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TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Hamilton Reminiscences Continued—Irish Families whose names have passed Away—Denis Moore and others who Lost the Faith—John Patterson still Survives—George and William Lynd—"The Learned Pig"—"Isle of Beauty"—John Alden, wood turner—Edward McGovern—"Dick" Feeny—"Bill" Branigan—Tassey and Ray's Grammar School—Mr. Ireland, Hardware Merchant—Niel Campbell—The Sweetman Family—John Christian—Tom Flynn and the First Hamilton Directory—Stephen Oliver, Auctioneer—Cheevers an Irishman—Teacher Fenton—The First Telegraph Operator—Teachers Casey and Downey.

My readers do not seem to tire of my Hamilton reminiscences so far as I can learn. Of the Irish names of the by-gone days still extant, that of Denis Moore seems the most conspicuous. The Stinsons have disappeared, the Magills have vanished, the Irwins have heard of no more, the Murphys have left but a trace, but the name of "D. Moore" still lives as a business legend, though himself long deceased. What descendants he has left, I have not learned. I used to think Denis Moore was American born because of his association with American people, such as the Jacksons, but that was not the case, he was Canadian born. Notwithstanding his broad Irish Catholic name, he was a Protestant, a Methodist, I believe. I suppose he was a waif, caught up by the prevailing wind, when he had neither father nor mother to care for his education or bringing up, like so many others of his kind filling Protestant pulpits throughout the broad expanse of English-speaking North America. If I am credibly informed, and I believe I am, there were several other owners of Irish Catholic patronyms in Hamilton who abandoned the faith of their fathers and embraced Protestantism through motives of worldly prudence and became conspicuous members of society.

Among the early Irish citizens of Hamilton of whom I have not yet made mention was Mr. John Patterson, adopted son of Mr. John Bradley. Mr. Bradley was a wealthy hotel-keeper with no children of his own, and I understand willed his whole estate to Mr. Patterson. Mr. Patterson is a man who has seen the events of nearly the whole life of Hamilton and is yet hale and hearty in the enjoyment of his 81 years of life. "When 'Old-Timer' was a boy, knew him, he was one of the live and gay young men of the city. He was tall, muscular and handsome, with a good deal to say. In the forties he used to drive the British Coffee House omnibus to "the Lake" to meet the steamboats and take visitors to the hotel. The hotel buses were a feature of Hamilton life in those days, and Mr. Patterson was the most spectacular driver of all the drivers that mounted boxes. I remember an illuminated coat he used to wear as driver, covered all over with bounding wild animals, such as leopards and tigers; and the great, long whip he used to flourish, while his horses were the sleekest and his bus among the very best. I remember how the drivers of the different buses used to "chin" each other while at the landing, waiting for the steamboats to come in, and how Mr. Patterson used to discomfit the other fellows by the verbal shots he used to fire at them, pointed with wit and sarcasm. Mr. Patterson, I understand, since those jolly days in the good old times, has filled many positions of responsibility and value to the city, while now in his retirement he enjoys every comfort free from the pangs of physical pain or suffering.

George and William Lynd were two brothers who in the forties kept hotel in Hamilton. They were from the

North of ... and were pretty intelligent men. Both were red-headed. Their hotel was on the north-east corner of John and King William streets. It was named the North-American Hotel. They succeeded an American named Van Every, a tall, dark, lean and lank personage. I think that it was Van Every, who kept the house when the "Learned Pig" was exhibited in its parlor. I witnessed that performance. The pig was a little fellow. Who trained him I do not know, but the man who exhibited him was Dan Rice, afterwards famous as an American circus clown. The pig among other accomplishments, played cards. Hamilton's best known gambler was brought in to contest at cards with the grunter. His name was "Bill" Moran, who once kept a hotel on James street, on the opposite side of the street from the market-house and a little north of it. Of course, Moran was vanquished. I do not remember now what game it was they played, but Rice always pointed out to the pig what card to take in its mouth and lay down. George Lynd used to take a hand in local politics and seemed to co-operate with "Terry" Branigan. I remember seeing the two in 1849, when I was in Hamilton, leading a mob in the old city hall, but the merits of that meeting eludes me. William Lynd was the younger of the two brothers. He was of a literary turn of mind and belonged to the Hamilton Amateur Theatrical Society, corner of Rebecca and Catherine streets, afterwards burned down. He was somewhat sentimental. The printing office in which I then worked was in an opposite corner of the same street, and one day he brought me in a sweet little poem called "Isle of Beauty Fare Thee Well," to set up and print a hundred copies of it for him. A copy of that poem came into my hands a short time ago and it touched me very much. The "Isle of Beauty" was Ireland and the author was Samuel Lover. I have it some where now and will ask the editor to republish it. Where the Lynds went to I do not know.

John Alden was an Irishman who kept a turner's shop on John street next to Kinmouth the tailor, on the east side of the street, and used to do work for "Hickory" Clark, the cabinet-maker, whose shop was at the south end of the same block. I think there were two brothers of the Aldens and they were Kerry men and ardent repealers, and members of the Catholic congregation of St. Mary's Parish of that day. They moved away but where to I cannot tell.

Edward McGovern, an Irishman, was prominent in those days. Where his shop was puzzles me a little now, but he was a saddler and harness-maker. I think he was a brother of the McGovern who was an important man in St. Catharines and was subsequently a member of parliament. Indeed I don't know but what he filled a similar public position himself in Hamilton subsequently.

"Dick" Feeny was a tall athletic Irishman who was feared for his prowess and hasty temper. On a certain occasion when the lower part of the city was all "common" the two Martins, Richard and John, were firing with a gun at a target placed on a rise in the ground west of McNab street, and did not suppose there was any one near. Presently a man came rushing up from the hollow with fire in his eye and fury in his motions as if coming to kill some one. He fancied that he was taken for a target and was recklessly fired at. The young gentlemen after standing a great deal of abuse, finally pacified him and he returned to his work of digging a drain or something of that kind, without annihilating any one.

"Bill" Branigan was a son of John Branigan and a nephew of "Terry" Branigan, the baker. He kept a sa-

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loon or drinking place down James street, where gambling with cards was also carried on. The location was nearly opposite Christ's Church where the Cathedral stands now. The "Lilliputian Argus" frequently found occasion to allude to the existence of this place and the doings that were carried on there. "In the days of old, in the days of gold, in the days of forty-nine," "Bill" be took himself to California to seek his fortune. But he was unfortunate in getting blinded by the high winds and blowing sands of San Francisco. After a lapse of two years, however, he recovered his sight, having been cured by Dr. Pardee, an oculist and father of the present Governor of California. After twenty years he returned and married "the girl he left behind him" and went back to the "Land of Gold" and big pears.

Many of Hamilton's boys were pupils of Tassey and Ray's Grammar School. Tassey was a very scholarly man and a native of Dublin. He taught school in Hamilton for many years and afterwards removed to Galt, where his school was well known. I don't know but what Mr. Beasley, the city clerk, is one of his scholars. I am not aware of what nationality Mr. Ray was, but he was known as "Dr." Ray. I have known many "Dr." Rays; but he was once editor of the Chicago "Tribune." At any rate he disappeared from school and from Hamilton one day and never returned. It was said he went exploring in the Arctic regions and endeavored to find the North Pole or Sir John Franklin. I remember his appearance very well, and it was distinguished.

A Mr. Ireland was a hardware merchant located in Stinson's block in the forties. He was a handsome man, a great sportsman, horseman and gallant. He was an Irishman and very popular.

There was an old County Donegal Irishman named Neil Campbell, who had a blacksmith shop on the Mountain, that I used often to see. I always took him for a Highland Scotchman, but in this I was mistaken. He was an ardent Catholic and loved Vicar-General Macdonell. He was a fine old gentleman and was much respected.

Mrs. Mary Sweetman, the mother of the Sweetman family, was a widow who bound shoes for a living at her home on Tyburn street, now Jackson, I believe. She was a sister of Mr. Gilbert, the hotel-keeper and was a very intelligent, gentle and amiable person. She had several sons and daughters, the eldest of them being "Mick" Sweetman, a rather dissolute printer, who was a good singer and had a good voice. Another brother was William Sweetman, a young man of good character, who followed the boot and shoe business. One of the sisters was Ann, who married "Teddy" Power, an Irish printer of not much consequence, who followed Robert Smiley from Kingston and was employed on the "Spectator." He was from Waterford City in Ireland, but was no great credit to the "Urbs in Tacta." Another sister was married to a Mr. Stewart, a brother of

Donald Stewart, who lost his life in the Desjardins Canal railroad catastrophe in 1857; and the young handsome, went to Ireland to take possession of a fortune that was bequeathed her by a rich relative of her father. Some of the Sweetman's used to sing in the St. Mary's church choir and they had good voices.

Another Irish printer was John Christian from Dublin, who came to Hamilton in the year 1845, and found employment in the "Gazette" office. He was one of the "giants of those days" but not much of a printer. He lived a long time in Hamilton and died there.


A family named Flynn came to Hamilton from Dublin in the early forties, and the father, Thomas Flynn, started a dairy and sold milk. He was a pretty energetic fellow and wanted to be Hamilton's first directory publisher. But he could not raise the cash to undertake the enterprise. I heard him say once he would "get out a directory if it took every coin he had," but he never got a directory out. The achievement of publishing the first Hamilton Directory was acquired by Richard B. Donnelly, a Hamilton boy, who subsequently, in Chicago, became one of the world's greatest directory publishers, and became famous in that line of enterprise before his death. His son, Reuben R. Donnelly, now publishes the Chicago Directory. A son of Thomas Flynn and of the same name, learned the printing trade in the "Gazette" office.

Stephen Oliver, an Irishman, was Hamilton's foremost auctioneer in the forties. He was a gentlemanly and reliable man and did a thriving business. His store or auction room was a two-story frame building, at the southeast corner of King and Hughson streets. "S. Oliver, auctioneer," was at the bottom of many a sale bill in those days.

In writing of Cheevers, the first town constable of Hamilton, I set him down as probably an American. This was wrong, as Mr. John Patterson, during my recent visit, assured me he was an Irishman. But Cheevers is a strange name for an Irishman, notwithstanding.

Among the Irish school teachers that I remember in those early days was a Mr. Fenton, who taught a private school. A son of his was the first telegraph operator of Hamilton, and if I err not a Mr. Partridge was manager of the first telegraph office, in 1846. Other school-teachers I remember was a Mr. Casey, who taught a Catholic school either on Tyburn or Peel street. Another teacher that I have a pleasant recollection of was Mr. Downey, father of the present Ontario representative for South Wellington, and publisher of the Guelph Daily Herald, God bless him!

WILLIAM HALLEY.

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THE SERPENT'S TRAIL

Across the English Reformation—Remarkable Article From a Protestant Paper.

The following article is taken from "The Lamp," a Protestant Episcopal weekly paper devoted to the so-called "Catholic" movement in the Anglican Church and its kindred organization in this country, the Protestant Episcopal Church. The article will serve many useful purposes among members of the one, holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church. The article is as follows:

Since the outset of the Oxford Movement in nothing have Anglo-Catholics been more backward than in the efforts they have made to re-estate the Immaculate Mother of God in the place of honor which she held in the English Church prior to the Erastian Captivity.

The trial of the Serpent across the English Reformation is indicated most clearly by three chief marks of the devil's handiwork, viz.: the abolition of objective worship offered to Jesus Christ present in Mass; devotion to the Mother of God throned beside her Son in Heaven, an obedience to Christ's Vicar throned in the Chair of Peter on earth.

There is no lie forged in hell more in conflict with the will of God expressed in Scripture and Catholic tradition than the Protestant conceit that they honor Christ best who most ignore the existence of His Mother.

"What God hath joined together let no man put asunder," and there is no divorce more horrible as a flagrant violation of the fiat of Almighty God than the divorce made by the Protestant reformer between Christ and the Blessed Virgin. The fruit of such violence to revealed truth must of necessity be all sorts and kinds of heresy and goes far to explain the skepticism and unbelief which honeycomb the Church of England to-day.

Once again we repeat, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

How it is possible to keep alive within us any vital sense of the incarnation, "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us," if we deliberately shut out of our minds and hearts all thought and devotion to Mary, the mother who conceived "the Word made flesh" in her womb, nursed Him as a babe at her breast, lived with Him as His constant companion for thirty years at Nazareth, stood by Him while He was crucified, received into her arms His body taken down from the Cross and after her glorious Assumption was seen by St. John enthroned in heaven, the consort of Christ?

The fault with Anglo-Catholics is not so much in their theology with regard to the Blessed Virgin as in their failure to put it into practice. Certain of our Anglican divines beginning with John Keble have said and written many beautiful and orthodox things about the Deipara, some of which will live as long as Christian literature lives, but when it comes to saying the Hail Mary and employing the Rosary as a means of a personal address to the Holy Mother of God, the Anglo-Catholic who does this is a rare avis among his fellows: "The Communion of Saints" as a matter of actual, every-day intercourse between the members of the Church on earth and the saints who reign with Christ in heaven, is a sealed book to nineteenth of those Anglicans who love to call themselves Catholics. It makes us bow our heads in shame and blush for our co-religionists when we make this confession, but it is good to own our faults and shortcomings and bewail our ignorances, for in doing so we are taking the first steps towards reform.

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BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

"It's unchristian," cried Mrs. Varden, shaking her head.

"Unchristian!" said the locksmith. "Why, what the devil?"

"I was going to say, what on earth do you call it unchristian?"

The picture Gabriel had drawn, indeed, threatened serious consequences and would indubitably have led to them, but luckily at that moment a light footstep crossed the threshold, and Dolly, running in, threw her arms round her old father's neck and hugged him tight.

"Here she is at last!" cried Gabriel. "And how well you look, Doll, and how late you are, my darling!"

How well she looked! Well? Why, if he had exhausted every laudatory adjective in the dictionary, it would not have been praise enough.

And yet here was this same Dolly Varden, so whimsical and hard to please that she was Dolly Varden still, all smiles and dimples, and pleasant looks, and caring no more for the fifty or sixty young fellows who at that very moment were breaking their hearts to marry her, than if so many oysters had been crossed in love and opened afterwards.

Dolly hugged her father as has been already stated, and having hugged her mother also, accompanied both into the little parlor where the cloth was already laid for dinner, and where Miss Miggs—a trifle more rigid and bony than of yore—received her with a sort of hysterical gasp, intended for a smile.

"And how glad we always are, Doll," said her father, putting back the dark hair from her sparkling eyes, "to have you at home. Give me a kiss."

