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UNIVERSITY EDUCATION

Meeting of the Irish Bishops—Important Resolutions—The Catholic Position Reaffirmed

A general meeting of the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland was held on October 11th at St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. His Eminence Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland, presided. The other prelates present were: Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, Primate of Ireland; Most Rev. Dr. Fennelly, Archbishop of Cashel; Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Archbishop of Tuam; Most Rev. Dr. MacCormack, Bishop of Galway and Kilmacduagh; Most Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan, Bishop of Cork; Most Rev. Dr. Browne, Bishop of Ferns; Most Rev. Dr. Brownrigg, Bishop of Ossory; Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick; Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe; Most Rev. Dr. Lyster, Bishop of Achonry; Most Rev. Dr. O'Doherty, Bishop of Derry; Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore; Most Rev. Dr. Cooney, Bishop of Killala; Most Rev. Dr. Browne, Bishop of Cloyne; Most Rev. Dr. Owens, Bishop of Clonfert; Most Rev. Dr. Hoare, Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise; Most Rev. Dr. Clancy, Bishop of Elphin; Most Rev. Dr. Henry, Bishop of Down and Connor; Most Rev. Dr. Foley, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin; Most Rev. Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Ross; Most Rev. Dr. Gaffney, Bishop of Meath; Most Rev. Dr. O'Neill, Bishop of Drogheda; Most Rev. Dr. O'Dea, Bishop of Clonfert; Most Rev. Dr. Fogarty, Bishop of Killoe; Most Rev. Dr. Mangan, Bishop of Kerry; Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Canea.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted: **RESOLVED**—That we reaffirm the statement on the educational grievances of Irish Catholics and the resolutions dealing with the general disabilities from which Irish Catholics still suffer without redress, as issued by us last June, and that we hereby convey to the local authorities throughout the country our gratification at the intelligent and keen appreciation so many of them have manifested, of the gravity of the issues covered by our statement.

"In view of the persistent refusal of the civic right of Irish Catholics to suitable University education, and of the insidious attempts constantly on foot to undermine almost everything that remains sound in the fabric of Irish education, especially in the primary stage, and the consequent need of arming our people with due knowledge of the threatened danger, we ask our priests to read from their pulpits the above-mentioned statement and resolutions at the principal Mass in each church on the first Sunday of November."

The following are the statement and resolutions referred to: **STATEMENT**—As authoritative statements made recently in Parliament indicate that the Government of the country contemplate serious changes in our systems of primary and secondary education, and as some pronouncements made by individual Catholics would suggest that the gravity of the issues involved and their true nature are not sufficiently understood, we deem it our duty to make the following statement:

"We feel that any limitation of restriction of the control which is now exercised by managers over the schools of the National system of education would be so injurious to the religious interests of our people as to make it imperative on us to resist the introduction of such a measure, and, in case it were adopted, to consider our whole position in relation to those schools."

"As the power of appointment of the teachers in National Schools is the principal guarantee that Catholic parents have that the education of their children will be placed in trustworthy hands, and as the reports of the Inspectors of National Schools concur in stating that that power is, on the whole, well and judiciously employed by the clergy, we are satisfied that on moral and religious as well as educational grounds, it would be disastrous to interfere with it."

"There is no sufficient reason for the adoption of extreme measures such as have been recently suggested, the National system as it actually exists is the growth of sixty years; it has gradually been transformed from its original irreligious conception into a form that is in harmony with the actual conditions of the country; it has removed, broadly speaking, all religious strife and contention from the primary schools; it has been widening year by year, and improving its educational work, and, although there are still many defects we are convinced that these may be remedied under the present system without convulsing the country, and perhaps throwing education back for generations, especially if the appointment of Commissioners is carefully made, and on educational qualifications."

"If the improvement of education is the object which the Government and those who are behind them have in view, they would first try what simple and obvious reform within the existing system would effect. In a wretchedly poor country that is drained by excessive taxation and a ruinous land system, it would occur to anyone that wherever parsimony was allowable it was not in dealing with our schools. Yet at the moment that England is transferring over a million a year from local rates to Imperial taxation for the support of her schools, the Equivalent Grant for this country is refused to our primary schools on the score that our poor people do not contribute enough locally to their support. In our opinion, the primary schools of Ireland, especially in the poorer districts, have the first claim on this Equivalent Grant, which by itself would be sufficient to remove practically all the material defects about which complaint is now being made, and amongst other things, would render unnecessary the objectionable suggestion of amalgamating boys' and girls' schools in districts where the necessity for such amalgamation does not exist, whether as regards attendance or educational efficiency."

"Then the waste of £30,000 a year on the Model Schools ought to cease; the Training Colleges should be helped until they reach the highest point of efficiency; the salaries of the teachers should be made such as to attract the best and most suitable candidates to the profession. These and other reforms would remove the greater part of the defects which are now the pretext for attacking ostensibly the present system, but in reality the power of the clergy in the schools."

"Statements have been made as to the want of interest on the part of the people in education. We do not think that it is so. The amount of voluntary contributions which they make towards the building of schools, towards which in many instances the Government makes no building grant, is very large; and all over Ireland it is the uniform experience of managers that the people willingly contribute whatever is necessary to the upkeep of the schools. There are exceptions, we allow, but they must not be taken as a type of the whole, and, for our part, we should gladly second any measure to compel such managers to do their duty. In the details of the educational work done in the schools parents do not, as a rule, interfere, from the conviction, which we regard as, on the whole, sensible on their part, that these things are somewhat outside their competence, and can be safely left to the teachers under the supervision of expert inspectors and the immediate control of the managers."

"The alternative to the present Board of National Education of a Governmental Department, subject to the British Parliament and directed by Governmental officials, would be most objectionable to the Irish people and to us on religious, political, and educational grounds, and we feel that Mr. John Redmond deserves the thanks of the country for the prompt and decisive action which he took in the House of Commons against this project."

"A Department of Education may be well enough in England, where society is socially and politically in a normal condition, but in Ireland it would mean another outwork of Dublin Castle, and a further oppression."

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tunity of practical ascendancy for a favored sect. We regard with distrust this new-found zeal for educational reform and the importation of English secularists to propagate their views, and are satisfied that their purpose is not the improvement of our schools, but the elimination from them of the religious influence of the Church. To say the least of it, it is suspicious to see the Chief Secretary, who refuses the great educational reform that nine-tenths of the Irish people earnestly and persistently demand, pressing upon us changes which the country does not ask for, and which run counter to all our religious sentiments.

"The need of co-ordination amongst the different parts of our educational system is urged as a pressing reason for some fundamental change. No doubt, the education of a country must be treated as an organic whole, in which all the constituents will mutually sustain and help each other; but we have nothing but amazement for such an argument in the mouth of those who insist on keeping Irish education in its present maimed and helpless state. The first condition of co-ordination is to have the elements to co-ordinate; but to talk to the Catholics of Ireland about co-ordination in education, without any University to complete the system, is pretty much like the organization of a house without a roof."

"Even the limited proposal towards which the Chief Secretary has some private and underhand inquiry in progress at the present moment, is utterly impracticable, and cannot be entertained by Irish Catholics. On the Intermediate Board we have, at any rate, an assurance for the independence of our schools and colleges, and for fair pay and equality for Catholics. We have no intention of exchanging these advantages for the control of a Department. The personnel of such a body would be sure to be objectionable. Its Protestant members might be Protestants; but we fear its Catholic members would be chosen to represent Government rather than Catholic interests."

"His officials, too, could not command the confidence of the country, and we should never consent to place our schools and colleges at their mercy. Then, in relation to the main purposes of co-ordination, the position would be intolerable. While a Protestant pupil in any school might hope to pass from grade to grade until his education was completed in a University, a Catholic pupil finds his career cut short at the school, and no university available for him. Probably the fourth Queen's College, which, under the name of a College of Science, is being built in Dublin, will be considered sufficient for all Catholic needs, while our Protestant fellow-countrymen will have their full share of the advantages of this college, and Dublin University and the Queen's Colleges besides."

"A further and more important question arises as to teachers. A university is the natural supply of teachers of secondary and science, if not of all, schools. If this Department is set up, while the Catholics of Ireland are left without university education, it will simply be a fresh endowment and establishment of Protestantism, in which the present possibly unavoidable employment of Protestants for practically all its educational work will have to be made a permanent system."

"This is a state of things to which we shall never assent; and we have to add that, while we shall continue to do everything in our power to improve the education of our people, we shall not be induced by specious pretenses to adopt measures that are conceived in an anti-Catholic and an anti-National spirit. The first condition of a radical reform of Irish education is the establishment of a University system that the vast majority of the Irish people will accept. Until that is done, we shall regard all this talk about co-ordination and local control as an educational progress as insincere, and as aimed at lessening clerical, that is Catholic, influence in the schools, rather than at promoting their educational efficiency."

RESOLUTIONS.
1. "That the rents drawn by Trinity College out of land in almost every part of Ireland, which, as the

outcome of confiscation, have been reserved during three hundred years as a prize for a state-favored minority, are of right the inheritance of the nation at large, and should be devoted, however late in the day, to provide an effective manner, as far as they can go, for the wants of all the people of Ireland in the domain of higher education."

2. "That the practical exclusion of Catholics and of others who are known to entertain popular sympathies from public offices and employment in the gift of the Government, is a flagrant abuse of governmental power, worthy of the worst days of ascendancy, and has its counterpart in an enormous and most wasteful expenditure of Irish taxation, to multiply situations for a small section of the community, and afford them good reason for calling themselves the loyal minority."

3. "That, whereas in addition to their endowments for higher and intermediate education the great wealth of their Church, amounting to a capital of eight millions, derived originally from the appropriation of Catholic Church property, Irish Protestants have their full share of the State grants for primary, intermediate, industrial school, and technical education, it is intolerable that the efforts of our poor people to rebuild their churches, support their clergy, and make some provision for the better education of their children, should be traversed by the champions of an arrogant minority or their allies; and we are strongly of opinion that the more attention that is concentrated on this question the more will the public in these countries marvel at the slender resources on which the Church of the nation does its work for the great bulk of the people, and the huge endowments that remain to the Church of the few."

4. "That, while we ask for no consideration for Catholics that we do not desire for all others in regard to State, or Company, or business employment, and while we utterly repudiate the idea of excluding Protestants or anyone else from any position to which they are entitled on the merits, we consider that the utterly indefensible state of things to which attention is called in the foregoing resolutions is so discouraging to our people, so fatal to effort and enterprise, and consequently so ruinous to the country as a whole, that we think that the attention of the public men and the Press of the country and the full force of enlightened public opinion should be concentrated upon it, until the monopolists are compelled to stand on exactly the same footing as the rest of their fellow-countrymen in public opportunities and advantages."

MICHAEL, CARD. LOGUE, Chairman.
RICHARD ALPHONSUS, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore.
JOHN, Bishop of Elphin. Secretaries.

The Gentlemen Entertained

In St. Patrick's hall last night the Hibernians of the city held a most enjoyable concert and dance, at which over 300 members of the divisions and of the Ladies' Auxiliaries attended. The entertainers were the officers and members of Divisions Nos. 1 and 2, and the guests were the ladies of the two auxiliaries. Dr. A. Freeman, County President for the County of Carleton, presided, and addressed the assemblage in his usual happy strain. He expressed the appreciation of the gentlemen for the assistance given by the ladies, and formally thanked them one and all. Rev. Fathers Sherry, J. Fallon, Kerwin, O.M.I., of Ottawa University, and Rev. A. Newman of Richmond were present during the short musical programme, along with the chairman and the presidents of the two divisions, Messrs. Ralph Slattery and Jno. Hanlon.

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AUBREY DE VERE

An Irish reviewer of Wilfrid Ward's memoir of Aubrey de Vere, based upon the poet's diaries and correspondence, says:

The biographer of Aubrey de Vere has a difficulty, created by the subject himself, in making the life an interesting one. For Aubrey de Vere was the voluminous correspondent of great men whose lives have been already written, and his correspondence, given very generously, has been used very largely to illustrate those lives. The evolution of his religious beliefs was revealed in his correspondence with Sir William Hamilton, the great Irishman, who deepened both his philosophical and his artistic conceptions. And as for the setting of the life, De Vere's own 'Recollections' have given a picture that no biographer could improve. Faced with the difficulty Mr. Wilfrid Ward has elected to confine his narrative to the unpublished diaries and correspondence. Even they scarcely add anything substantially new to our knowledge of the poet, and of those great contemporaries whom he numbered among his friends, and who admitted him to their intimacy. Further, Mr. Ward's interpretation of the life is Aubrey de Vere's own.

"His one romance consisted in his religious history, which had culminated in his joining the Catholic Church." Many roads lead to Rome, and such has its own spiritual landscape. But the romance of this movement from Anglicanism to Catholicism is all distilled in the story of the Pilgrim of Oriole; and we seem to be reading a tale retold in this narrative of the conversion and speculative life of the poet of Curragh Chase. The biography is little more. Mr. Ward does not treat at length or very penetratingly the literary history of De Vere. It had, of course, less attractions than the philosophic and religious part of the career. But it deserved wider and deeper treatment than it has received here. As the account of a man who touched the main currents of thought and taste in England from the days of Coleridge to those of 'Lux Mundi,' the book is valuable. Mr. Ward has found in that side of the poet's life subject made to his hand.

The life leaves a strong impression of the essentially un-Irish character of the man. Aubrey de Vere has sometimes been numbered among the Celts and the Gaels. Such a classification is utterly mistaken. Politically, he was a Tory; but there are Irish Tories as well as English, and De Vere was not of them. In nature, even more than in opinion, he remained of the Colony. His affinities were with Wordsworth, Newman, and Young England, and totally away from either Old or Young Ireland. There appear in the biography glimpses that go to show that in his elder brother, also a poet, whatever of Irish nature the stock had imbued was concentrated rather than in the author of 'The Legends of St. Patrick.' Mr. Ward dedicates his book to Mr. George Wyndham. "To Aubrey de Vere," the author writes, "I felt that the association of your name with his would have been, indeed, welcome, had he lived to see the fulfillment, in the ideal you have aimed at in your work for Ireland, of a dream which he cherished for forty years or more."

