henry, stood upon the steps and bowed to the files of men. The

What I have written about the late John Christian not being "much of a printer," is produced as evidence of my inaccuracy. Dear me; I had no malice in store for poor John Christian. All could not be "giant" printers; I was not one myself. I was satisfied to be equal to the average. I do not think Mr. Christian was any more. But whence this animus, old friend Times? Perhaps it comes from the fact that the "Herald" has got ahead of you in republishing my reminiscences, as the editor of the "Times" confessed to me during my late visit. Well, no matter.  
 WILLIAM HALLEY.

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streets along the entire line were black with people, and before the paraders reached Hamilton Park thousands of spectators had gathered in the vicinity of the bandstand. As the paraders reached Hamilton Park they spread in a semi-circle around the bandstand. The circle kept widening from the centre of the park until it reached its outer edge. Upon the bandstand were Bishop O'Connor, Archbishop Seton, Monsignor Sheppard, Father Isaac Whelan, Robert Davis, Mayor Brady, of Bayonne, and numerous clergy-men. An honored guest was Monsignor Robert Seton, titular Archbishop of Heliopolis, who recently arrived from Rome, where he occupies the position of Papal historian.

The burden of all the utterances of the speakers was the alarming prevalence of swearing and loose and obscene talk in this age. All present were urged not only to live up to their vows as members of the Holy Name Society, to abjure swearing and lead sober lives, but to also, in the name of the society and as individuals, prevent loose talking by others and never hesitate to evidence their displeasure at blasphemous utterances made in their presence.

Monsignor Sheppard, as president of the Holy Name Society Unica, expressed his gratification at the magnificent showing made in the parade, an object lesson, which he declared, would set all men thinking and would work great good for the object sought by the society, and then introduced Bishop O'Connor. He dwelt at length upon the prevalence of swearing among men of all classes, the rich and educated, "who swear at their workmen, their servants and even their wives and children," as well as the uneducated denizens of the tenement districts.

"You cannot walk the streets and stand among men," said the Bishop, "without becoming disgusted and contaminated by their conversation. Even children of tender years use words we would fain believe they do not understand. We have come together to register ourselves as opposed to all irreverence of the Holy Name of God. It is true, thank God, that what is strictly termed blasphemy is rare. Blasphemy is language intended to insult God purposely. Under the old law blasphemers were stoned to death. While blasphemy is rare cursing that couples with it the Holy Name in conversation or as an outburst of anger, like the snarl of a dog, is, alas! too common. Whenever one goes vulgar words, twisted into a curse, are hurled as some noxious missile. To say that this language is the outburst of passion or the result of drink is no excuse. Cursing that is the outcome of anger, rage, impatience or hate is as sinful as a blow. The passions should be curbed, the evil of drink removed. Every decent man among you should make a promise to Almighty God and renew it every day at prayer never to allow an improper word to pass his lips."

**Pius X and Temperance**  
 Among the interesting episodes of Archbishop Ryan's audiences with Pope Pius X. was that connected with the request that His Holiness bless the Priests' Total Abstinence League (of which His Grace is honorary president) and the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America. The Pope renewed all the privileges and indulgences granted by the late Pontiff Leo XIII, and in addition extended a special blessing to the organizations named.

The custom of drinking light wines is so universal in Italy that His Holiness was astonished to learn that there was in the United States such a large body pledged to drink nothing at all. He had not heard before of the Priests' Total Abstinence League, but said that it was calculated to do a great amount of good, and he commended the former, when they joined these societies for the sake of good example, even though they did not need their protection. The special blessings accorded will be formulated in the near future.

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BARNABY RUDGE - By CHARLES DICKENS

As they looked about them on the decaying furniture, it was strange to find how vividly it presented those to whom it had belonged, and with whom it was once familiar.

They went downstairs and again into the room they had just now left. Mr. Haredeale unbuckled his sword and laid it on the table, with a pair of pocket pistols, then told the locksmith he would fill him to the door.

He shook his head, and so plainly evinced his wish to be alone, that Gabriel could say no more. In another moment the locksmith was standing in the street, whence he could see that the light once more travelled upstairs, and soon returning to the room below, shone brightly through the chinks in the shutters.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Next morning brought no satisfaction to the locksmith's thoughts, nor next day, nor the next, nor many others. Often after nightfall he entered the street, and turned his eyes towards the well-known house, and as surely as he did so, there was the solitary light, still gleaming through the crevices of the window-shutter, while all within was motionless, noiseless, cheerless as a grave.

He usually had a book with him, and often tried to read, but never fixed his eyes or thoughts upon it for five minutes together. The slightest noise without doors caught his ear; a step upon the pavement seemed to make his heart leap.

He was not without some refreshment during the long lonely hours; generally he carried in his pocket a sandwich of bread and meat, and a small flask of wine. The latter, diluted with large quantities of water, he drank in a heated, feverish way, as though his throat were dried, but he scarcely ever broke his fast, by so much as a crumb of bread.

It is this voluntary sacrifice of sleep and comfort had its origin, as the locksmith on consideration was disposed to think, in any superstitious expectation of the fulfillment of a dream or vision connected with the event on which he had brooded for so many years, and if he waited for some ghostly visitor who walked abroad when men lay sleeping in their beds, he showed no trace of fear or wavering. His stern features expressed inflexible resolution; his brows were puckered, and his lips compressed, with deep and settled purpose; and when he started at a noise and listened, it was not with a start of fear but hope, and catching up his sword as though the hour had come at last, he would clutch it in his tight-clinched hand, and listen, with sparkling eyes and eager looks, until it died away.

These disappointments were numerous, for they ensued on almost every sound, but his constancy was not shaken. Still, every night he was at his post, the same stern, sleepless sentinel; and still night passed, and morning dawned, and he must watch again.

This went on for weeks; he had taken a lodging at Vauxhall in which to pass the day and rest himself; and from this place, when the tide served, he usually came to London Bridge from Westminster by water, in order that he might avoid the busy streets.

One evening, shortly before twilight, he came his accustomed road upon the river's bank, intending to pass through Westminster Hall into Palace, and there take boat to London Bridge as usual. There was a pretty large concourse of people assembled round the Houses of Parliament, looking at the members as they entered and departed, and giving vent to rather noisy demonstrations of approval or dislike, according to their known opinions. As he made his way among the throng, he heard once or twice the No-Popery cry, which was then becoming pretty familiar to the ears of most

men; but holding it in every slight regard, and observing that the idlers were of the lowest grade, he neither thought nor cared about it, but made his way along, with perfect indifference.

There were many little knots and groups of persons in Westminster Hall, some few looking upward at its noble ceiling, and at the rays of evening light, tinted by the setting sun, which streamed in assault through its small windows, and growing dimmer by degrees, were quenched in the gathering gloom below; some, noisy passengers, mechanics going home from work, and otherwise, who hurried quickly through, waking the echoes with their voices, and soon darkening the small door in the distance, as they passed into the street beyond; some, in busy conference together on political or private matters, pacing slowly up and down with eyes that sought the ground, and seeming, by their attitudes, to listen earnestly from head to foot. Here, a dozen squabbling archbishops made a very Babel in the air; there a solitary man, half clerk, half mendicant, paced up and down with hungry dejection in his look and gait; at his elbow passed an errand-lad, swinging his basket round and round, and with his shrill whistle riving the very timbers of the roof, while a more observant schoolboy, half-way through, pocketed his ball, and eyed the distant beadle as he came looming on. It was that time of evening when if you shut your eyes and open them again, the darkness of an hour appears to have gathered in a second. The smooth-worn pavement, dusty with footsteps still called upon the lofty walls to reiterate the shuffle and the tread of feet unceasingly, save when the closing of some heavy door resounded through the building like a clap of thunder, and drolled all other noises in its rolling sound.

Mr. Haredeale, glancing only at such of those groups as he passed nearest to, and then in a manner betokening that his thoughts were elsewhere, had nearly traversed the Hall, when two persons before him caught his attention. One of these, a gentleman in elegant attire, carried in his hand a cane, which he twirled in a jaunty manner as he loitered on; the other, an obsequious, crouching, fawning figure, listened to what he said—at times throwing in a humble word himself—and, with his shoulders shrugged up to his ears, rubbed his hands submissively, or answered at intervals by an inclination of the head, half-way between a nod of acquiescence, and a bow of most profound respect.

In the abstract there was nothing very remarkable in this pair, for servility waiting on a handsome suit of clothes and a cane—not to speak of gold and silver sticks, or wands of office—is common enough. But there was that about the well-dressed man, yes, and about the other likewise, which struck Mr. Haredeale with no pleasant feeling. He hesitated, stopped, and would have stepped aside and turned out of his path, but at the moment, the other two faced about quickly and stumbled upon him before he could avoid them.

The gentleman with the cane lifted his hat and had begun to tender an apology, which Mr. Haredeale as hastily to acknowledge and walk away, when he stopped short and cried, "Haredeale! God bless me, this is strange indeed!"

"I is," he returned impatiently, "yes—a—"

"My dear friend," cried the other, detaining him, "why such great speed? One minute, Haredeale, for the sake of old acquaintance."

"I am in haste," he said, "Neither of us has sought this meeting. Let it be a brief one. Good-night!"

"Fie, fie!" replied Sir John (for it was he), "how very churlish! I was speaking of you. Your name was on my lips—perhaps you heard me mention it? No? I am sorry for that. I am really sorry. You know our friend here, Haredeale; this is really a most remarkable meeting!"

The friend, plainly very ill at ease, had made bold to press Sir John's arm, and to give him other significant hints that he was desirous of avoiding this introduction. As it did not suit Sir John's purpose, however, that it should be evaded, he appeared quite unconscious of these silent remonstrances, and inclined his hand towards him, as he spoke, to call attention to him more particularly.

The friend, therefore, had nothing for it, but to muster up the pleasant smile he could, and to make a conciliatory bow as Mr. Haredeale thrust his eyes upon him. Seeing that he was recognized he held out his hand in an awkward and embarrassed manner, which was not mended by its contemptuous rejection.