"What news there is, I think you know already," replied his daughter.

"I am sure you do, though."

"Come, come," said Dolly, "you know very well. I want you to tell me why Mr. Haredale—oh, how grieved he is again!"

"Miss Emma doesn't want to know, I'll swear," returned the locksmith.

"I don't know that," said Dolly; "but I do at any rate. Do tell me. Why is he so secret, and what is this ghost story which nobody is to tell Miss Emma, and which seems to be talked up with his going away? Now I see you know by your coloring so."

"What the story means, or is, or has to do with it, I know no more than you, my dear," returned the locksmith, "except that it's some foolish fear of little Solomon's—which has, indeed, no meaning in it, I suppose. As to Mr. Haredale's journey he goes, as I believe—"

"Yes," said Dolly.

"As I believe," resumed the locksmith, pinching her cheek, "on business, Doll. What it may be, is quite another matter. Red Blue Beard, and don't be too curious, pet; it's no business of yours or mine, depend upon that; and here's dinner, which is much more to the purpose."

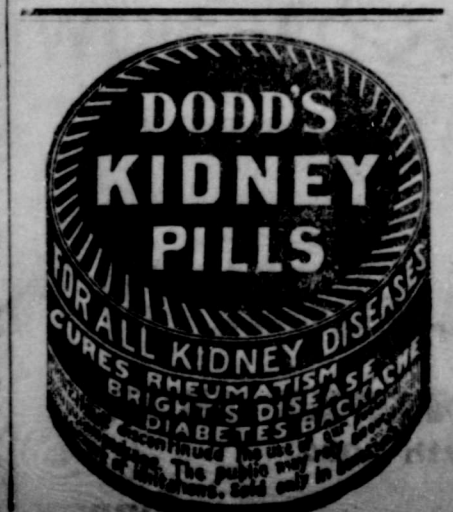
Dolly might have remonstrated against this summary dismissal of the subject, notwithstanding the appearance of dinner, but at the mention of Blue Beard Mrs. Varden interposed, protesting she could not find it in her conscience to sit tamely by, and hear her child recommended to peruse the adventures of a Turk and Mussulman—far less of a fabulous Turk, which she considered that potent to be. She held that, in such stirring and tremendous times as those in which they lived, it would be much more to the purpose if Dolly became a regular subscriber to the Thunderer, where she would have an opportunity of reading Lord Gordon's speeches word for word, which would be a greater comfort and solace to her, than a hundred and fifty Blue Beards ever could impart.

She appealed in support of this proposition to Miss Miggs then in waiting, who said that indeed the peace of mind she had derived from the perusal of that paper generally, but especially of one article of the very last week as ever was, entitled "Great Britain drenched in gore," exceeded all belief; the same composition, she added, had also wrought such a comforting effect on the mind of a married sister of hers, then resident at Golden Lion Court, number twenty-seven, second bell-handle on the right hand door-post, that, being in a delicate state of health, and in fact, expecting an addition to her family, she had been seized with fits directly after its perusal, and raved of the Inquisition ever since; to the great improvement of her husband and friends. Miss Miggs went on to say that she would recommend all those whose hearts were hardened to hear Lord George themselves, whom she commended first, in respect of his steady Protestantism, then of his oratory, then of his eyes, then of his nose, then of his legs; and lastly, of his figure generally, which she looked upon as fit for any statute, prince, or angel, to which sentiment Mrs. Varden fully subscribed.

Mrs. Varden having cut in, looked at a box on the mantel-shelf, painted in imitation of a very red-brick dwelling-house, with a yellow roof; having at top a real chimney, down which voluntary subscribers dropped their silver, gold, or pence, into the parlor, and on the door the counterfeit presentation of a brass plate, whereon was legibly inscribed "Protestant Association";—and looking at it, said, that it was to her a source of poignant misery to think that Varden never had, of all his substance, dropped anything into that temple, save once in secret—as she afterwards discovered—two fragments of tobacco-pipe, which she hoped would not be put down to his last account. That Dolly, she was grieved to say, was no less backward in her contributions, better loving, as it seemed, to purchase ribbons and such goods, than to encourage the great cause, then in such heavy tribulation; and that she did entreat her (her father she much feared could not be moved) not to despise, but imitate, the bright example of Miss Miggs, who flung her wages, as it were, into the very countenance of the Pope, and bruised his features with her quarter's money.

"Oh, mim," said Miggs, "don't re-lude to that. I had no intentions, mim, that nobody should know. Such sacrifices as I can make, are quite a widdier's mite. It's all I have, cried Miggs with a great burst of tears—with her they never came on by degrees—but it's made up to me in other ways; it's well made up."

This was quite true, though not perhaps in the sense that Miggs intended. As she never failed to keep her self-denial full in Mrs. Varden's view, it drew forth so many gifts of caps and gowns and other articles of dress, that upon the whole the red-brick house was perhaps the best investment for her small capital she could possibly have hit upon; returning her interest, at the rate of seven or eight per cent in money, and



fifty at least in personal repute and credit.

"You needn't cry, Miggs," said Mrs. Varden, herself in tears; "you needn't be ashamed of it, though your poor mistress is on the same side."

Miggs howled at this remark, in a peculiarly dismal way, and said she knew that master hated her. That it was a dreadful thing to live in families and have dislikes, and not give satisfactions. That to make divisions was a thing she could not bear to think of, either could her feelings let her do it. That if it was master's wishes as she and him should part, it was best they should part, and she hoped he might be the happier for it, and always wishes him well, and that he might find somebody as would meet his dispositions, to part with such a missis, but she could meet any suffering when her conscience told her she was in the rights, and therefore she was willing even to go that lengths. She did not think, she added, that she could long survive the separations, but, as she was hated and looked upon unpleasant, perhaps her dying as soon as possible would be the best endings for all parties. With this affecting conclusion, Miss Miggs shed more tears, and sobbed abundantly.

"Can you bear this, Varden?" said his wife in a solemn voice, laying down her knife and fork.

"Why, not very well, my dear," rejoined the locksmith, "but I try to keep my temper."

"Don't let there be words on my account, mim," sobbed Miggs. "It's much the best that we should part. I wouldn't stay—oh, gracious me!—and make dissections, not for a annual gold mine, and found in tea and sugar."

Left the reader should be at any loss to discover the cause of Miss Miggs' deep emotion, it may be whispered apart that, happening to be listening, as her custom sometimes was, when Gabriel and his wife conversed together, she had heard the locksmith's joke relative to the foreign black who played the tambourine, and bursting with the spiteful feelings which the taunt awoke in her fair breast, exploded in the manner we have witnessed. Having arrived at a crisis, the locksmith, as usual, stirring and tremendous times as those in which they lived, of peace and quietness, gave in.

"What are you crying for, girl?" he said. "What's the matter with you? What are you talking about hatred for? I don't hate you; I don't hate anybody. Dry your eyes and make yourself agreeable, in Heaven's name, and let us all be happy while we can."

The allied powers deeming it good generalship to consider this a sufficient apology on the part of the enemy, and confession of having been in the wrong, did dry their eyes and take it in good part. Miss Miggs observed that she bore no malice, no not to her greatest foe, whom she rather loved the more indeed, the greater persecution she sustained. Mrs. Varden approved of this meek and forgiving spirit in high terms, and incidentally declared as a closing article of agreement, that Dolly should accompany her to the Clerkenwell branch of the association, that very night. This was an extraordinary instance of her great prudence and policy, having had this end in view from the first, and entertaining a secret misgiving that the locksmith (who was bold when Dolly was in question) would object, she had backed Miss Miggs up to this point, in order that she might have him at a disadvantage. The manoeuvre succeeded so well that Gabriel only made a wry face, and with the warning he had just had, fresh in his mind, did not dare to say one word.

The difference ended, therefore, in Miggs being presented with a gown by Mrs. Varden and half a crown by Dolly, as if she had eminently distinguished herself in the path of morality and goodness. Mrs. V. according to custom expressed her hope that Varden would take a lesson from what had passed and learn more generous conduct for the time to come, and the dinner being now cold and nobody's appetite very much improved by what he said, they went on with it, as Mrs. Varden said, "like Christians."

As there was to be a grand parade of the Royal East London Volunteers that afternoon, the locksmith did no more work; but sat down comfortably with his pipe in his mouth, and his arm round his pretty daughter's waist, looking lovingly on Mrs. V. from time to time, and exhibiting from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, one smiling surface of good-humor. And to be sure, when it was time to dress him in his regimentals, and Dolly, hanging about him in all kinds of graceful winning ways, helped to button and buckle and brush him up and get him into one of the tightest coats that ever was made by mortal tailor, he was the proudest father in all England.

"What a handy jade it is!" said the locksmith to Mrs. Varden, who stood by with folded hands—rather proud of her husband too—while Miggs held his cap and sword at arm's length, as if mistrusting that the latter might run some one through the body of its own accord; "but never marry a soldier, Doll, my dear."

Dolly didn't ask why not, or say a word, indeed, but stooped her head down very low to tie his sash.

"I never wear this dress," said honest Gabriel, "but I think of poor Joe Willet. I loved Joe; he was always a favorite of mine. Poor Joe!—Dear heart, my girl, don't tie me in so tight."

Dolly laughed—hot like herself at all—the strangest little laugh that could be—and held her head down lower still.

"Poor Joe!" resumed the locksmith, muttering to himself, "I always wish he had come to me. I might have made it up between them if he had. Ah! old John made a great mistake in his way of acting; by that lad—a great mistake. Have you nearly tied that scarf, my dear?"

What an ill-made sash it was! There it was, loose again and trailing on the ground. Dolly was obliged to kneel down, and recommence at the beginning.

"Never mind young Willet, Varden," said his wife, frowning, "you might find some one more deserving to talk about. I think."

Miss Miggs gave a great sniff to the same effect.

"A runaway and a vagabond!" said Mrs. Varden.

Miss Miggs expressed her concurrence as before.

"A runaway, my dear, but not a vagabond," returned the locksmith in a gentle tone. "He behaved himself well, did Joe—always—and was a handsome, manly fellow—Don't call him a vagabond, Martha."

Mrs. Varden coughed—and so did Miggs.

"He tried hard to gain your good opinion, Martha, I can tell you," said the locksmith smiling, and stroking his chin. "Ah!" that he did. It seems but yesterday that he followed me out to the Maypole door one night, and begged me not to say how like a boy they used him—say here, at home, he meant, though at the time, I recollect, I didn't understand. And how's Miss Dolly, sir?" says Joe," pursued the locksmith, musing sorrowfully, "Ah! Poor Joe!"

"Well, I declare," cried Miggs. "Oh! Goodness gracious me!" "What's the matter now?" said Gabriel, turning sharply to her.

"Why, if here ain't Miss Dolly," said the handmaid, stooping down to look into her face, "a-giving way to floods of tears. Oh, mim! of, sir, Really it's give me such a turn," cried the susceptible damsel, pressing her hand upon her side to quell the palpitation of her heart, "that you might knock me down with a feather."

The locksmith, after glancing at Miss Miggs as if he could have wished to have a feather brought straightway, looked on with a broad stare while Dolly hurried away, followed by that sympathizing young woman; then turning to his wife, stammered out, "Is Dolly ill? Have I done anything? Is it my fault?"

"Your fault!" cried Mrs. V. reproachfully. "There—you had better make haste out."

"What have I done?" said poor Gabriel. "It was agreed that Mr. Edward's name was never to be mentioned, and I've not spoken of him, have I?"

Mrs. Varden merely replied that she had no patience with him, and bounced off after the other two. The unfortunate locksmith wound his sash about him, girded on his sword, put on his cap, and walked out. "I am not much of a dab at my exercise," he said under his breath, "but I shall get into fewer scrapes at that work than at this. Every man came into the world for something; my department seems to be to make every woman cry without meaning it. It's rather hard!"

But he forgot it before he reached the end of the street, and went on with a shining face, nodding to the neighbors, and showering about his friendly greetings like mild spring rain.

CHAPTER XLII. The Royal East London Volunteers made a brilliant sight that day; formed into lines, squares, circles, triangles, and what not, to the beating of drums and the streaming of flags; and performed a vast number of complex evolutions, in all of which Sergeant Varden bore a conspicuous share. Having displayed their military prowess to the utmost in these warlike shows, they marched in glittering order to the Chelsea Ban-house, and regaled in the adjacent taverns until dark. Then at sound of drum they fell in again, and returned amidst the shouting of His Majesty's leges to the place from whence they came.

The homeward march being somewhat tardy—owing to the unsoldier-like behavior of certain corporals, who being gentlemen of sedentary pursuits in private life and excitable out of doors, broke several windows with their bayonets, and rendered it imperative on the commanding officer to deliver them over to a strong guard, with whom they fought at intervals as they came along—it was nine o'clock when the locksmith reached home. A hackney-coach was waiting near his door, and as he passed it, Mr. Haredale looked from the window and called him by his name.

"The sight of you is good for sore eyes, sir," said the locksmith, "stepping up to him. 'I wish you had walked in though, rather than waited here.'"

"There is nobody at home, I find," Mr. Haredale answered, "besides, I desired to be as private as I could;—I looked round at the locksmith, looking round at his house. 'Gone was Simon Tappertit to that precious Branch, no doubt.'"

Mr. Haredale invited him to come into the coach, and, if he were not anxious to go home, to ride with him a little way that they might have some talk together. Gabriel cheerfully complied, and the coachman mounting his box drove off.

"Varden," said Mr. Haredale, after a minute's pause, "you will be amazed to hear what errand I am on; it will seem a very strange one."

"I have no doubt it's a reasonable one, sir, and has a meaning in it," replied the locksmith, "or it would not be yours' at all. Have you just come back to town, sir?"

"But half an hour ago."

Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENT, and Rosary text for October 1905. Includes sections like 'Sixteenth Sunday After Pentecost', 'Seventeenth Sunday After Pentecost', etc.

A BUSINESS EDUCATION BY MAIL. Study at home in your spare time, without quitting work. A good business education for every man and woman in Canada. For particulars address Canadian Correspondence College, Limited TORONTO, CAN.

replied the locksmith, "or it would not be yours' at all. Have you just come back to town, sir?"

"Bringing no news of Barnaby, or his mother?" said the locksmith, dubiously. "Ah! you needn't shake your head, sir. It was a wild-goose chase. I learned that, from the first. You exhausted all reasonable means of discovery when they went away. To begin after so long a time has passed is hopeless, sir—quite hopeless."

"Why, where are they?" he returned impatiently. "Where can they be? Above ground?"