That is, at least, doubtful. Mr. Wyndham, 'ideal' if he owns such a thing, is essentially different from Aubrey de Vere; and it is doubtful whether he might not have classed Mr. Wyndham among the greatest Jacobins of them all. For De Vere was opposed to a general measure of peasant ownership. "I am," he wrote, "for Lord Dufferin's suggestion, respecting a measure very large but gradual in its operation, and just to all parties, for the creation of a peasant proprietary. If half Ireland came by degrees into the hands of peasant proprietors I should see in this nothing but benefit to all classes; but the operation should be gradual as well as just, or it would prove the ruin of many among those raised to a position for which they had not yet acquired the proper aptitude." And his 'ideal' never reached further than an extension of the Bright Clauses to "render easier the gradual creation of peasant proprietors by helping farmers who had laid by money, and thus proved they were exceptional men, to buy their farms." While another fragment of later Tory policy seems to have been as reprehensible in his eyes as Home Rule itself, if we may judge by his letter to Sir Henry Taylor upon Gladstone's preparations for that measure:

"Before he actually proposes a measure of Home Rule, I think he will wait a little, partly to keep as many of the Whigs with him as possible till the country has got used to him in his new character, but chiefly to prepare for his Home Rule measure by creating a necessity for it, and then appealing to that necessity, a thing which he has already done several times. The way to create this necessity would be to

create first 'an elective Executive' for Ireland under the name of 'local self-government,' or 'County Courts' (query Councils). Such an Executive could, of course, be practically a Legislature without the responsibilities of an avowed Legislature. He could then say to Parliament, 'Having already conceded the reality, why fight about the name of a Dublin Parliament?'

The fulfillment of this anticipation was not to be. Gladstone's truth is, that De Vere, like most of 'the Garrison'—the word is his own and he identified himself with the description—was less liberal than the average Englishman. Most of the Englishmen to whom he sent his pamphlets on Irish affairs criticized them from a more liberal standpoint than his own. Thus John Stuart Mill writes to him apropos of the book, 'English Miserie and Irish Misedeeds':

"No one can sympathize more than I do in the feeling which pervades your book, that England is not entitled to throw the first stone at Ireland, being, so far as that expression can be used of a nation, guilty of all the guilt as well as of all the suffering and folly of Ireland. I have always strenuously urged the same in all I have ever written or said about Irish affairs, which is not a little in quantity at least. I agree, too, in most of the opinions you express, except that I look much more than you do to reclamation of waste lands and alteration of landed tenures, and less to emigration as a remedy. Perhaps, also, I should not let of the generality of Irish landlords so easily as you do, though there are among them not a few of the most meritorious landlords (probably upon earth)."

While Sir James Stephen, at a date when De Vere was severely stigmatizing the 'bad passions' that appeared in an insurrection against famine relief, dealt thus faithfully with him, "You are not a Celt, but a naturalized Norman or Saxon, and, therefore, to you I hazard the confession of my faith, that the real cause of the calamities of Ireland is the want, not the excess, of the belligerent character and qualities among the Celtic race. Every people on the face of the earth have been oppressed by the stronger neighbors; and all people have sunk under that oppression into a degraded and servile state; those only excepted who have had the heart to fight it out, trusting to God, and trusting to each other. If the Irish had resisted your ancestors had as gallantly as my ancestors, the Scotch, wrestling against Plantagenets, Tudors, and Stuarts, England would have become just, humane and liberal in the only way in which nations ever acquire those virtues—that is, by being well beaten into them. At the present moment, when the two islands are making war upon each other with the pen, instead of the sword, I cannot but think that the Irish are still showing the same deficiency in the art of war. The calm bitterness of the Times is ten times more effective for its dismal purpose than are all the rhetorical paroxysms of the Irish agitators, clerical and laic."

And at a later date still, when De Vere wrote a denunciatory pamphlet against the Act which gave the masses of the people for the first time genuine representation—eighty Irish members out of six hundred and seventy was, according to him, a woeful over-representation—Matthew Arnold replied, on receipt of a presentation copy (Feb. 1885):

"My Dear Aubrey De Vere,—I have read your pamphlet with interest, and others, too, will read it with interest, but if you look at what I have said about Ireland in the last number of the Nineteenth Century, you will see I do not believe in the 'Loyalists' have had their chance and they have missed it; I see no solution now but self-government for Ireland, Imperial matters being reserved."

"I do not believe the landed class will retain power, even in Scotland and England, nor do I wish them to retain power, for their virtue as a political force is used up. But it is Ireland that this class will first disappear. Ten thousand perils and difficulties beset the future of Ireland, and of England's relations with her, but the remedy is to be found, I think, in courses not yet tried—hardly even suggested."

But Aubrey de Vere's theory of Irish misrule kept the garrison out of responsibility: "All parties," he wrote, "have much to answer for. The agitators, the statesmen, and a large section of the priests, have most, and the parties chiefly blamed, (viz., the proprietors and the poor people) have least." The Bishops, "all but two," are indicted in another letter. His politics were, of course, scarcely important. But they are interesting as illustrating the views held in those Catholic Conservative circles, in both England and Ireland, which endeavor to give their politics a quasi-religious character by hitching them on to alleged Catholic theory. Their Pharisaism is unconscious, but none the less obvious; and their attempt to associate religion with the narrowest political class is a very nauseating part of their political propaganda. This denouncer of Jacobin Bishops, priests and agitators never once in a letter to a friend expresses a syllable of indignation against the lying, the forgery and the efforts to rouse the devil of sectarian animosity which marked the agitation against the cause of Irish self-government. Yet De Vere was a pious soul as well as a poet, and his example is a warning how hard it is to get rid of the narrowness and selfishness of caste and of conquest.

Jordan—Redington
At St. Mary's church, Bayswater, the wedding took place of Mr. James Jordan, of No. 3 fire station, Ottawa, and Miss Margaret Redington, of 172 Division street. Rev. Father Sloan performed the ceremony.

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Polly and the Blarney Stone

"Carminster!" The guard came to look for Polly, and Emma strained her neck in the effort to discover her behind the portly form and many parcels of a lady who considered that her affairs ranked prior to all others in the universe. But not so the guard, who brushed aside the attentive porter with amiable but authoritative briskness. The little thin, bright-eyed slip of a girl in the pilot jacket and sailor hat showed herself behind the parcels. "Now, then," said the guard, cheerily, "there's somebody behind you, ma'am. We'll just lift out this parcel first, if you please."

to see my patient," or speculate gravely on the chance of succeeding to Canon Witherspan's gout. But he did succeed to it in a most unexpected manner, and by it to the conduct of several prebendal illnesses, and was now a rising practitioner. So the old Jones did flow spontaneously at No. 10 Cathedral Row, where the old friend was losing ground in his profession. By and by humor had first a forced and then a bitter tang. And then began a strain upon the best of dispositions, generous, if hasty, to be patient and pitiful towards the growing want of magnanimity in a disposition once as generous as his own, and still so when the good was allowed its freedom. There had never been a question of money on either side while Dr. O'Ferrall was struggling. He had come to them when hard up, as freely as a brother might, and had tended his friends in his turn like a brother. But now the patient fretted under the old kind ways, and wounded the doctor by a show of feeling indebtedness. It was not long then before alienation began. "Oh grannie," cried Polly, "no one could possibly do anybody so much good as Dr. O'Ferrall!"

Polly didn't care. She couldn't understand how papa could go on suffering, when there was such an easy remedy at hand. She knew he must be worse than usual, that no one came downstairs to supper. Emma came at last, and insisted on bed. Pickles, disgusted with Halma, went with unusual willingness, but Polly sneaked back, intending to sit by the fire until some one ordered her whom she dared not disobey. Passing the kitchen she overheard Emma telling her sweetheart, Frank, who was in Mr. Burton's office, and had come up to inquire after his master, that it was a pity Dr. O'Ferrall was not called in. So even Emma was on the doctor's side! It was miserable by the dying fire. She crept upstairs again, wishing there were something she might do to help, but not daring to intrude beyond the dressing room. And the lady with a surprised recognition that the child in the corner was anybody, allowed her to pass. The guard set her down paternally on the platform, where Emma waited, a cab near at hand. "The sea air hasn't put on much flesh," he observed, "you're a featherweight, Miss." And then he received with practiced indifference his tip, and turned to reassure a maiden lady, who was distracted about her luggage. Polly was dragged away by Emma, without her chance to thank him for his kindness during the long journey. She thought him one of the noblest characters she had ever met, and was telling Emma so, with her head turned, when a lorry nearly ran into them. "There, now," said Emma crossly, "you've come back as silly as you went away. Miss Polly. Jump into the cab and let's be off home."

Emma was evidently unchained. Polly, as the cab rattled off out of the station, felt at once disconcerted and reassured. For somehow she had had a fearful expectation that two months would alter everything at Carminster. It seemed wonderful to look out on the streets and find the very signs in their places. "Why, there's the cathedral!" she exclaimed with joy, as the venerable towers loomed over the shop chimneys at the turn in the road. She sat back, breathless, to realize it. Then she was at the window again, for the cab had turned into a street she well knew. She had wanted to ask questions of Emma. But Emma was always so snubby. Now there seemed no need. And a glow warmed her sallow cheeks as she saw Dr. O'Ferrall's brass plate was still there, on the same door. And then the cab rumbled into Cathedral Road. Most marvellous! There was No. 10 unchanged, except for the winter curtains being up. And there was George Ponsoby, otherwise "Pickles," on the steps to welcome her! How sweet of Pickles! She gave expression, as she jumped out, to her gratification at this unexpected attention. As a matter of fact, Pickles was there on a little matter of business with the boy under the railings, who now, with native delicacy, retired from this emotional scene. But Pickles did not think it necessary to dampen his sister's pleasure by an officious frankness—Polly, he felt assured, had not returned from a two months' holiday empty handed. It was an occasion for graciousness. "You've had your hair cut!" exclaimed Polly, with dismay. For she had left Pickles with curls. "Is that all?" he exclaimed, releasing himself from Polly's embrace. "Why—no! You left off kilt!" "Rather!" exultingly. And he stretched out a leg, clothed in gray tweed. Polly surveyed him with admiration mingled with natural sadness, ere she remembered to ask how papa was. But she did not wait for the answer. Mamma was in the hall, and grandma behind her. There was much to be done and much to be told. But at last tea-time came, and with it papa's key in the door. Polly had been feeling so secure again in the unaltered home that she started when he came in—started so perceptibly that Mr. Burton asked her irritably if she saw a ghost, and then he coughed so violently that she did not have to reply, which was fortunate, for she was frightened. "Yes, he was looking much, much worse!" However, as soon as tea began, Mr. Burton was merry, as usual, and all went well until Polly was asked to fetch the medicine bottle from the bedroom mantelpiece. She came back slowly, reading the label with a puzzled face. "One tablespoonful to be taken thrice daily, an hour after meals. S. L. Sherwood." What could that mean? Her father caught the bottle from her, abruptly. "Don't be too inquisitive!" he said. "Inquisitive! Why, she had never been forbidden to look at medicine bottles! Late that evening grandma came into her bedroom to put away something, and Polly who was wide awake, sat up in bed to ask the meaning of "S. L. Sherwood" being on the bottle, instead of "Dr. O'Ferrall." Grandma did not turn her head as she closed the drawer. "Your father has a new doctor, Polly," she said. "He has given up Dr. O'Ferrall." Polly gasped. If he had given up Pickles it couldn't have seemed any stranger. Her cheeks were scarlet. How did people give each other up? For she guessed that there must have been some reciprocity in the matter—people who had lived near to each other, laughed, talked, ate and drank, sorrowed and joyed together? How could they? Why, he used to open the door and walk in, unannounced, and call out, "Where's Charley?" And her father would call back, "Here I am, Pat." And grandma was coolly saying, "He has given up Dr. O'Ferrall." But Polly did not know that grandma was anything but cool, and that, while she loved her son more than any one on earth, she saw that he was wrong and had treated the doctor badly, and that she could not speak for fear of betraying it. If all began in pride and suspicion. The Burtons and Dr. O'Ferrall had once been alike in one thing, strained means. As time went on, Mr. Burton being in bad health, and moreover handicapped by the possession of a family, while Dr. O'Ferrall was strong and single, the old folks, who were naturally after their mutual burdens began to lack reality. It had been fun to hear the doctor say as he rose from the simple supper: "I must really be off

Table with 4 columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and the liturgical calendar for October 1904, including feasts like St. Gregory of Armenia, Most Holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the Immaculate Conception.

Electric Fixtures For Churches, Residences, etc. Full particulars write McDonald & Willson Toronto

Bo Like Yourself Telling Fortunes Rich man, poor man, beggar man, a thief! Tell by your buttons which you'll be!

Educational St. Michael's College IN AFFILIATION WITH TORONTO UNIVERSITY Under the special patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and directed by the Rev. Fr. J. R. TEEFY, President.

Where shall the happy couple live? "Big house, little house, pigpen, barn, Oh, grief! In a barn? It can't be true! This fortune telling is all a yarn."

Loretto Abbey... This fine Loretto recently enlarged to create twice its former size, is situated conveniently near the business part of the city, and yet sufficiently remote to secure the quiet and evolution so essential to study.

To Enliven The Liver AID DIGESTION AND REGULATE THE ACTION OF THE BOWELS YOU MUST USE. Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills THE GREAT SPECIFIC FOR LIVER AND KIDNEY DISEASES.

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ST. JOSEPH'S Academy St. Alban Street. The course of instruction in this Academy is based on the principles of the Department of Education in the Province of Ontario. Pupils on completing the usual course and passing a successful examination, are awarded Teacher's Certificates and Diplomas in the Department of Education of Ontario. The Studio is affiliated with the Government Art School and awards Teacher's Certificates. In the COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT pupils are prepared for the University, also for Senior and Junior Law, Primary and Commercial Certificates. Diplomas awarded for proficiency in Photography and Typewriting. For Prospectus address: F. J. HARRISON, F. J. HARRISON.

The HOME CIRCLE

OUR IDEALS.