"Mr. Haredeale!" said Haredeale, coldly. "It is as I have heard, then. You have left the darkness for the light, sir, and hate those whose opinions you formerly held, with all the bitterness of a renegade. You are an honor, sir, to any cause. I wish the one you espouse at present, much joy of the acquisition it has made."

The secretary rubbed his hands and bowed, as though he would disarm his adversary by humbling himself before him. Sir John Chester again exclaimed, with an air of great glee, "Now, really, this is a most remarkable meeting!" and took a pinch of snuff with his usual self-possession.

"Mr. Haredeale," said Gashford, stealthily raising his eyes, and letting them drop again when they met the other's steady gaze, "is too conscientious, too honorable, too manly, I am sure, to attach unworthy motives to an honest change of opinion, even though it implies a doubt of those he holds himself. Mr. Haredeale is too just, too generous, too clear-sighted, in his moral vision, to—"

"Yes, sir?" he rejoined with a sarcastic smile, finding that the secretary stopped. "You were saying—"

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really, for a moment, contemplate the very remarkable character of this meeting. Haredeale, my dear friend, pardon me if I think you are not sufficiently impressed with its singularity. Here we stand, by no previous appointment or arrangement, three old schoolfellows, in Westminster Hall; three old boarders in a remarkably full and shady seminary at St. Omer's, where you, being Catholics, and of necessity educated out of England, were brought up, and where I, being a promising young Protestant at that time, went to learn the French tongue from a native of Paris!"

"Add to the singularity, Sir John," said Mr. Haredeale, "that some of you Protestants of promise are at this moment leagued in yonder building to prevent our having the surpassing and unheard-of privilege of teaching our children to read and write—here—in this land, where thousands of us enter your service every year, and to preserve the freedom of which, we die in bloody battles abroad, in heaps; and that others of you, to the number of some thousands as I learn, are bent on to look to all men of my creed as wolves and beasts of prey, by this man Gashford. Add to it, besides, the bare fact that this man lives in society, walks the streets in broad day,—I was about to say, holds up his head, but that he does not—and it will be strange, and very strange, I grant you."

"Oh! you are hard upon our friend," replied Sir John, with an engaging smile. "You are really very hard upon our friend!"

"Let him go, Sir John," said Gashford, fumbling with his gloves. "Let him go, on I can make allowances, Sir John. I am honored with your good opinion, and I can dispense with Mr. Haredeale's, Mr. Haredeale is a sufferer from the penal laws, and I can't expect his favor."

"You have so much of my favor, sir," retorted Mr. Haredeale, with a bitter glance at the third party in the conversation, "that I am glad to see you in such good company. You are the essence of your great Association, in yourselves."

"Now, there you must go," said Sir John, in his most benignant way. "There—which is a most remarkable circumstance for a man of your punctuality and exactness, Haredeale—you fall into an error. I don't belong to the body; I have an immense respect for its members, but I don't belong to it; although I am, it is certainly true, the conscientious opponent of your being relieved. I feel it my duty to be so, it is a most unfortunate necessity, and cost me a bitter struggle. Will you try this infusion of a very choice scent, you'll find its flavor exquisite."

"I ask your pardon, Sir John," said Mr. Haredeale, declining the proffer with a motion of his hand, "for having ranked you among the humble instruments who are obvious to your genius. Men of your capacity plot in secrecy and safety, and leave exposed posts to the duller wits."

"Don't apologize for the world," replied Sir John sweetly, "old friends like you and I may be allowed some freedoms, or the deuce is in it."

Gashford, who had been very restless all this time, but had not once looked up, now turned to Sir John and the effect that he must go, or my lord would perhaps be waiting for me. "Don't distress yourself, good sir," said Mr. Haredeale, "I'll take my leave, and put you at your ease"—which he was about to do without ceremony, when he was stayed by a buzz and murmur at the upper end of the hall, and, looking in that direction, saw Lord George Gordon coming on, with a crowd of people round him.

There was a lurking look of triumph, though very differently expressed, in the faces of his two companions, which made it a natural impulse on Mr. Haredeale's part not to give way before this leader, but to stand there while he passed. He drew himself up and clasping his hands behind him, looked on with a proud and scornful aspect, while Lord George slowly advanced (for the press was great about him) towards the spot where they were standing.

He had left the House of Commons but that moment, and had come straight down into the hall, bringing with him, as his custom was, intelligence of what had been said that night in reference to the Papists, and what petitions had been presented in their favor, and who had supported them, and when the Bill was to be brought in, and when it would be advisable to present their own Great Protestant petition. All this he told the persons about him in a loud voice, and with great abundance of ungainly gesture. Those who were nearest him made comments to each other, and vented threats and murmurings; those who were outside the crowd cried "Silence," and "Stand back," or closed in upon the rest, endeavoring to make a forcible change of places, and so they came

driving on in a very disorderly and irregular way, as it is the manner of a crowd to do.

When they were very near to where the Secretary, Sir John, and Mr. Haredeale stood, Lord George turned round, and making a few remarks of a sufficiently violent and incoherent kind, concluded with the usual sentiment, and called for three cheers to back it. While these were in the act of being given with great energy, he extricated himself from the press, and stepped up to Gashford's side. Both he and Sir John being well known to the populace, they fell back a little, and left the four standing together.

"Mr. Haredeale, Lord George," said Sir John Chester, seeing that the nobleman regarded him with an inquisitive look. "A Catholic gentleman, unfortunately—most unhappily a Catholic—but an esteemed acquaintance of mine, and once of Mr. Gashford's. My dear Haredeale, this is Lord George Gordon."

"I should have known that, had I been ignorant of his lordship's person," said Mr. Haredeale. "I hope there is but one gentleman in England who, addressing an ignorant and excited throng, would speak of a large body of his fellow-subjects in such injurious language as I heard this moment. For shame, my lord, for shame!"

"I cannot talk to you, sir," replied Lord George in a loud voice, and waving his hand in a disturbed and agitated manner, "we have nothing in common."

"We have much in common—many things—all that the Almighty gave us," said Mr. Haredeale; "and common charity, not to say common sense and common decency, should teach you to refrain from these proceedings. If every one of those men had arms in their hands at this moment, as they have them in their hands, I would not leave this place without telling you that you disgrace your station."

"I don't hear you, sir," he replied in the same manner as before; "I can't hear you. It is indifferent to me what you say. Don't retort, Gashford," for the secretary had made a show of wishing to do so; "I can hold no communion with the worshippers of idols."

As he said this, he glanced at Sir John, who lifted his hands and eyebrows, as if deploring the intemperate conduct of Mr. Haredeale, and smiled in admiration of the crowd and of their leader.

"He retort!" cried Haredeale. "Look you here, my lord. Do you know this man?"

Lord George replied by laying his hand upon the shoulder of his cringing secretary, and viewing him with a smile of confidence.

"This man," said Mr. Haredeale, eyeing him from top to toe, "who in his boyhood was a thief, and has been from that time to this, a servile, false, and truckling knave; this man, who has crawled and crept through life, wounding the hands, he licked, and biting those he favored upon; this scoundrel, who never knew what honor, truth, or courage meant, who robbed his benefactor's daughter of her virtue, and married her to stripes and cruelty; this creature who has whined at kitchen windows for the broken food, and begged for half-pence at our chapel doors, this apostle of the faith, whose tender conscience cannot bear the altars where his vicious life was publicly denounced. Do you know this man?"

"Oh, really—you are very, very hard upon our friend!" exclaimed Sir John.

"Let Mr. Haredeale go on," said Gashford, upon whose unwholesome face the perspiration had broken out during this speech, in blotches of wet; "I don't mind him, Sir John; it's quite as indifferent to me what he says, as it is to my lord. If he reviles my lord, as you have heard, Sir John, how can I hope to escape?"

"Is it not enough, my lord," Mr. Haredeale continued, "that I, as good a gentleman as you, must hold my property, such as it is, by a trick at which the state connives because of these hard laws, and that we may not teach our youth in schools the common principles of right and wrong, but must be denounced and ridden by such men as this! Here is a man to head you No-Popery cry! For shame. For shame!"

The infuriated nobleman had glanced more than once at Sir John Chester, as if to inquire whether there was any truth in these statements concerning Gashford, and Sir John had as often plainly answered by a shrug or look, "Oh, dear me no!" He now said, in the same loud key, and in the same strange manner as before:

"I have nothing to say, sir, in reply and no desire to hear anything more. I beg you won't obtrude your conversation, or these personal attacks, upon me. I shall not be deterred from doing my duty by my country and my countrymen, by any such attempts, whether they proceed from emissaries of the Pope or not. I assure you, come, Gashford!"

They had walked on a few paces while speaking, and were now at the half-door, through which they passed together. Mr. Haredeale, without any leave-taking, turned away to the river stairs, which were close at hand, and hailed the only boatman who remained there.

TENTH MONTH 31 DAYS October THE ROSARY THE HOLY ANGELS 1905. Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and list of feast days and saints.

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There stood still, leaving him on a little clear space by himself. They were not silent, however, though inactive. At first some indistinct mutterings arose among them, which were followed by a hiss or two, and these swelled by degrees into a perfect storm.

There was at first a slight disposition on the part of the mob to resent this interference, but John, looking particularly strong and cool, and wearing besides Lord George's livery, they thought better of it, and contented themselves with sending a shower of small missiles about the boat, which plashed harmlessly in the water, for she had by this time cleared the bridge, and was darting swiftly down the centre of the stream.

From this amusement they proceeded to give Protestant knocks at the doors of private houses, breaking a few lamps, and assaulting some stray constables. But, it being whispered that a detachment of Life Guards had been sent for, they took to their heels with great expedition, and left the street quite clear.

Mr. Haredeale had stood calmly on the brink of the steps, until they made this demonstration, when he looked round contemptuously, and walked at a slow pace down the stairs. He was pretty near the boat, when Gashford, as if without intention, turned about, and directly afterwards a great stone was thrown by some hand, in the crowd, and made struck him on the head, and made him stagger like a drunken man.

The blood sprang freely from the wound and trickled down his coat. He turned directly, and rushing up the steps with a boldness and passion which made them fall back, demanded: "Who did that? Show me the man who hit me."

Not a soul moved, except some in the rear who shrank off, and, looking to the other side of the way, escaped on like indifferent spectators.