"Good knows," rejoined the locksmith, "many that I knew above it five years ago, have their beds under the grass now. And the world is a wide place. It's a hopeless attempt, sir, believe me. We must leave the discovery of this mystery, like all others, to time, and accident, and Heaven's pleasure."

"Varden, my good fellow," said Mr. Haredale, "I have a deeper meaning in my present anxiety to find them out, than you can fathom. It is not a mere whim; it is not the casual revival of my old wishes and desires; but an earnest, solemn purpose. My thoughts and dreams all tend to it and fix it in my mind. I have no rest by day or night, I have no peace or quiet, I am haunted."

His voice was so altered from its usual tones, and his manner bespoke so much emotion, that Gabriel, in his wonder, could only sit and look towards him in the darkness, and fancy the expression of his face.

"Do not ask me," continued Mr. Haredale, "to explain myself. If I were to do so, you would think me the victim of some hideous fancy. It is enough that this is so, and that I cannot—no, I cannot—lie quietly in my bed, without doing what will seem to you incomprehensible."

"Since when, sir," said the locksmith after a pause, "has this uneasy feeling been upon you?"

Mr. Haredale hesitated for some moments, and then replied: "Since the night of the storm. In short, since the last nineteenth of March."

As though he feared that Varden might express surprise, or reason with him, he hastily went on:—"You will think, I know, I labor under some delusion. Perhaps I do. But it is not a morbid one; it is a wholesome action of the mind, reasoning on actual occurrences. You know the furniture remains in Mrs. Rudge's house, and that it has been shut up, by my orders, since she went away, save once a week or so, when an old neighbor visits it to scare away the rats. I am on my way there now."

"Will you walk through the house?" said Mr. Haredale, with a glance towards the window, the crazy shutters of which were closed and fastened. "Speak low."

There was a kind of awe about the place, which would have rendered it difficult to speak in any other manner. Gabriel whispered "Yes," and followed him upstairs.

Everything was just as they had seen it last. There was a sense of closeness from the exclusion of fresh air, and a gloom and heaviness around as though long imprisonment had made the very silence sad. The homely hangings of the beds and windows had begun to droop, the dust lay thick upon their dwindling folds, and damps had made their way through ceiling, wall and floor. The boards creaked beneath their tread, as if resenting the unaccustomed intrusion; nimble spiders, paralyzed by the taper's glare, checked the motion of their hundred legs upon the wall, or dropped like lifeless things upon the ground; the death-watch ticked, and the scampering feet of rats and mice rattled behind the wainscot.

(To be Continued.)

"For what purpose?" asked the locksmith.

"To pass the night there," he replied, "and not to-night alone, but many nights. This is a secret which I trust to you in case of any unexpected emergency. You will not come, unless in case of strong necessity, to me, from dusk to broad day, I shall be there. Emma, your daughter, and the rest, suppose me out of London, as I have been until within this hour. Do not deceive them. I know I may confide it to you, and rely upon your questioning me no more at this time."

With that, as if to change the theme, he led the astounded locksmith back to the night of the Maypole highwayman, to the robbery of Edward Chester, to the reappearance of the man at Mrs. Rudge's house, and all the strange circumstances which afterwards occurred. He even asked him carelessly about the man's height, his face, his figure, whether he was like any one he had ever seen—like Hugh, for instance, or any man he had known at any time—and put many questions of that sort, which the locksmith, considering them as mere devices to engage his attention, and prevent his expressing the astonishment he felt, answered pretty much at random.

At length they arrived at the corner of the street in which the house stood where Mr. Haredale, alighting, dismissed the coach. "If you desire to see me safely lodged," he said, turning to the locksmith with a gloomy smile, "you can."

Gabriel, to whom all former marvels had been nothing in comparison with this, followed him along the narrow pavement in silence. When they reached the door, Mr. Haredale softly opened it with a key he had about him, and closing it when Varden entered, they were left in thorough darkness.

They groped their way into the ground-floor room. Here Mr. Haredale struck a light, and kindled a pocket taper he had brought with him for the purpose. It was then, when the flame was full upon him, that the locksmith saw for the first time how haggard, pale, and changed he looked; how worn and thin he was; how perfectly his whole appearance coincided with all that he had said so strangely as they rode along. It was not an unnatural impulse in Gabriel, after what he had heard, to note curiously the expression of his eyes. It was perfectly collected and rational;—so much so, indeed, that he felt ashamed of his momentary suspicion, and drooped his own when Mr. Haredale looked towards him, as if he feared they would betray his thoughts.

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(To be Continued.)

It is Good for Man and Beast.—Not only is Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil of incomparable value in the household, but the farmer and stockman will find it very serviceable in the farm yard, and on the cattle range, often saving the services of a veterinary surgeon, in injuries to stock and in cases of cough and pains it can be used with good effect.



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The HOME CIRCLE

LITTLE HINTS ON GOOD BREEDING.

Offer your courtesies in a quiet way—do not overwhelm people with them. If you are a woman, offer your seat in a car to an elderly lady or a woman with a child, but, before doing so, give the man an opportunity of showing that consideration.

A loud laugh, an over-vivacious manner betrays a lack of breeding. In sitting, place one foot slightly in advance of the other, as a French woman always does. There will then be no effort without strain on any one set of muscles, and is natural, easy, and graceful.

When one has spent a day or more in visiting at a friend's house, ordinary courtesy demands that, on one's return home, a note shall be written promptly to the hostess, thanking her for her pleasant hospitality.

A man, acknowledging a lady's recognition in a restaurant or hotel dining-room, should rise partly from his chair. A gentleman never leaves a lady alone during an entracte at the theatre.

Politeness is the best defense against other people's bad manners.

The form of announcement of an engagement, among persons who make a fashion by following it, is by note. The young woman writes to her girl friends and the man to his intimates; the mother of the "happy pair" also writes to those whom they desire shall receive early information. The recipients of the pleasant news then pass it on.

In choosing subjects of conversation, someone has aptly said that the three "d's" should be avoided—"dress, domestics, and diseases!" It is sometimes kinder and in better taste to accept a compliment than to parry it.

It is one of the unwritten laws of courtesy that a guest should hold his or her talents or powers of entertaining at the service of the hostess, and be ready with cheerful alacrity, but with no shade of ostentation, to comply with the slightest intimation on her part of her desire for assistance. No self-respecting hostess wishes any man to be her guest who is not such voluntarily and gladly. To be a guest on any other terms is an affront, not a courtesy.

HEINECKEN, THE GERMAN PRODIGY.

Christian Henry Heinecken, the most wonderful of all the world's precocious prodigies, was born at Lubbeck, Germany, in the year 1721. When but nine and a half months of age this human wonder could pronounce every word contained in the German language, and before he had rounded out his first year of earthly existence he knew all the leading events of the world's history. At the age of fourteen months he could give chapter and verse of any quoted passage of the Scriptures and knew the history of every book in both the Old and New Testaments. At the age of two and a half years he could answer every question in the geography and histories then in use and could converse with visitors in either German, French, Dutch, Latin or Greek. His fourth year was devoted to the study of religion and ancient history. He had finished the studies mentioned and had started on a course in oriental religion when he suddenly died before completing his fourth year.

THREE BOYS AND A CLOCK.

Three boys in a house were told to go and take the exact time by a clock in the town. The first lad went, looked at the clock, came back and said, "It is 12 o'clock." In after-life he became a prosaic bookseller.

The second boy was more exact. He said on returning that it was three minutes past 12 o'clock. He became a doctor.

The third had looked at the clock, found out how long it had taken him to walk back to the house, returned to the clock, then added the time of his walk to the time of the clock and reported the result thus: "It is at this moment 12 hours, 10 minutes and 15 seconds." That boy came to distinction as Helmholtz, the scientist.

WHEN IS A MAN OLD?

I am not old, though Time has traced his zingermarks with care, I am not old, though his hot frost is scattered on my hair; For love and labor hand in hand, And old tools sharper are than new, If daily kept in use.

Profound youth heeds not the hours, Fast slipping from his hold; Age seizes, hoards and counts them o'er, As miser does his gold.

The bloom of youth may pass away, The blossom fade, who'd call The promise of the springtide back, When 'tis fulfilled at fall?

I am not old, though on my brow Time has his shadow flung, I am no older than his heart, Which may be always young, The power to work, the fleeting days, More precious are than gold; When man no interest takes in life, Then he is old.

—Katherine A. Clarke.

FITS EPILEPSY

If you suffer from Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, St. Vitus' Dance, or have children or relatives that do, or know a friend that is afflicted, then send for a free trial bottle with valuable treatise on these deplorable diseases. The sample bottle will be sent by mail prepaid to your nearest Post-office address. Leibig's Fit Cure brings permanent relief and cure. When writing, mention this paper and give name, age and full address to THE LEIBIG CO., 179 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

TALES OUT OF SCHOOL.

The following story will illustrate what strange ideas children entertain as regards that which is passing in their teachers' minds.

In an infants' school the governess had been taking the little ones in the very hard and unwelcome subject of mental arithmetic. Presently she asked one girl to tell her what four and five made. The child, after a few moments' cogitation, ventured to answer, "Ten." The lady, very disappointed, then told her to leave the class room and go and think the matter over out in the passage. Accordingly out the child went, looking and feeling very wretched.

Whilst she stood there in the cold, an elder scholar (one of the seven-year-olds) came sidling into school late. "Hallo!" she said, on seeing her little class-mate stand there in trouble, "what the matter?"

"Oh!" answered the child, "cause I didn't know what four and five made, I've got to find it out."

"Why, you silly," said the seven-year-old, "don't you know that it makes nine?"

"Nine!" retorted the little one, "you go in and try her with nine, and see what she'll say. I tried her with ten, and that wasn't enough!"

FRENZIED NEATNESS.

There's the woman whose house is so tidy and prim, Of dirt no suggestion or trace; You feel quite instinctively sorry for 'him!"

The man who's attached to the place, You call unannounced, she at once has a fit, Though really it gives her delight, "Had I known you were coming we'd tidied a bit."

She says, "for the place is a fright," No sign of disorder that you can discern, No rooms that are slightly awry; It gives her, she murmurs, the greatest concern.

That things are not fixed apple pie. However, she says, if you can feet at ease, And manage to push past the grime You're welcome, oh, very, but overlook, please, Her wretched housekeeping this time.

You glance all around, but you can't see a sign, Of what she is talking about, The house looks as fresh as a picture and fine, With all of the dirt put to rout, Of course you assure her at once to your mind.

Things look very neat and all right, And she in reply says she's sure it is kind, Although she insists it's a fright, Say, women like that—don't they give you a jar, And make you feel cross as a bear And wish you had nerve to light up a cigar?

And put your feet up on a chair? To nuss up the pillows that stand there for show, And put a crimp in the divan? Of course you restrain your impulses, but, oh, You're tickled that you're not her man.

Loss of Power To Digest Food

AMONG THE FIRST INDICATIONS OF EXHAUSTED NERVES—THE CURE IS

Dr. Chase's NERVE FOOD

The most important function of the organs of the body is the digestion and assimilation of food, and in this process is consumed an enormous quantity of nervous energy. As the result the moment disorders of the nerves arise, digestion is impaired and the very source of health, strength and vitality interfered with. To prevent physical bankruptcy the nervous system must be built up by outside aid such as the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, a preparation composed of the very elements of nature which go to form new blood and nerve cells.

Besides this restorative influence on the whole system, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has an immediate and direct effect on the digestive system. It stimulates the nerves of taste and induces a good flow of saliva to aid digestion. It excites the glands of the stomach and produces a plentiful supply of the gastric digestive fluids. It sharpens the appetite and arouses hunger. Especially where appetite and the ability to digest have diminished, as in nervous exhaustion, anaemia, the result of sickness, overwork or worry, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is by all odds the most effective treatment that can possibly be obtained. It ensures good digestion, regular, healthful action of the liver, kidneys and bowels and the building up and revitalizing of the whole system.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

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CHILDREN'S CORNER

INTELLIGENCE OF A HORSE.

An incident illustrative of the intelligence of a horse and of the attachment he may have for his home and for other horses he has been raised with, is told of the family driving-horse belonging to Judge A. B. Nye, late of "Oakland." Soon after the family moved up here the judge's married daughter, who lives in Tulare Co., beyond Visalia, sent up a favorite driving-horse. A few nights later the horse got loose and made his way back to his Tulare Co. home. At five o'clock in the evening he was in his stall in Judge Nye's barn a mile west of here and at eight o'clock the following morning he was at the forty-five miles distant, waiting at the corral gate to be let in.—Fowler Ensign.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

"China abounds in great walls," remarks a Pekin correspondent in a recent letter: "walled country, walled cities, walled villages, walled palaces and temples—wall after wall and wall within wall. But the greatest of all is the great wall of China, built 215 years before our era, of great slabs of well-hewn stone laid in regular courses some twenty feet high, and then topped out with large hard-burned brick, the ramparts high and thick and castellated for use of arms. It was built to keep the warlike Tartars out—25 feet high by 40 feet thick, 1200 miles long, with room on top for six horses to be ridden abreast. For 1,400 years it kept those hordes at bay, in the main, and is just as good and firm and strong as when put in place. How one feels while standing on this vast work, scrutinizing its old masonry, its queer old cannon, and ambitious sweep along the mountain crest. In speechless awe we strolled or sat and gazed in silent wonder. Twelve hundred miles of this gigantic work, built on the rugged, craggy mountain tops, vaulting over gorges, spanning wild streams, netting the river archways with huge, hard bars of copper, with double gates, and swinging doors and bars set thick with iron armour—a wonder in the world, before which the old-time classic seven wonders, all gone now, save the great pyramid—were toys. An engineer in Seward's party here, some years ago, gave it as his opin-

ion that the cost of this wall, figuring labor at the same rate, would more than equal that of all the 100,000 miles of railway in the United States. The material it contains would build a wall six feet high and two feet thick straight around the globe. Yet this was done in only twenty years, without a trace of debt or bond. It is the greatest individual labor the world has ever known. You stand before it as before the great Omnipotent—bowed and silent."

THE BEAR WITH THE FOG HORN

It was her first day in the country. She had heard about cows, calves, sheep and hens and she had seen the pictures in her reading books. From the pictures she was sure that a cow was about as large as her cat, Bess. A hen was about like a sparrow to whom she gave crumbs, and a sheep was like a small dog.

A bear was larger than any of them, for she had seen a bear in the park, and she knew it was larger than the animals whose pictures were in her books. A squirrel she classed with the large animals, for all she had seen were the pictures.