The plodding woman who eats her breakfast and washes her dishes, and eats her dinner and washes her dishes, and eats her supper and washes her dishes, and then says her prayers and goes to bed, or she may not be getting anything. That is as she pleases. Life is more than three meals a day, and maybe while that dull, plodding work is going on, there may be a good many other things going on. The woman may be getting an education all unknown to those around her. She may be improving her spiritual condition and building a character that we might well envy. She may be doing good in her humble way by setting up an ideal. Read this clipping which was sent me by a friend:

"Human beings live up to our ideas of them. If you require much of a man, the chances are that he will try to meet that requirement. You pay a tribute to the manhood or womanhood of an individual every time you show belief in them; and since the lowest has a spark of highness in his nature, he cannot but be touched by that belief. It is, if you will, a subtle sort of flattery to expect goodness and truth and wisdom from poor human beings, but it is flattery in the right direction; it is not selfish; it tends to aid the flattered, and not the flatterer. Cynicism and disbelief are, on the other hand, an invitation to the cowardly. They are nothing more than a condemnation of wrong."

After all that we say and do, time goes on and we stumble along with it. Perhaps we walk pretty straight, perhaps we take an occasional fall. Perhaps we were wretched last year over a fashion we were unable to follow—this year it is forgotten. Perhaps last year we lavished love mistakenly—this year our loves cure the smart. Perhaps last year we toiled for an object and this year the still covers what we worked for. And turn the sun shines; the seasons change; the mystery of life, the greater mystery of death, pass in procession; anxieties blight, pleasures gladden, penalties follow swift and rewards drag; and we are what we have made of ourselves and others are what we expected them to be. All we can do is at all times to keep our ideals, to do nothing for policy's sake if a principle is involved; to turn our backs on temptation; to be honest. Then, whether our lot were humble or we were called to honors, whether fortune smiled on our work or the heavens were brass to our cries, we have lived and made the most of life."

FOR MARRIED WOMEN.

Keep up a little reserve with the husband you love so dearly. Practice some of the arts you used when you were not quite sure of him. Do not let him too deeply into the mysteries of your toilet. It is not at all necessary, and he will love you all the better for it. I am sure I need not advise that you respect your womanhood and are modest in all the intimacies of home life. A man sometimes disgests a woman by his license of speech and action, but women should be patterns of self-respect and womanly behavior. Teach the girls the same. You may as well make up your minds that men are men. They do not see with the same vision you do; the same things do not ruffle them that drive you nearly insane; they are obtuse and do not feel things that give you pain. Probably the man loves you. He may not always act as if he did, but down in his heart he undoubtedly prefers you to all others. Take it for granted. You will have to, for it is an exceptional man who takes the trouble to mention the matter to his wife. He put forth a good deal of effort when he was trying to convince you that two could live on less than one could and save money besides; he did not find it too much trouble to clean up and devote himself to you evening after evening; he could remember your birthday; he was clever at inventing holidays; he could turn a neat compliment, and feel anxious when you were ill or in any sort of trouble. But those days are past, and may as well be relegated to the storehouse of your memory. It will do no good to speak of the contrast. Lay away the memory for comfort when things go a little worse than usual. The time always comes when a woman has to turn to memory for comfort. You have the man you love. Take that to your heart and do not expect a great deal from him. Give love and loyalty and truth and devotion. You probably get all of it that the man is capable of showing, perhaps more than you give. Men are so different. Home.

IN THE KITCHEN.

I have a new receipt for mayonnaise which will be of use to those desiring to make a large quantity of the dressing with little work. Stir together a tablespoonful each of flour and olive oil, then add in a half cup of vinegar. When this boils, add the beaten yolks of two eggs. Stir them in well and strain through a small sieve. Then, as it cools, add olive oil and beat thoroughly. The quantity of oil should be in a half cupful, the same as the vinegar. It never fails. Vinegar must be used instead of lemon as in the more particularly prepared mayonnaise. In making mayonnaise after the old and tried receipt, it occasionally happens that the oil and lemon separate. Begin over again with another egg yolk, and after it is started, stir in the curdled mayonnaise. It is found that if mayonnaise is started with two egg yolks, it will not curdle. One egg seems to lack the strength to hold the ingredients together. Do not miscall this dainty dressing by pronouncing the word "mayonnaise," but pronounce as spelled. It is not a French word, so many consider it, and is not to be found in French dictionaries. The dressing was, however, invented in the city of Bayonne, and used to be called after that fashion, but has been given a name all its own which means nothing. House and Home Sponge Cake.—This receipt never fails and makes a delicious cake with little trouble and expense.

Put a pinch of salt in a large bowl and add the whites of four eggs. Beat until it is absolutely stiff. In a smaller bowl put the four yolks of the eggs, a grated rind of a lemon and its juice. Beat this five minutes by the clock. Into the whites put a teaspoonful of granulated sugar and beat thoroughly. Then stir in the yolks and beat well. Beat in a scant cupful of flour, folding it in and doing all with as little beating as possible. Put it in a pan which is not greased, and sprinkle over the top a teaspoonful of granulated sugar and beat from the cupful after it was measured. Bake in a moderate oven twenty-five minutes. Cool in the pan and take out as needed with a fork.

CULINARY HINTS.

Coarse salt and vinegar will clean enameled ware that has been burned or discolored. To bake a pie crust without the filling, line with paraffin paper filled with uncooked rice. Potatoes will bake more rapidly if a pan of water is put into the oven with them. To break ice in small pieces for the comfort of an invalid use a darning needle. A nut pick kept on the kitchen table is the most convenient utensil for removing the paper cover from the milk bottles. Never use newspapers to wrap about anything eatable. It is economy to have a supply of paraffin paper always on hand. The novice should memorize this rule: White meats well done, dark meats underdone, except in fowls, which should always be thoroughly cooked. Eggs should be kept in a receptacle to themselves since the shells (when fresh) are so porous every strong odor is absorbed. No odor from onions will pervade the house, it is said, if a generous piece of stale bread is cooked with them. Use a small clam or thin-edged mussel shell for scraping pots and kettles, and the cake turner for cleaning off the molding board. An ingenious cook has a holder fastened to the dress belt by a long tape while working in the kitchen, thereby saving steps and burns. A novel pickle is made by combining sweet corn and cabbage, each cooked separately then scalded in sweet spiced vinegar and canned for winter use. For the meringue on pies use one tablespoonful of granulated sugar to the white of one egg. It is more satisfactory than powdered sugar. After a can of condensed milk has been opened, keep the lid raised, or better still, cut it off so the contents will be exposed to the air. If the cups in which custard is cooked are well buttered before the mixture is turned in, it will be much easier to wash the cups. Perch or other small fish are much better if fried quickly in deep, hot fat. Larger fish can be fried slowly in a skillet in hot salt pork fat. When sweet corn is served on the cob, leave a few of the inner husks on the ear when boiling as it will be much sweeter and keep warm longer. Stand the jar to be filled with hot fruit on a steel knife blade or a cloth wet with very hot water and there will be no danger of a broken jar.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup needs no recommendation. To all who are familiar with it, it speaks for itself. Years of use in the treatment of colds and coughs and all affections of the throat has unquestionably established its place among the very best medicines for such diseases. If you give it a trial you will not regret it. You will find it 25 cents well invested.

A CAUSE FOR TEARS.

A fifty-thousand-dollar schoolhouse, says the Woman's Home Companion, had been burned to the ground. The taxpayers groaned, for the building was not fully insured. A small boy looking on the ruins wept bitterly. "Why, my little man," exclaimed a sympathetic bystander, "you must have been very fond of your school!" "Then that," howled the boy; "but I left a nickel in my desk, and I'll never be able to find it in that mess!"

REALISTIC.

"How did you break your slate, Jack?" asked his mother. "I don't know," said Jack. "I drew a picture on it of a boy throwing a stone at a bird, and I guess maybe the stone hit the slate instead of the bird."

SUFFERED TORTURE FOR FOUR YEARS

Then Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Wm. Doeg's Rheumatism

He was so bad that he could not lie down, but had to sit night and day in a chair.

Sundridge, Ont., Oct. 24.—(Special.)—Mr. William Doeg, of this place, now a hale hearty man, tells of his almost miraculous cure of Rheumatism by using Dodd's Kidney Pills. "For four years I suffered excruciating torture," says Mr. Doeg. "I was scarcely an hour free from pain. I could not lie down to take rest, but had to sit night and day in a chair. "I was treated for Rheumatism by several doctors and also tried several medicines without receiving any benefit. Almost in despair I feared I never again would be free from pain. Then I read of some remarkable cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills. I procured a box and soon found they were doing me good and before I had finished the second box I was entirely free from pain and a new man. Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure Rheumatism by putting the kidneys in shape to take the cause—Uric Acid—out of the blood."

Children's Corner

LEARNING A BOY'S AGE.

While the agent was selling farm machinery at the house, the friend at the gate held his horse, and a conversation took place with the small boy of the family. With grave incredulity, he was saying, "Are you sure you are only nine years old? I think there must be some mistake." The boy was positive, but to make sure, "Ma!" he called. "Ain't I just nine years old?" "Yes, son." After a time he ventured: "Say, mister, what made you think I was more than nine years old?" "Why," said the stranger, "I couldn't understand how you could get so dirty in nine years."—New York Tribune.

WHAT SHE THOUGHT.

Marion is a precious little tot of four years who has been spending the summer at a Long Island resort. Country folk as well as city ones have had their share of rain these past few weeks, and Marion objected to the cooping up that the storms necessitated. One day she decided to ignore the rain and go for a walk on her own account. She evaded her nurse and mother and without hat or coat started for the highway. Just then her mother discovered her and the runaway's trip was cut short. "Marion, what do you think you'll get for this caper?" asked her mother, in her severest tones. "I guess I'll get an umbrella," was the nonchalant reply.—Brooklyn Eagle.

SIT AND SET.

Two little words have been a source of great mortification and trouble to many well-meaning persons. A man, or woman either, can set a hen, although they cannot sit her; neither can they set her on, although the hen might sit on them by the hour, if they would allow it. A man cannot set on the wash-bench, but he could set a basin on it, and neither the basin nor the grammarians would object. He could sit on a dog's tail, if the dog were willing, or he might set his foot on it. But if he should set on the aforesaid tail, or sit his foot there, the grammarians as well as the dog would howl—metaphorically at least. And yet the man might set the tail aside and sit down, and be assailed neither by the dog nor by the grammarians.—Golden Days.

A LAUGHING GAME.

This is one of the jolliest impromptu games that we know of. We mean by impromptu that it requires no preparation whatever, but may be played by a roomful of boys and girls the moment it is suggested. And it is brimful of fun from start to finish. Any number of players may take part in it. They first select a leader, who should be a bright, alert, quick-witted boy who is capable of preserving his self-possession while fun and laughter are going on all around him. The players seat themselves in a circle and the leader takes his place in the centre. He holds in his hand a white handkerchief, which he has knotted so as to make it partly solid. When everything is ready the leader tosses the handkerchief up in the air and then every player must begin laughing. But they must all stop laughing by the time the handkerchief reaches the floor, and if any one does not stop and the leader catches him either laughing or smiling he imposes a forfeit or a fine. Or instead of making the detected laughter pay a forfeit he may be required to drop out of the circle. If played in this way the players drop out one after another until only one is left, and that one wins the prize.

HOW HAROLD FOUND A HOME.

It was a "red-letter" day in Harold's life when he was told that he was to have an outing—two weeks in the country. Whether he was Harold Brown or Harold Jones or Harold Smith or Harold something else he did not know. He was known in the slums simply as Harold. He had been an orphan as long back as he could remember. His home—if the wretched back room in which he lived could be thus designated—was in the most dismal part of the slums. He shared it with an old rag collector, who had no love for him, but was glad to give him bed and board for his assistance. Harold's bed was a bundle of rags (as was his employer's), and his board—for the greater part—scraps. "Old Jake," the rag collector, made life lively for Harold in one respect, cursing at him and calling him vile names and even at times using a lash. Could you have seen the boy's emaciated and bruised body, you would have wept. Could you have known of the sorrow and longing in his heart it would have made yours ache. But at last there came a break in the dark clouds over Harold's head. He had been asked to go to the country. The old rag collector would not consent to Harold's going, but as he had no claim on the child, the latter was taken from him. For the first time in his remembrance he was thoroughly cleansed and neatly dressed. It was noon when he, in company with nine other children and a caretaker, left the city in a trolley car. At three they reached the terminus of the road, where there were carriages in waiting. A few days before Harold was asked to go to the country an old couple sat on the porch of a small country house talking earnestly. They had outlived their children and found life lonely. The old man was rheumatic and often really needed young hands to help him with the chores. "Samuel," said his wife, "the Hunts are going to take two fresh air children—did you know it?" "Yes," "Liza, Tom Hunt told me about it to-day, and there are two going to Miss Green's, two girls, Tom said. I wish we could take a boy," wistfully. "Do you really mean it, Samuel?" her face brightened up. "Would you like to take a boy?" "The old man laughed slyly.

FATHER Koenig's FREE NERVE TONIC. A LITTLE OF THIS TONIC DOES A GREAT DEAL OF GOOD. It is a sure cure for all cases of Nervous Prostration, Headache, Dizziness, and all other ailments arising from a weak or exhausted nervous system. It is a pure and safe medicine, and is sold by all druggists.

"I'd like to have a boy around for a week or two just to see how it would seem, and I'd like to give that boy a good time. I'd like some poor little homeless chap—an orphan—who doesn't know what a good time means." His face lighted up for a moment and then the light faded. "But it won't do," he added, "it won't do." "What won't do?" the old lady asked. "It won't do to take a boy. It would mean too much extra work for you—cooking and so on." "I'd like the extra work," was the answer. "I'd like to cook for a hungry boy." Her face glowed at the thought. His caught the glow. "Would you?" he said. "Then let the boy come."