"Show me the man who hit me," he repeated. "Show me the man who did it. Dog was it you? It was your deed, if not your hand, I know you."

He threw himself on Gashford as he said the words, and hurled him to the ground. There was a sudden motion in the crowd, and some laid hands upon him, but his sword was out and they fell off again.

"My lord—Sir John," he cried, "draw, one of you—you are responsible for this outrage, and I look to you. Draw, if you are gentlemen." With that he struck Sir John upon the breast with the flat of his weapon, and with a burning face and flashing eyes stood upon his guard, alone before them all.

"For an instant, for the briefest space of time the mind can readily conceive, there was a change in Sir John's smooth face, such as no man ever saw there. The next moment he stepped forward, and laid one hand on Mr. Haredeale's arm, while with the other he endeavored to appease the crowd.

"My dear friend, my good Haredeale, you are blinded with passion—it's very natural, extremely natural—but you don't know friends from foes."

ed him into the boat, and giving her a shove off, which sent her thirty feet into the tide, bade the waterman pull away like a Briton, and walked up again as composedly as if he had just landed.

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RESCUED FROM THE DEADLY CLUTCHES

ONE MORE CURE OF BRIGHT'S DISEASE BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Mr. Theodore Young, of Smith's Falls was Beyond the Doctor's Aid—Now He's Well—and Strong.

Smith's Falls, Ont., Oct. 9.—(Special)—Mr. Theodore Young, a well-known citizen of this place, is one of the many Canadians who have been rescued from the clutches of the much dreaded Bright's Disease, by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"For two years," says Mr. Young, in relating his experience, "I was afflicted with Bright's Disease. The doctors told me I could get no relief. My urine was very dark and I lost considerable blood, making me so weak I could scarcely stand. I also used many medicines without getting relief."

"Hearing of wonderful cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills led me to try them, and after using the first box I found great relief. After using four boxes I was able to go to work, which I had been unable to do for some time. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all who are afflicted as I was."

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure Bright's Disease, the most advanced stage of Kidney Disease. How much more easily will they cure the earlier stages of Kidney Disease.

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

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES. BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, BACKACHE, STOMACH DYSPEPSIA, AND ALL URINARY AFFECTIONS.

The HOME CIRCLE

DON'T WHINE.

A recent number of Medical Talk has an article on the evil effects of "whining." Complaints, says the writer, are usually made in a minor key. This monotony rasps the vocal cords, taxes the nasal nerves and muscles that should not be brought into play at speaking, and tends to shallow, uneven breathing. The whiner, too, is almost without exception, a more or less idle, lazy person. The habit of whining of itself tends to sap initiative impulse and increases phlegmatic tendencies. Habitual whining, not healthy, vicious fault-finding, where fault really exists, but the helpless, futile complaining of a narrow nature too indolent to make any effort to right the cause of complaint, has a definitely deleterious physical effect on the whole constitution. Add to this the fact that eternal fault-finding is more than likely to wear on the staunchest friendship and take the light from the levellest countenance, and the full effects of this insidious and prevalent habit will be better appreciated.

Get the whine out of your voice or it will stony the development and growth of your body. It will narrow and shrink your mind. It will drive away your friends; it will make you unpopular. Quit your whining brace up; go to work; be something; stand for something; fill your place in the universe. Instead of whining around exciting only pity and contempt, face about and make something of yourself. Reach up to the stature of a strong, ennobling manhood, to the beauty and strength of a superb womanhood. There is nothing the matter with you. Just quit whining and go to work.

WHAT TO DO IN A STORM.

So many persons, especially women, are frightened at severe thunder storms that the following instructions, telling one what to do in cases, furnished by J. Warren Smith, a director of one of the government weather bureaus, will be acceptable. He says:

Thunder storms occur when there is a rapid condensation of moisture in a rising current of air, or a rapid condensation due to the cooling of an upper layer of air. It is held by most scientists that the lightning flash is an oscillatory discharge repeated frequently to and fro between cloud and earth. The distance of the flash in miles is approximately equal to one-fifth of the number of seconds between the flash and the thunder. The number of people killed by lightning each year in the United States averages about 300, the greater loss of life being in July. Small articles of metal do not have the power to attract lightning, but one should not stand under trees during thunderstorms, in the doorway of barns, near open windows or doors, or close to cattle or horses, or near chimneys and fireplaces. There is very little reason, however, for alarm during a thunderstorm or for making efforts to insulate one's self by getting into feather beds, etc. If you are in the vicinity of a person who has just been struck by lightning, no matter if he appears dead, go to work at once to try to restore respiration and consciousness. No matter which method of artificial respiration is used, keep it up for at least an hour, and in the meantime maintain the heat of the body by hot flannels, bottles of water, warm clothing taken from bystanders, etc. Firmly and energetically rub the limbs upwards so as to force the blood to the heart and brain. When swallowing is established a teaspoonful of warm water, wine, diluted whisky or brandy or warm coffee should be given. Sleep should be encouraged. Send for a physician at once. Lightning frequently causes a temporary paralysis of the respiratory organs and the heart beat, which, if left alone, will deepen into death, but which, treated as suggested will often result in recovery.

PASSING THE CHURCH.

Do we Catholics firmly believe in the real presence of Our Lord in the blessed sacrament? No doubt we do, and we must, would we be true followers of Christ! Yet do we not oftentimes act as if the Lord had no abode in the tabernacle? Oftentimes we pass by the church and never stop to enter just for one short moment, just to greet Our Master, who waits for us, who calls to us, who here rests day and night alone, and it would seem forgotten. Would you pass by the home of some great benefactor without even as much as replying to his call should he invite you in? Then why not at least stop one moment to greet your greatest benefactor, your Lord, your God, your all, who continually invites you to come to Him?

FOREVER.

Those we love truly never die, Though year by year the sad memorial wreath, A ring and flowers, types of life and death, Are laid upon their graves.

For death the pure life saves, And life all pure is love; and love can reach From heaven to earth, and nobler lessons teach Than those by mortal read.

Well blest is he who hath a dear one dead; A friend he has whose face will never change— A dear communion that will not grow strange— The anchor of love is death.

Thank God for one dead friend, With face still radiant with the light of truth, Whose love comes laden with the scent of youth, Through twenty years of death. —John Boyle O'Reilly.

AN ISLAND FISHERMAN.

I groan as I put out My nets upon the bay, To hear the little girshas shout, Dancin' among the spray.

Ochon! the childer pass And leave us to our grief; The stranger took my little lass At the fall o' the leaf.

Why should you go so fast With him you never knew? In all the trouble that is past I never frowned on you.

The light o' my old eyes! The comfort o' my heart! Waitin' for me your mother lies In blessed Innishart.

Her lone grave I keep From all the cold world wide, But you in life and death will sleep The stranger beside.

Ochon! my thoughts are sild, But little blame I say; An ould man hungerin' for his child, Fishin' the live-long day.

You will not run again, Laughin' to see me land, Oh, what was pain and trouble then, Houldin' your little hand!

Or when your head let fall Its soft curls on my breast? Why do the childer grow at all To love the stranger best? —Katharine Tynan.

WOMAN OF INDIVIDUALITY.

One of the most charming characteristics of a woman is individuality. Yet how seldom do we find one who has the courage to turn aside from the beaten paths of custom and to be her real self, which is, generally speaking, a better and a nobler self than the one she gives to the world. There is so much that is artificial in our lives at present; so much striving to keep up with our neighbors and to be what society expects of us that we seldom have an opportunity to fulfill our own ideals. Needless to say, there are certain polite usages which no woman of culture can afford to disregard, but there are many other demands of so-called society that it were better for her not to heed.

Our family life is fast becoming a heavy burden, not so much from any radical change in the nature of things, but because the requirements of society are so arduous. A young couple starting in life cannot live in a plain cottage, on a plain street, as their income demands that they should do. That would mean social ostracism, as they must either go in debt or half starve themselves in order to have more fashionable apartments. Thus they start life on a wrong principle, and unless the man meets with unusual success in business, they will have to go on until the end, keeping up the unenviable struggle that they may seem to have what they really do not possess.

It is said that the response to The Simple Life in the great cities has been pathetic. We are growing tired of the unrest, the mad race for riches and the striving for material things. It is time for a reaction to set in and we need women of strong individuality, who will boldly proclaim a standard of plainer living and higher thinking, and who will have the courage to live up to their convictions.

"IS DR. CHASE YOUR DOCTOR?"

HAVE YOU LEARNED TO CURE BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION AND CONSUMPTION WITH Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

A medicine, like a physician, is selected because of the actual results it is known to bring about. Most people are slow in choosing either physician or medicine until they know of cases in which they have proven successful.

In calling your attention to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills it is only necessary to point to their success in the past, for they are known in nearly every home.

By means of their direct and specific action on the liver—causing a healthful flow of bile—they regulate and enliven the action of the bowels and ensure good digestion in the intestines. At the same time they stimulate the kidneys in their work of filtering poisons from the blood.

This cleansing process set in action by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills means a thorough cure of biliousness, intestinal indigestion, torpid liver, kidney derangements and constipation.

It means a restoration of health, strength and comfort where there has been pain, weakness and suffering. It means a removal of the conditions which lead to backache, rheumatism, lumbago, Bright's disease, appendicitis and diabetes.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

Who Made the World Some years ago Archbishop Williams of Boston was visiting one of the churches of his diocese, and at one place he requested that the children of the catechism class assemble to be catechized.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

WHICH IS IT?

Mrs. Alice Meynell, the talented English writer, has written a book about children, and when ever any of the children of her friends do anything odd or amusing an account is straightway sent to her.

An American woman who met Mrs. Meynell in London related the other day an incident that the English woman had told in her hearing.

"Mrs. Meynell gave this incident," she said, "to illustrate the topsyturvy, upside down way in which many children see things. 'A little girl sat in a parlor with a cat. A maid, entering, said: 'Look at kitty washing her face.' 'Oh, no,' said the little girl. 'She isn't washing her face. She is washing her feet and wiping them on her face.'" —Philadelphia Bulletin.

WHEN I GROW UP.

My grocer's man comes every day Though why he should I cannot say, For mother mostly orders beans, And soup and mustard, salt and greens And tea, and starch, and lard, and rice— Not much of anything that's nice.