The first day after she had been looking around the place for about an hour, she ran into the house as if there was some wild animal after her. Her pale, frightened looking face alarmed her grandmother.

"What's the matter, Jennie, dear? What's the matter?" asked her grandmother.

"There's a bear coming up the road with a fog horn," gasped the child.

"A bear with a fog horn? What can the child mean?" and the grandmother went to the door.

"Don't—don't open the door; there it is," said the scared child.

"That a bear? Why, that's my pet cow, and she's bellowing because her calf has been taken away."

It took some time to make Jennie understand that "that bear" was a cow, and not a bear with a fog horn, etc., in the market.

No one need fear cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine adapted for the young and old, rich and poor and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

Church Bells in Chimes in Fests

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GOLD MEDAL

AWARDED Labatt's Ale and Porter

SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS



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DISTILLER AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS AND MALT AND FAMILY PROOF WHISKIES, OLD RYE, ETC. Also Manufacturers of those Renowned Brands "OLD TIMES" and "WHITE WHEAT." Conceded by Connoisseurs to be the Choicest Flavored Whiskies on the Market.

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"LIGHT UP" WITH AN EDDY MATCH. SULPHUR BRANDS: "Telegraph", "Telephone". PARLOR BRANDS: "King Edward", "Headlight", "Eagle", "Victoria", "Little Comet". No Other So Quick, Safe and Sure. FOR SALE BY FIRST-CLASS DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

'THE GENUINE ARTICLE'

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

Tomlin's Bread

Would be hall marked. Well, it would, if a critical but generous public could place the stamp thereon—they have classed it now as the best and proved it by giving the preference daily.

Office Phone Park 583. Factory Located at 420 to 438 Bathurst Street

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE

Benedictine Salve

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS RHEUMATISM

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

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

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1900.

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

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.

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

198 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902.

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

St. James' Rectory, 428 N. 2nd street, Rockford, Ill.

Mr. John O'Connor: DEAR SIR,—Please send me three more boxes of Benedictine Salve, as soon as possible. Enclose please find cheque and oblige.

Yours sincerely, (Signed) FRANCIS P. MURPHY, Cobourg, April 22nd, 1905.

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

PILES

241 Sackville street Toronto, August 15th, 1902.

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

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

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

BLOOD POISONING

Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904.

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

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

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TORONTO, OCTOBER 5, 1905.

INSURANCE POLICY-HOLDERS.

With the lapse of some weeks since the sensational revelations of American life insurance methods first began to appear in the evidence of the New York state inquisition, the policy-holders have come to form some definite impressions regarding the general effect upon their interests. The policy-holders must necessarily have a point of view in this matter different from that taken by the general public. The fact that has struck the public mind with more stunning force perhaps even than the confessions of corrupt dealings among the inner ring of financiers, is the immense wealth controlled by the members of this inner ring in their capacity of trustees or fiduciary agents. It is not computed in millions, but in billions. The individual accumulations of men like Rockefeller pale into insignificance in comparison with the ever-enlarging volume of the funds of the great insurance companies. That these tremendous heaps of money represent power transferred to the hands of a few men needs no further proof than the admissions made of election contributions to keep one political party in power and another out. In the exercise of this power, these men bring into play the community of interest idea. Mr. Perkins with glib tongue called it the co-operation of capital, as if co-operation were the natural plan adhered to among capitalists rather than competition, which is supposed to be the life of all other business. Some day or other the general public will be fully awakened up to the potentialities of capitalistic rings, and reform will not only be demanded, but cannot be denied. The question for policy-holders to consider to-day is how this reform may affect their particular interests. It may be helpful or injurious. It may indeed be very injurious. Later on the policy-holders themselves may not be able to reduce the power for injury to their distinct interests which a public movement would generate.

Let the policy-holders act now in their own right. In the case of the New York Life Insurance Company they effected a reform once before. The editor of The Register was a policy-holder when Beers was in control, and he well remembers the fact that it was Mr. McCall who indicated the right line of action at the critical stage of that trouble. The Canadian policy-holders then worked in with the body of members in the United States. There are, however, distinct reasons suggested by the present situation why Canadians should organize apart from the policy-holders across the border. Their action should be very deliberately taken. It cannot help but have its effect upon other companies, Canadian as well as American. Canadians should bring an independent voice into the council that the policy-holders are certain to resort to following the present investigation. The present is the best time for Canadians to consider the position they ought to take when they decide to stand apart. The editor of The Register will be glad to receive in confidence suggestions from other policy-holders with the above aim in view.

NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

Not by coincidence, but doubtless in the very nature of things, revolutions are quickly managed and accomplished only in Protestant countries. The manner in which Norway has been torn from the crown of King Oscar is an illuminating instance of the scientific application of revolutionary ideas. At the same time it is not pretended that Protestantism was the revolutionary force in Norway, or that the separation in the slightest degree took place along religious lines. Norway, like Sweden, has been almost exclusively non-Catholic since the Lutheran Revolution of the 16th century. But there as everywhere throughout the world, bigotry and feudalism are falling in

to decline with increasing rapidity, and with modern enlightenment the Catholic faith is re-awakening in the land. Abbe F. Klein, in The Catholic World, says that whereas in 1869 there were only 220 Catholics in Norway the number had increased to 875 in 1895 and to 2,150 in 1904. The Catholics now have their own schools and charitable institutions. We have said already that bigotry has almost disappeared. Bishop Falize in Missions Catholiques of April, 1900, told how a representative committee of Protestant physicians begged him to establish a Catholic hospital in Bergen, guaranteeing to raise the necessary money and to rent at their expense a building for hospital uses in which Sisters might be installed until the completion of a proper hospital.

With religious liberty in the field of education it is hard to conceive other conditions upon which intolerance can pasture in this age of the world. In Sweden religious liberty seems less advanced. The Vicar Apostolic of Sweden, writing to Cardinal Gibbons, says: "We are very few and live in an atmosphere which is not only anti-Catholic, but rationalistic. Our hope is to found a Catholic school which could educate boys at least up to the time of their First Communion."

WIGS ON THE GREEN BAIZE.

An Ottawa despatch says that most of the Canadian judges have loyally obeyed the law prohibiting them from engaging in any occupation or business as director or manager of any public corporation or firm. There are some who have not done so. The law was passed last session, and it is safe to say that it has the seal of unanimous public approval. The present curiosity touching the obedience of the judges themselves to the law of the land is connected with the announced and reported retirement from the Bench of certain judges. By the law which forbade judges from looking for directors' fees their salaries were improved, but in some cases the increase of salary may not be commensurate with the loss of income for company services. But increase or no increase, law or no law, it has been a sorry spectacle to see our judges officially connected with corporations and enterprises. It was a thing contrary to the very nature of the judiciary. The Minister of Justice, to whose sense of propriety and dignity the country owes the reform of the law, says he omitted a penalty clause in case of non-compliance, preferring to trust to the honor of the judges. And there is no doubt that the honor of the judiciary will be asserted according to the dignified expectations of the Minister of Justice. In Toronto the report is being circulated that Chief Justice Meredith will sever his connection with the Bench rather than with the North American Life. We do not, however, think this rumor is likely to receive much credence.

THE UNIVERSITY COMMISSION.

The motive influencing the choice of the persons selected on the University Commission is both simple and evident. They are all acceptable to Mr. Whitney. We mean that they are acceptable personally; and that being the case the honor conferred upon them is purely in the way of a friendly compliment. The commission need not be expected to accomplish much. The atmosphere of the University, if affected at all by the opinions of the members of the commission who are likely to have any weight, may perhaps be more American in the future than in the past. No Catholic has received any recognition in this business. It was not likely that they would from a Premier who takes his educational inspiration from the proprietor of the Toronto News; though what license Mr. Flavelle has procured to pose as an educational authority is idle to enquire into. However, one thing that Mr. Flavelle seems to have learned somewhere or other is that Catholics are a drag upon the educational machine of the state. And whatever Mr. Flavelle thinks Mr. Whitney must do.

SENATE VACANCIES.

Speculation continues active regarding the possible Senate appointments to the maritime vacancies created by the passing away of Senators Dever and Wark. There is no lack of Catholic material to fill the place of the late Senator Dever. Indeed New Brunswick is able to show more than its share of able Catholics who are active in political life. However, there is no other to whom all Irish Catholics owe a greater measure of esteem than Hon. John Costigan; and there is no man whom the Catholics of New Brunswick would desire more to see honored with this particular appointment. Mr. Costigan has had a long, active and honorable career, and it must be his natural wish to continue the associations of his lifetime free from the work and worry of elections. The Senate of Canada is his rightful place.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Some sparks of the old fire of fanaticism occasionally flare up in modern England. A few weeks ago this fanaticism obliged General Sir William Butler to retire from the candidacy of a Liberal constituency.

The fanatical point of view is, of course, impossible, for sane people to understand; but it is interesting at least to hear it stated. Processions are becoming more and more familiar on the streets of English cities and religious processions have their part among others. Last week application was made to a London magistrate to forbid a Catholic procession, and the following were the grounds advanced in support of the application:

"Mr. Kidgell produced a proclamation issued by Queen Victoria ordering that no ecclesiastic of the Roman Catholic Church should practice the rites and ceremonies of that Church anywhere save in the appointed place of worship or in a private house. He also relied upon the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act of George IV, which made these processions illegal, and enacted that priests convicted of a breach of the Act should forfeit a penalty of £50.

Mr. Luke, magistrate, asked what could he do, and Mr. Kidgell replied that he could send a police officer to warn the priest that the act he was about to commit was illegal.

Mr. Luke said they did not control the police force, nor could he anticipate an illegal act.

Mr. Kidgell—it is an unlawful assemblage.

The Magistrate—I should be sorry to say that it was any more unlawful than a procession of Good Templars.

Mr. Kidgell—we don't object to the procession. It is the vestments and the idols that is the sore point.

The Magistrate—I don't see that I can do anything for you."

Time at least is out of joint with the fanatic.

Interesting and instructive reading is furnished in the report of the Belfast court presided over by Judge Fitzgibbon that assessed, on Sept. 19, the city's annual bill for damages incidental to the local festival in honor of King William on the 12th of July. Twenty-five suits were heard on one day, the damages in separate cases running as high as \$100.

It used to be that way in Toronto some years ago. In our more peaceful times the Orange Sentinel acts as official liquidator and launches a few columns of scurrilous attacks against Catholics on account of which actions for damage are not taken.

Cardinal Pierotti Dead

The despatches from Rome that tell us of the death of Cardinal Pierotti, tell us also that not since Leo XIII. was summoned hence has there been such general grief as that which accompanied the demise of the Dominican Cardinal. An attack of paralysis which lasted five weeks and rendered useless one entire side, ended at last in an agony which resulted in death. At the supreme moment consistent with the previous life of the dying prelate, he edified those who surrounded his bedside, while he made beautiful the last moments of a beautiful life. The hand that remained untouched by disease clasped the crucifix and the dying lips kissed it with the faith and great humility which had ever been his prominent virtue. The brilliant intellect remained clear to the last, and he was able to answer the prayers for the dying shortly before his great spirit passed calmly away.

Raphael Pierotti was born in the Diocese of Lucca in January, 1836. At the age of fifteen, rejecting all the inducements that wealthy parents and influential friends held out to him, he entered the Order of St. Dominic at Anagni. After pursuing his philosophical studies in Perugia, he completed his clerical education in the school of St. Thomas Aquinas, in Rome, and was elevated to the dignity of the priesthood the same year.

Already his fame as a theologian had gone abroad. Immediately the brilliant young Dominican was created doctor of divinity and appointed to fill a chair of dogmatic theology. A few years brought him to work outside the class hall. To the pastorate of St. Maria Sopra Minerva, one of the most important parishes of the Eternal City—the young professor was next assigned. Here his labors lay for sixteen years, until 1887, when Leo XIII. called him to the Vatican to fill the office of Master of the Apostolic Palace, one of the posts reserved to the Order of Preachers. For nine years this high and delicate office was filled by Mgr. Pierotti, at the end of which period the voice of Leo called him to the highest dignity in his power.

In the consistory of November, 1897, he was created Prince of the Church, with the title of Cardinal-Deacon of SS. Cosmas and Damian.

It was not alone the associates of his latter days, the prelates and princes of the Church, who came in crowds to the Church of St. Maria Nella Minerva, where the funeral obsequies took place, to honor his memory, but the laity flocked in hundreds to do reverence to him, whom they remembered as the kindly parish priest, whose only interest was to serve those among whom God had placed him to minister. Even the enemies of the Church forgot their enmity for the time and the Socialist and ultra-liberal organs vied with each other in praise of the virtues of him who in life had been a mark for the strenuous hostility.

PLEASANT MOMENTS.

It has been said with a great deal of truth, that you can never really become acquainted with a man until you have supped with him.

In order to ensure a pleasant time good tea must be used. During the past five years "Salada" has become a familiar word to every newspaper reader, and judging from the immense consignments which are being sent out every day, "Salada" Ceylon Tea must be just as familiar in the homes. In the face of the keen competition that has arisen since it was first put on the market in the package form, the fact that the demand is steadily increasing requires no comment; it tells its own story. "Salada" is king.

CATHOLICITY IN HAMILTON.

Some History and a Description of the Church Institutions that Now Flourish There—By "Old-Timer."

During my late visit to Hamilton for the first time I visited St. Mary's Cathedral and offered a prayer for the repose of the soul of my father, who was buried in the year 1845 in the ground that the cathedral now covers, so that the locality had for me a personal as well as a general interest. The original St. Mary's was a small structure of frame, covered with rough-cast. It was erected in 1838 or 1840, the principal participants in the erection being the Brick brothers, four in number, and Fitzpatrick family, also four in number. These men all belonged to the different building trades. Before Hamilton secured a regular Catholic pastor, it was visited by missionaries from various localities, such as Kingston, Toronto, Sandwich, Niagara and Dundas. Among those missionaries were Fathers Proulx, Cassidy, Forbes, Campbell and Cullen. There were Highland Scotch, Irish and Frenchmen among them. The tales of suffering and endurance that these followers of Christ had to tell were many, and their visits were to the untutored savage Indian as well as the civilized white man. A church was established at Dundas before Hamilton and many Hamilton Catholics visited Dundas to hear mass on Sundays before a regular pastor was appointed to Hamilton. The first resident priest at Hamilton was the Very Rev. William Peter Macdonell, who was transferred from Kingston, and who came to Canada first to conduct an ecclesiastical college at St. Raphael in Glengarry County. The "Old Vicar" as he was affectionately called, was a venerable, refined and scholarly gentleman and greatly given to controversy. He was also a poet of considerable merit. In Kingston he commenced the publication of the first Catholic journal in Upper Canada and which was called "The Catholic." This paper was published in Hamilton from the year 1841 to the year 1844, when the vicar was superannuated and the paper discontinued. He died April 2, 1847, and his remains repose under St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto. The writer well remembers the sad event. It was the year of the immigrant fever that among many others brought death to the first Bishop of Toronto, the Right Rev. Michael Power, who came here from Halifax. Bishop Power was a grand man and a noble figure.