And the boy came—it was Harold. Samuel Swift sent the message through the agency of Tom Hunt. "Ask for a boy who has never had a good time," was the message. Perhaps there had never been a more surprised boy than Harold was when the Swifts welcomed him. He had not looked for a welcome, but when the old man took his hands in a gentle but close clasp and the old woman kissed his cheek and smiled upon him, a new world dawned. A lump came into his throat and choked him so that he could not find his voice, but when the lump disappeared joy was born. The Swifts were not rich, but they were in "comfortable circumstances" to use an old-fashioned phrase. They owned the small cottage in which they had lived all their lives and the few acres of good land around it. They always had the best of food. Best of all, they were truly good, and it was characteristic of them both to be ever ready and willing to lend a hand to any one in trouble. The moment they looked into the face of their small guest they knew that life had been hard to him. Had a guest come to them from the upper walks of life—he would not, in fact, he would not have received better treatment nor a warmer welcome than Harold did. The boy's heart went out to them in the first love he had ever felt. He saw it in his eyes and heard it in his voice, and they felt happier than he had felt for years. A small pleasant room next to theirs was Harold's. When the boy was stretched out in the soft bed it seemed that the old world had passed away. The simple sweet old home was to him—the most beautiful place in all the beautiful new world into which he had come. It would not have seemed so beautiful had it not come after a life in the slums. The boy's heart was full of joy and gratitude. After the restful sleep in the peaceful room came the call to breakfast. On the bed of rags there had been a kick to awake him. Now as he dressed he heard a bird sing outside the window and he felt the sweet breath of new mown hay as the soft wind touched his pale cheeks. And oh! that morning greeting in the cozy kitchen when the breakfast table was laid. He would never forget it—never. Then there was the breakfast—bacon and newly laid eggs, toast and coffee with real cream. In all his poor little dreary life Harold had never—until the night before—sat down to a table to eat. The two weeks seemed to have wings; it was morning—blessed morning, and then it was night. How to describe the time between night and morning I do not know except to say that it was all joy—pure joy. If the boy had been the Swifts' own grandson, he could not have pleased them better. After the first morning he was never called. He awakened when he heard the old folks stirring. By the time Mr. Swift was dressed, he was with him, feeding the chickens and pigs and hunting for fresh eggs in the barn. Before the first week ended the old folks felt as if years had rolled off their shoulders. The young lad whom they were helping was helping them. He was growing stronger every day and more necessary to them. His great love for his new friends made him long to help them in any way that he could. Old Mrs. Swift said he was the "handiest boy" she had ever known. At the breakfast table one morning old Mr. Swift remarked: "It doesn't seem as if it were two weeks since you came here, Harold, but it is."

The young face, that had become so dear to the old folks, clouded. "Oh!" the boy cried out. "Oh! it's the day to go—isn't it?" and the bright world suddenly seemed to darken.

"To go where?" questioned Mr. Swift. "Back—to—the-slums." "It is time for us to tell you that we love you and want you to stay with us all the time," said the dear old man. "And," put in the dear old lady, "if you could call us grandpa and grandma we'd like it." Harold could not speak, but in his loving brown eyes there was an expression that made them strangely beautiful. His lips quivered and his eyes filled with tears. Presently he arose from the table and, throwing his arms around, first, Mrs. Swift's neck, and then Mr. Swift's, he cried out, "Grandma! Grandpa!"

After that life grew still more beautiful in that humble home. The lovely summer passed away. There were no "bird songs" now, no green grass or sweet flowers, but the joy was there to stay. In November "erandma" had a severe rheumatic attack, but he did not seem to mind it much.

"For," said he, smiling, "I have a pair of hands that I call blessed hands—they do so much for us old folks."

It was a "picture beautiful" to see Harold doing the chores during these cold days. He fed the chickens and pigs, cut up turnips for the cow, cared for the turkeys that grandma was fattening for Thanksgiving, and looked after things generally as if he were the man-of-the-house. As for grandma, he helped her in various ways, looked out for the wood and water, peeled potatoes and apples.

Over and over he told himself joyfully, "It's home—home—my home and theirs, and they love me and I love them. Dear old grandma and grandpa!"—Ernest Gilmore.

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, 1900. 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, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont. DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure 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

256 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

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 to me, 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.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit. Yours respectfully, MRS. SIMPSON.

PILES

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 16, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont.: DEAR SIR,—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles. Yours sincerely, JOS. WESTMAN.

341 Sackville street, Toronto, Aug. 15, 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 Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times intense agony and lost all hope of a cure. 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. ARCHINGDALE, With the Boston Laundry.

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 under 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 incured 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 sure cure for blood-poisoning. MISS M. L. KEMP.

Toronto, April 16th, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., City: DEAR SIR,—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough. Respectfully yours, J. W. CLARKE, 72 Walseley street, City.

Toronto, July 21st, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq.: DEAR SIR,—Early last 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, 84 Queen street East.

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THURSDAY, OCT. 27, 1904.

THE TRANSPORTATION PROBLEM.

In the last week of the election campaign Mr. R. L. Borden has issued a manifesto to the Canadian people on the transportation question which he now acknowledges to be the only, or at all events the greatest, concern of the Dominion. The vital sentence in the document is: "We oppose to this (the G.T.P. contract) our declared policy of constructing the new transcontinental railway as a public work to be owned and controlled by the people and to remain a national highway in the truest sense."

Leaving out of consideration altogether the fact that Mr. Borden's government ownership policy is a brand new birth, to be accounted for only by the exigency and excitement of the campaign, and that as such it can neither be mature nor deliberate, its very declaration is a warning which the public cannot ignore. Mr. Borden is henceforth bound to obstruct the building of the G.T.P., and if he were returned to power to repudiate the contract. He is bound to go into the buying of the existing lines and the building of the future railways of the Dominion. This would entail administration work more elaborate and expensive than is required at the present time for the government of Canada, and would more than double the national debt. Is the tax-payer going to jump into such undertakings upon seven days' notice? Mr. Borden cannot be serious. The country will not consider his manifesto seriously.

A DEPLORABLE BLUNDER.

A most lamentable occurrence is the sinking in the North Sea of a British fishing boat and the injury of other fishing craft, incurring loss of life, by the Russian Baltic Squadron. The fleet was going south in the night watching for Japanese torpedo boats and mine ships. The Hull trawling boats, two-masted steamers, were sighted and showed their signals. Doubtless in panic, the Russian vessels opened fire after the searchlights had been turned on. The incident is inexplicable, but is deplored by both nations. The Czar has telegraphed his regrets and assurances of full reparation. Popular resentment in England naturally runs high, but humanity will rule the issue and dictate the requirements of justice. The suggestion that the firing was a pre-meditated outrage is ridiculous. Russia and England are at peace and have everything to lose by a rupture of their friendly relations. The blunder of the Russian ships will be atoned for to the fullest extent possible.

BIGOTS REBUKED.

It is most satisfactory to see that the London Times and other agencies of disunion and intolerance in England and Ireland, are soundly reprovved by a great and influential body of Protestant opinion in both countries. The Times has been abusing Lord Dunraven and his friends of the Irish Reform Association, who are not afraid to proclaim themselves moderate nationalists. The Castle politicians in Dublin are hurling epithets even at Liberal Orange leaders who are prepared to welcome Home Rule, but even their pretensions to exclusive rights in loyalty are denied when they denounce the plea for Catholic higher education so well put forward by the Irish hierarchy this week. Sir West Ridgway, who was under-secretary in Dublin Castle at the height of the coercion regime, has written a sensational letter to The Times, which is a clear declaration that the very men who were administering coercion in Ireland in their hearts sympathized with the people. Sir West Ridgway says: "So long as I was in the public service, faithful to the traditions of the civil service I held my peace, but now I am free to speak. I rejoice at the spontaneous spread of liberal and enlightened views among the Irish landlords, but for this revolt, or let me say awakening, the extremists of the Unionist Party—none the

less dangerous because loyal and conscientious—are chiefly responsible, for they by their stubborn policy of non-possimus, by their refusal to allow justice to be done to the Roman Catholics of Ireland in the matter of university education, and last, but not least, by the short-sighted and relentless way in which they expelled from the House of Commons the wise and patriotic Irishmen who there represented the sober-minded members of the Unionist Party, have caused moderate Irishmen to realize that theirs is an irreconcilable policy which spells disaster to the union."

Col. Sam Hughes Heard From

(From the Montreal True Witness.)

The True Witness has had the privilege of perusing the campaign literature of Col. Sam Hughes, one of the prominent members of the Conservative contingent from Ontario. It is a curious and picturesque compilation. In addition to largeness in bulk and volume, it has the special advantage of being printed upon paper of many hues. But the biggest sheets, which are like the pages of a newspaper, are turned out in strong Orange tints. Thus the Colonel shows his colors. Yet he is not satisfied with tacit appeals to the Orange vote. He makes Home Rule squarely an issue, for in paragraph 22 of what the lawyers would probably call his statement of claim, he says: "Home Rule for Ireland, proposed by Hon. John Costigan, was opposed by Col. Hughes. He showed that the Irish people are ethnologically identical with those of England and Scotland; that they enjoy greater liberties and privileges than in the United States; that their disabilities are of their own creation; for example, they refuse to allow the amalgamation of railways which would facilitate shipment of stock to market and reduce rates; and that the question was only introduced for political purposes. He always opposes anything tending to disrupt the Empire."

There is a great deal more of the same sort of stuff in Col. Sam Hughes' campaign rainbow. It is hard to understand him, because he jumps in a minute from ethnology to railway rates. All we can say off hand is that an ethnologist would experience considerable difficulty in showing the origin of the gallant colonel, as he himself, is without doubt an ass. There are ample grounds for this conclusion in the extract quoted above, wherein Col. Hughes claims Orange votes for opposing Hon. John Costigan's Home Rule resolutions; but in the next breath says the Irish won't amalgamate their railways. It is the English Parliament that can amalgamate or refuse to amalgamate Irish railways, and one of the reasons the Irish want Home Rule is that they think they should have the say in such matters themselves. However, there is no use in talking reasonably with this Ontario Tory who seeks reelection to a Canadian constituency by uninformed appeals to the prejudices of his brethren.

OBITUARY

JOHN MCGUIRE.

After an illness of several months, Mr. John McGuire, one of the oldest inhabitants of the Trent Valley District, passed peacefully away at his home in Seymour Township on Thursday, 13th inst. During the last days of his illness most of his children were present, including Rev. Father M. J. McGuire of Brighton. The funeral, which was largely attended, took place on Monday to St. Paul's church, Norwood, where requiem high mass was celebrated by Rev. Father McGuire, son of the deceased, and the funeral sermon was preached by the parish priest, Rev. Father Conway. The pall-bearers were six of the deceased's sons, R. P. McGuire of Nebraska, Lewis, Andrew and Martin of Chicago, W. H. McGuire of Toronto, and Sarsfield, the youngest son, who remains at home. Four daughters were also present, Mrs. Ryan of Westwood, Lizzie, Katie and Mary; the only two members of the family not able to attend were one son, Thomas, and a daughter, Sister St. Gertrude of Notre Dame Convent, Montreal. The funeral proceeded by the afternoon train to St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterboro, and thence to the Catholic cemetery, where the last rites of the Church were performed by Rev. Father McCall.

The deceased was a highly respected citizen and greatly esteemed by all who knew him. Over a year ago the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage to Miss Ellen Lehane, who now survives him, was celebrated when their children and a large number of friends were present to offer congratulations. He had been during the greater part of his life a resident of the township of Otonabee, near Peterboro, where he was born in 1830. His father, Lawrence McGuire, was one of the first settlers in that part of the country and a native of Maguire's Bridge, County Fermanshagh, Ireland. Mrs. McGuire and family have the sincere sympathy of a large number of friends throughout the country in their bereavement.

BARRIE CORRESPONDENCE

Mrs. P. McAvoy, of Bruce Mines, is in town visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Byrne.

Miss Della Byrne has returned to town after an extended visit in Bruce Mines.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Geary of Calgary, N.W.T., are in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Clayton.

Mr. W. L. Patterson and Mrs. Patterson, are now settled in their beautiful home, "Glen Logie." Mrs. Patterson will be at home the second Monday and second Tuesday in each month.

The American Hotel, so long and favorably known under the management of the late Mr. W. Webb, has been leased to Mr. Harris of Toronto. Mr. Harris took possession last Thursday.

Mrs. John McCabe of Idaho, is in town paying a visit to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Babcock. Mrs. McCabe will leave shortly for her western home.

D'YOUVILLE READING CIRCLE

Ottawa, Oct. 20, 1904.

Editor of The Register:

The d'Youville Reading Circle held its initial meeting the first Tuesday of this month in the Rideau street convent. The meeting was of a general character, most of the time having been taken up in detailing the plan for the course of studies and the reading to be done in connection with them.

The study of the reactionary movements of the 19th century will be continued, special attention being given to the Oxford movement. Cardinal Newman's great poem, "The Dream of Gerontius," will be read in connection with this. So much interest has been centred in the Orient lately that an acquaintance with the religion of the East is deemed advisable. Accordingly two poems have been set aside for particular reading—Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia" in which Buddha is the great figure and then his "Light of the World"—a magnificent showing in what Buddha was deficient and all that Christ supplied. Dr. Aiken's book on the religion of Buddha will also be discussed. The one book noted was by the Rev. Father Sheehan, "The Lost Angel of a Ruined Paradise." It has all the elements which go to make up the modern tragedy—in fact it is almost too painfully true to life. Another new one of Father Sheehan's, "A Spoiled Priest," will be discussed at the next meeting.

It has been decided to devote portions of some of the meetings to reports on the progress of the Gaelic revival; it is quite probable also that we shall in favor of a lecture on this subject. The monthly lectures will continue to be a feature in our Reading Circle work. The initial one will be given the first Monday of November, when Mr. John Francis Waters, M.A., will speak on "Shakespeare's Lesser Brethren." The I.C.T.U. still goes on and we hope to be able to add fifty new names to the one hundred and fifty already on our list. Two very valuable works of reference have been recently added to the well-stocked library in Dr. Stoddard's series of lectures and four volumes containing colored reproductions of the masterpieces exhibited in the great world galleries.

The annual meeting of the Reading Circle and of the Alumnae Library Association was held on Sunday, October 23rd, at the Benedictine convent, given by His Grace the Archbishop in the convent chapel at four o'clock, after which a reception was held in the music room. There was a large number of people present, among the audience were noticed several priests from the Archbishop's Palace and of the university faculty. Addresses in English and French were read by former graduates, summing up the work done in the past year and giving a general outline of that to be done during the coming winter. The Archbishop's remarks at the close were ones of congratulation on the good work done in the past and encouragement for our future endeavors along the lines of self-culture. This annual meeting always takes place on or as near St. Theresa's day as possible, in honor of the Lady Superior of the institution whose name day it is, and His Grace in the course of his remarks made particular reference to the good work which she has done during her long connection with the convent in the cause of Christian education.