Such food for some folks may seem best, But scarce excites my interest. When I grow up my grocer's clerk Will very seldom need to work; The butcher boy I'll ask to call Just once in spring and once in fall.

I'll have the candy boy call twice Each day, and sometimes even thrice! Mornings it will be best, I judge, To order caramels and fudge; At night a box of chocolate creams, To make me sure of pleasant dreams! I mean to have the toy-shop man Stop just as often as he can. New toys grow tiresome soon, you know; And, then, too, one's friends do break them so!

JACKKNIVES.

The word "jack" is applied to any contrivance which does the work of a boy or servant. In French the name "Jacques" is a term used for a youth of mental condition. The term "country jake" is of kindred sense. "Jack-lord," "jackanapes," "Jack tar," "jack o' lantern," "black jack," "jack rabbit," the term jack applied to the knife in playing cards. "Jack in a box" and "Jack at all trades" show the derivative meaning. Hence jack-knife means a boy's knife. In early days the jackknife headed the list of a boy's toys and, with his skates, gave him the greatest pleasure. His skates were made of what do you suppose? Beef bones, fastened to the soles of his feet!

A FEW CONUNDRUMS.

How do bees dispose of their honey? They sell it. What game do the waves play at? Pritch and toss. What soup would cannibals prefer? A broth of a boy. What sort of men are always above board? Chessmen. What is the oldest lunatic on record? Time out of mind. What is a muff? Something that holds a lady's hand and doesn't squeeze it. When is a clock on the stair dangerous? When it runs down and strikes one. Why is a pig in the kitchen like a house on fire? The sooner it's out the better. Why are troublesome visitors like trees in winter? Because it is a long time before they leave.

TO AMUSE CHILDREN.

All mothers have found that the best way to entertain small children is to let them play the games they are used to playing. It amuses them more than new ones. Blind man's buff is usually very successful. A heart hunt might meet with their approval. Cut out a dozen or more very large pasteboard hearts, painted red, with little ribbons and loops slipped through the top. Hide these away in one room and in the hall. The child who finds the most is given a prize, so is the child who finds the second, fourth and least number. Let the children keep the hearts they find, pinning them to the front of the frock. The prizes could be large candy boxes in the shape of hearts and red candy hearts, tied around with red ribbon.

THE BEAR AND THE FOG HORN.

It was her first day in the country. She had heard about cows, calves, sheep and hens and she had seen the pictures in her reading books. From the pictures she was sure that a cow was about as large as her cat, Bess. A hen was about like a sparrow, to whom she gave crumbs, and a sheep was like a small dog. A war was larger than any of them, for she had seen a bear in the park, and she knew it was larger than the animals whose pictures were in her books. A squirrel she classed with the large animals, for all she had seen were the pictures. The first day after she had been looking around the place for about an hour, she ran into the house as if there was some wild animal after her. Her pale, frightened looking face alarmed her grandmother. "What's the matter, Jennie, dear? What's the matter?" asked her grandmother. "There's a bear coming up the road with a fog horn," gasped the child. "A bear with a fog horn? What can the child mean?" and the grandmother went to the door.

THE DOLL'S WEDDING.

I'm 'vited to the wedding, And have to make a dress, I want a lot of 'lusion, A hundred yards, I guess— I think I'll make it "princess," I couldn't wear it plain, It's very fashionable To have a plaited train. It's Rosa Burdock's wedding, To-morrow, just at three, In Mamie Turnbull's garden Under the apple-tree; The bridegroom's Colonel Bracebridge, He wears a sword and plume, To show that he's a soldier— It's stylish, he presume.

We made some sugar-water, And Mamie's got a cake; I never saw such good ones As her mamma can make. She puts on plenty frosting And lots of sugar plums— I guess we'll have the 'freshments Before the min'ter comes.

We've got to pick some dandelins, To make a chain and ring— Louise will play the jew's-harp, And Mamie and I will sing; We'll have to say the 'sponses, They couldn't if they tried— But Rosa is so el'gant She'll make a lovely bride.

We'll have to stand the Colonel Against a piece of board Or maybe he can stand up, By leaning on his sword. Come now, this is to-morrow, Let's get our hats and shawls, Bring June and Zephyrine, And all the other dolls.

FITS EPILEPSY

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

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"Don't—don't open the door; there it is," said the scared child. "That a bear? Why, that's my pet cow, and she's bellowing because her calf has been taken away." It took some time to make Jennie understand that "that big thing was a cow," and not a bear with a fog horn.

A BRIEF FRIENDSHIP.

Deep in a pond lived Taddy Pole (The pond was in a bog), And there upon the mud he met The lively Polly Wog. He thought her graceful; she admired His active twirl and bends. He said, "I like you very much." She murmured, "Let's be friends!" And friends they were for quite a week; Each shared the other's swim. He never stayed away from her, And she kept close to him. The water-beetle, sailing by, Would smile and rudely stare; While news remarked, "Just look at that Inseparable pair!"

But one day two things happened, and Their friendship ceased to be. For Polly Wog and Taddy Pole Had left the pond, you see. They meet as utter strangers now Upon their native bog; For she's become a dragon-fly And he's become a frog. —Little Folks.

ALLITERATION.

Here is a game that may be played by any number of boys and girls. It is a game in which you can have lots of laughter and fun and one that at the same time will have the effect of making you think quickly.

Each of the players who sit in a row, tells in order to what place he will travel and what he will do there, always using for principal words (such as nouns, adjectives and verbs) those beginning with a single letter of the alphabet. The first player takes A, the second B, etc. Thus the players in order may say:

"I am going to Africa to ask an Arab for Apricots." "I am going to Boston to Buy Baked Beans." "I am going to California to Cut Curious Capers." "I am going to Damascus to Dine on Delicious Doughnuts." "I am going to Elizabeth to Eat Eggs Egotistically." And so on through the alphabet. Any one unable to give a sentence of this kind may be required to pay a forfeit or a score may be kept, the successful ones being given one point. In this case the company may be divided into two sides. The method of playing must be agreed upon before hand.

THE CHILD'S PETITION.

She stole into the church alone, With shy and timid grace, A little child with wondrous eyes, And smiling, dimpled face. "I came to see You, dearest Lord, Sweet Jesus, are You here? Ah, yes; the light is burning bright, I know that You are near.

"I'm glad that we are all alone, Because I want to bring A letter to Your Sacred Heart To ask for everything.

"Now, if some older people saw Me write this little letter, They'd take it, maybe, from my hand And try to make it better.

"But no one saw me write it, Lord; I think it's written right; And You won't mind if it's spelt wrong, Because it is clean and white.

"I'll drop it in Your treasure box, And kiss it so 't will speed Right up to heaven to Your heart To ask for all we need.

"And then to make it very sure I'll say a decade, too, To forward quick this little note I wrote, dear Lord, to You.

THE DOLL'S WEDDING.

I'm 'vited to the wedding, And have to make a dress, I want a lot of 'lusion, A hundred yards, I guess— I think I'll make it "princess," I couldn't wear it plain, It's very fashionable To have a plaited train.

It's Rosa Burdock's wedding, To-morrow, just at three, In Mamie Turnbull's garden Under the apple-tree; The bridegroom's Colonel Bracebridge, He wears a sword and plume, To show that he's a soldier— It's stylish, he presume.

We made some sugar-water, And Mamie's got a cake; I never saw such good ones As her mamma can make. She puts on plenty frosting And lots of sugar plums— I guess we'll have the 'freshments Before the min'ter comes.

We've got to pick some dandelins, To make a chain and ring— Louise will play the jew's-harp, And Mamie and I will sing; We'll have to say the 'sponses, They couldn't if they tried— But Rosa is so el'gant She'll make a lovely bride.

We'll have to stand the Colonel Against a piece of board Or maybe he can stand up, By leaning on his sword. Come now, this is to-morrow, Let's get our hats and shawls, Bring June and Zephyrine, And all the other dolls.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE Benedictine Salve

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

RHEUMATISM

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

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

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

254 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts send him to me and I will prove it to him. Yours for ever thankful, PETER AUSTEN.

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

198 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG.

St. James' Rectory, 428 N. 2nd street, Rockford, Ill. Mr. John O'Connor: DEAR SIR,—Please send me three more boxes of Benedictine Salve, as soon as possible. Enclose please find cheque and oblige. Yours sincerely, (Signed) FRANCIS P. MURPHY, Cobourg, April 22nd, 1905.

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

PILES

241 Sackville street Toronto, August 15th, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding, Itching Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times in agony and lost all hope of a cure.

Seeing your advertisement by chance, I thought I would try your Salve, and am proud to say it has made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend it to every sufferer. JAMES SHAW, Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof, I am, Yours, etc., ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, With the Boston Laundry.

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

MY DEAR SIR,—Herewith enclose you the sum of two dollars to pay for a couple of boxes of your Benedictine Salve. I purpose giving one to an old cripple and the other to a person badly troubled with piles, in order that they may be thereby benefited by its use. Yours respectfully, (Signed) M. McDONALD, Address Rev. Father McDonald, Portsmouth, Kingston, Ont.

BLOOD POISONING

Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the upper part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured and then I tried your salve, and with two boxes my foot healed up. I am now able to put on my boot and walk freely with same, the foot being entirely healed. I was also treated in the States prior to going to the hospital in Toronto, without relief. Your salve is a cure for blood-poisoning. MISS M. L. KEMP, Toronto, July 21st, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq.: DEAR SIR,—Early this week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder. I applied Benedictine Salve, and the next day I was all right and able to go to work. J. SHERIDAN, 34 Queen Street East.

JOHNO'CONNOR 199 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

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TORONTO, OCTOBER 12, 1905.

CATHOLIC UNITY.