The successor to Vivar-General Macdonell was the Rev. Edward Gordon, who was transferred from the town of Niagara-on-the-Lake, where there was then a large Catholic congregation, but which dwindled down as the town lost its importance, some of the people going to St. Catharines, some to Toronto and some to the Falls, Buffalo and elsewhere. Father Gordon was of the same nationality as his predecessor, and was educated for the priesthood at St. Raphael. He had put in a long missionary service before he was appointed to a parish. He had a venerable brother, a layman, who accompanied him from Niagara and lived with him in the same stone cottage that was a little west of the church, where Vicar-General Macdonell also had lived. I found that that residence has disappeared or been transformed. Where the convent and other houses now stand in front of the cathedral was commons in which were planted a number of crab apple trees. I had often watched a company of Catholic soldiers go through their evolutions there before marching away. They were in charge of Captain Trench. The inside of the old church was plain but had pews. The pews of the aristocracy of those days—the McNabs and the Macdonells—were to the east of the altar, and inside the railing. There was no choir until several years after the church was built, when a loft was erected over the entrance for its accommodation. The choir loft was built by the members themselves among whom were several carpenters. Thomas Clohery, a carpenter, was the first choir leader. "Old-Timer" performed his part in this work by holding a candle for Mr. Clohery. The work was done at night, hence the necessity for the candle holding as gas lighting was in the womb of a dream of the alchemist. There were a number of good singers in that first choir but I remember only a few of them. Besides Thomas Clohery there was Thomas Murray, also a carpenter. There were a couple of Flemish girls who were good singers and had very sweet voices. There were some members of the Gilbert family and the Sweetman family that participated. Afterwards the choir was enriched by the advent of some newcomers such as Theophilus and George Figliana, Connor Tracey, Mr. Prugny and a young French-Canadian who worked for Mr. Joly, the harness-maker, but whose name I cannot now recall. At any rate it had the reputation of being a good choir.

After Bishop Power's death in 1847 the Rev. John Carroll was appointed administrator of the diocese. Father Carroll was a Niagara man too, and a priest with a long and creditable record. He was related to the Carroll family that gave the United States its first bishop and had done great service in early days as a missionary. There was a great deal of wit and humor in his composition and he was not adverse to an occasional practical joke. He owned a farm near Niagara, on which he lived after his retirement. He died in Chicago about 1884 and was nearly a hundred years of age. I do not know, however, that he ever visited Hamilton.

Right Rev. Count de Charbonnel was the second bishop of the diocese. He was consecrated in Rome on May 26, 1850. He sent Father Carayon, a holy young French priest, to assist Father Gordon in Hamilton, after serving some time in Toronto. I heard Bishop de Charbonnel pronounce Father Carayon's eulogy and he attributed to him almost miraculous powers. Father Carayon, I remember, was at times greatly troubled with rheumatism in some of its acute forms.

In 1849 there was a visitation of cholera at Hamilton and again in 1854. At the latter date the dread scourge kept the Vicar and his devoted coadjutor busy day and night attending to the spiritual wants of the victims. The Vicar continued his labors in Hamilton up to the time of his death, which was on the 15th of October, 1870, at the age of 79. His remains are interred under St. Mary's Cathedral and the spot is marked by a marble tablet.

Shortly after coming to Toronto Bishop de Charbonnel urged the division of the diocese and making Hamilton the seat of a See. At the Council of Quebec in June, 1854, the formation of two additional Sees was urged on the Propaganda, and those of Hamilton and London were then formed. The first Bishop of Hamilton was the Rt. Rev. John Farrell of Peterborough, who was consecrated on May 11, 1856, by Mgr. de Charbonnel, and on the 24th of May the new bishop made his entry into his episcopal city, amid the rejoicing of the Catholics of Hamilton and the new diocese.

I do not know what Catholic institutions, if any, there were in Hamilton when Bishop Farrell came to Hamilton, but there were none during the tenures of Vicars-General Macdonell or Gordon.

THE CATHEDRAL.

There are now in Hamilton city about 8,000 Catholics. There is the Cathedral church of St. Mary's, presided over by the Rt. Rev. T. J. Dowling. It was erected in 1860, and has seating capacity for 1,000 persons. The organ is a very fine and powerful instrument. Its windows are all of stained glass, representing the Rosary mysteries, and are of Munich manufacture, and cost about \$12,000, and are, all but two, donations from families of the parish. There are two large memorial windows to the deceased bishops—Farrell and Cummins—and are the gifts of Bishop Dowling, clergy and religious communities of the diocese. The high altar is a fine piece of work.

The first rector was Vicar-General Gordon. Eight years prior to his demise Father Heenan, V.G., now of Dundas, performed most of the active work of the Cathedral. He was the rector for a period of 27 years. In 1859 Father McEvay, the present Bishop of London, was made rector. When Mgr. McEvay was made Bishop of London in August, 1899, Father Mahoney, a member of an old Hamilton family, was made rector, and is rector now. He is making preparations for the consecration of the Cathedral and the celebration of the golden jubilee of the diocese, in May of next year. Associated with Father Mahony in the Cathedral service are Rev. J. P. Holden, Chancellor of the Diocese, and Superintendent of Schools; Rev. J. Ferguson, Rev. M. Weimer, and Rev. Arthur Savage. The latter has charge of the Cathedral Gregorian choir.

The different societies connected with the Cathedral are as follows: The Altar Society, which has 650 members—President, Mrs. Knapman; Treasurer, Mrs. Burdett; Secretary, Miss L. Roche; Assistant Secretary, Miss Ada Cushion.

League of the Sacred Heart, 1,800 members—President, Miss C. Bastien; Secretary, Miss C. Foley.

Young Ladies' Sodality—Third Order of St. Francis—and Rosary Society.

St. Vincent de Paul Society—President, Thomas Walsh; Vice-President, J. J. Austin; Treasurer, Thos. Williams; Secretary, M. Brown.

Particular Society—A. O'Brien, President; J. Burns, Vice-President; F. Burdett, Treasurer; J. P. Dougherty, Secretary.

St. Mary's Benevolent Society—President, Mrs. Long; Vice-President, Mrs. Coughlin; Treasurer, Mrs. Keating; Secretary, Miss R. Walsh.

St. Patrick's Parish was organized in 1877. The first pastor was the Rev. John Keough, who continued to attend to the spiritual wants of the people until 1885, and had as assistants during his incumbency, Rev. James McGuire and Rev. J. J. Craven. From 1885 to 1886 Rev. M. J. Cleary had charge. He was succeeded by Rev. P. Cosgrove from January, 1886, to July, 1887, when Rev. J. J. Craven, who was still assistant, was appointed and continued until the present pastor, Rev. J. H. Coty, assumed the responsibilities and duties of the parish in August, 1899. His assistant is Rev. E. R. Walsh.

This church is situated on Main street east, near Wellington street, and has a large plot of ground surrounding it. It has a fine school building attached. It serves the old "Corktown" district largely.

The following are the societies attached and their officers:

C.M.B.A., Branch No. 37—President, J. A. Cox; Secretary, Chas. Robertson; Financial Secretary, Gerald Guyette; Treasurer, J. B. Lawlor; 115 members.

A.O.H., Division No. 11—Chas. Shields, President; J. Carroll, Vice-President; J. Williamson, Secretary; membership 150.

Altar Society—Mrs. Bateman, President; Miss A. Dermody, Secretary; Miss M. Ronan, Treasurer.

Young Ladies' Sodality—Miss M. Mooney, Prefect; Violet Watson, Secretary; Miss M. Maloney, Treasurer; Miss N. Hooper, Librarian.

Ladies' Benevolent Society—Mrs. F. Quinn, President; Miss F. Barker, Secretary; Miss Lewis, Treasurer.

Young Men's Literary and Athletic Association. This society has a membership of 80. A branch of the Catholic Order of Foresters is in course of organization.

ST. LAWRENCE CHURCH.

St. Lawrence parish was founded in 1890 with Rev. George O'Sullivan as first pastor. The present incumbent is Rev. R. E. M. Brady. The buildings are located on Mary street. The present enrollment shows 260 families in the parish. The societies are the Young Ladies Sodality, C. M.B.A., Ancient Order Hibernians, Altar Society and League of the Sacred Heart.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH.

This church was opened in 1888. It is a brick structure and has a capacity of 500 sittings. The first

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priest in charge was Father Hiphey. The priest now in charge is Rev. Wm. Gehl. Its location is on Herkimer street, in the south-western part of the city.

ST. ANN'S CHURCH.

A handsome church of silicate brick with a seating capacity of 500 situated at Barton street and Sherman avenue, in the East End, is now in course of erection on a large tract of land, purchased by Bishop Dowling two years ago. As soon as circumstances permit a school, convent and pastor's residence will be added.

There are now in Hamilton, including the Cathedral and St. Ann's Church, building five churches. The residence of Bishop Dowling is in the western section of the city. There is a fine, capacious priests' residence attached to St. Mary's Cathedral. The rector of the Cathedral is Rev. J. M. Mahony, long a resident of Hamilton. In 1889 Right Rev. Bishop Dowling was transferred from the See of Peterborough to that of Hamilton. Since then thirteen new parishes have been established in the diocese. Twenty-eight priests have been ordained; St. Mary's, St. Thomas' and St. Ann's schools have been opened in the city. Loreto Academy and St. Joseph's Convent and Orphanage have been greatly enlarged; St. Joseph's Hospital has been established, and the House of Providence at Dundas has been added to the Catholic institutions of Hamilton and vicinity. The schools are the Sacred Heart, St. Ann's, St. Mary's, St. Patrick's, St. Thomas, St. Lawrence and St. Vincent's.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

MARRIED

LEE—HEFFERNAN—At the Church of Our Lady, Guelph, Ont., on 26th of Sept., 1905, Rose L. Heffernan, third daughter of the late Thomas Heffernan, of Guelph, to John L. Lee, son of the late William A. Lee of Toronto.

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The QUIET HOUR

MY HEART IS TRUER THAN THE SKY.

The following poem by Father Abraham Ryan, the poet-priest of the South, has been published and has been set to music by Rev. R. J. Sorin, the well-known musician and composer and dedicated to Professor Charles F. Mutter, who conducts the musical column for The Mirror.

The music is said to be especially meritorious and very well suited to the sentiments of the poem. P. J. Lammers is the publisher.

The poem itself is entitled "My Heart is Truer Than the Sky," and runs as follows:

Ah! never mind! the years may go, The shades may fall o'er you and me, But like the sun on river's flow I'll fling the light of prayer o'er thee.

And if you kiss the lips of grief, And taste the bitter dark alloy The thought of me will bring relief And my fair face will bring you joy.

Care little what the world may say, Its tongue is like a scorpion's sting, To me you are a rose in May, Your heart is like an angel's wing.

And sometimes you will wing your flight, And in your heart shall find a rest, Like some lone cloud that thirsts for light, And finds it in the tranquil West.

For others change, but I do not; My heart is truer than the sky; My friends live there all unforget, They do not, like the clouds, pass by.

So years may come and years may go And distance may between us fall, But still my heart shall be the home Of all my friends, you, each and all!

APPRECIATION.

If you have a friend worth loving, Love him. Yes, and let him know That you love him, ere life's evening Tinge his brow with sunset glow. Why should good words ne'er be said To a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you, Sung by any child of song, Praise it. Do not let the singer Wait deserved praises long. Why should one who thrills your heart Lack the joy you may impart?

If you see the hot tears falling From a brother's weeping eyes, Share them; and by kindly sharing Own your kinship with the skies. Why should any one be glad When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling Through the sunshine on his face, Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying— For both grief and joy a place. There's health and goodness in the mirth In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy By a friendly helping hand, Say so. Speak out brave and truly, Ere the darkness veil the land. Should a brother workman dear Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness, All enriching as you go— Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver. He will make each seed to grow. So, until its happy end, Your life shall never lack a friend. —Henriette Alden.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

He who has Jesus possesses a precious treasure. Let him endeavor to guard it with care.

True independence is to be found where a person contracts his desires within the limits of his fortune.

You have no other enemy than yourself; so, if you wish to hate your enemies, begin by hating your body and its sensual desires.

Putting the opinion of the world aside, what is gold? What is silver? A little yellow or white dust that owes its value to the foolish ideas or prejudices of men.

Happy is he who can take hold of strength, and be carried to greatness in the chariot of some forceful idea. And by a co-ordination of faculties which we call genius our great men manage to do this. They do not spin ideas out of the texture of their own minds, but they take hold of them.

The two essential instincts of humanity are the love of order and the love of kindness. By the love of order the moral energy is to deal with the earth, and dress it, and keep it, and to deal with all rebellions or dissolute forces in lower creatures, and in ourselves. By the love of kindness the moral energy is to deal rightly with all surrounding life. So shall every passion have full strength, and yet be absolutely under control.—Ruskin.

Non-Catholics are printing and reading our spiritual books. The lives of our saints and the writings of our ascetic and mystical theologians are to be found in public libraries, whence anyone can take them. Consequently, men not of our faith look closely to see if we practise what we profess. Let them live what life they will themselves, let them talk what scandal they will against the Church, they nevertheless expect holiness, like that of our books, from the Church's sons and daughters.

