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PRICE FIVE CENTS

REFORM OF CHURCH MUSIC

The Summer School at Appuldurcombe

An interesting article upon the Gregorian Movement in England and Ireland has appeared in the "Verite Francaise" from the pen of M. Hermeline, Professor at the Catholic Institute, Paris. Having described the history of the movement in these countries, M. Hermeline writes: "The ground had already been prepared there when two events occurred which were destined to give a great impetus to the existing movement. The first was the removal of Solesmes to Appuldurcombe, in the Isle of Wight, an event which transferred to England the centre of Gregorian studies and the model rendering of Plain Song; the second was the 'Motu Proprio' of Pius X. There have been, and there still are, complaints against this act of the Pope amongst Catholics beyond the Channel; but on the whole, and especially in Ireland, there was a noteworthy readiness to bow to the decisions of the Sovereign Pontiff.

It was then that, in his love for Plain Chant, Father Moloney conceived the idea of gathering priests and choirmasters to hear the office as sung by the Benedictines, and to get instruction from them at Appuldurcombe. Imitating a custom common in England, and even more so in America, he had it announced in the newspapers that there would be held at Appuldurcombe, during the last fortnight in August, a summer school for the study of Gregorian Plain Song.

The summons was obeyed. From the 15th of August all the available rooms in the little village of Wroxall, situated about a quarter of an hour from the abbey, had been engaged, and several who came later were obliged to find lodgings in the neighboring town of Ventnor. At the first conference there were about forty-five persons. Others came subsequently, and the number of those who took advantage of the lessons rose to sixty-three. There were ecclesiastics, organists, choirmasters, from various places in England, and especially from Ireland. Even America was represented. The lonely road leading from the monastery to the village was darkened four times daily by a procession of priests and musicians, carrying their books under their arms, and discussing the revelation they had found in the new Plain Song; and in the evening the streets of the village were filled by Irishmen of fine proportions and athletic forms.

The first point in the programme was assistance at the offices, in which Plain Chant was heard in its living function; and the first High Mass was a Requiem sung unaccompanied, which at once held and confused the listeners. For, apart from the beauty of those melodies of the Mass for the dead, Plain Chant would seem to produce most effect when unaccompanied. Then there was the teaching proper. This consisted of two addresses of general interest, one by Mr. Booth on the history of Plain Song, the other by Father Moloney on the aesthetics of Church music, and then of a series of practical instructions, in which the lecturer, turning his knowledge of English to account, made clear to his hearers how necessary it is to forget the notions of modern music in order to understand Gregorian melody, and especially its rhythm.

The members of the Summer School were allowed by the Prior to visit the workshop, in which the monks work under his direction at the preparation of the Vatican edition. There numerous MSS. are gathered, borrowed from many sources for this purpose, and amongst them are the famous Antiphoners of St. Gall. The MSS. which could not be borrowed are represented by copies or photographs, and two monks are at present travelling in search of MSS. to reproduce; and in this manner there have already been accumulated, and there will continue to be accumulated, hundreds of witnesses to the Gregorian tradition. To collect them is something, but to collate them is another thing, and one which demands not alone the patient labor of one monk, but that of a whole body. They write on another close-

ly-lined sheet of paper all the readings of a melody in the different MSS., in such a manner that the same neumes are exactly above one another, in columns separated by vertical lines, so that you can thus take in, at one glance, the history not only of a melody, but of each group of notes in that melody. The next thing is to reduce these varied elements to one—to note the resemblances, to choose between the variants, by taking account of several considerations, but especially of antiquity, and to present this work to the Commission charged with the duty of fixing the official text of the chant of the Church. Several thousands of these tables of comparison have already been written by the young monks employed by the Reverend Father Prior; for the work was undertaken in view of a critical edition, long before there was any question of the Vatican edition.

The members of the Summer School were able to understand, by casting a glance over the MSS., or even over any one of these tables, the evolution by which, in the course of centuries, the square notation, and then the modern, rose out of the neume. To the uninitiated the neumes are a kind of mysterious hieroglyphics, points and little lines apparently without a motive, and crawling like earthworms over the text to be sung. Even to the initiated they do not betray the whole secret of the melody; they indicate, in fact, the number of notes, and whether these rise or fall, but not precisely to what extent. Then there comes the appearance of a red line, above or below which the neumes wind; the indications grow more definite; other lines are added to the first, and the meaning is clear; the points or the lines become squares or lozenges grouped together like the ancient neumes of which they keep the names. All this ancient lore was certainly something very new to most of the members of the Summer School.