Upon the proposal of the Verite of Quebec that a Catholic Centre party be formed in the Canadian Parliament, a portentous discussion has sprung up. But the Verite clearly misunderstands the first principles of Catholic unity, which in every country where it has been invoked stands conspicuous as a means to the patriotic end of national unity and public welfare. There is not the shadow of a mistake in the declaration that the more Catholics are united among themselves the greater facilities will they develop for uniting themselves with the highest intelligence of the nation without distinction of creed. Catholic unity cannot be possible if it does not contemplate national unity and harmony. The Centre Party in Germany quickly vindicated itself. Bismarck conceived the idea of national unity in opposition to the rights of Catholic citizens. That sort of unity works out as a tyranny. The Catholic minority of Germany combined to defend their rights and to demonstrate that these rights are identical with and not inimical to the highest interests of the state. As we have said, the German Centre Party has vindicated itself and stands to-day in the confidence of the emperor and his leading statesmen. The instruction of Pope Pius X. to Catholics is to promote unity among themselves in the general interest. And this is teaching which every patriotic minority, Protestant as well as Catholic, follows.

In the political arena there is no room for a Catholic party in Canada. Catholics are not persecuted in this country. The sectarian agitations that occasionally arise can be left between the political parties constituted as they are, and it has been the invariable experience of confederated Canada that the party launching upon a passing wave of sectarian rancor paid the penalty of its fatuity and became a wreck. Canadians of every creed can bless the land they live in as a land of religious liberty, and Catholics enjoying this liberty in common with other denominations, will help the highest measure of its maintenance by promoting unity among themselves. But there is no need for a demonstration of this unity on the floor of the House of Commons by the creation of a Catholic Centre Party.

THE ENTRANCE EXAMINATION.

During the past week the daily press has given voice to many expressions of opinion regarding the advisability of doing away with the examination known technically as the "Entrance." The "Entrance" for many years has been the El Dorado to which the eyes of the boy and girl turned from the first day of school until possession was an accomplished fact; in other words, until the crucial test had been tried and the candidate proved worthy to feed upon the more advanced pabulum afforded by the secondary schools. To do away with the examination now would partake of something of the nature of a revolution. No tangible goal would stand before the eye of the aspirant for scholarly advancement. Promotion according to the proposed new method, which by the way is not new, but merely a return to things olden, would not have the same incentive power, the same force as an impetus, as has the present system. While there is much to be said in favor of those who desire that the child be promoted on his entire record for the year, and on recommendation of his teacher, supported by the principal of the school, there is also much objection to this altogether disuse of a written examination as a final test. From a disciplinary point of view, and as a force urging to the best effort of the child, nothing is more effective than a written test. It is quite true that the written examination is a failure in some instances, as a presentation of the knowledge of the

child, and in him as in adults, a miscarriage of justice has sometimes, and indeed often times occurred, at the same time, the disciplinary advantages of the written examination are so decided that to do away with it altogether would be a great mistake. A judicious mixture of the year's record and the final written test, would seem to be the fairest solution. So far as our schools are concerned we can afford to quietly await the issue, results showing that the written examination promotes our children throughout the province in most satisfactory numbers, and in any new method decided upon our schools will be found ready and in line.

ABBE DUGAS HONORED.

All who have read the story of La Verendrye and the Northwest, as told by the Abbe Dugas, will concur and rejoice in the decision of His Holiness Pope Pius X. to confer upon the erudite and painstaking author, the title of Apostolic Prothonotary. The announcement of the honor was made by His Grace Archbishop Langevin at the Archbishopal Palace, St. Boniface, on Oct. 4th, the Feast of St. Francis, when in the presence of Mgr. Racicot, the Auxiliary Bishop of Montreal, and a local gathering of ecclesiastical dignitaries, Abbe Dugas, parish priest of St. Boniface and Vicar-General of the Archdiocese, was informed that henceforth, by the will of the Holy Father he should rank as Apostolic Prothonotary. The two and twenty years spent by the Rev. Abbe Dugas on the Red River, in the research and investigation which have given to the world the story of the Northwest and which has stirred up the sympathy and admiration of all patriotic Canadians, has also reached the heart of His Holiness, and the exactitude with which the work has been performed, the vividness of the life-like story of the pioneers of other days, of La Verendrye, of Chouart des Grossilliers, and of Father Alanel, of Father Anseau and Father Coquart, those intrepid and dauntless sons of the Sainted Loyola, are all so much material to serve as foundation for the deserved honor bestowed by His Holiness. It was doubtless a work of love for one born in the ancient and historic Province of Quebec to walk step by step along the path travelled by those who in common with his ancestors claimed La Belle France as home. Yet even this would not alone bring results and the amount of labor and conscientious investigation as represented by the works of the Abbe are such as to proclaim him a model collector and recorder, one from whom it may be expected that yet further light shall flow regarding our early martyrs and pioneers, one who will fill in the most admirable way the newly conferred office of Apostolic Prothonotary.

CANONIZATION OF SAINT GERARD MAJELLA.

The history of every saint of God's Church is not found within the leaves of the precious books of her Archives, nor is his name written upon the honored scroll which bears the list of her accredited sanctified ones. Many thousands are doubtless standing in the white light of a sainted kinship, whose humble and unobtrusive earthly existence gave to those around them no key to the brilliancy which awaited them in the world to come. Granting this, the Church yet exacts from those she honors with earthly recognition, a rigid process of examination and analysis before she places them in the ranks of those who by all signs and wonders are singled out as God's elect on earth, and his saints in Heaven. Of such is Saint Gerard Majella, a lay brother of the Redemptorist Order, he who was declared by Leo XIII. to be "One of those angelic youths whom God has given to the world as models for men." All the essentials for canonization were in his case easily producible. The odor of sanctity surrounded him in life and in death. Recognition of his virtues was given in his lifetime, and the results that followed were the results that accrue to earth from having harbored a saint. The Sons of St. Alphonsus are to-day rejoicing that a manifestation has been given to the world of the reward that has come to their lowly lay-brother, whose humility like that of the Blessed Virgin, has been regarded, and whose name from henceforth will be found upon the honor-roll of God's holy ones. The Catholic Register enters into the joy of the occasion with the Redemptorist Fathers and the Congregation of Saint Patrick's parish.

BUSINESS OF STATE.

The dignity that doth hedge a king appears but a small thing compared to insolence of office when a new party gets into power. So at least did Mr. Patrick O'Brien, ex-house-keeper at the Ontario Legislative Buildings, discover to his cost. The party wanted Mr. O'Brien's place for a worker of their own stripe; and upon the recommendation of Dr. Willoughby, a "worthy" one was picked for the job. But when the news leaked out the scutcheon of Sir Dignus was found to be tainted; in other words, he had not been a dyed-in-the-wool Tory. Therefore have Mr. Whitney and Mr. J. J. Foy claimed in

the trial of an action for damages that the reason Dr. Willoughby's man was turned down is the business of the state, allied to the honor of the lieutenant-governor, the safety of the king, his crown and dignity. But what is all this to Mr. Patrick O'Brien, who was deprived of his position to satisfy the clamor of a "worthy" or "unworthy" camp follower and patronage-mongers who travel with the lieutenant-governor's umbrella covering their heads? And why was Mr. J. J. Foy brought into the matter? Was it not to pull the wool over the eyes of those who discerned behind all the trappings of state and huffer-mugger of the patronage dictators, the one mean and cowardly motive for selecting Mr. O'Brien as the first victim of the Whitney spoils crusade.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Some remarkable cases of the cure of cancer by radium treatment are reported by the authorities of the London Hospital for Diseases of the Skin. Six cases have so far proved completely successful, while in one only had the disease taken too great a hold for the radium treatment to be efficacious. One of the patients now reported as cured had suffered from the disease for 18 years, and was so bad that an operation was out of the question. Another was afflicted for 15 years, and the others for shorter periods. In all these cases radium to the value of some £500 was used. The nature of the cases necessitated only external treatment, the radium being applied under a mica covering at the end of a small handle. An instrument has also been devised for the treatment of cases of internal cancer. This is an aesophageal tube, eighteen inches in length, the radium being fixed in crystal at the end of a whalebone rod. The tube is lowered straight down the patient's gullet. Seven cases are now attending for treatment with this instrument.

Presentation and Addresses to Rev. Father Laurandeanu

Rev. Father Laurandeanu, who was lately moved from St. Joseph's parish, Stratford, was presented with a well filled purse and the following address, from the young men of the parish, besides other gifts, all testifying to the love in which the Rev. Father was held and the regret of those with whom he parted. The meeting at which the presentations were made was opened with an address from President Corcoran.

Besides the pastor, Rev. Dr. McGee, there were present Fr. Dantym, and Father Campeau, the new curate of St. Joseph's parish. After a short programme of songs and instrumental music the President called upon Mr. D. J. Sullivan and M. A. Bresson to make the presentation, which consisted of a well-filled purse and an address. When the Rev. gentleman had replied the following guests were called upon for short speeches, in which they expressed their regrets at losing Fr. Laurandeanu and eulogized his many good qualities: Rev. Fr. McGee, Mr. P. O'Loane, E. O'Flaherty, C. McIlhargey, D. J. O'Connor and past presidents J. J. Coughlin and W. Cloney.

Among other gifts presented to Fr. Laurandeanu were: A fur coat and address from the married ladies of the congregation, a cap and gauntlets from the Sodality, an illuminated address from the older men, accompanied with a well filled purse, and a carving set from the altar boys.

ADDRESS TO REV. FATHER LAURANDEANU

Rev. and very dear Father: It was with feelings of deepest regret that we, the young men of St. Joseph's Parish, Stratford, heard of your removal from our midst.

We have indeed been blessed in a special manner in having such a friend and director as we have found in Father Laurandeanu. One who has been at all times both anxious and willing to do all in his power, no matter what the personal sacrifice, to advance the welfare of the young men of the congregation, and as a slight token of our appreciation of your untiring efforts, we beg of you to accept this purse from our midst, to take your place among the parish priests of the diocese of London, and we are sure that Almighty God will grant you the grace to overcome the difficulties of the responsible position you are about to fill.

Signed on behalf of the young men, Stratford, Sept. 20, 1905.

REV. FATHER LAURANDEANU'S REPLY TO THE ADDRESS.

I thank you for your generous gift and I receive with yet deeper sentiments of gratitude the kind words that accompany it. The latter without the former would be ample repayment for any little sacrifices I could have made in promoting the interests of this society.

I came to you with the fondest ambition that fills the heart of all young priests, i.e., "That of warming themselves into the hearts of the young men in order to assist them during the perilous years of their lives."