"You need but to take away"—thus writes the devout Abbot Rupert—"the daily commemoration of Our Saviour's death in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass from the worship of the Faithful, and you will soon perceive of what use it was. All that is now kept in constant and lively remembrance in the Christian Church would fall out of mind; charity would grow cold, faith would grow dull, hope would begin to waver, for then the blood shed by Jesus Christ, the innocent Abel, would no longer cry daily to Heaven in propitiation for the sins of mankind. It is not by regretting what is irreparable that true work is to be done, but by making the best of what we are. It is not by complaining that we have not the right tools, but by using well the tools we have. What we are, and where we are, is God's providential arrangement—God's doing, though it may be man's misdoing; and the manly and the wise way is to look your disadvantages in the face, and see what can be made out of them. Life, like war, is a series of mistakes, and he is not the best Christian nor the best general who makes the fewest false steps. He is the best who wins the most splendid victories by the retrieval of mistakes. Forget mistakes; organize victory out of mistakes.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

In Germany the Catholics have established a Catholic Frauenband, or, Catholic Society for Women, and during the Congress at Strassburg measures were taken to extend its influence. The Provincial of the Capuchins, Father Auracher, gave light and leading in advocating improved organization for the protection of the rights of the gentler sex. There are, it appears, very powerful non-Catholic organizations for the defence of woman's rights, and some of them take up a position more or less antagonistic to Christianity. It is the duty of Catholics, where possible, to have women's societies of their own. Father Auracher urged that Catholic women who have time and money should interest themselves in the welfare of their poorer sisters. There are large numbers of Catholic women who have to earn a living in shops, in factories, and in industrial pursuits of various kinds. Sometimes they receive small wages and have to work very hard. What Father Auracher would have the women who are better off do is to see how they can help those who are thus hard pressed, and hold out a sympathetic hand to them. Good advice, it cannot be denied.

THE RECENT ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

An eclipse of the sun is of special interest to Catholics for many reasons. St. Bede the Venerable, the father of English ecclesiastical history, was one of the first to point out the true cause of eclipses of the sun and moon. At the present day the Catholic Church, strange as it may seem to some, possesses more astronomical observations than any Government in the world. Beginning with the Vatican Observatory, founded out of the private purse of Pope Leo XIII., we can count them from China and India to Patagonia and Argentina, from Manila to Washington, and from Stonyhurst in England to Tortosa in Spain. It was Copernicus, a Catholic priest, who discovered the true motions of the solar system, enabling all subsequent astronomers to properly calculate the recurrence of eclipses of the moon and sun. Lastly, an eclipse of the sun must henceforward ever remind us that Father Perry, S.J., true martyr of science, lost his life in the moment of a successful observation of the total eclipse of the sun at the Salut Islands on December 22nd, 1889. A host of Catholic astronomers have given special attention to the study of the sun, and among these the late Father Secchi, S.J., takes first rank. The Abbe Gassendi, the Abbe Piazzini, and the Abbe La Caille of the Cape of Good Hope Observatory, are also names well known to all who are acquainted with the history of astronomy.

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OBITUARY

MRS. JAMES BUTLER, LONDON.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Sarah Butler, wife of Mr. James Butler, of Central avenue, took place September 26th, to St. Peter's Cathedral, interment taking place subsequently in St. Peter's Cemetery. At the cathedral a solemn requiem high mass was celebrated by the rector, Rev. Father Aylward. At the grave Rev. Father Stanley officiated. At the cathedral and at the grave a large number of friends assembled to pay their last respects to one whom they knew in life as a lady possessing an exceptionally sweet and noble disposition. The funeral cortege was large, and the floral offerings very beautiful. R.I.P.

ANDREW O'BRIEN, OTTAWA.

The funeral of Andrew O'Brien, who died so suddenly at Mount St. Anthony, took place Sept. 27th. Very Rev. Canon Bouillon, chaplain of the institution, officiated, and interment was made in Notre Dame cemetery. R.I.P.

MRS. GALVIN, HAMILTON.

The remains of Mrs. Ellen Galvin were laid to rest Sept. 19th, in Holy Sepulchre Cemetery. The funeral took place from her home, corner of Cannon and Park streets, to St. Mary's Cathedral, where Rev. Father Holden celebrated mass. Rev. Father Mahony conducted the service at Holy Sepulchre. The choir was assisted by H. N. Thomas, C. E. Staunton and Frank Dwyer. The pallbearers were W. Casey, J. Williams, P. Bateman, J. Flynn, H. Taylor and J. McMahon. R.I.P.

LAURENCE DRISCOLL, PORT ARTHUR.

The funeral of the late Lawrence Driscoll, who died at Port Arthur, took place Sept. 30th, upon the arrival of the 11.35 C.P.R. train at Peterborough. The deceased was a former resident of Ashburnham. Mrs. Michael Burke, Water street, is a sister of the deceased. He has a brother, John, in Buffalo, and a brother-in-law, Mr. Regan, in the same city. R.I.P.

MRS. LEVEQUE, PETERBORO'.

After being for over one year a patient sufferer from the ravages of tuberculosis, the death occurred Sept. 27th, at her residence, 11 Louis street, of Theophile Jervais, wife of Mr. Michael Leveque. The late Mrs. Leveque removed to Peterborough thirty years ago, and was married one year later to her husband, who survives to mourn her loss. One son and eight brothers and sisters also survive. R.I.P.

MRS. McILHARGHEY, LONDON TOWNSHIP.

Mrs. Ellen McIlharghey, whose death occurred recently, was one of the most respected residents of the northern section of Middlesex. She was born in McGillivray Township 53 years ago, and after her marriage took up her home in London township, where she resided up to the time of her death. She is survived by her husband, Mr. John McIlharghey, and by nine sons and three daughters.

The funeral was held to St. Patrick's Church, Biddeford, and was attended by friends from all parts of the county, over 150 rigs being in the cortege. Rev. Father McMenamin, rector of St. Patrick's church, celebrated high mass. Many floral tributes, including a large pillow, from the family, were placed on the casket. Six sons of Mrs. McIlharghey acted as pall-bearers.

Among those who attended the funeral were friends and relatives from Port Huron, Port Austin, Mich., Detroit, Lindsay, Staffa and London. R.I.P.

Chorus Girl's Home

New York, Sept. 27.—Marie Cahill, who floated into popularity on the wave of a song called "Nancy Brown" and who is soon to star in a new musical comedy entitled "Moonshine," has suddenly turned philanthropist. She has written Miss Katherine E. Conway that "the dream of her stage career is to establish a summer home for chorus girls," and Miss Conway has consented to be the New England sponsor for the scheme.

Miss Cahill's idea is to establish a nice, quiet retreat in the country where "ladies of the chorus may spend their time between seasons and thus be kept away from the temptations of a great city." She has even written to Mme. Mary Anderson Navarro asking permission to name the scheme after her.

Archbishop Orth

His Grace the Most Rev. Bertram Orth, D.D., Archbishop of Victoria, B.C., has lately visited the Eternal City, and on his return journey visited several points in Ontario. The Archdiocese of Victoria is larger in area than the State of New York, and contains 200,000 Catholics. Indian missions scattered throughout the wilds are numerous. The missionary is here obliged to live much as his predecessors of old, traveling in canoes or dog-sleighs, dwelling with the natives in their filthy huts and sharing in their always poor and oftentimes unpalatable food.

Good Work of the Can. Mfrs. Association.

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THE EXTRA GUEST

Absorbed in the telegram which had just been handed to her, Mme. Marnier did not hear the click of the gate as it opened and shut nor the approach of her guest, Matime Richard, the artist.

"Am I the first?" he called gaily. "Country etiquette, you know," he added, as he drew nearer.

Mme. Marnier glanced up with a troubled frown.

"Dear me! I am so perplexed," she said. "I scarcely know what to do. I have just received a telegram from the Cortots, saying they cannot come out from the city for luncheon. It is half-past eleven now and the others will soon be here. What can I do?"

"But I fail to see the trouble," began the artist. His hostess interrupted him.

"Why, if the Cortots don't come, it will make us exactly thirteen at the table, and Mme. Second would never in the world consent to such an arrangement, nor would I, for that matter."

"Would you like me to go away?" asked Maxime with a smile at the perplexed Mme. Marnier.

"Not for worlds! But listen. You have plenty of friends about here. Do go and ask somebody anybody, to come to luncheon with me. It's a queer thing to do, I know, but you can explain the circumstances. Get Pierre Deslandes, the novelist. He lives near here."

"Anything to oblige you, Madame," said Richard, with his best bow. "I will bring a guest if I have to haul him with ropes!"

"Good boy, you have saved my life!" and the pretty Mme. Marnier waved him a farewell with her brightest smile.

Half an hour later Maxime Richard was wheeling rapidly along the road, returning from the home of his friend, Deslandes, where he had found the house tightly closed.

"What the dickens will Madame say when I come back alone?" he thought ruefully.

"Absorbed in the problem of his superstitious hostess, he failed to see a pedestrian directly in front of him and before he could stop himself they were both rolling in the warm dust."

"What in thunder do you mean by running down an innocent traveler?" demanded the stranger, wrathfully.

"A thousand pardons, Monsieur," said the artist, contritely. "I was entirely my fault. Then a sudden thought striking him, he continued rapidly: 'May I ask you to do me a great favor, sir? I beg and entreat that you will consider it. There is a lady in this neighborhood who will look upon it as an honor if you will take lunch with her to-day. The circumstances are most pressing. Other guests failing, there remain only thirteen. Thirteen! Do you understand? Will you take pity upon her and be the fourteenth guest?'"

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed the man, surprised at the proposition.

"Say yes, I beg you, sir. I have not the ghost of an idea who you are but I'm sure you must be presentable. You consent, do you not?"

"It certainly would be a most amusing adventure and I'm as hungry as a dog, not to mention that I've lost my way. Well, yes, I'll do it!"

"Good! And listen: Here's another idea! You shall be my friend, whom no one here knows and whom I promised to bring back with me."

As they talked, the two men approached the entrance to Mme. Marnier's summer villa. A moment later, in the presence of his hostess and her assembled guests, the artist said seriously:

"Allow me to present my friend, M. Pierre Deslandes, the well-known author."

No one doubted the novelist's identity, and, the butler having announced luncheon, the guests went out to the table.

The next morning, seated at his desk, Pierre Deslandes opened his mail, which seemed unusually voluminous.

The first two letters, begging for autographs, he tossed carelessly aside but the third he read and re-read with a deepening wonder. It was from a lady thanking him for the honor he had done her the day previous in accepting her impromptu invitation to lunch, and expressing her regret for the painful scene which followed and which she hoped had not led to any disagreeable consequences.

Pierre Deslandes laid down the letter in utter astonishment. He had not accepted any invitation the day previous.

"Bah, it is some crazy joke," he thought to himself.

But his surprise redoubled at the sight of the next letter, which was signed by an utterly unknown gentleman, who wrote to you undying gratitude for the novelist's kindness in recommending the writer to the famous publisher, Lacroix.

The fifth letter was from a lady reminding him of his promise to send her his photograph and the sixth said that the writer would send immediately for the trifling sum he had so graciously agreed to lend.

Deslandes looked about him helplessly. It was too much! The letters were evidently authentic. What could it mean? He asked himself blindly how in one day could he have done so many things while retaining absolutely no memory of them?

As he sat there, struggling to find some head or tail to the affair, his servant entered, saying two gentlemen would like to speak to him.

Correct and dignified in their tightly-buttoned coats, the two men entered the room and bowed. Then one said:

"You will have seen from our cards that we came from M. Hardouin." He paused, waiting for Deslandes to answer.

"Well," said the latter, after a moment, "pray proceed."

"This is not the reception we expected," said the second of the gentlemen. "It is contrary to all the rules of such affairs of honor. Since you refuse to explain, M. Hardouin has charged us to represent him and to demand—"

Deslandes bounded to his feet.

"Do you mean that you have the impudence to come here and tell me that a M. Hardouin, whom I never before heard of, has challenged me to a duel? Tell me, where does this M. Hardouin live?"

"Furnished with the address, the novelist was off like a shot, leaving

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In this beautiful pile Carpet we show some exquisite patterns suited for use in drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, libraries, etc. Our prices are the same as last year, viz., **1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50, and 2.75**

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Our buyer, while in the English market, was fortunate enough to clear a splendid line of Axminsters from a noted maker at a very special price; our customers get the benefit for we have put them on **1.25** sale at, per yard

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From the immense variety in stock we select these very special values for particular mention. The designs and colorings are very choice.

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6 ft. 10 in. x 4 ft. 10 in. 40.00

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No. 3,318—Irish Point Curtains, 54 in. x 31-2 yards; a beautiful Louis XV. border with plain centre; sale price, per pair **7.00**
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No. 9,178—Irish Point Curtains, 54 in. x 31-2 yards, an exceedingly effective stripe and delicate floral pattern; sale **7.50** price, per pair
No. 2,068—Irish Point Curtains, 54 in. x 31-2 yards; an exceedingly effective stripe and delicate floral pattern; sale price, **7.25** per pair
No. 19,111—Irish Point Curtains, 63 in. x 21-2 yards; a charming Empire design, with double border; sale price, per **8.50** pair
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the two correct and dignified gentlemen victims to the greatest astonishment.

It was not without difficulty that Deslandes succeeded in gaining access to M. Hardouin, and when he finally entered he was greeted with—

"Ah, you come, I suppose, from M. Deslandes?"

"Not at all! I am M. Deslandes."

"What? Do I not know who I am?"

"I doubt it, sir. To my regret, I am positive that you are not the man whose name you have borrowed. The man in question is dark-haired, while your hair is light; he wears a moustache and you have a beard, and, if you will pardon me, you have the air of a gentleman, while he was a wretched scamp."

"Well, if I am not Pierre Deslandes who am I?" groaned the novelist, feeling that the days of witchcraft were not yet at an end.

Just then M. Hardouin's sister-in-law, a charmingly pretty girl of eighteen, entered the room.

"Why, M. Deslandes," she cried, both hands outstretched, "how glad I am to meet you again! There, I told you, Alfred," she continued, turning to the astonished M. Hardouin, "that it could not have been the real M. Deslandes whom you met yesterday. Pray leave us alone and I am sure that I can unravel this mystery much better than you. M. Deslandes and I are old friends."

Mlle. Lucille waved her brother out of the room and then sat down near the perplexed author.

"You see," she explained, "M. Hardouin swears that he met you yesterday at a luncheon, when you—how shall I say it—made evident your admiration for my sister. I was equally certain that it was not you he had met, but there is only one Pierre Deslandes, the novelist. There is some secret somewhere, and we will soon be able to find it out, but do not let us talk about it now. I want to hear about your books, which I have read with the greatest admiration."

Entranced by her beauty, Deslandes talked eagerly, feeling that he had at last found the ideal woman he had so often blindly described in his pages.

When he finally rose to go he begged permission to come again, a request which Lucille, blushing prettily, granted him.

A month later Pierre Deslandes received the following letter from his old friend, Maxime Richard:

"My Dear Boy,—I have a confession to make to you which I have put off from day to day. Not long ago I went to your villa to ask you on the part of a Mme. Marnier, an excellent, though superstitious lady, to take lunch with her, as her guests sat at the table. Not finding you I was obliged to pick up the first man I met, whom in a spirit of evil jest I introduced under your name.