But as Plain Chant has not been finally buried in the dust of libraries, and as it lives still in the liturgy of the Church, it is not enough to see how it was written; you must also hear it sung. In addition to the choir offices the Father Prior was kind enough to enable his pupils (if indeed we should give that name to men some of whom had bald heads) to hear some especially striking pieces, which he had rendered by some of his best singers in the Chapter Hall. It was a performance of extraordinary beauty of which no idea can be formed by persons who have only heard the slow and disfigured plain chant of our churches. They sang first two of those sequences to the Blessed Virgin, of exquisite delicacy, which the musicians of the middle ages composed in a kind of ecstasy of love for Our Lady; then some pieces of a stronger, fuller beauty, and of more ancient origin, for instance the Easter Alleluia with its superb finale, and the great Christus factus est of Holy Week, so poignantly beautiful in its description of the sufferings of the Passion, and so triumphant in the sweeping movement of its second part; proper quod et dedit illi omen quod est super omne nomen. When you hear such a piece sung as it should be, you may fairly ask if ever musical inspiration has risen to greater heights.

All were delighted with the welcome and the lessons given to them, and with the singing of the monks, Mr. Donnelly, the Bishop Auxiliary of Dublin, who had spent eight days at the school, expressed the general feeling in the speech which he made before he left, to a gathering of the members. The same sentiment was expressed at a "tea" which was given, in the English fashion, by the Abbey to its guests. The Father Abbot received the thanks of the Summer School in French, Irish and English. He himself expressed the joy which he felt at receiving the members, and his sorrow at being unable to receive them at Solesmes. And Father Moloney, radiant at the success of his idea, accompanied to the station the different groups of visitors as they left, happy as they heard more than one say to him—'Until next year!'

PERSONAL

Mr. Thomas Rudden, the Catholic alderman for Liverpool, England, was in town a few days ago, visiting Mr. M. P. Mallon from whom he receives his Canadian stock.

Miss Cecelia O'Grady, the popular clerk at the Parliament Buildings, has returned from a most enjoyable trip to the World's Fair. She was accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Rowson of Boston, who, after a further visit in Toronto and Burlington, has returned to her eastern home.

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HISTORY OF STOLEN COPE

Mrs. C. E. Jeffery, writing in The Catholic Times, gives some interesting reflections upon the history of the Ascoli Piceno cope, now on exhibition at South Kensington, London, which was presented by Pope Nicholas IV. to the Cathedral of Ascoli Piceno, his native town. I see that a commission is to be sent by the ecclesiastical authorities to examine it, and, if it proves genuine, Mr. Pierpont Morgan is to be invited to state how he became possessed of it. It will be remembered that this cope was stolen from the Cathedral at Ascoli two years ago, and the affair is causing much discussion abroad as well as at home. It is believed that many other interesting and valuable relics that have mysteriously disappeared from churches in Italy and elsewhere have found their way to South Kensington. Describing the embroidery on the cope, a correspondent of the "Times" says: "One of the roundels or compartments gives a representation of the British king, St. Lucius, of iconographical rarity." I presume that this St. Lucius is the British king who "in 183, when Pope St. Eleutherius governed the Universal Church, sent envoys to Rome beseeching the Pope to despatch missionaries to baptize himself and his people." This is interesting, especially as one of our Anglican correspondents appeared to think I had invented St. Eleutherius, or at least that he was a mythical personage, a figment of the "Roman" brain.

By the bye, the interesting and learned correspondence to which this cope has given rise in the press, and especially in the "Times," and the conjectures formed as to its history, must have been as gall and wormwood to the "Church Times" and the promoters of the fiction that "England was never at any time Roman Catholic." It could not have been pleasant or conducive to belief in that fiction, for instance, to read the following: "This splendid vestment should interest all Englishmen. How came so fine a specimen of opus Anglicum to be presented by a late thirteenth century Pope to the Cathedral of his native town? It is not possible to say; but there is one fact which may help to explain the existence of this cope in Papal possession to which attention has not yet been drawn. Of the nine Cardinals created by Nicholas IV., who reigned from 1288 to 1292, two were Englishmen—Bernard, a Canon of York, Bishop of Osimo and Legate of Sicily, created Cardinal Bishop of Palestrina in 1288; and Theobald d'Etampes, a Cardinal priest in 1288; and Theobald d'Etampes, a Cardinal priest in 1288, the date of whose death is variously given as 1289 and 1298. Is it not probable, then, that the cope was a present to the Pope from one of these (English) ecclesiastics?"