The seed for good or for evil is within us all. If left abandoned to the temptations of the world much harm will result to our bodies, to our souls, to our associations. The priest knows this and he knows also that you are good hearted, generous, well disposed, and, if kindly guided during your youth, you will become good, useful citizens, good solid Catholics.

In leaving you I ask that you take to heart the interests of this Society. Make it self-supporting. Abide by its constitution. It is thoroughly Catholic. Be proud of it, because it is Catholic. Love your priest director. His ambitions are mine. He will take up the work left by me with increased zeal. Stand by him, God will bless you, you will become men of solid faith like unto the elders you have invited here this evening. God grant it. God bless you. Good-bye.

THE ITALIAN IN AMERICA

(By Rev. Thomas J. Lynch, S.T.B., St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, N.Y.)

The settlement of the continent of North America—pre-eminently of the United States, has been brought about by a succession of tides of immigration, according as different nations have, from the pressure of religious, political or agrarian difficulties, demanded and sought an outlet for themselves. If the brand of emigrant be one of reproach, none save the sons of the red race can escape it in this land of ours, and it is well for anyone discussing the question of the desirability of receiving emigrants of any color or creed to realize this fact and to moderate his judgments and control his feelings accordingly. From the much-lauded passengers of the multitudinous May-flowers—and the boat must have been a fleet to accommodate them all—to the equally multitudinous voyagers in the equally numerous "Cauliflowers," as the son of Erin facetiously expressed it, there is this much in common, that they left their country in large part for their own good, in some measure for their country's good, and in most cases for the good of the land of their adoption. That the first to come should be the first to be served, and that those following should in turn be served to those preceding them, is the natural course of events in a country settled as ours has been, and when he who serves becomes in his turn the master it is not to be expected, but that he glory in his domination. Let him not forget, however, that this advancement takes on no tinge of aristocracy because of mere time, but only inasmuch as the enduring race retains its quality for enriching the common good and lives up to its best traditions. With these few considerations in mind, the question of the desirability of the Italian as a contribution to the blood, bone, intelligence and virility of the citizens of this country remains to be considered.

An emigrant should, in the mind of the ordinary citizen, be just what he himself very often is not: industriously inclined, sober, honest, law-abiding. Other qualities a religious man might add, but let us take the view that may commend itself to any man, without disputing terms. As to his industry. Can any one dispute this quality in the Italian? How many Italian beggars can be pointed out on the street; how many Italian idlers and tramps infest the country? Are not the majority content to turn their hands to anything honest they can find to do, and to do it as well and as earnestly as the average citizen? Is not a spirit of get-there-ness—so dear to the American heart—manifested by the son of sunny Italy, very much to the chagrin of his less industrious neighbor who stands to pick and choose while the lately arrived emigrant seizes the opportunity and has no such lordly disdain for the opening presented? Let every man answer this question for himself in the light of his own daily experience. If idlers that are sought, or hard-working citizens, eager to build up their own fortune and that of their new country? But many will say they work only for themselves—eager to return to their own land again, to live in ease and spend their days there. That may be true of the heart of the Italian as it is true of every man who loves the land of his birth no more, indeed, much less, than of other races. "Lives there a man with soul so dead, etc." is written for his justification as for that of any other race, and let the poet's curse overtake anyone for whom the bones of those in the far-off homeland have no attraction and the memory of whose hearthstone calls him not back. The fatherland is dear to every emigrant worth having, and the Italian is no exception in this regard to visit it again. He does not, however, put his desire into effect as much as he is thought to do. Those who return to Italy are few in comparison and contrast most favorably with the less numerous representatives of England and France in their acceptance of citizenship and all it involves. Industrious they are, and are giving their poor bodies in their turn to the land's upbuilding, as other races—as little thanked and appreciated in their day—have done before them. Occupying as yet the lowest rung in the ladder—the hewers of wood and the drawers of water—their turn will come and come in a marked degree—and why? Because their racial qualities will sustain them and tell in the long and trying ordeal. Sobriety is theirs, long-suffering, perseverance, honesty, simplicity, and, above all, morality is theirs.

Many people confound illiteracy with lack of education, whereas a man who can read and write may very often be inferior in education to the man who cannot. Naturally artistic in character, fond of music, with a sense of the aesthetic that is the inborn heritage of his blood, and fostered as it is by daily intercourse with the monumental productions of the dead past, with Church ritual and Cathedral dome, Roman arch and masterly decoration, the Italian emigrant contingent is educated even as fast goes, better—though its illiteracy may be higher—than the best class of our American mechanics. With unskilled labor as the initial term of our comparison, one has but to spend his summer vacations in the mountain regions of this country or in the Jersey and Maine fishing villages, to find the comparison strikingly in favor of the Italian as mountaineer in his own picturesque village or as he treads his net along the shores of Sicily or of the Adriatic.

Their elders are for the greater part sober, industrious, honest, and family loving kind, and good citizens. Their offspring are Americans in training and in heart, besides furnished with the qualities already enumerated. With such a combination, who can doubt for an instant the rich gift to the brawn, national feeling, and industry of this, their new home land? Especially will the love of the aesthetic and artistic in music, painting, architecture and kindred arts, and all those traits inherent in the Latin races, tell for good upon the hard, money-getting, hurrying spirit of this country, making a pleasant and health-giving blend, a hap-

py combination to offset the gross commercialism that is too marked in most instances in our daily life. It is our misfortune that even the refinements of life and natural relaxations are gone in, not with a spirit of temperance and simplicity, but in a businesslike, intense way that tells of nerve strain and the too highly keyed up tone of excitement that is a fever, not a repose—labor instead of a recreation.

With these few side-lights upon the character, social conditions and fitness of the Italian (?) emigrant, it is considered as a factor in our national life it is well to remember that these people are to be especially commended to our care as Catholics. They have come in herds to our shores; they must be cared for spiritually by Catholic priests and people, or if not, they will become a menace to the Church instead of its glory. And here it is well to remark that even amongst ourselves there is an unjust feeling that the Italian is not willing to sacrifice himself for his Church and to do his share, as other Catholic races have done, to uphold and support the Church in this country. The trouble with the Italian in this regard is that he never was called upon at home to do anything toward the support of Church or clergy. He is not like the Irish or the German who suffered for faith and sacrificed themselves to keep it alive. The rich nobility and landed gentry, the monasteries, and, finally, the confiscating state, assumed all financial cares for him, and he was called upon for nothing. Here the Italians find themselves urged to do what they consider should not be asked of them, and they do not for the most part respond, because they do not understand their obligations nor the necessity involved in the matter. Once they do realize what is required, they meet the exigencies of the situation and it needs but a short time to see the rising generation, as American Catholics, do their share generously and willingly toward meeting the Church's claims upon them for school and church buildings. Until then the care of the Italian falls upon his fellow-Catholic. The guardians of the flocks have sounded the alarm from the watchtowers and the children of the Italian race, the lambs, must be gathered in, if the ravening wolf in sheep's clothing, the hypocrite posing in dishonest garb and disguised ritual, is not to steal in and decimate the flock. Wherever a helping hand can be extended to these children, wherever they can be sheltered from evil-influence and loss of faith, whenever it is in the power of anyone to help them on to an honest livelihood, every Catholic citizen should be a missionary in himself. He knows better than anyone outside can, that in the Catholic Church is the protection for the state against dangers of neglected emigrants and their children; that in her teachings is a safeguard against the poor, the stranger and the abandoned, becoming enemies of society through depondency, poverty and helplessness.

That the Italian is a rich contribution to our national growth time will prove, and to the land of the olive and the vine the United States will in future owe very much to her destined superiority in the fields where brawn, and brain, and above all, moral strength, are required.

Artistic Hairdressing

Anyone observant of the appearance of his fellow-beings will have noticed that in spring the hair shows a brightness and life well in keeping with the time of the year, and also that as autumn approaches the hair is apt to become dull, and worse still, to fall out. Here art and science step in and arrest this undesirable process.

At Jules & Charles, 431 Yonge St., a particular treatment based on hygienic principles, which first were put into practice in Paris, is given, which stops this loss of hair, invigorates the scalp, and promotes a fresh growth of hair. Electrical massage may be necessary or ordinary massage with proper remedies.

In this establishment are to be noted some artistic "transformations" which are in reality a narrow foundation for artificial hair, which encircles the head, the hair forming a waved pompadour all around. These have many points to recommend them, for not only do they supplement the natural hair which may be scanty, the natural and artificial being drawn up together, but they are light, comfortable and easily fixed, and so admirably arranged to hide where the hair begins, that many ladies find them convenient for morning wear, or to take away for summer wear when out of reach of the hair-dresser's aid. A specialty of these "coiffeurs de dames" is the Marcel wave, which simulates so perfectly the crisp undulations of the naturally curly hair. As done by these hairdressers the process does not injure the hair, as may be the case in unskilled hands, but on the contrary is quite beneficial and in favorable weather the hair does not lose this waviness for six or seven days. She whose hair is rather thin will be surprised how much she appears to have when it is waved, and also how easily it is arranged after it is thus treated, because it keeps its place and "stays put." The Marcel wave has no relation to the old fussy "crimps" and never fails to be becoming to every face because so natural in appearance.

Attempt to Rob a Poor Box

Recently a miserable attempt was made to rob one of the St. Vincent Paul Children's Aid Societies collection boxes which had been placed by the kind permission of the manager in one of our city banks, by cutting a strong chain by which it had been fastened to the iron work of the cashier's cage.

Fortunately, however, that gentleman had a good ear and frustrated the efforts to rob our dependent and neglected little ones of the generous offerings of our charitable citizens, for which he deserves earnest thanks.

FOUND AT LAST

Mr. McGill, Analyst of the Dominion Inland Revenue Department, after an analysis, reports that the best English and American goods are inferior to the Canadian-made brand known as "Japanese" writing ink.