"But what a terrible double I gave you! I bow myself in the dust at your feet. For a while all went well, but, alas! after a too copious imbibing of Mme. Mariner's good

wines, you—pardon me, the false Deslandes—became jovial and—and, can you guess the rest from the fact that M. Hardouin's seconds called upon you the next day?"

"I tremble at the thought of all that I have brought upon your innocent head, but I did not dare to warn you, as your genuine surprise was your best proof of guiltlessness. Write me and tell me if you forgive me, or if I must ever consider myself the most wretched of scoundrels."

The artist had not long to wait for his reply. When the return letter came it said simply:

"You have given me the happiness of my life! I have not fought with M. Hardouin, nor does Mme. Hardouin consider that I have insulted her, since in two weeks she is to give me her own sister as my wife. I forgive you because you have repented. But you owe me this reparation: come and be best man at my wedding."

"Wew!" whistled the artist as he put the letter in his pocket. "There's a marriage that has cost me a good

deal of worry! It's astonishing how one sometimes renders a man the greatest service possible—without the slightest intention of doing so!"

From the French of F. Berthold.

In Nature's Storehouse There Are Cures.—Medical experiments have shown conclusively that there are medicinal virtues in even ordinary plants growing up around us which give them a value that cannot be estimated. It is held by some that Nature provides a cure for every disease which neglect and ignorance have visited upon man. However, it may be, it is well known that Parneelee's Vegetable Pills, distilled from roots and herbs, are a sovereign remedy in curing all disorders of the digestion.

BISHOP McEVAY AT PETROLEA. His Lordship Bishop McEvay of London reopened the church at Petrolea on Sept 24th. The church had been closed for repairs. About thirty candidates received confirmation.

PSYCHINE

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There is nothing else in the whole world that will bring back the color to the cheek, restore the dormant energies, revive drooping spirits, or put new life into the tired, listless, weakened system, as "PSYCHINE" will do it. There is really only one great tonic, and that is "PSYCHINE." Combining all the properties that make rich, pure blood, bringing back the lost appetite, driving away melancholy, creating new strength.

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Amprion, Ont., Sept. 16th, 1904.

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Daily Routine of Holy Father

His Holiness continues to be a very early riser; his attendant, Sili, finds him when he knocks at the door shortly after five every morning engaged in reciting the little hours of his breviary. The daily mass (and Pius X. has never omitted to celebrate during the last two years) begins at six; the mass of thanksgiving, offered by one of his private secretaries, is over shortly before seven. The Pope's breakfast is truly Italian—a cup of coffee and milk, and a slice of bread—and occupied a bare five minutes of the Holy Father's time, after which when the heat of the morning is not too intense, he takes a walk for half an hour or so in the Vatican gardens, never failing to kneel for a few minutes at the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes. Before eight he is back again in his study immersed in the mass of correspondence which every morning brings him. About nine he begins to receive the reports of the different congregations, to sign their various decisions, and to decide any complicated questions that may have been left over for him. Little more than an hour is left for this part of the day's work, and immediately it is over Cardinal Merry del Val appears with a heap of papers of all kinds—diplomatic documents, episcopal appointments, reports of nuncios or delegates, financial statements, extracts from the daily press and so on—all of which are carefully examined by His Holiness. Meanwhile, the ante-chambers are being peopled by cardinals, bishops, prefects of the congregation and private individuals waiting for the audience arranged for them by Mgr. Bisiotti, the Pope's maestro di camera, and with all these the Holy Father is engaged until about half-past twelve. He dines usually with his secretary, and always with somebody (for a few days' experiment of solitary dining after his election was as much as Pius X. could stand) shortly after one, and the very frugal meal with its familiar conversation never lasts a whole hour.

Like all Romans and Venetians, the Holy Father sleeps for an hour in the oppressive noonday. Before resuming work he finishes the day's writing and studying until half-past five. Another crowd is usually waiting him when he leaves his private library. There may be a few private audiences to accord, but they are brief, and take hardly more time than the public one at which the Holy Father passes slowly before some hundreds of pilgrims and strangers, giving his hand to each to kiss. At half-past six the Pope is alone with his secretary in the loggia. Through the open windows they have a wonderful view of Rome and the Tiber, and the chain of Latin hills in the distance, as they walk to and fro for the best part of the hour. Then Pius X. returns to his apartment, works again at his desk until nine, takes supper, finishes his breviary, skims a few of the day's newspapers, and at half-past ten retires for the night. And he has no holidays!—Tablet.

When death comes our possessions are only in our way. We carry nothing with us; we leave everything behind. A Chinese encyclopaedia of 5,020 volumes has been added to the library of the British Museum.

FARM LABORERS

Farmers Desiring Help for the coming season should apply at once to the Government Free Farm Labor Bureau.

Write for application form to THOS. SOUTHWORTH, Director of Colonization, TORONTO

The Catholic Swiss Mountaineers

Anna Seaton Schmidt has a charming sketch of the Swiss mountaineer's life in the August Atlantic Monthly. She writes of the blessing of the fields and cattle in the Alpine hills: "The sun was sinking behind the western mountains, the snowy heights of the Dent du Midi flaming crimson in its glowing light, as I crossed the fields where Rosalie had hastily prepared a little altar. Before it stood a priest in white vestments. The rude table, the queer little candlesticks and artificial flowers were transfused for me, as God's minister implored Him to bless the earth, to bring forth its fruits for His children, to hold all living creatures within His care. Felix knelt on the ground beside his mother; their faces shone with the light of a perfect faith. Living close to the most stupendous mysteries of Nature, these peasants realize their absolute dependence on Him Who created it. When winter snow shuts them away from the world and they have for companionship only the vast mountains, from whose rocky heights the glacial torrents thunder, the avalanches crash down upon them, their sublime faith lifts their souls to the heavens above where dwells their all-loving Father. They do not fear death; it but opens No Alcohol in It—Alcohol or any other volatile matter which would impair strength by evaporation does not in any shape enter into the manufacture of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Nor do climatic changes affect it. It is as serviceable in the Arctic Circle as in the Torrid Zone, perhaps more useful in the higher latitudes, where man is more subject to colds from exposure to the elements."

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What You get Free by Writing to Us For selling twelve pictures we give a solid gold ring set with rubies and pearls, or a hand-made watch, or a clock, or a knife, fork, and spoon. For selling 25 pictures, the above described watch, or one dozen silver teaspoons. Also other presents such as silver picture frames, instruments, Sporting Goods, Bicycles, Sewing, Writing and Talking Machines, Cameras, Books, etc. Please understand there is no risk whatever in taking these pictures. We trust you absolutely, and it costs you nothing to try. Thousands of pictures have been received from delighted customers. Our pictures are finished in front ten to seventeen beautiful colors, and are real works of art. If sold in art stores they would cost \$1.00. They are the latest selling goods on the market. Everybody buys. **There is no can't about it. YOU CAN.** Don't sell trumpery jewelry set out by unscrupulous persons. You lose customers if you do. Sell an article of merit and one that the people like to buy, and see how quickly you can earn a costly premium.

Reasons for Liberty We are going to introduce our Pictures all over the world, and have set aside \$5,000 to be spent in giving away valuable presents to those who are willing to help us. This is one of the most sensational strokes of advertising ever launched, and we will carry it out, as our reputation depends upon the fulfillment of every promise made. In these days of active competition in business enterprises, it is necessary to do something startling to outstrip one's rivals, and that is just what we intend to do. Of course a large amount of cash and nerve are required to enable anyone to take the lead. We have both Nerve and Cash, and are ready to give a share of the **Cash to You** in presents. We guarantee satisfaction to all who do business with us.

WHAT TO DO Fill in your name (in full) on this form, or if you prefer, copy the form on a sheet of paper, sign it and post to us in an envelope. C. S. BORG, Mgr.

Gentlemen—Please send me your parcel of 25 pictures, which I will do my best to sell for you at 25c each. When I have sold them, and you have received the \$2.50 obtained by the sale of them it is understood that you will send me absolutely free a lady's or gent's real Gold plated Watch or any other present I may choose from your list, should I fail to sell all your pictures. I hereby agree to return these unused, within four weeks of the date I receive them, when you will send me a present according to the quantity sold.

Name in full..... Address in full..... When writing, state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss. Give fullest possible address as goods and watches are frequently returned to us through the post, marked "Can't be found." Our own full address is C. S. BORG, Mgr., Clerk, Englewood Station, Chicago, Ill.

the door of His kingdom. "Why should we be afraid of death, made-moiselle, when it leads us to God?" asked a pretty young peasant. And old Madeleine says: "Ah, made-moiselle, we mountain people love solitude. We can think more of God. He is nearer to us when we are alone."

Miss Schmidt tells of another dear old peasant whose smiling face always welcomed the tourists to his little home. A born collector, he revelled in the costumes, linens, and embroideries bequeathed to him by his ancestors. "My father," he said, "was ninety-four when he died; he, too, loved the ancient costumes. I have one which he often wore. I put it on in his honor for our greatest feasts. But look at this head-dress—you never saw anything quite so old, now did you, made-moiselle? My great-great-grandmother wore it when she was married." His face fairly beamed with joy. Miss Schmidt tells us, as he took from his carved chest the treasures of the past. In many of the linens the dates 1557 and 1622 were woven. One set of these linens he loved most of all—a set for the dying, when the whole room is hinged in white for the coming of the Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. He held up piece after piece of the most exquisitely embroidered linens and laces that were to cover the walls, to be thrown over the bed, and held in the trembling hands of the dying communicant.

"When my father and mother died," said the old man, "it was I who made the room all white and beautiful; when my turn comes, my sister has promised to do this for me." "But," asked the writer, "when you see this white room and you know it prepared for death, will it not frighten you?" The old man answered: "Oh, no, that will be a happy day, a time of great joy." "Dear old Isidore," comments Miss Schmidt, "I love to think of him in that still white room, his white soul waiting to pass into a higher life. Meaning while he was not unhappy. There is nothing of melancholy in the religious characters of these peasants. They have a keen sense of humor and a very practical turn of mind that makes them provide for this world as well as the next"—Sacred Heart Review.

SHE WAS IN BED FOR THREE YEARS

Pain Racked Woman Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Strong Statement by Mrs. Jas. Hughes, of Morley, Ont.—She's Strong and Healthy Once More.

Morley, Ont., Oct. 2.—(Special.)—What Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing for the suffering women of Canada will never be fully known. It is only when some courageous woman breaks the secrecy that covers woman and her troubles that a passing glimpse of their great work is given. For this reason a statement made by Mrs. Jas. Hughes, of this place, is of more than passing interest. "I was a great sufferer for four years," says Mrs. Hughes, "I was treated by five doctors and a specialist from the U.S. I tried nearly every kind of medicine I could hear of, but none seemed to do me any good.

"I was in bed for nearly three years. I had pains in my spinal column, in my head, over my eyes, across my back and through my left side. I took fourteen boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and now I am strong and able to do a good day's work, thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

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Calendar with full information may be had on application. A. T. LAING, Registrar.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST Homestead Regulations

ANY even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, 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 may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader resides in any other district, to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent for the district in which the land is situate, receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES: A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required 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 may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT should be made at the end of 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.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST MINING REGULATIONS.
Coal.—Coal lands may be purchased at \$10 per acre for soft coal and \$20 for anthracite. Not more than 320 acres can be acquired by one individual or company. Royalty at the rate of ten cents per ton of 2,000 pounds shall be collected on the gross output.
Quartz.—A free miner's certificate is granted upon payment in advance of \$7.50 per annum for an individual, and from \$50 to \$100 per annum for a company, according to capital.

A free miner, having discovered mineral in place, may locate a claim 1,000 x 1,500 feet.
The fee for recording a claim is \$5.
At least \$100 must be expended on the claim each year or paid to the mining recorder in lieu thereof. When \$200 has been expended or paid, the locator may, upon having a survey made, and upon complying with other requirements, purchase the land at \$1 an acre.

The patent provides for the payment of a royalty of 2 1/2 per cent. on the sales of PLACER mining claims generally are 100 feet square; entry fee \$5, renewable yearly.
A free miner may obtain two leases to dredge for gold of five miles each for a term of twenty years, renewable at the discretion of the Minister of the Interior. The lessee shall have a dredge in operation within one season from the date of the lease for each five miles. Rental, \$10 per annum for each mile of river leased. Royalty at the rate of 2 1/2 per cent. collected on the output after it exceeds \$10,000.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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In and Around Toronto

CONGRATULATIONS, MR. W. P. MURPHY.

The many friends of Mr. W. P. Murphy, one of the oldest employees of the Massey Harris Company, will be pleased to learn that he has been appointed to a position in the Civil Service at Postal Station A, at the union station, Toronto, at a salary of \$600.00 per annum.

DOUBLE CELEBRATION.

The double celebration of the Feast of the Holy Rosary and of St. Michael, patron of the Archdiocese, was observed throughout the city on Sunday last. At the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, a sermon by His Grace the Archbishop, marked the day. The celebrant of the Mass was Rev. Father Whelan, who was assisted by Rev. Fathers Murray and Ryan as deacon and sub-deacon. Rev. Father Rohleder attended at the Altar. His Grace preached an eloquent and instructive sermon on the great archangel St. Michael.

DEATH OF E. J. COSTELLO.

The death of Edward Joseph Costello, fourth son of the late Michael Costello, which occurred on September 28th, is one more proof that God's ways are not our ways, and that those He calls to Himself, are in many instances the ones seemingly most needed and most loved on earth. Mr. Costello, in the ordinary course of events, had a long life before him, for he was only twenty-six years of age. One of a large and affectionate family, and of an upright and amiable disposition which won him many friends, life seemed full of promise until about three years ago, when a gradually weakening constitution advised a removal to Waco, Texas. Houston in the same state was also tried for a while, and with some seeming improvement the young man again sought his home. The end, however, was only delayed and despite all efforts to save, death came rather suddenly about three weeks after his return. Before leaving for Texas Mr. Costello had been for some years engaged with the Catholic Register and his conscientious service and attractive disposition are remembered by all with whom he was associated. The funeral took place from 18 Sussex avenue, to St. Basil's church, on Saturday, September 30th. Rev. Father Finnegan, C.S.B., saying the mass of requiem, and many friends assisting. Mr. Costello is survived by five brothers, Rev. J. J. Costello, C.S.B., of Waco, Texas; William of Chicago, Peter and Michael of Toronto, and Cyril at the Assumption College, Sandwich, and three sisters, Minnie, Nellie and Cecilia of Toronto. R.I.P.

THE LATE MR. DE LAPLANTE.