He closed with the fervent wish that each by sphere of influence would be widened with the passing years and that our lives would become better and nobler through our connection with the reading circle. "Prospects for our fourth year of existence seem very bright. The membership is an unusually large one, the library is in constant use and the interest in the studies taken up are steadily enthusiastic." L. M. M.

Ursuline Academy

ACADEMIC COURSE.

(Continued from page 5)

Certificates for having passed the Part II. Junior Leaving Teachers' Examination, awarded by the Education Department to: Jessie Margaret McVean, Kathleen Loretta Speremart and Gertrude Doyle.

Certificates for having passed the High School Entrance Examination, awarded to: Florence Dowdall, Hazel Washburne, Anna Durby, Margorie Massey, Maybelle Wigle, Kitty Killen, Henrietta Collins, Eva Doyle, Angela Crotty, Marie Anne Beaudet and Euphemia Grier.

Commercial Course. Diplomas for having completed the commercial course in this Academy, namely: Stenography, Book-keeping, Type-writing, Practical Grammar, Business Correspondence, Arithmetic, Spelling, Literature and Business Law, awarded to: Irene Mount and Anna Faubert.

Certificate for Stenography, awarded to Grace McArron.

Music Department. The following certificates have been awarded by the Toronto Conservatory of Music:

Certificate for having passed with first-class honors the Intermediate Examination in Musical Form, awarded to Anna Carson.

Certificates for having passed with first-class honors the Intermediate Pianoforte and Junior Theoretical Examinations, awarded to Maybelle Parker.

Certificates for having passed with honors the Junior Certificate and Primary Theoretical Examinations, awarded to Olive Mather, Anna Faubert, Laura McDonald and Edith Hall.

Certificates for having passed with first-class honors the Primary Theoretical Examination, awarded to Jessie Wilson.

Certificates for having passed with honors the Primary Certificate Examination, awarded to: Hazel Joli, Anna Burby, Laura Mather and Kathleen Adair.

Art Department. Certificates for Freehand, Model and Object Drawing, awarded to: Della Brenner, Catherine Sullivan, Mary McKenna, Maybelle Parker and Teresa McVean.

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Hamilton Citizens Honor John Ronan

A Hamilton correspondent says a number of personal friends of John Ronan gathered in the red parlor of the Hotel Royal to say farewell to Mr. Ronan, who recently was appointed burzar of the asylum at Penetang. The "farewell" was in the form of a presentation of a handsome oak cabinet of silver, and some odd pieces of Kayserzin silver. The cabinet bore a plate on which was inscribed: "Presented to John Ronan by a number of personal friends on the occasion of his departure from Hamilton, October 20, 1904." Adam Brown was master of ceremonies, and Mr. Brown made the presentation.

Mr. Ronan said he was more than delighted at the remarks of Mr. Brown. He jocularly said he had no idea he was such a great person, or he might have remained in Hamilton. He thanked his friends, on behalf of his wife and family, for the splendid gift.

George S. Lynch-Staunton, K.C., proposed Mr. Ronan's health, which was honored very enthusiastically. Adam Ballentine spoke in a similar strain, and A. A. Lees, John H. Tilden and Thomas Kilvington. Mr. Ronan's colleagues on the parks board, testified to his good work and pleasant companionship on the board. Adam Zimmerman, John M. Eastwood, Sheriff Middleton, Ald. Kerr, W. H. Lovering, chairman of the committee which had the matter in hand; Arthur O'Heir, J. P. Kavanaugh added their tributes to those of the other speakers.

At a smoker and social evening given by the members of the O.M.B.A. in their hall on South James street, Mr. Ronan was made the recipient of a pair of Persian lamb gauntlets lined with fur, and a handsome suit case. The presentation was made by Rev. Father Coty, chaplain, and Frank W. Quinn read the address. A letter of regret was read from Rev. J. J. Craven, of Galt, formerly of this city. Owing to an injury to his curate, Rev. Father Englert, who was in the collision on the G. H. & P. railway he was unable to attend. F. W. Quinn, chairman, thought the sentiments of all were expressed in the address, which he read as follows:

John Ronan: Dear Sir and Brother,—When it was learned that you had accepted an important position that would cause your removal from this city, the members of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association deemed it their duty to recognize in some small way the many sacrifices made by you in their behalf. We feel that we are losing one of our best friends and most valued members, and we trust that you will accept the accompanying gifts as a small token of our regard and esteem for you and your past services to us.

We trust the Almighty in His divine wisdom may long spare you to continue by your wise counsel and advice to assist your fellow men.

Signed, on behalf of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, this 20th day of October, 1904—J. H. Coty, chaplain; F. W. Quinn, chairman; P. Dowd, secretary; J. M. Brown, treasurer; J. P. Dougherty, B. MacMahon, A. O'Brien.

Rev. Father Coty, in making the presentation, agreed with Mr. Quinn that it was unnecessary to speak of the good Mr. Ronan had done for the society, but he felt impelled to speak of him as he had known him. He welcomed Mr. Ronan back to the city where he had won so much public esteem. In the brief period of his absence he had been missed from the church of which the speaker was pastor. He had always proved himself to be a friend of the Church, and had always been foremost in promoting any charitable or religious work.

Although it was a sad duty to part with him, yet he would make new friends in the field he had just entered. The past district deputy would be successful in whatever he undertook, Father Coty felt assured, and he hoped Mr. Ronan would remember in years to come that he went away with the good wishes of all.

In replying, Mr. Ronan was visibly affected. He did not think it was necessary for the members of the C. M.B.A. to go to any expense in order to show their good-will toward him, as he had always known of it by their earnest cooperation with him in whatever he did. He was at a loss to find words to express his gratitude, but his manner spoke more than words.

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Stratford Correspondence

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Byrne, Dufferin street, are on a two weeks' visit to friends at North Bay.

Mr. John M. McGowan of the Chicago American, who has been on a six weeks' visit to his home here, returned to Chicago last week.

The members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society and the parishioners of St. Joseph's church, this city, intend placing a handsome brass pulpit in St. Joseph's church, this city, in honor of the late Dean Kilroy, their former pastor.

The handsome memorial window donated by the late Dean Kilroy will shortly be placed in St. Joseph's church, this city.

E. A. ENGLISH

Real Estate

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MONTREAL CORRESPONDENCE

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH.

The lecture given on Friday evening last at the Windsor Hall was a great success both numerically, financially and otherwise. The audience filled every available space. A large number of the city clergy were present. Rev. Fr. D. J. McCorry gave the audience a rare treat. The magnificent language and fine gestures of the Rev. Father, the beautiful views accompanying the lecture, the sweet singing—all went to make up an instructive affair, the like of which has not been seen or heard in Montreal for some time. Rev. Fr. McCorry won golden opinions from his large and select audience, one of whom sent a special letter of congratulation and thanks to the noble pastor of old St. Patrick's in providing such a treat. The subject was "The Story Beautiful."

The British Army and Navy Veterans' church parade to St. Patrick's for B. H. Mass was a great success. High Mass was sung by Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan. The pastor, Rev. Fr. McCorry, extended a most cordial welcome to the veterans, who came, he said, in such large numbers, to assist at mass in the mother Irish Church of the city. He congratulated them for having served under a flag, which of all flags, is most deserving of respect and admiration. The flag of this mighty Empire might boast of being the most ardent and generous friend and most powerful champion of personal, social, political and religious liberty. It could not but be admitted on all sides that England did not do what she should have done for Erin—that golden and immortal flower—always blooming among thorns and sending forth its winged seeds in every breeze to gladden other nations and implant the faith in other lands. England has repented. The children of St. Patrick want bygone to be bygone, they know how to forgive and forget. Neither the glories nor the humiliations of the past can count for the present. Irish wrongs are being redressed and Irish rights are being acknowledged on every platform. The clouds are being dispelled from the horizon of the Emerald Isle and day by day the sky is brightening with ever increasing splendor. We are on the eve of an era which is promising equal, if not surpass, any period in British history—in the harmony which should exist in all the correspondent parts of the British Empire, at the head of which is a king who is universally loved and trusted. May this visit not be the last of the Veterans. I am proud to see the veterans escorted by St. Patrick's Cadets, who recently distinguished themselves at the rifle range contest and placed themselves at the head of cadet marksmanship of Canada.

ST. MICHAEL'S PARISH. The conversation held last week exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine, and a large sum was realized for the benefit of the new church.

The new church will be solemnly blessed on October 30th, when His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi will perform the ceremony. Bishop Lorrain of Pembroke will sing Pontifical High Mass and Rev. Fr. McShane, S.S., Notre Dame Church, will preach. HOTEL DIEU AMBULANCE. The blessing of the Hotel Dieu new ambulance took place last Thursday and was quite an event. Archbishop Bruchesi performed the ceremony. Among the list of subscribers there are the names of many Protestants, which shows the spirit of tolerance and the respect and veneration they have for the great charity of the Hotel Dieu Sisters in doing so much for suffering humanity. Immediately after the blessing a luncheon was served, there being present: His Grace Mgr. Bruchesi, Canon Vailant, Princess of Colliero Maunfeld; Countess Paul d'Etcheoguen, Lady Hingston, Miss Hingston, Miss Guerin, Hon. Dr. Guerin, Dr. D. Hingston, Rev. Fathers Lalande, S.J., Turgeon, rector of Loyola College; Hingston, S.J.; O'Reilly, chaplain of Hotel Dieu; Derome, Mrs. C. Courso, Ottawa; Mrs. Wilson, Beauharnois; Dr. and Mrs. Merrill, Dr. Marier and Madame and Misses Migneault, Dr. and Mme. Lecavalier, Dr. and Mme. Demartigny, Dr. Chailfoux, Dr. Beauchamp, Dr. and Mme. Laforest, Dr. Kennedy, Dr. Cartier, Dr. Asselin, Dr. Hamelin, Dr. Lachance, Dr. Labelle, Dr. Cousineau, Dr. Marcell, Dr. Meunier, Dr. Rottot, dean of Laval University, and many others.

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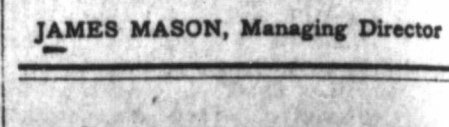
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FRANK J. ROCHE

Herewith we publish the photo of Frank J. Roche, who was nominated by the Liberal Conservatives of North York, on Oct. 15 inst. Mr. Roche is leading barrister of this city, having practiced here for many years. In society circles Mr. Roche is well known. He is a member of the United Irish League of Toronto.

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ELECTION DAY—NOVEMBER 3rd, 1904

E. MURPHY

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GRADUATION EXERCISES AT THE PINES

A select and cultured audience assembled yesterday afternoon at the Ursuline Academy to witness the Graduation Exercises and presentation of honors. St. Cecilia's Hall, beautifully adorned and illuminated, was a scene of loveliness rivaling all the glories of Indian summer. The decorations were in rich autumnal tints, bunting, flowers, foliage and paintings being arranged with delicate taste and art.

At a little after four the guests had all arrived and the program commenced. The places of honor were occupied by His Grace Archbishop Gauthier of Kingston, and His Lordship F. P. McEvay, Bishop of London. The following clergymen were also present: Rev. Fr. Aylward, rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, London; Rev. Fr. McBrady, C.S.B., President of Assumption College, Sandwich; Rev. Fr. James, O.F.M., P.P., chaplain; Rev. Albert McKeon, P.P., St. Columban; Rev. P. McKeon, P.P., St. Mary's church, London; Rev. Arch-Dean Andrieux, Windsor; Rev. Father Ladouceur, P.P., St. Peter's; Rev. Fr. Henreux, P.P., Belle River; Rev. Fr. Bechar, P.P., Walkerville; Rev. Fr. Boulat, P.P., Ridgeway; Rev. Fr. Guinane, Assumption College, Sandwich; Rev. Fr. Brady, P.P., Wallaceburg; Rev. Fr. Herman, O.F.M., and Rev. Fr. Hubert, O.F.M., Chatham.

PROGRAMME

Chorus of welcome.
Piano Solo—Valse de Concert, Wieniawski, Anna L. Carson.
Vocal (selected), Miss Helen Thomas.
Fantasia in E, for two pianos (A. Bower), Agnes Bower and Maybelle Elizabeth Parker.
Cantata—"Marguerite."
"Tell me, O tell where gay fairies dwell!" Margaret Dowdall.
"Way up in the sky, O rver so high!" Henrietta Collins.
"Marguerite Song"—Marie Thibodeau, Florence Dowdall, Doty Nichols, Blossom Drake, Minette Baby, Ethel Donovan, Eileen Mulvey, Beatrice Dowdall, Lulu Baby, Hazelle Joly, Laura McIntyre, Blanche Donovan, Anna Tiernan, Mildred Donovan, M. Eva Tiernan, Doty Wilson.
"Beware the Fairy of Discontent!" Blossom Drake.
Story of the Frost Fairies, Anna Tiernan.
Story of the Sun Fairies, Ethel Donovan.
Story of the Sand Fairies, Blanche Donovan.
"There are Fairies of Spring time and Summer." "There are Fairies of Autumn and Winter," Ena Pleasance and Blanche Donovan.
Piano Solo, Die Forelle (Schubert-Heller), Maybelle Elizabeth Parker.
Part Two.
Crowning of Graduates.
Presentation of Medals and Diplomas by the Rt. Rev. Fergus P. McEvay, D.D., to Jessie Margaret McDear and Kathleen Loretto Sperman.
The chorus of welcome sung by the entire school was as pretty a welcome song as one could well conceive, appropriate to the season and event. The lovely duet between the sopranos and altos,

Oh! sweetest hour, at set of sun
When all the toil of day is done,
When restless waves of sorrow cease,
And mind and soul are all at peace.

was particularly effective and much enjoyed. Miss Carson's rendition of Wieniawski's "Valse de Concert" was delicate and brilliant. The piece is one which makes great demands on the performer for perfect, sparkling clearness, with occasional calls for vigor and depth; and, as Miss Carson excels in delicatissimo passages, her accomplishments in this line were fully evidenced in her exacting selection.