Again, another "Times" says: "It was not unusual for English Bishops in the following century to send copes as presents to the Popes. Thus Walter Reynolds, Archbishop of Canterbury, sent to the Pope in A.D. 1322 the gift of a precious cope by the Papal penitentiary, John de Grotham (Col. Papal Letters II., 448). In 1332 John Hothan, Bishop of Ely, received the thanks of the Pope for the present of a sumptuously embroidered cope (Col. Papal Letters II., 511). In 1360 Bishop Grandisson, of Exeter, made his will, with the following bequest: 'I bequeath to our Lord the Supreme Pontiff a cope exceeding precious, of violet velvet embroidered with images, as well as my beautiful orphrey' ('Register,' edited by Prebendary Hingston Randolph, part III., p. 1,514).

Somehow or another, these facts do not seem to fit in with the "Catholic, but not Roman" theory; for if England were "never Roman Catholic," as the "Church Times" tells its readers, how on earth was it that the Pope made an English Canon of York Cardinal Bishop of Palestrina? And how came an English ecclesiastic,

CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE

A correspondent of the Paris Gaulois at Baltimore has had an interview with Cardinal Gibbons and obtained his opinion on the question of Church and State in France. Cardinal Gibbons, who, it appears, speaks good French, being questioned as to what he thought would come out of the separation of Church and State, said he could not venture to express an opinion, as France and the United States were two such different countries. Asked, however, what would be his attitude if he were a French Archbishop, the Cardinal replied that he would do his utmost to prevent the denunciation of the Concordat. He would speak differently if France had a government like that of the United States. He emphatically declared himself to be a partisan of a free Church in a free State. But would they in France have that liberty? He doubted it. What little he knew of the French Government led him to believe on the contrary, that the Church would have no liberty at all, and that separation would only be the beginning of fresh persecution. It was not sufficient for the Church to possess liberty; it was necessary also that it should be respected.

In America, the Cardinal continued, the Church never lacked the consideration of those who ruled the people. The American Government seemed, on the contrary, to make a point of showing it special regard, and seized every opportunity of proving their esteem for it. If the Church was so prosperous it was because it possessed not only liberty, but, above all, universal respect. Unfortunately, if once the Concordat were denounced in France, it would have neither one nor the other.

Cardinal Gibbons also called his attention to the fact that the financial conditions in France and the United States were entirely different. In America the Church was rich and self-supporting through the numerous gifts made by the Faithful. The latter consisted of two categories. There were the English, Irish, and Poles on the one hand, who were the more numerous and gave freely; on the other hand there were the Italians and the French, who never gave anything to the Church because they knew that in their own country the priest was paid by the Government, and consequently looked upon him as a State official. A generation would be required to teach these latter the duties they had contracted towards the Church. In the event of separation in France, years would be required to make the people understand that they ought to pay for their public worship and their priests. His Eminence anticipated a sad time for the French clergy. In the meantime he was fully persuaded that, thanks to its intellectual value and the spirit of self-sacrifice of the French priests, the Church would eventually triumph. France was not yet ripe for separation, but, come what might, Cardinal Gibbons was sure of the ultimate victory of the Church.

Back From Ireland

Rev. Father Kehoe, rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston, has returned home after a six months' visit to Ireland and Europe.

Bishop Grandisson, of Exeter, to bequeath his "cope exceedingly precious, of violet velvet, to our Lord the Supreme Pontiff?" We don't hear of Dr. Maclagan of Dr. Davidson making presents of "precious copes or beautiful orphreys" to our Lord the Supreme Pontiff, Pius X. And if not, why not?—supposing, of course, they belong to the same Church as their predecessors, who did. Do Ritualists never ponder these sort of things in their hearts?