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JAMES MASON, Managing Director

St. Peter's T.A.S. Savings Bank

The following, taken from the Peterborough Review, speaks well for the sobriety and alertness of the Catholics of Peterborough and bears testimony of the great good that can be brought about by even individual effort as instanced by the case of Rev. Dr. O'Brien:

Rev. Dr. O'Brien, ever alert in looking after the interests of the members of St. Peter's T.A.S., has introduced a new feature into the society. The reverend gentleman has worked wonders in the city, and now that a wonderful reformation has been effected and men have been taught to lead sober lives, a scheme has been floated whereby the members of the society can practice economy and put aside a small portion of their earnings for the proverbial "rainy day," that might otherwise be spent in an extravagant or foolish manner.

"At the last regular meeting of the T.A.S. a savings bank was launched and, like many other ventures undertaken by this society, it promises to be a great success. Mr. D. Holland, one of the most enthusiastic workers in the organization, has been elected manager, and the banking hour is on Wednesday evening between 8 and 9 o'clock. Deposits from 25 cents upwards will be received, and the depositors will receive the necessary certificates on a sound basis, and all moneys will be deposited in the local Bank of Ottawa. Another feature in connection with the savings bank is that all depositors, as well as other members of St. Peter's T.A.S., can have their pay checks cashed at the banker's quarters in the society's rooms on every Wednesday evening.

Already quite a number have signified their intention of entering into the scheme, and have already made their first deposit.

Organ Blessed

The new organ in St. Mary's Cathedral was blessed by His Grace, Archbishop Gauthier, on Sunday, the Feast of the Holy Rosary. Gonzod's Mass by a mixed choir was sung in excellent style and the fine production from the organ showed it to be an instrument of exceptional merit.

With Our Subscribers

The kind we like to receive: Keansville, Sept. 28, 1905. Enclosed please find \$1.00 for your very valuable paper. May it always flourish and be as welcome in every Catholic home as it is in ours, is the wish of

MRS. D. C. O'GEAY.

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The QUIET HOUR

QUEEN OF THE ROSARY. Queen of the Holy Rosary! Thee as our Queen we greet...

Queen of the Sorrowful Mysteries! Christ 'mid the olives bled. Scourged at the pillar, crowned with thorns...

Queen of the Glorious Mysteries! Christ from the tomb has flown. Has mounted to the highest heaven...

Queen of the Holy Rosary! We, too, have joys and woes. May they, like thine, to glory lead!

MY MOTHER'S GOLD BEADS. These are the beads my mother wore When I was but a child...

I lay upon her breast, And stroked her shining, golden hair. That hung in curls o'er brow as fair...

These beads I counted o'er and o'er, As soft to me she sung; I watched them glitter in the light...

At last, when on my mother's breast I lay asleep, there sung to rest, I held those beads of gold...

The scene comes back to me again—I see them now as I saw them then. They seemed a part of mother to me...

Her form in the churchyard lies asleep Where oft an old man comes to weep—I wonder if she'd know me now...

I love these beads of yellow gold, That in my withered hand I hold, And kiss them one by one...

AVE MARIA. (By Harold Hughes.) Hail, Mary, full of grace! The Angel's song We echo, as thy festival we greet...

5000 Children's Prayer Books. 10c. each

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Dear Mother, pray thy Son with strength to fill Us wearied with our striving 'gainst what ill Impedes our soul, O Mary, full of grace!

Hail Mary! Love and praise To thee we bring, Whom Gabriel the Archangel praised, and whom Christ Jesus loved, the Offspring of thy womb...

PIUS X. AS A PREACHER. Having enjoyed the personal friendship of not only Pope Leo XIII., but of Pope Pius IX., Archbishop Seton is peculiarly well qualified to gauge the reigning Pope...

"IS ONE RELIGION AS GOOD AS ANOTHER?" (From the Catholic Universe.) We must give to God the kind of prayer, of praise and of worship which He demands...

BLESSED PURPOSE. (Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo.) The organized antidote against blasphemy, which under the title "The Holy Name Society," is accomplishing so much good...

WHAT IS WORTH WHILE? Whatever adds in even the smallest way to the world's brightness and cheer is worth while...

A MEDICAL ESTIMATE OF PRAYER. (From the Outlook.) At the recent annual meeting of the British Medical Association, a specialist in neurology and in the treatment of mental diseases, said: "As an alienist and one whose whole life has been concerned with the sufferings of the mind..."

WHY, INDEED? The Sacred Heart Review refuses to join in the enthusiasm shown by some other Catholic papers over the number of young men with Irish and Catholic names who are prominent in athletics in the big non-sectarian, i.e., Protestant colleges...

WEAR THE LEAGUE EMBLEM. While riding on a New York street car, the attention of a young man was attracted to an apparently feeble old man in a corner of the car who was gazing intently at a League Emblem which he was wearing...

MR. PATRICK HENRY, HAMILTON. Mr. Patrick Henry, 193 West avenue north, a native of County An-



BY ROYAL WARRANT, MILLERS TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

Good Bread should please the Eye as well as the Palate.

Why does the dainty housewife delight in snowy napery, glittering cut-glass, burnished silver, delicate china and all other table allurements dear to feminine hearts?

And what man does not appreciate table beauty?

It is not that we appreciate the appearance of our food almost as much as the taste of it?

Bread may be ever so wholesome, well-flavored and made of scientifically milled flour, but with all these qualities we want it to look dainty, appetising, snowy-white, with nut-brown crust, and be firm and silky in texture.

Royal Household Flour makes just that kind of bread.

The electrical purification and sterilization of Royal Household Flour makes it yield not only absolutely pure bread, but bread of snowy whiteness and beautiful texture—bread that will grace the prettiest table or give beauty to the humblest meal served on the plainest dishes.

You can prove this by trying a 25 lb. bag—you must have flour, why not have the best.

Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour.

Holy Church, the poor invalid passed away. Thus did the League Emblem become a means of grace to a soul dear to the Sacred Heart...

PHILIP BRADY, OTTAWA. The funeral of Philip Brady, who passed away suddenly in Chelsea, Quebec, a few days ago, took place from the residence of his son-in-law...

MISS FRANCES CONNOLLY, OTTAWA. The funeral of Miss Frances Connolly, who died at her father's summer residence, Woodroffe, on Sunday morning, took place Tuesday morning from Woodroffe to St. Joseph's church, thence to Notre Dame Cemetery...

DEATH OF JAMES V. JOHNSTON. (Bradford Era, Pa.) James Vincent Johnston died at his home, No. 47 Bishop street, Friday evening, Sept. 1st, at 6.30 o'clock. For years the deceased had not been in robust health, but he was, nevertheless, quite an active man for his age...

MRS. PETER KELLY, WESTPORT. Mrs. Peter Kelly, one of the oldest residents of this village, passed away on October 2nd, at the ripe old age of 83 years. During her long lifetime she was well known for her kind and charitable disposition which always made her a welcome visitor to those who were sick or in need of help and material comfort...

MR. PATRICK HENRY, HAMILTON. Mr. Patrick Henry, 193 West avenue north, a native of County An-

magh, Ireland, where he was born in 1819, died Sept. 24th, after an illness of only a few days. Deceased came to this country in 1839, and settled in Quebec, moving thence to Montreal, and coming to Hamilton in 1847. For almost 60 years he had resided here continuously. In 1848 he was married here, and his life partner died about two years ago. Deceased was employed as a carpenter with the G.W.R. and G.T.R. for about 35 years, retiring about 20 years ago. He leaves a family of three sons and two daughters. The daughters are Misses Elizabeth and Margaret at home, as are also two of the sons, David and James. The third son is Mr. A. W. Henry, of Cleveland, who came home at the time of his father's death. The funeral took place on Saturday morning to St. Patrick's church, thence to Holy Sepulchre Cemetery. Deceased had a very large circle of acquaintances, amongst the older residents and his death will be generally regretted. R.I.P.

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Commencing June 4, 1905 THE "Ocean Limited" Will Leave Daily Except Saturday MONTREAL 19.30 Arrive Daily Except Sunday ST. JOHN 17.15 HALIFAX 20.15

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SINGLE FARE FOR HUNTERS. Good going October 26th, to November 7th inclusive

To Muskoka Lakes, Lake of Bays, Magnetawan River, Midland, Penetang, Lakefield. All stations Argyle to Coboconk, Lindsay to Haliburton, Severn to North Bay. All points in Temagami, on T. & N. O. Ry., points on Northern Nav. Co., (Georgian Bay and Mackinaw Division) also to Sault Ste. Marie and Port Arthur via N. N. Co.

Good going October 10th to November 7th, to points Mattawa to Port Arthur inclusive. All tickets valid returning until December 9th.

Special one way Colonist Fares. To points in British Columbia, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Oregon, Utah, Washington, etc., going daily until October 31st.

For tickets, and full information call on Agents, Grand Trunk Railway. J. D. McDONALD, District Passenger Agent, Toronto

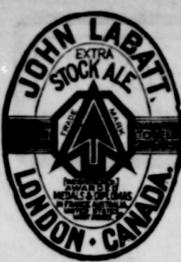
GREATER LOVE

Dan Kelly, who was working chief in those days, had just completed his eight-hour trick and was checking his transfer with the dispatching sheet preparatory to signing it and relinquishing the chair to Mark Bonnard, who would "sit in" until midnight, when Simpson, the division superintendent, opened the door connecting with his office and came into the room. As he ran his eye down the last written page of the message book in which were preserved in permanent form orders from headquarters, weather reports, advices of trains "in sight" east and west, and a score of other matters, his face grew dark as the afternoon sky of lead which he contemplated for a minute before speaking. He turned at the sound made by the chair as Kelly pushed it back to rise.

is his business. Mine is to see that the daughter of an old school chum down East is not disgraced by a brother-in-law who is likely at any time to become an irresponsible Indian, raising Cain from one end of the reservation to the other. Now that you understand, do you think it is worth while to stay, and if so, will you take any job I offer for six weeks?"

"His name's Sam." "Sam?" "Yep. And, boy, what d'ye think? He has curly hair just like a little brother I used to haul around in an express wagon when—" "Don't, Art, (the old name had not been used, even between them, for years, and the conductor's face fairly glowed), it's—oh, it's too much. I know I've been—" "Foolish now and then. Let it go at that, boy. I know all about it. You see I didn't have curly hair, so it came easier for me. But I understand; I knew that you didn't really mean any harm. Don't let's talk about it. Are you really coming down the line with me?" "I'm going with Steve Perfoto's gang, on the plough."