In Tosti's beautiful song, "Pensò!" Miss Helen Thomas favored the audience with a vocal gem of rare excellence. Her voice is a singularly clear, melodious contralto, and the ease and grace with which she uses it, as well as her purity of intonation, delicate expression and perfect pronunciation of the beautiful Italian tongue, won most liberal applause. She responded to an encore with a beautiful sacred song, given with equal charm and expression.

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The two piano number, "Fantasia in E," composed by Miss Agnes Bower, awakened much interest and attention. It was played by the composer herself and Miss Maybelle Parker, and was received with marked favor. The composition is brilliant and expressive, and less slight in substance than the generality of the productions of young composers. Miss Bower has received her musical education, both in piano and theory, exclusively at the Academy, and is now in her graduating year in both departments. Her playing is characterized by great warmth of emotion and artistic expression; while her gifts as a composer will, we trust, induce her to pursue that important branch of her art until she shall have won a distinguished place among the composers of America.

The first act of the children's Cantata, "Marguerite," introduced the guests to a circle of such lovely, little maidens as might well make their friends wonder that they should ever be so misled as to sigh for the beautiful elis of fairyland, when they themselves possessed all the graces and charms of the aerial denizens of that mysterious land. The duet, sung by Margaret Dowdall and Henrietta Collins, was as sweet and lovely as any song from elfland could have been; and the "Marguerite Song," accompanied with graceful gestures, was indeed captivating.

Miss Parker then played that delightful pianoforte composition, "Die Forelle," by Heller, a transcription of one of Schubert's immortal themes. Miss Parker is gifted with unusual talent and ability as a pianist, and her playing was perhaps the most truly musical of any that was heard last eve. Her touch is strong and firm, and the fortissimo passages were taken with pleasing facility. The theme, enunciated in the left hand, was precise and expressive, while the rapid variations in the right hand delightedly clear and brilliant. We are pleased to learn that Miss Parker intends to devote herself to the art for which she is so eminently qualified, and we do not hesitate to predict for her a brilliant career as a virtuoso.

The song "Twilight Voices," Verne, sung by Miss Olive Mather, was a favorite selection. Miss Mather's voice is steadily growing in power and sweetness, and its peculiarly sympathetic quality and delicate timbre make it delightful to her auditors. The Violin obligato, artistically played by Miss Surby, added much to the beauty of the effect.

The second act of the Cantata opened with a charming song, "Sleep, sleep little birdie," sung with all the graceful variety of childhood by four sweet little maidens, Eileen Mulvey, Blossom Drake, Minette Baby and Laura McIntyre. The tender melody, "Oh, I'm so tired" sung by a dear, tiny, little tot, Mildred Donovan, quite captivated the audience. The introduction of the Angelus bell in the distance, and the chorus "Ave Maria" by an invisible choir, while groups on the stage remained, en tableau, were very effective.

The closing number was the "Gallop de Concert," by the first piano, was played by Miss Edyth Hall and Miss Emma Ouellette, the second piano by Miss Laura McDonald, and Miss Helen McVean, the first violin by Miss Florence Surby and Miss Kathleen Sperman, the second violin by Miss Laura Mather and Miss Angela CroTTY and the drum by Miss Agnes Bower. The piece was rendered with bright, irresistible spirit, each individual player seeming to vie with her companion in the fire and ardor with which she executed her part. The violins were played with faultless precision and brilliancy and the strongly marked rhythm was rendered still more vigorous by the addition of the drum skillfully played by Miss Bower.

The crowning of the graduates is always the most interesting feature of Commencement Exercises. The two graduates, Miss Jessie McVean and Miss Kathleen Sperman, presented themselves before His Lordship, who placed on the head of each a beautiful garland of roses, and conferred on them the elegant gold graduation medals. They then proceeded to address their parting words to their teachers, friends and companions.

Miss McVean, in a sweet, expressive voice read a finely written essay on the dignity of Christian Womanhood and the necessity of fulfilling the lofty end of our being—responding to our Christian birthright. Her motto was Respondete Natalibus.

The Vaedictory was pleasingly delivered by Miss Sperman. In it she contrasted the fame of those great victors and statesmen whom the world has crowned and idolized, to that truer fame won by the heroes of the Cross, whose glory is not obtained from the great of the world, but is of that infinitely more desirable kind awarded by the Supreme King of Heaven. But she also proved that this fame cannot be obtained without the help of God and implicit reliance on Him. Nisi Dominus frustra. She concluded with an affectionate tribute of gratitude from herself and her companion to all those who during the years of their school life had been devoted to the work of their education.

We beg the privilege of proffering our respectful congratulations to these two young ladies who have so honorably completed their academic course, and give such brilliant promise of a noble and useful life in their fair, young womanhood. Both

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The Liberal-Conservative Candidate

Election Day—Nov. 3rd., 1904

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Election Day—Nov. 3rd., 1904

young ladies have obtained certificates for Part II. Junior Leaving course, and possess also many other graceful accomplishments. Miss McVean has received several certificates in piano and musical theory; and Miss Sperman has acquired considerable proficiency in violin playing. Both were attired in beautiful white gowns and in their girlish loveliness looked the very realization of their own ideal of perfect maidenhood.

His Lordship, in his ever happy and inimitable manner, addressed the young ladies, mingling with his words of wise counsel many pleasantries and witty remarks. He expressed himself as delighted with the success of the students and with the artistic entertainment they had prepared, felicitated the graduates upon the honors they had won in all the branches of education, and the bright promise their young lives gave of a noble maturity. He then introduced his distinguished friend, Archbishop Gauthier of Kingston, who had honored the occasion with his presence. His Grace made a eloquent address which will be remembered by all who heard it. His charming personality, refined appearance and musical, cultured voice, bespoke the polished gentleman and scholar that he is, while his deep learning and perfect information on the subject of education were proved by the profound wisdom of his remarks. He complimented His Lordship of London on his energy and zeal displayed in the wonderful educational work he is doing in his diocese, when, within the short period of his administration, fifteen new Separate Schools have been erected. He also congratulated the clergy of the London Diocese on the marked success which attended their labors.

He then spoke in highly eulogistic terms of the excellent educational work accomplished by the Ursuline Sisterhood, as evident in the attainments of the young ladies of the Pines. The Ursuline Order, he said, was the oldest teaching institution in the Church, and had always been distinguished for the solidity of the education it imparted to its pupils, an education which embraced not only the cultivation of the intellectual faculties in the requirements of service and art, but that higher instruction which implies the perfect development of the heart, a solid grounding in the first principles of life, the duties of a true Christian and the grand end of our existence. This reputation for perfect educational ability has ever been and still continues the distinguishing characteristic of the Ursuline Order, and no where is it more merited than at the Academy of the Pines. His Grace reminded the pupils of the great number of young girls throughout the land who are deprived of the advantages of such an education as this institution offers, and urged them to appreciate the blessings God had so liberally granted them, and to improve to the utmost of their unri-

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ELECTION THURSDAY, NOV. 3, 1904

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For his return as Member of the House of Commons on November 3rd

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Your Vote and Influence are Respectfully Requested for

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The Liberal-Conservative Candidate

Election Day—Nov. 3rd., 1904

Silver Medals for Having the Highest Marks at Entrance Examinations, presented by Mrs. John Crotty, Bothwell, and Miss Crotty, St. Columban's, Ont., awarded to Florence Dowdall and Hazelle Mae Washburne.

Gold Medal for Commercial Course, presented by Matthew Doyle, Esq., St. Thomas, Ont., awarded to Irene Mount Acsit—Anna Faubert.

Practical Music Department. Scholarship in Senior Grade by Anna L. Carson.

The following young ladies receive Medals for having passed with first-class honors, the Toronto Conservatory of Music Examinations:

Senior Grade.
Gold Medal, presented by Rev. Albert McKeon, P.P., St. Columban's, Ont., awarded to Delia Brenner.

Competitors—Edith James, Carrie Trankla, Marjorie Massie, Eva and Anna Smith, Vera Gosnell, Catherine Sullivan, Florence Foy and Maybelle Parker.

Intermediate Grade.
Gold Medal, presented by Rev. Francis Laurondeau, Stratford, Ont., obtained in Junior Grade, by Olive Mather.

Junior Grade.
Silver Medal, presented by Rev. Fr. Vieuveuve, P.P., Leamsc, Ont., obtained by Hazelle Joly in Primary Grade.

Gold Cross for Fidelity St. Cecilia's Choir, presented by Rev. Fr. Langlois, P.P., Tilbury, Ont., awarded to Jessie Margaret McVean.

Art Department.
Gold Palette for Painting, presented by Rev. Albert McKeon, P.P., St. Columban's, Ont., awarded to Delia Brenner.

Competitors—Edith James, Carrie Trankla, Marjorie Massie, Eva and Anna Smith, Vera Gosnell, Catherine Sullivan, Florence Foy and Maybelle Parker.

(Continued on page 4)

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS

There was a grand clacking going on down by the row of cottages that lay near by the schoolhouse; an excited group of women had gathered together by the pallings that shut in the bits of garden in front of them. Some who preferred the shelter of their own doorway would put in a word now and then at the top of their voices with good effect. The sterner sex was represented by old Jimmy, the lame carpenter, who, perched on the lowest step of the stile, smiled occasionally to himself between whiffs of his beloved pipe. "I tell ye a' I'll no pit oop wi' it ony mair," Mary McDonald's a guid enny lassie; but she's owre young to be a schulemistress, an' I'll just tell Mr. McPherson so, ay, an' a' the board, too, wi' me an' tongue."

character, Mrs. Reid, said a voice behind her, and she turned hastily. Old Jimmy had come up while they were talking, and met her suspicious glance with a flattering smile of innocent admiration. She looked un-easily away. "Puir bit lass!" sighed old Jimmy to himself. On Saturday Mary certainly did go—and with her box, too—and as certainly another arrived on Monday morning. And here she was installed. Oh, what a contrast to Mary! Her gray hair—an ugly iron gray—was drawn back from a lined forehead and partly hidden under a black woollen cap. A pair of blue spectacles gave a severe aspect to such of her features as one could see; for she wore eternally a woollen comforter wound round her neck, and often pulled over her mouth and chin. Miss Forsyth suffered from asthma, and her hoarse voice testified to the weak throat she complained of. But she was an excellent teacher, and if the lads and lassies missed Mary's fun and laughter they certainly got on well at their books. Miss Forsyth was strict, but though she laughed seldom, all had seen her eyes twinkling behind the blue spectacles. The women folk were satisfied and in spite of the teacher being aloof in her manner and always refusing to take a cup of tea with them in their own houses, they looked upon her as a superior person, and were proud of what they deemed her town manners. Only old Jimmy raised a dissentient voice. "It's the sony reid-haired lass I likit," he would say. "She was the grand creetur, wi' her jowk always ready. Ye'll never git the like o' her again." And he shook his head with mournful defiance at the "auld wives," as he styled them. "Ye're a' for a bonny face, Jimmy," one of them retorted. "We ken that fine. Miss Forsyth nae doubt is no' sae bonny, but she's a gey worthy person, an' she gets the bairns on fine, though she's had them but a week. Jessie kens a' the po'ry in her buik an' speaks it in gran' style, an' there's Mrs. Ferguson's laddies that were sae backward, they are well up into the second standard now."



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AN ATLANTIC EPISODE

It was the first ocean voyage of mother and daughter, and Miss Waldron, aged twenty-five, found it no whit harder to restrain her excitement than Mrs. Waldron, seventeen years her senior. This trip to Europe had been the dream of both their lives, and the expenses thereof had been saved by many sacrifices. Indeed, they had not dared to let their dream come true too soon, but for a friend with influence in high town, who assured the Waldrons that Matilda would, without doubt, secure a speedy promotion from grammar school to high school teacher, if, in addition to certain special courses which she had been taking during the past few years, she would spend her summer vacation in studious visits to European educational centres. As Matilda would not go without her mother, Papa Waldron had magnanimously offered to close the little house in the Highlands and board in town with Aunt Maria during the ten weeks' absence of his wife and daughter. So, with his urgency, and all scruples dispensed by the prospect of speedily bettered fortunes, mother and daughter fared forth like two children on a holiday. As a family, the Waldrons were singularly unworshipful, with kindly hearts to every creature, and unexpected or any measure save that which they would mete. The intending travellers had talked their trip over many times, and prepared themselves for the pleasant things which might happen. They had resolved to be so "natural" that the most penetrating would not suspect how awfully new and strange were the broad ocean and the luxuries of a first-class passage. But after papa had left them with a bottle of champagne discreetly covered with fresh tulle in the bottom of a basket, as a preservative against seasickness, and they had sent back to him a letter from Minot's Light, they soon began to realize that their actual or possible experiences were of no moment to the gay and stylish family groups and parties of friends who crowded the decks of the Columbia. Two slight, simply dressed and timid women whose straightened circumstances and unfamiliarity with the ways of the world "stood out all over them," as a rich and slangy girl wistfully vouchsafed them a passing glance, were more than likely to be left severely to themselves; though Matilda would resign with difficulty some dreams too young for her years, of pleasant friendships made on shipboard, and a more interesting log-book for her father than the record of mere rounds of meals and deck promenades, the occasional sighting of a steamer, and the entertainment of the Sailors' Orphans' Home, on the second last evening out. They were lingering in delight of a glorious sunset after most of their fellow-passengers had gone down to dinner, when Matilda noticed an elderly and infirm-looking man sitting

quite alone, a few yards away from them, and gazing absently out to sea. She attracted her mother's attention. "Poor old gentleman! He seems to be of as little account as ourselves among all these rich people," she said softly, "and he certainly does not look fit to travel alone." The mother echoed her daughter's compassionate sigh. "But he might resent our sympathy," she said, with characteristic diffidence. So, for delicacy, they went by on the other side. But the following morning, as they were taking a turn on deck before breakfast, they saw him again, in the same place, and in the same dejected attitude. They lingered this time with sympathetic eyes on the old man, who seemed oblivious to all about him. "You speak to him, Matilda," urged Mrs. Waldron. "Oh, mother, you know best what to say." "There, like a good girl! Young people can do anything." And thus adjured, Matilda crossed the deck. "Good morning, sir," she said, gently. "If you are alone, as we are, perhaps we might all go down to breakfast together." He turned quickly. Were there tears in his dim and deep-sunken eyes? "I will be bad company, I am rather hard of hearing," he answered, "and none too well; but—if I don't bore you—"

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mother sighed for the \$500 so recklessly lost, as it now seemed, in that too confidently ventured trip to Europe. The balmy June days had come before Mr. Waldron's danger was past; but the physicians protested against his resuming work without a few months' change of air. "Poor papa never had a vacation in his life," sighed Matilda, "and to think of his toiling in the city all last summer long while we were off on that unlucky trip!" Their small savings had long ago been exhausted. The young teacher's salary was always spent before it was earned; and there were debts—a trouble unknown before. The convalescent was sad and listless. He was ten years older than his wife, and nearly thirty years of monotonous and poorly paid clerical work had told on him. Again his unselfish will, he craved the change which it would be hard to bring about. "We might raise something on the house," suggested Mrs. Waldron, in a conference on ways and means with her daughter. "We must get enough to pay off our little debts and make your father comfortable at Crescent Beach for the summer." The tinkle of the bell broke on their planning and Matilda rose to answer it. Her parents, sitting in the long twilight, wondered at her delay. The front door closed at last on the departing caller and Matilda returned to the dining-room and lit the lamp. "Read it," she said, extending a paper to her mother. Her eyes shone but her voice trembled. It was an excerpt from the will of the late Michael Maloney of Cork, Ireland, bequeathing to Miss Matilda Waldron, of Boston, 200 shares of stock in the C.V. railroad, a total of \$20,000 at 6 per cent. "In remembrance of her kindness to an old and uninteresting stranger, and to help her carry out her plans for the comfort of her father in his declining years."