SISTERS OF CHARITY MOBBED IN ARIZONA

Object to Their Adoption by Mexican Catholics—Trouble Laid to Religious, not Race, Prejudice

The following startling story appeared in "The Sun," New York, Thursday of this week:

Three Sisters of Charity, four nurses and Dr. M. Whitney Swayne left this city for Clifton and Morenci, Ariz., with forty young children from the New York Foundling Asylum, intending to place their charges with Mexican families in that neighborhood. The Sisters and nurses got back yesterday, nervous wrecks. They had been mobbed, threatened and run out of town, and had left nineteen of their charges in the hands of the Americans of Clifton, "kidnapped from us out and out," the Sisters say.

The authorities of the founding asylum didn't know it, but Clifton is one of the places where the old West lingers. The people in those parts carry their guns in front ready for action, and they use them. There is a big Mexican population; but the whites—the born Americans—look upon a Mexican in those parts as a Georgia Democrat looks upon George Washington Jones, colored, or as a Californian looks upon a Chinaman. The Sisters didn't know that, though. They were going on a report made by the Rev. C. Maudin, a Catholic priest of that district, who said that Mexicans would make excellent Catholic foster-parents for the children. They had twenty children destined for Clifton and twenty for Morenci. In just this way they have placed foundlings all over the West.

They got to Clifton late at night. The new foster-parents were waiting for them at the station. They wouldn't wait until morning, they wanted the children at once. Finally sixteen were handed over and four were taken to the hotel. Next morning, with the twenty-four children, the party drove over to Morenci and left fifteen. It was agreed, say the Sisters, that all the homes were to be inspected later and the children taken away if the foster-parents were not treating them well.

About the time they got back to the hotel at Morenci with their leftovers, say the Sisters, things began to happen. Two big men in leather caps and with conspicuous guns came into the hotel and ordered them to take the children away from the Mexicans. They said that they were deputies. The Sisters shudder when they recall the official language of the "deputies."

To keep the peace, the Mexicans brought the children back, all fifteen. About that time, trouble broke out in Clifton. The Americans objected to "farming out white babies on Mexicans." When they heard that the two Morenci deputies entered the hotel and arrested both Dr. Swayne and the Rev. E. Maudin, the priest, said Mother Theresa Vincent, of the founding asylum, yesterday, "but talked about law they said: 'We're the law here.' 'They said other things to the Sisters which can't be repeated,' added Mother Theresa.

The doctor and the priest got bail and went back to Clifton. A mob, headed by officers of the law, got hold of them and made them take all the sixteen children there away from the Mexican families and round them up at the hotel. At 11 o'clock in the morning the mob broke in, took all sixteen from the hotel and parceled them out among American families. The Sisters weren't consulted, they say.

On the same morning the two officers of Morenci and their friends, all showing guns, made very free with the Sisters' quarters in Morenci. There were nine children there. "They walked through the place as they liked," said a Sister yesterday, "and when one of them saw a pretty child whom he liked he just took it. We begged them to stop, but they laughed and swore at us. One of them said:

"What is a Sister, anyway? They carried off three children altogether." The mob in Clifton grew. They offered no violence, but every one had a gun, and they rambled through the Sisters' rooms in a steady procession. Here again, say the Sisters, they used the common Western variety of profanity and showed no respect for sex or cloth. All night half-drunken men invaded their rooms and kept them up, and at 5 o'clock in the morning an officer warned them that if they didn't leave they would be killed.

Dr. Swayne talked to the mob and finally struck a compromise. If they left town at once they would be allowed to take away the twenty-one children still in their hands, but the three kidnapped at Morenci and the sixteen apportioned at Clifton

POPE PIUS X. AND THE FREE-THINKERS

The following is a full translation of the Holy Father's Letter on the Free Thought Conference. It was written in reply to Cardinal Respighi, his Vicar-General.

My Lord Cardinal.—A new cause of pain has been added in these days to the many trials that the government of the Universal Church brings with it, especially in our times. We have learned with infinite regret that the so-called cultivators of Free Thought have met in Rome, and the unhappy echo of their speeches has only too strongly confirmed the malevolence of the designs they revealed when simply announcing their congress. The intelligence with which it has pleased the Creator to enrich us is a noble gift, but it is a sacrilegious insult to the Creator Himself to attempt to withdraw it from all dependence upon Him, or to exalt it so as to make it reject, the direction and strength of supernatural truth.