Pardee was only one station west of Castleton, and all the way, as the storm grew worse and the 274 wheezed and coughed in distress, Moore was taking a sardonic pleasure in crowding the train ahead. But with the journey almost ended there was expectation that the last few miles would be run in peace, or there were orders for Tooke to make his crossing at Wellesley, a "blind" siding half way to Castleton, which carried with them the inference that the humorous Moore would meanwhile be cooling his drivers at Pardee.



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'THE GENUINE ARTICLE' If there was a hall mark 18 or 22 karat fine to distinguish between the different grades of bread, don't you think Tomlin's Bread

Advertisement for Cosgrave's Ales and Porters, listing 'Unrivalled By Rivals COSGRAVE'S ALE' and 'COSGRAVE'S PORTER'.

VISITATION OF BISHOP O'CONNOR. His Lordship Bishop O'Connor set out on the 23rd inst., on his annual northern visitation. Bracebridge, Trout Creek and North Bay will be among the places visited.

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



Plaintips 15c. per Box

THE QUALITY OF "SALADA"

Ceylon Tea is Absolutely Matchless

Lead Packets only. Black, Mixed or Green. By all Grocers. Highest Award, St. Louis, 1904

THE WEAVER

The cottage lay close by the narrow roadway, on the other side of which a mountain torrent, forced its way over boulders in a mad race to the sea.

Tom was tall and fair, with genial blue eyes and a face that might be considered handsome were it not for the weak, receding chin. He was never busy, never in a hurry.

Biddy's wife, had been a beauty in her youth, and as the mother of six youngsters, was still comely.

She had chosen Tom out of many admirers, although he possessed nothing he could legally call his own, for the cottage and three acres of land belong to his elder brother.

They were married by the parish priest one Sunday and the pound-of-fering made by Tom was borrowed from a neighbor.

"I've brought home a housekeeper," said Tom at last, looking at his brother sheepishly.

"Aye!" ejaculated Paddy without ceasing his work. "She'll be handy," went on Tom.

"You'll need some one handy when I'm gone," answered his brother. "An' some one more than that, I'm thinking," he went on in a tone slightly suggestive of bitterness.

Biddy flushed, but she took off her bonnet and mantle and sat down to the meal without an invitation. The three ate in silence and the monotonous tenor of their lives began.

The marriage was more than a nine days' wonder. People were never tired of praising Biddy—never wearied setting her up as a brilliant example. Nobody ever saw her at work, yet the cottage was always as neat as new pins, the children tidily and cleanly, if poorly clad.

Tom and Biddy were popularly supposed to be an ideal pair, and should have been ideally happy were it not for the gloomy presence of Paddy, and much pity was bestowed upon the young pair for this dark cloud in their bright household, for Paddy Garvey was dark, and sullen and silent. No one ever saw him since Biddy crossed his threshold, and he

worked so hard that he never had any time for kindness. He was by trade a weaver, and the bright, sunny cottage had one gloomy chamber set apart for his entire use, where bales of wool hung suspended from every beam over a big, ugly loom, in the midst of which Paddy sat, unwashed, unkempt, playing his shuttle as if impelled by an unseen power.

Sometimes the children peeped shyly in, but ran away again as they might at the cry of a bogie-man, and, at such times, an observer, had there been any, might have seen a swift spasm of pain pass over the man's tired face. Occasionally Biddy came into his den with a cup of tea, a few potatoes, a bowl of milk, or some such scanty portion of their meal when he delayed joining them over-long, and laid them silently on a small table at his back.

Often the neighbors called in with work for him and the will to tarry for a little mild gossip, but he usually cut them short, and they went away more concerned than ever that Tom and Biddy were much-enduring mortals. When their concern evinced itself in words, Biddy had a peculiar trick of sucking in her lips and looking at her husband with an expression that was not kind to love, and he had an adroit way of quickly changing the conversation, or rising suddenly with an ejaculation about some important business left undone through forgetfulness, which set more than one thinking. But curiosity remained unsatisfied. Biddy could close her lips to some purpose. She never spoke ill of Paddy, of her husband, of anybody. When she had no good to narrate she held her peace. Tom laughed good naturedly at everything or joked facts away when they came persistently before him. Paddy remained grim, silent, unapproachable. It was only once a year, when the parish priest hunted him out to perform his Easter duties, that the neighbors caught a glimpse of a clean, uncomfortable man attired in best clothes of a very ancient pattern.

The strange trio had thus lived their lives about a dozen years, with little or no break in the monotony save the periodical arrival of a fair, blue-eyed child, when Biddy, entering the dark chamber one morning with the customary cup of tea, found the loom still and the dark figure absent. It took her several seconds to take in these facts, and her breath came a little quickly as she climbed the ladder stairway to peep into the attic bedroom. Not that she expected to see him there, for Paddy rarely lay abed after the sun; since he seldom went abroad it was useless seeking him in the fields. The summer sun was fighting his way in at the small attic window, and lingered on the lowly bed and a still figure with pallid face which lay there. The eyes were wide open and sad, the mouth drooped, and the hands lay limp and inert on the quilt. Biddy's breath came quickly. "Paddy!" she said in an awed whisper.

"I couldn't help it, Biddy," answered a weak voice. "I set the kitchen in order, lighted the fire, fed the fowls, and then I turned in again. Biddy, do you know I am dyin'?" The sad, patient eyes searched her face, lingering on its rounded curves and pointing red lips.

"Paddy!" she reiterated as she blood crept away from her cheeks and a mist swam before her eyes. "Tis true," he said. "Mortal man couldn't stand it, an' I've been givin' this year or two."

Biddy came close to the bedside, and kneeling down, looked into the sick man's face, saying: "I'll send for the doctor. Pat Donovan will get us a ticket, an' bein' a kind neighbor, he might call for him on his way to-morrow."

The sick man smiled, answering: "Never mind the doctor, Biddy; as there; I'm thinkin' I won't be in his need to-morrow."

"Paddy," she said brokenly, "we didn't heed you much, but we'll be different when you are better again. The children—"

"Ah, yes; I was only an old crank, Biddy, an' you were a fair young colleen. Who could expect that you'd take me an' leave Tom?"

"I couldn't help likin' Tom best then, but if I had the time over again—"

"If you had, you'd have married Tom just the same, an' ye'd have let poor old neglected Paddy work to fill the children's mouths."

"Don't," she moaned. "Tisn't that I mind, 'for when a man goes around with a heart of lead, day in an' day out, 'tis bound to weigh him down at last; but I pity the children with a lazy father like Tom, although they always kept me far away from their little hearts an' I pity the girl I gave my life for—"

Biddy's sobs broke into his speech, and he raised himself on one elbow with a painful effort, while, with the other hand he gently stroked her head.

"I was the queer old man, to be sure," he went on half unheeding, "but the first day I ever saw you, when the boys gathered down in the kitchen for a dance an' you stood beside Tom, I thought the old kitchen wasn't the same while you were in it—so bright like, as if the sun had come out suddenly after a dark morning. 'Twas rainin' hard, I remember, as ye ran in, but I did not notice the rain or the darkness for the brightness that was all around you. I was the queer old man for sure, to be askin' you to stop with me, when I knew from the first you had eyes only for Tom. Sure I carried him on my back when he was a little lad, an' when he fought with the other youngsters, as boys will, I beat them till they were black an' blue for darin' to lay hands on him. I was always more like his father than his brother, an' I never wanted a thing from him but the girl he wasn't man enough to work for, an'—"

"Don't say anything against Tom," Biddy interrupted, starting up. "He can't help being made as he is."

"Was I sayin' anything against him? I'm the queer old man, an' the sooner I lay my bones to rest beside my poor old mother, the better for all."

But Biddy was of an active mind, and did not believe in sympathetic words where deeds would serve better, so without more ado, she retreated to the kitchen and bustled about the wants of the sick man. Tom was sent at once for the priest and doctor, while little Patsy, the eldest boy, was despatched to the village for such dainties as could be procured there.

"Tis the way we didn't heed him enough," she said to the doctor, and the doctor laughed. The idea of any deeper meaning in her words did not filter through his mundane mind. Accustomed to his thought, a sufficiency of food and drink was enough to satisfy any man's needs; and if the sick man had not had a sufficiency in that way, it was surely his own fault, since trade was brisk and wages good in his line of life.

Yet for all the care and ministrations of physicians for body and soul, Paddy lay inert, slowly but surely bound for the land of shadows. The heart of the big, ugly loom in the dark chamber ceased to throb, and the bales of wool made uncanny shadows when the moonlight filtered through the uncurtained window. The children peeped in, and seeing the figure absent, whose will moved the uncanny thing to weave great bundles of flannel and frieze, they took to playing hide and seek between the beams and joists.

Paddy heard them as he lay still in his attic bed. Sometimes a shout of delight warmed his heart a little, but such manifestations of joy were quickly quelled by the mother, lest they might disturb him. It troubled him, for he had loved them in his slow, silent way for her sake, and he bade her leave them free, since childhood was a time of joy. He wished they would come up and share a little of their youthful gaiety with him, but they never came further than half way up the ladder stairway, when he would suddenly see two big round eyes and a fair, curly head peeping over, only to disappear again as soon as his eyes turned in that direction. Why did they fear him? They had always held aloof from him. It was time he was going home.

"You are tired, Biddy," he said one day. "I never thought I would live to give you so much trouble."

The tears came up and stood in her eyes. She knew now it was no use striving against the Reaper. Paddy had entered the valley of shadows, and the neighbors, although they had been kind and sympathetic during his illness, could not but feel that Biddy and Tom would be happier when time had softened the sorrow that usually follows in the train of death. They did not know that want came and sat an unwelcome visitor in Paddy's place at their board, for Biddy was ever one to keep her own counsel, and when they still came with bales of spun wool to be woven, thinking surely Tom worked the loom in his brother's place, she never let them know that, early in the morning and late at night, her own hands threw the shuttle that transformed their wool into good, sound flannel for rough wear.

"God rest his soul," she would say to herself as she arose early for her day's toil, and the same again as, wearied and over-burdened, she lay down for a brief rest.—N. F. DeGion, in the Catholic World.

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