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KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS

By J. HARRISON

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

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"Leigh? Oh, she is living in a little world of her own. Of things on this mundane sphere she has no cognizance." "Eric Lindsay's wife is an awful relative for any girl—especially a girl as proud as Leigh, by Jove!" said Hilliard. "I was talking to her last night—she's positively uneducated."

"Only for the money Eric Lindsay's wife brought him we couldn't consider Hugh as so let that pass," said Mrs. Fenton. "I think Leigh really cares for him, Lewis—why, what are you laughing at?"

For Lewis Hilliard, at that word threw himself back into his chair and roared. Nor did he cease until the tears rolled down his cheeks.

Uncle Eric would have made a wonderful celebration out of his nephew's engagement to Leigh Fenton. As But Lewis Hilliard asked, as a special favor, that all festivities be confined to the family alone, and as his views coincided with those of the prospective bridegroom, they carried the day. And even some of the immediate family sent regrets. Leigh's sister could not come, nor Hugh's mother, who did not feel equal to the journey, she wrote. So that Uncle Eric had things his own way on this joyous occasion.

It certainly should be a joyous occasion, and everyone helped to make it as pleasant as possible for the engaged pair. At the dinner Senator Hilliard was seated between Aunt Estelle and Mildred. The title, Senator, was sweet on the lips of the former lady, and she rolled it over and over as many times as she could in conscience. Knowing what a globe-trotter he was, she wished to show the knowledge she possessed. Compared to Lewis Hilliard's, it was very meagre. The ex-Senator listened to her with a half-sarcastic smile playing about his lips as he answered her, and led her on to further betray her ignorance. Mildred, glancing up, saw Eric Lindsay's eyes fastened on his wife and her partner with a rather distressed look. Mildred thought, "She immediately turned to the portly man, directing his attention to his niece with a laughing remark. She had not forgotten her woman's ways if she had laid them aside with the joys of life. She set about fascinating this rather oddish, good-looking gentleman, fully satisfied it would not harm him. And she succeeded so well that even after dinner he found himself listening to her with delight. She veiled her words very carefully, and their sound, good sense pleased him.

"You are a relief—an oasis in the desert," he said to her when he came up from the table as he professed to be one of the best dinners he had ever eaten. "And I have been wandering in foreign lands ten years, unconscious that so rare a jewel existed almost at my own hearth! You are all that is—"

"Don't call me sensible," she said, "or I will never forgive you." "Charming, entertaining, altogether agreeable," he finished with a laugh. "The gentlemen are not interested in me—I am out of their lives, since I have been out of the country. The engaged couple—now, look at them!"

He nodded towards the corner where sat Hugh and Leigh, totally absorbed in each other. The beautiful face was raised to her lover's. She was speaking rapidly and he was drinking in every word.

"Indeed, they seem to be very happy. How pretty your niece is, Senator." "Lovely, animated, enthusiastic—" "Yes. Perhaps that is why she attracted Hugh. He is calm and steadfast, she flounders and capricious."

"But good-hearted, very good-hearted. Do you not agree with me?" "I'm no judge," she answered somewhat coldly.

"Umph!" thought Senator Hilliard. "That sounds peculiar—just like a woman. Wonder what she has against Leigh?"

"You are quite a traveller," said Mildred, sweetly. "I might be so considered if ten years of it count for anything. I come now from Monte Carlo."

"From Monte Carlo? You have no idea. Are you shocked? Perhaps I should have kept that to myself." "Oh, no. I am not prejudiced. Do you gamble?"

"What an old-fashioned way of putting it, Miss Mildred! When I think I am going on in years I seek Monte Carlo and venture a trifle on the red-and-black. It restores my youth—the excitement is so refreshing."

"I should like to watch the players. They say it is as interesting to watch as to play."

"It is. And one meets such extraordinary characters! You have no idea. One among them—a young fellow I met about three years ago in a peculiar manner, has interested me more than all others put together. And I am considered a student of character."

"A foreigner, probably?" "Yes—an Englishman, of Scotch parentage. His name is Allan Fraser."

The room swirled before her; a noise as of many waters sounded in her ears. The lights and the faces and the frowns rushed together in one confused mass. But the ex-Senator only noticed that she bent over her dress, tracing out the design on it with one long, slender finger. He imagined she did it to show the beauty of her white hand, and resolved to let her know that he appreciated its loveliness at the first opportunity. He thought her voice rather indistinct, however, when she finally spoke.

"Allan Fraser?" she asked. "It surely is not possible you know him?" said the Senator, quickly.

"The name is very familiar to me." She spoke with little pauses, as if thoroughly absorbed in tracing the raised leaves on her dress. "I do not know him personally. A man of that name was in Costa Rica about—let me see—almost three years ago now, I think—with— with an acquaintance of mine."

"Costa Rica? Three years ago? Yes, I remember that he told me that

lips parted, her eyes shining when he finished. "That is splendid!" said Hugh, carried away by this vivid description. "He must have a good heart as well as an exquisite talent."

"And yet he is one of the most consummate gamblers I ever met," said Hilliard. "A gentleman, though, a perfect gentleman. Lately it seemed to me, however, that he was losing his taste for it. He began to study Italian with one of two friars at Rome, and he hasn't been the same fellow since. He'll give in—"

"A priest?" whispered Leigh, looking at her uncle with startled eyes. "Not a priest, Uncle Lewis?" He shrugged his shoulders. "Why not? A Roman Catholic, at any rate, and that will spoil him for me. I daresay he'll be as strait-laced as the rest of them and frown forever on games of chance—"

"Preferring to earn his living honestly," said Hugh. "What matters it where money comes from?" asked Hilliard. He had meant Hugh when he spoke of strait-lacedness, and seeing that the words struck home, probed a little deeper. "But if it isn't honest money," began Hugh.

"What is dishonest about money? The gambling? You stand to win or lose. If you win it is the other fellow's loss. If you lose, it is his gain."

Hugh's blood began to warm under the insolence of his tone. "There are certain habits—vices, rather, people acquire which must be condemned," he said, sharply. "Gambling is every whit as bad as drunkenness—and surely you would not uphold the latter? It is a passion—"

"You are too harsh!" said Leigh in a petulant tone. She had drawn away from her betrothed, and stood looking at him with cold eyes of disapproval. "You are too harsh!" she repeated, angrily. All men cannot be models of perfection—the really is a gift like—like uncle's friend—Surely you cannot put him in the same class with lesser mortals. He should be bound by less conventions or restrictions than—than you or I."

"Do you mean to say, Leigh, that because a man can play the violin better than most men he is entitled to indulge in vices that lower his moral nature? Being so highly gifted he should be so much the more grateful to God."

She frowned almost contemptuously. "You are too cold to understand—you have no idealism in your composition."

"Oh, yes, I have," he retorted. "Only I am not sickly in my view—my sense of right is not perverted. I see things as they should be seen."

"And call a spade a spade," she said, almost sneeringly. "Oh, you wise creatures, who are so honest and above board, and condemn the human nature you will never understand!"

Even Mildred gazed at her in amazement—her tones were so full of feeling. As for Hugh, something pierced his heart—a shaft of pain. Were these her sentiments, hers, whom he had exalted above all women? Mr. Hilliard laughed.

"You will discover that every rose has its thorn, my dear Hugh. Leigh knows her own mind, wants her own way, and will have the last word."



All Thinking Men

Must take thought of the time when their energies will become impaired, when their ability to produce the necessities of life is not sufficient for the requirements of old age. Such reflections suggest the usefulness of a policy of

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Uncle Eric's blank refusal to bring back Laurence's body, although Hugh had done his best to soften the harshness of that refusal. Of her disappointment when she received from him the letter of Banks and Belding, saying that they had kept no trace and could find no trace of Allan Fraser, who had disappeared shortly after he had returned his dead friend's letters and credentials.

And now, with her beautiful hair unbound and lying in silky profusion over her shoulders, with her violet eyes dark with emotion, her lips trembling, she sat at her secretaire looking at a small picture which she had just taken from its inmost recess—a picture she had treasured for many years—and gave herself up to long-pent emotions and olden memories.

Sitting thus, with the heavy dew of tears settling on her lashes, and rolling down her face, in her softened mood the resemblance to Leigh Fenton which Gertrude had noticed was almost striking. The expression was different. She had not frittered her life away idly in idle emotions. A little self-contained now, perhaps, by reason of feelings long repressed, but still this softened face was a noble and a true one.

"Ah, Laurence, Laurence, Laurence" she murmured, tenderly. "Only one you, dear heart, only one you in all the world."

How strange that after all these months the man who knew of Laurence's ending should have been brought to her notice at last. That in a flash, a single instant, the vesper of her heart had been granted. She had his address now, here in her hand. Let her consider what was best for her to do.

She thought of many plans, casting them all aside one after the other as impractical. With the eyes of memory she saw Laurence Lindsay as he had been when she, a small girl, had come to live first at the manor. How he had patronized and petted her! Her fancy had been taken by his handsome face and courtly ways. He seemed so much above her, so much older, so much wiser. She did not recognize the fact that he was weak as water, and that she—being as she was—possessed the stability with which she credited him. It was enough for her that he came to her with all his little worries and trials and secrets. As years passed he brought his greater ones to the girl who never failed him. Even during his frequent trips from home she was the one with whom he kept up correspondence. And when the blow fell, Uncle Eric sent him—or he went—away forever, hers was the most despairing heart in the world. She found excuses for him in her sweet compassion, and before he left the States he came to her secretly and bade her farewell.

Not a living soul knew of this except Matthew Horton, and it was with Horton's help that he had accomplished it. She met him at the bridge over the Lindsay stream, and faithful Matthew kept guard when they said good-bye. They were not lovers—no word of love had ever passed between them. But there was something in Laurence Lindsay's reckless nature that was held in thrall by her unswerving fidelity. That day came before her now. She had been twenty then, with a little experience of the world, and she gave him her hand in silence when he turned to greet her, and they sat in silence under the shadowy pines for a long time, talking of many things—trivial things, as people do when mighty emotions move them.

"Let us put all sentimental considerations aside," she had said, with what coolness she could assume. "And let us talk business, dear Laurence. You are going out into the world a poor man now—you have nothing. I cannot give you what I possess—that would be impossible, unless you take myself. Let us go away to make our fortunes together, dear friend and comrade."

He had flushed to the roots of his dark hair. "Poor Mildred!" he said. "How you shame me! What have I done to deserve such friendship? And do you think I would make you miserable by binding your sweet life to such a wreck as mine? Never. I've come along, and your face grow thin for love of another? You do not love me, Mildred! Did she not? It was trembling on her lips to say how much. Her heart

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leaped with the words that maiden modesty would not permit utterance. Her whole body quivered, as he continued: (To be continued.)

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FEAST OF STS. SIMON AND JUDE
Friday of this week is the Feast of Saints Simon and Jude. The popular lives of the Saints give us but very little information about those two great and holy men whose names have come down to us through the ages of twenty centuries.

ANNOUNCED FROM THE PULPITS
It was announced from the pulpits on Sunday last that His Holiness, Pope Pius X., has been pleased to issue a decree granting to the priests and people who after Low Mass recite three times the invocation "Sacred Heart of Jesus have mercy on us," an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines, also applicable to the souls in Purgatory.

THE LATE MR. MICHAEL CROTTIE.

One by one the old pioneers of Upper Canada slip away and their places are taken, though not always filled, by those of another generation. Last week there was only opportunity to mention the death of Mr. Michael Crottie of Kleinburg, who had lived in the district during the greater part of a long life.

MISS LUCY HOLLAND.
Amongst the recent deaths is that of Miss Lucy Holland, daughter of Mr. Patrick Holland, of 30 Badgerow Avenue. The funeral took place from St. Joseph's church at nine o'clock on Tuesday morning at the interment at St. Michael's Cemetery. May she rest in peace.

REQUIEM MASSES.
A high mass of requiem was sung at St. Patrick's church on Tuesday morning at 11.15 for the repose of the soul of Miss Monica McMahon. At the same hour and place a high mass of requiem will be sung on Thursday morning for Miss Ethel Macpherson. Both masses are offerings from the Catholic Young Ladies Literary Association, of which the deceased young ladies were members.