The gravity of the insult is immensely increased if we remember the place in which it has been offered, and the external pomp with which it has been accompanied. Is not Rome the city destined to preserve the deposit of the Faith? It matters not that the infernal powers cannot prevail against the Church, their combination at a Congress of Free-thinkers, to which an international aspect has been given assumes the character of an outrage and a provocation, and we need not say that it takes away from Rome the title of "the peaceful and respected See" of the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

We take to ourselves the insult offered to God and accept all its bitterness in our heart. But not as a mere relief to our sorrow do we today address you, my lord cardinal. We readily recognize that even at this sad hour the Lord has been pleased to comfort us with an imposing manifestation of filial sentiments the clergy and people in all parts of Italy having vied with one another in drawing close to us, and protesting against the fresh insult offered to God and religion. But it is our wish that for the evil we deplore there should be prompt and ample reparation where it was committed.

For this purpose we appeal, my lord cardinal, to the zeal of which you have at all times given us most noble proof, and we request you to see that solemn services of reparation are held in Rome for the outrage lately offered to the Divine Majesty by the International Congress of Free Thought. We feel sure that our children in Rome, opportune stimulated by you, will correspond with our desire as the holiness of their faith requires, and as even the honor and good name of their city appear to demand.

Meanwhile, as a pledge of our particular goodwill, we impart the Apostolic Blessing to you, my lord cardinal, with all our heart.

From the Vatican, September 21, 1904.
PIUS X., POPE.

Romantic Marriage

The London Daily Mail contains the following: "There is a romantic element in the marriage which has just taken place in Dublin of Arthur Allan, son of late Hon. G. W. Allan, senator, of Toronto, Canada, and Miss Mary Cecilia O'Driscoll, daughter of Capt. O'Driscoll of Cork.

"While in England some time ago Mr. Allan was smitten with illness, and the services of a trained nurse were requisitioned. Miss O'Driscoll was the nurse, and the patient fell in love with her.

"He proposed and was accepted, and subsequently was received into the Roman Catholic Church by the Jesuit Fathers."

Mr. and Mrs. Allan arrived in the city a few days ago and are to take up their residence here.

had to stay. The mob, still making threats, chased them to the station. They distributed their charges in Kansas and came back to New York. Dr. Swayne was so broken by the experience that he had to stop on the way to recuperate, and the nurses say that they wouldn't go through it again for all Arizona.

Mother Theresa Vincent declares that she is going to take legal action to get the nineteen children back. She is especially indignant about the three removed by main force in Morenci. They are all under 4 years of age.

"Race prejudice was the trouble, wasn't it?" one of the Sisters was asked.

"No," she said. "Religious prejudice, mostly."

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DR. JACK'S MAGIC

When Dr. Jack Carroll began life, no one would have prophesied anything very remarkable for him.

Soon after leaving college he was induced through the influences of a pious sister to join the League of the Sacred Heart.

It was wonderful, indeed, how the devotion seemed to take root in his strong and virile mind.

He settled in a very populous neighborhood, and, in the course of comparatively few years had made for himself an unusually large practice.

He was soon possessed of a competency which enabled him to purchase a house and think of taking a wife, and this, notwithstanding the fact that his charity to the poor was proverbial.

But a crisis occurred in the successful physician's career, first when he had made up his mind to marry and had chosen a charming girl.

He rose at once, he would not keep a confere at waiting. In his office he found an old, shabbily dressed man.

"It is a tremendous thing," went on the old doctor, pacing back and forth again in his excitement.

"I am almost alone," continued the old physician; "three of the young men are dead, two of the older practitioners are in the hospital."

"I would trust you in preference to any half dozen of us modern feather-

A LIFE WELL SPENT

"Nemo me lacrimis doctet. Neque stupera flentia laxit."

I have reached my span— Unto three score years and ten are added two decades.

Therefore when I die we me no funeral cypress, Nor gather pomp about my hoary head.

But I see there is only one thing to be done. I must go with you to Ridgeville.

The young man's disengaged hand closed around the medal of the Sacred Heart upon his watch chain.

This was, indeed, a tremendous thing which his visitor asked, a sacrifice almost too great for his strength.

The old man's face, which had brightened, now fell again, as he almost hastily tried half a dozen of them.

But a crisis occurred in the successful physician's career, first when he had made up his mind to marry.