Among recent deaths is that of Mr. Maglorie De LaPlante, who died at his residence, 29 Homewood avenue, after an illness of two weeks, and whose funeral took place from the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes on Monday, Oct. 2nd. The deceased gentleman, who was well known in Montreal and New York, had lived retired in this city for some years. He is survived by three sons, Albert of Buffalo, L. A. De LaPlante of East Toronto, and the senior partner of the De LaPlante & McBurney Lumber Co., R.I.P.

KOSTER—SEAGER.

A quiet wedding was celebrated at Holy Rosary Church, St. Clair avenue, Wednesday morning, when Miss Lillian Seager, only daughter of Mr. Chas. Seager of Thornhill, was united in wedlock to John Koster of Queen street. Rev. Father Ryan performing the ceremony. The bride was given away by her father, and was handsomely gowned in cream silk eolonne, over taffeta, with veil and wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. Miss Margaret Fitzpatrick, cousin of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, and was gowned in champagne crepe de chene, and carried a bouquet of roses. The groom was supported by Abner Perros. After the ceremony the wedding party, consisting of immediate relatives, adjourned to the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Fitzpatrick of Davisville, where a breakfast was served, after which Mr. and Mrs. Koster left for an extensive tour of the east.

ST. FRANCIS SCHOOL HONOR ROLL.

Rev. F. W. McCann and Trustee Carey presided at the distribution of testimonials on Monday.
Fourth Form—Excellent—F. Bero, Chas. Corcoran, F. Byron, J. Finley, F. McGinn, J. Matthews, B. Donovan.
Senior Third Form—F. Balise, Adis Byrne, P. Bero, W. Kennedy.
Result of Monthly Examination: Fourth Form—1, F. McGinn; 2, J. Matthews; 3, F. Byron.
Senior Third—1, T. Belisle; 2, P. Bero; 3, W. Kennedy.
Results of Sept. Examination.
Junior III—1, Wm. Cahill; 2, Fred Kearns; 3, N. Carroll.
Senior II—1, Ed. Murphy; 2, H. Harrigan; 3, Jno. Harkins.
Junior III—1, G. Kelly, F. Kearns, Wm. Cahill, N. Carroll, Wm. Fogarty, Ed. Stacey.
Senior II—1, Ed. Murphy, Ed. Case, N. Cummings, Jno. Harkins.

THE ROSARY EXPLAINED.

At St. Francis' Church on Sunday last, the Feast of the Holy Rosary, Rev. Father McCann, P.P., gave a very lucid and interesting account of the origin and significance of the Holy Rosary. "We have all heard over and over again the story of the

origin of the Rosary," said Father McCann, but as this is the beginning of the month specially devoted to it, it is well that we hear it again. It was in the 13th century when Saint Dominic, almost despairing of recalling the many who were drawn from the Church and its doctrines by the teachings of the Albigenses had recourse to the Blessed Virgin, and in response to his appeal she gave him the Rosary and told him to go forth and teach it to the people and say it with and for them. Saint Dominic obeyed and what missionaries and Popes could not accomplish was brought about by the ceaseless repetition of the "beads." The Albigenses denied the divinity of Our Lord, but the oft repeated words "Holy Mary Mother of God," sank with the force of truth into the hearts of the listeners and they returned in thousands. We say the Rosary to-day as it was said in the days of St. Dominic. The Creed with which we begin it is a grand profession of our Faith, the profession made by the apostles themselves, then the Our Father is the prayer taught by Our Lord Himself, the three Hail Marys and the Glory be to the Father are in honor of the Blessed Trinity and the fifteen decades are an epitome of the entire life of Our Redeemer. First we have the five joyful mysteries giving us five joyful pictures, the angel making the great Announcement to Our Blessed Lady, her visit to St. Elizabeth, the birth of the Divine Child, the reception of the Child Jesus by Holy Simon in the temple, and the finding of her Son by the Blessed Virgin after her long and agonizing search. Then come the five sorrowful scenes. The agony in the garden, an agony so keen that it is beyond all human understanding, next the scourging at the pillar, then the cruel crowning with thorns, the ignominious carrying of the Cross, and the final act in the sad drama, the crucifixion. Lastly, we have the five glorious mysteries, giving us five glorious scenes. The Resurrection of Our Lord, principal proof of His divinity, His ascension into Heaven, the coming of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles and the last two, the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin and her coronation in Heaven, the whole giving us a beautiful chain or rosary, the inseparable links of which are Our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother.

THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

During the month of October the "beads" will be recited daily in the churches, and on Wednesday and Friday evenings public devotions will be held in all the churches of the city.

POISONED BY TOADSTOOLS.

Mr. Andrew Goulding of 74 McMurray avenue, Toronto Junction, and his four-year-old son, died a few days ago from the effects of toad-stool poisoning. The family of eight partook of the fungi thinking them to be mushrooms. All became ill, and the results were fatal to the father and his little son. Mr. Goulding, who was sixty-four years of age, had lived in Weston before moving to the Junction. The funerals took place from St. Cecilia's Church to Mount Hope Cemetery. R.I.P.

OUT OF TOWN WEDDINGS

MACDONALD—CUMMING.

A very pretty September wedding took place at 11 o'clock on Tuesday morning, in St. Columban's church, when William H. Macdonald, superintendent of the Canadian Colored Cotton Goods Company's mill at Milltown, N.B., son of John A. Macdonald of the Department of Trade and Commerce, Ottawa, was united in marriage to Miss Nellie Cumming of Cornwall. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Vicar-General Corbet. The church was filled with friends of the young couple, both of whom are very popular in Cornwall, where the groom resided for about 10 years. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a suit of white serge, with a white boa and white picture hat. She carried a bouquet of white roses and maiden hair fern. The bride and groom were unattended. After the nuptial benediction the bridal party drove to the residence of the bride's father, where a recherche luncheon awaited them. The dining room was tastefully decorated with carnations, smilax and maiden hair fern. There were no guests outside of the near relatives of the contracting parties. Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald left on the International Limited on a three weeks wedding trip, after which they will take up their residence in Milltown, N.B.
Several hundred young friends of the young couple were at the depot to bid them good speed.

HOGAN—FITZPATRICK.

A quiet but pretty wedding was solemnized at St. Patrick's church last week by Rev. M. J. Whelan, the contracting parties being Mr. Daniel Hogan of Oshkosh, Wis., and Miss Annie, daughter of Mr. T. Fitzpatrick of Turner street. The bride was becomingly attired in a blue broadcloth suit with hat to match, and was assisted by Miss Emma Crilly, who looked pretty in champagne voile. The groom was supported by Mr. T. Fitzpatrick, brother of the bride. Wedding breakfast was served at the bride's home after which Mr. and Mrs. Hogan left for Toronto and Niagara Falls. On their return they will reside at 217 Turner street. The

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bride was the recipient of many useful and valuable presents.

POUSSETTE—KINGSMILL.

An interesting wedding to the people of Ottawa was that on Thursday Ethel Dudley Kingsmill, daughter of the late Mr. G. R. Kingsmill and Mrs. Kingsmill of Ottawa, to Mr. Guy F. Poussette of Winnipeg, son of Dr. and Mrs. Poussette of Sarnia. The ceremony was a very quiet one and took place at 9 a.m. at St. Joseph's Church, only the near friends and relatives being present. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. Bouchette Anderson of Toronto, and wore her traveling gown of dark brown cloth, with a very pretty white beaver hat, trimmed with crimson roses. The young couple will reside in Winnipeg, for which point they left on the train.

MCCARTHY—HOGAN.

The marriage of Miss Winnifred, eldest daughter of Mr. Wm. Hogan, of Selwyn, to Mr. John McCarthy of Peterboro, took place on September 26th, Rev. Father Phelan officiating.
The ceremony was performed at 10 o'clock in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends of the contracting parties. The bride looked charming in a gown of cream crepe de chine over taffeta silk, with picture hat of lace and flowers. The bridesmaid, Miss Laura Hogan, was beautifully attired in blue taffeta silk, and wore a blue palm velvet toque. The groom was assisted by Mr. Joseph McCarthy. The music was of a charming character, Mendelssohn's Wedding March being played by Miss Lottie Kearney, organist of the church; an Ave Maria being beautifully rendered by Miss Laura Torpey, East City.
At the conclusion of the ceremony the party drove to the residence of the bride's father, at Selwyn, where a dainty breakfast was served to the guests, who assembled to the number of about one hundred.
Many guests were present from a distance, including relatives and friends from London, Stratford and Seaford.

A DOUBLE WEDDING.

On Wednesday of last week Rev. Father Phelan of Young's Point officiated at a double wedding, the participants being Mr. John Mahoney, son of Mr. Simon Mahoney, one of the oldest residents of the district, and Miss Ellen O'Brien, and the second principals, Mr. Jas. Mahoney, postmaster of Clydesdale, son of the late Patrick Mahoney, and Miss Elizabeth Hobbins. A joint breakfast was afterwards served at the residence of Mr. Jas. Pratt. The double event afforded quite a social sensation, the principals in the case being exceedingly popular.

HALLIDAY—WELLINGTON.

A quiet wedding was celebrated in St. Peter's Cathedral Sept. 26th, when Miss Florence Wellington was married to Mr. James Halliday, both of London.
The bride was assisted by her sister, Miss Lillian Wellington, and Mr. Herbert Halliday, brother of the groom, was best man. Rev. Father Stanley officiated.
Mr. and Mrs. Halliday left for Guelph, where they will reside in future.

Graduation at St. Michael's Hospital

An event of importance and interest took place at St. Michael's Hospital on Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock, when twelve young ladies who had put in their three years of training, received their diplomas and medals and were accredited to the public fully qualified as professional nurses.

Owing to lack of space only a very small gathering, consisting of the medical staff of the house, members of the Community in charge, and the nurses, were present. Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann presided and was assisted in the distribution of diplomas by Doctor Oldright. The Very Rev. chairman congratulated the graduates and gave them some practical advice; the time spent, he said, at the hospital, though seemingly lengthy, was none too long to prepare for the important work before them. Dr. Oldright, who spoke next, referred with much feeling to the absence of Dr. Wallace, and said that the beautiful article that appeared lately in a prominent newspaper headed "The Blessed Physician," contained words which he doubted not, but thousands throughout the city would reiterate. Continuing, Dr. Oldright looked to the graduating class to uphold the reputation of St. Michael's Hospital, and gave the nurses some kindly hints for future direction. Dr. Cameron said they had reason to be pleased and proud at the manner in which the nurses had done their duties in the hospital and hoped they would do as well in the world. Dr. Bingham spoke of the vast improvement that had taken place in the training during the past few years, and congratulated the Sisters on the results. Dr. McKeown regretted that more could not be present on such occasions; it was due to the nurses that the public should know and be witness to their achievements. The advice that as many as possible should take a post-graduate course was given by Dr. Bruce. The nurses were reminded by Dr. Ross that they were now responsible for themselves and that it was not the duty of the physician in charge to assume responsibility for the acts of the nurse. Doctors Nevett, Mellwraith, McLennon, Marlow, Crawford, Shuttleworth and O'Brien had each a word to say, and the consensus of opinion was that the graduating class of '05 was the finest of the many fine classes that claimed St. Michael's Hospital as their Alma Mater. Special praise was given Miss Graves, head nurse, by Dr. Oldright and others, for her efficient methods in training those under her charge.

After a few words of farewell from Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann and Dr. Oldright, the nurses and their friends adjourned to an apartment where dainty refreshments were prepared. A magnificent cluster of red and white roses presented by the class of '06 adorned the table, testifying to the good feeling existing between the incoming and the outgoing graduates. The young ladies who received diplomas and medals are:
Elizabeth R. Green, Toronto.
Anna Wever, Peterborough.
Rose E. Casserly, Tottenham.
Rose Kimmnet, St. Catharines.
Agnes M. Brennan, Penetanguishene.
Veronica Winterhalt, Berlin.

Bessie E. Mills, London.
Anna M. Connor, Toronto.
Alice Thompson, St. Catharines.
Helen I. Cloffy, Ottawa.
Winnifred Warnica, Gravenhurst.
Juelle C. Sullivan, Stratford.

Catholic Irish Negroes

Under the barbarous rule of Cromwell and his agents in Ireland two centuries and a half ago, some thousands of Irish boys and girls, many of them of tender age, were banished to the West India Islands, and sold as slaves to the tobacco planters, a tragic feature of Irish history, which is recalled by a recent event in London thus noted by the Dublin Freeman's Journal:
"A day or two ago John Edward Quinlan, the black open-air orator from the West Indies, was charged at Marylebone (London police court) with obstruction, and declared that he was 'as good as any white man.' He certainly bore a white man's name, for the Quinlans are a numerous class in Ireland. Some years ago, as the Daily News (London) relates, a vessel with Irish sailors on board put into a West India port, and a boat load of negroes came out to meet it. The sailors were amazed to hear the negroes talking to each other in the ancient Gaelic tongue. Where did they acquire the language? The natural conjecture, of course, was that the Irish language was taken to the West Indies by the thousands of Irishmen and Irishwomen who were banished to the West Indies by Cromwell, and sold as slaves to the planters there."
And they preserved not only the language, but the religion of the Gael, as Mr. Edmond Downey, the Irish novelist, illustrates as follows in a letter to the Daily News on the Quinlan incident in which he writes:
"If you are interested in the Irish negro question, I could refer you to Chapters 24 and 25 of my 'Captain Lanigan's Log.' There I describe an Irish negro crew, and the description has in it little, if any, exaggeration. I met the crew, and sailed some hours in their company. The captain was a connection of mine, and he told me the tale pretty much as I have told it in 'Lanigan's Log.' One anecdote of his 'smoked Irishmen' (as he called them) I did not tell in the book. On his first voyage with the crew—all the foeste hands were of the same kidney—the ship arrived in Portland (Oregon) one day in Holy Week. The crew asked him if they might go ashore as soon as everything was snug on board. The skipper was fearful of losing the men, and followed them (unseen by them). They headed straight for a Catholic church! And the skipper told me he was quite edified by the devoutness of his crew at Mass."
It is said that even still in parts of some of the West Indian Islands the Gaelic tongue is the language of many of the natives.

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Monsieur Duhamel

It is reported that His Grace Archbishop Duhamel will leave for Rome on Saturday, Oct. 31th, accompanied by Rev. Father Lombard and Rev. Father Guillaume.

Archbishop Gauthier

Prior to his near visit to Rome His Grace, Archbishop Gauthier of Kingston was tendered a beautiful reception and entertainment by the pupils of the Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame at Gloucester street Convent.

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