RECEPTION AT THE CONVENT OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

The convent of the Precious Blood on St. Joseph's street, was on Thursday morning the scene of the reception of one new member into the community and of the profession of another. The young lady received was Miss M. A. Moore of Barrie, Ont., and Miss Jennie McGinn of Arthur, Ont., made her solemn vows. Very Rev. Father Marjion, C.S.B., assisted by Rev. Father Murray, C. F. C. As is usual on such occasions, the little chapel of the house was at its best, the sanctuary and altar looking chaste and pretty, and the many votive lamps in their vivid red shades forming a striking feature of the decoration.

THE GRENADIER BAND.

No one who loves music should miss hearing the great band which comes to us for a second time on the second and third of next month. Lately we have had visitations from several bands, all of them exceptionally good, but this grand musical combination which will be heard in the armories on the occasion of its second coming was never approached in what popular

opinion conceive of a military band to be. Its repertoire is varied, embracing everything from Wagner to Sousa, so that all tastes are satisfied but its capabilities must be experienced to be appreciated. Such resonance and volume of tone, such magnificent sweeps of brass and wind, such vibrations of strings, such vim and verve as this band can produce are altogether inconceivable to those who have not come under its influence. Education is not learned altogether in the schools and to hear this great band is probably the chance of a life-time.

SLATTERY-BURNS.
On Tuesday, the 25th inst., the marriage of Miss Sara (Syd) Burns, daughter of ex-Alderman William Burns, to Mr. Frank Slattery, barrister, of the firm of Hearn & Slattery, took place at St. Patrick's church. The ceremony was performed by the rector, Rev. Father Barrett, C.S.S.R., and was followed by a nuptial high mass. To the strains of the Wedding March from Lohengrin, the bride preceded by the flower-girl and bridesmaid, entered the church with her father. She looked very graceful in her rich and artistic wedding gown of ivory white silk, with wide hat and plume and carrying an immense spray of white chrysanthemums. Miss Birdie Burns, a sister, attired in a charming creation of old rose, and cream lace, and carrying pink roses, assisted the bride, while little Miss Aileen Burns, another sister, acted as flower-girl. The groom was supported by Mr. Andrew Gormally. Leonard's Mass with an "Ecco Panis" at the offertory, was sung by the choir. The guests were confined to the relatives and intimate friends of both families. After the ceremony a sumptuous breakfast was served at the home of the bride's parents on Simcoe street. Mr. and Mrs. Slattery left for a trip to St. Louis and other points of interest en route. On their return they will reside at the Arlington.

NO LONGER REQUIRED.
In the matter of changes in our choir, the axe was laid to the root of the tree, when before High Mass on Sunday last, the ladies of the Cathedral choir were notified that their services would be no longer required. Something of the kind had, of course, been looked for, but like all drastic measures, the notification when it did come appeared sudden, and it took the ladies sometime to understand that the place in which they had served so long and to which they had become in a great measure attached should know them no more. It seems likely that changes in other parishes may soon follow.

A SAD DEATH.
Particularly sad was the death of Miss Hess, who lived at 45 Gould street, and who is supposed to have been drying her hair over a coal-oil stove, when the hair caught fire, which, communicating the flames to her wrapper, soon enveloped her. It was decided to remove the injured girl to St. Michael's Hospital, but she had just been placed in the ambulance when she expired. Before her death she was attended by Rev. Father Whelan of the Cathedral. Miss Hess was forewoman at O'Brien's ladies' tailoring establishment, and was well known in Toronto, though she has no relatives living in the city. R.I.P.

PARISH EXTENDING.
The parish of Our Lady of Lourdes is extending rapidly and the pretty little church, which since its erection until the present seemed amply sufficient for the needs of the parish, is now found to be too small to meet the increasing necessities of the congregation. It is rumored that one cause for the increase in numbers is that several West End families are migrating to the eastern part of the city. Amongst those mentioned are the families of Mr. L. Cosgrave and Mr. P. Burns, both of whom are reported as buyers of homes on Jarvis street.

REV. FATHER MCCARTHY, C.S.S.R.
When in Quebec a few days ago the representative of The Catholic Register called upon Rev. Father McCarthy, an old friend of many in Toronto, and found the reverend gentleman much improved in health. The effects of the illness from which he lately suffered had almost disappeared, and he was able to walk out and talk interestingly of the affairs of the day. He asked particularly for his old Toronto friends and was delighted at the opportunity of being remembered to them.

MARGARET FOLEY.
In St. Michael's Hospital on Saturday last the death occurred of Margaret Foley of St. Patrick's church. Deceased was a native of Kinsale, Ireland, but had lived for many years in Toronto. R.I.P.

CONFERENCE WAS HELD.
The regular clerical conference was held on Wednesday last week. The only subject of public interest discussed was the city churches. It was decided that in the principal parishes the change, whereby the music was to be left altogether to the men and boys of the congregation, should be inaugurated as soon as practicable.

ST. MICHAEL'S WON THE GAME.
On Saturday afternoon in an exhibition game between the Independents of the Junction and the team of St. Michael's College, the latter won by 11 points to 0.

Church Bells
In Church or at Home
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In Church or at Home

ENLIGHTENED PIETY

Address to French Youth by Pope Pius X

The Holy Father, in replying to the address presented on behalf of the French Catholic youth at the audience of September 25, said: "I am glad to see that the sentiments expressed in the address which has just been read to us in your name we thank the Lord from time to time procure us such consolations and supports our weakness with the courage necessary in the battles we have to sustain. For your protest is truly consoling to us. It affords us the assurance that amidst the difficulties that trouble the present hour, we shall have at our side in the struggle for what is good, your dear young folk, who, united in mind and heart, under the shadow of their banner on which appears the fair device, 'Piety, Study and Action,' shall lead us to victory. Your protests find expression not alone in words but also in facts, of which you have given an eloquent proof by coming to Rome, even at the cost of sacrifices. You have come to the Eternal City to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception and to place under the protection of the Queen of Heaven, your Faith, the purity of your lives, your generous projects in the interests of the Church and your native land. You have come to venerate the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles and those of so many other martyrs, to derive therefrom the heroism which such noble combats need. You have come to offer to the Vicar of Jesus Christ the homage of your filial love and of your absolute obedience and to receive therefrom his suitable directions amidst the uncertainty of human affairs and the incessant upheavals in ideas and facts."

We thank you, then, dear young people, for the consolation you bring us by your declarations, and in particular by your promise to guard as a treasure the teachings we have given in our first Encyclical. They are condensed in the programme of this Catholic Association, 'Piety, Study and Action.' Yes, make yourselves a treasury of piety, be that your piety be thorough, public and active. There are things that cannot be divided and separated in parts. One of them is piety. It is the same with it as with God, to whom are addressed the sentiments of love and respect that constitute it. God cannot be divided or diminished; piety cannot be conceived if it is not whole and complete. All or nothing. May yours also be a public piety. May your faith have for witnesses not only the walls of the domestic hearth and of private meeting places, but the churches, the public places, great crowds and popular assemblies. With that noble freedom given to you by the inviolable liberty of the Gospel pay homage to God everywhere and before everyone. Never be so cowardly as to fear the mocking of those who would like to close the lips opened in the Lord's praise, to fetter the feet proceeding towards His temple, and bind the hands that lay their offerings and good resolutions upon His altars.

True piety should be enlightened. You do wisely, then, in combining study with the knowledge of what is useful for the salvation of souls, the reform of manners, and the acquisition of virtue: 'Ubi non est scientia animae, ibi non est bonum' (Prov. 18, 2). Your study, you are well aware, should be applied especially to the doctrine revealed by God, which embraces so many fields of supernatural wisdom, precepts of such high morality, teaching adapted to the formation of a virtuous life.

Nothing like it has ever been discovered by the most loudly applauded of the savants of this world, who in the confusion of a new Tower of Babel teach not truth but error, not certitude but doubt, not virtue but vice, not order but anarchy, not religion but atheism. And it is precisely because of the want of religious studies, because of this ignorance of the knowledge of God that society is invaded by the corruption at which the prophet formerly groaned: 'Cursing and lying, and killing and theft, and adultery, have overflowed the land because there is no knowledge of God in it.' (Ecc. 1, 2). Through having neglected or despised this study men instructed in profane matters blaspheme what they ignore and become a corrupting scourge of society.

But you, dear young people, regard as addressed to yourselves the exhortations of the Holy Spirit: 'Apply thyself to study, my son, and rejoice in thy heart, in order that you may be capable of defending the truths of the Faith against those who would dare to combat them: 'Stude sapientiae, fili mi et laetifica cor meum ut possis exprobranti responderi sermonem' (Proverbs 27, 11).

Sustained by your piety and your knowledge, practising the Divine precept: 'Utinique mandati Dei de proximo suo' you will arrive to a fruitful apostolate. By faithfully fulfilling your duties towards God, by enriching yourselves with all the virtues and defending the truth with courage, you will invite all men to follow your example, and you will win respect and admiration even from your adversaries themselves. And after having given to your brethren this spiritual bread you will carry out perfectly the precept of charity by offering their material bread to all those who are in want by economic institutions and works of beneficence. Then you can courageously reply to any one who despises you: 'Exprobranti responderi sermonem.'

Those blessed fruits are assured to you by the loyal assurance you give that you will perform all your acts under the direction of episcopal authority. Experience has shown you that that direction is for the work of young people the condition of its Christian vitality. May this truth be understood by so many of those blind persons who profess to be Catholics and yet claim absolute independence towards all authority and claim a liberty which would no longer be that of the sons of God but of Lucifer's rebels. If obedience is necessary in every order of affairs, can they free themselves from it, who consecrate themselves to works of piety so intimately or charity and religion? God grant that your example may lead all those young people to resistance, and that with their will to go, may be able to reduce in the road those, the victory gained, and the merits secured.

MEANWHILE WE AGAIN THANK YOU FOR THE CONSOLATION YOU HAVE BROUGHT US, AND WE TRUST THAT OF EACH OF YOU CAN BE REPEATED THE EULOGY THAT THE HOLY GHOST MADE OF TOBIAS. ONE OF THE YOUNGEST OF THE TRIBE OF NEPHTHALI, TOBIAS NEVER HAD ANYTHING PURE IN HIS ACTIONS. WHEN ALL RUSHED TO THE GOLDEN CALVES MADE BY JEROBOAM, HE WENT ALONE TO THE TEMPLE, AND THERE ADORED THE LORD OF ISRAEL. LED INTO SLAVERY, HE VISITED HIS BROTHERS IN CAPTIVITY TO BRING TO THEM THE WORDS OF SALVATION. AS FAR AS HE COULD, HE GAVE TO EAT TO THOSE WHO HUNGRED, HE CLOTHED THOSE WHO WERE IN WANT OF COVERING, HE BURIED THE DEAD. ALTHOUGH A SLAVE, HE LIVED IN JOYFULNESS OF HEART, EVER GUIDED IN THE FEAR AND LOVE OF GOD TILL HIS DEATH.

May the Apostolic Blessing realize this wish. We grant it to you with all our heart, begging the Lord to hear our prayer, for your friends, your works, and for all who wish you to direct them by material support or advice.

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Toronto Island Breakwater Extension," will be received at this office until Wednesday, November 3, 1904, inclusively, for the construction of an extension to the Breakwater on South side of Toronto Island, City of Toronto, in the County of York, Ont., according to a plan and a specification to be seen at the office of H. A. Gray, Esq., Engineer in charge of harbor works, Ontario, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, for seven thousand dollars (\$7,000.00), must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party tendering declines the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, FRED. GELINAS, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, October 16, 1904. Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department, will not be paid for it.

REPRESENTATIVES WANTED
Young men and women obtain handsome remuneration for securing subscriptions to "Men and Women. Write to-day. T. E. KLEIN, 93 Yonge street, Toronto.

LIST OF OFFICES
3 KING ST. EAST
415 YONGE STREET
793 YONGE STREET
576 QUEEN STREET WEST
1552 QUEEN STREET WEST
305 SPADINA AVENUE
308 QUEEN STREET EAST
204 WELLESLEY STREET
ESPLANADE EAST, Near Berkeley Street
ESPLANADE EAST, Foot of Church Street
BATHURST STREET, Opposite Front Street
PAPE AVENUE, At G.T.R. Crossing
YONGE ST., At C.F.R. Crossing
LANSDOWNE AVENUE, Near Dundas street
Cor. College and Dovercourt Road. Cor. Dufferin and Bloor streets.

THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting 1 and 28, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

ENTRY

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in the District in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the Local Agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him. A fee of \$10 is charged for a homestead entry.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES

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

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this Act, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If a settler was entitled to and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence upon the first homestead, if the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead.

(4) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

The term "vicinity" used above is meant to indicate the same township or an adjoining or cornering township.

A settler who avails himself of the provisions of Clauses (2), (3) or (4) must cultivate 30 acres of his homestead, or substitute 20 head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have besides 30 acres substantially fenced.

The privilege of a second entry is restricted by law to those settlers only who completed the duties upon their first homestead to entitle them to patent on or before the 2nd June, 1889.

Every homesteader who fails to comply with the requirements of the homestead law is liable to have his entry cancelled, and the land may be again thrown open for entry.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

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

INFORMATION

Newly arrived immigrants will receive at the Immigration Office in Winnipeg, or at any Dominion Lands Office in Manitoba or the North-west Territories information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them. Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, as well as respecting Dominion Lands in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa; the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba; or to any of the Dominion Lands Agents in Manitoba or the North-west Territories.

JAMES A. SMART, Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—In addition to Free Grant Lands, to which the Regulations above stated refer, thousands of acres of most desirable lands are available for lease or purchase from the Railroad and other Corporations and private firms in Western Canada.

THE BEST ALE! COSGRAVE'S

THE BEST PORTER! COSGRAVE'S

THE BEST HALF AND HALF! COSGRAVE'S

ALWAYS ASK FOR THE BEST! COSGRAVE BREWERY CO. TORONTO

And of all reputable dealers

MEN WANTED

Let us start you working for us backing up show-cards and distributing advertising matter, at \$350 a year and expenses \$3.50 per day. We want one good man in each locality, local or travelling. Write at once for particulars. SALUS MEDICAL CO., London, Ont.