He wrote a brief note, touching in its bold statement of fact, to his betrothed; a note which she treasured away.

"So this is what you want of me, Sacred Heart of my God," he said; "this is what it all meant."

The old man wondered much at Doctor Jack's shining face and the air of almost boyish happiness.

At last the plague gave evidence of having worn itself out, and Doc-

The Cream of Reading

My plan dates from a few delightful weeks which I spent with a girl friend, long ago, says a "St. Nicholas" writer.

My system is an orderly one. All my books are broad-paged and wide-lined, thus preventing the cramped and crowded writing which often makes such books unreadable.

Paraphrases cut from newspapers which are worth saving are pasted as fly-leaf to the inside of the book, or even slipped under the binding thread.

In carrying out my plan I am always content with busy work—but I write plainly, and if possible with ink, as much as I can.

There is a familiar expression about an "over-assessment of riches." This is the greatest disappointment I experience with my "snippers."

England's Women Drunkards The figures relating to deaths resulting from alcoholic excess in the decade ending with the last century are appalling.

England and Wales. Females. 1891. 1900. 1902. Alcoholism, delirium tremens

The Mayor Took the Pledge The Hon. Augustine J. Daly, Mayor of Cambridge, Mass., was the principal speaker at the commemoration of the Hibernian Total Abstinence Association.

Inventor of the Finsen Lamp The celebrated physician, Professor Finsen, whose death is announced, was the inventor of the light treatment for lupus and its associated diseases.

Something More Than a Purgative.—To purge is the only effect of many pills now on the market.

Calendar for October 1904 showing days of the month, feast days, and religious observances.

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

The Catholic Church in China A London Times telegram from Peking says: In sending you the other day the terms demanded by the French Legation as compensation for the murders of the three Belgian missionaries in the Hupei Province.

Loretto Abbey... Wellington Place, Toronto, Ont. This fine institution recently enlarged to over twice its former size.

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

ST. JOSEPH'S Academy St. Alban Street, Toronto. The Queen of Instruction in this Academy shines every branch suitable to the education of young ladies.

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But Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured J. J. Perkins He Was Unable to Work, and Became Destitute, Before He Used the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

THE DOCTOR SAID THAT HE MUST DIE

Children's Corner

FIDELITY AND COURAGE.

One night a fireman, on one of the ocean steamers walked in the darkness down into an open hatchway. He fell to the hold, broke his leg, and received other injuries. His outcry brought a group of stevedores to his help, and they were excitedly discussing what to do for him when it became evident that he was trying to speak.

BOBBIE GOT THERE FIRST.

A mother, after days of preparation for a week's absence from home, suddenly remembered, after the train was well under way, that she had left a bottle of a certain well-known remedy within reach of the middle-some little fingers of her three-year-old son.

A PRECIOUS HERB.

Two little German girls, Brigitte and Wallburg, were on their way to the town, and each carried a heavy basket of fruit on her head.

MODERN EDUCATION.

A writer in Lippincott's tells of a young teacher who had taken special pains to implant a knowledge of United States history, who could not but feel that much good seed sown had fallen on stony ground when at the final examination the question, "What character do you like best and why?" brought forth the following astonishing replies:

A NOBLE FARMER.

In Germany, during the war, a captain of cavalry was ordered to lead up on a foraging expedition. He marched to a lonely valley, but finding it in the midst of it a small cottage he knocked at the door; it was opened by an old man, who leaned upon a staff.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

In the morning he's a pirate, with a cutlass and a gun, And we tremble at the flashing of his eye; His name, as he informs us, is an awe-inspiring one: "Lord Ferdinand Roderigo Guy!"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

In the morning he's a pirate, with a cutlass and a gun, And we tremble at the flashing of his eye; His name, as he informs us, is an awe-inspiring one: "Lord Ferdinand Roderigo Guy!"

ABOUT NOTHING. "Don't see the use of making such a fuss about nothing!" said Nellie Gray, petulantly, to her mother.

"Suppose you had been there and Florie had failed to come, how do you think you would have felt about it?" "That would have been different," exclaimed Nellie, trying to excuse herself in her mother's estimation.

A FEW RIDDLES.

Why does a cat look first one side and then on the other when the comes into a room? Because she can't look both ways at once.

SAND PICTURES.

"If the augustness would condescend to take honorable repose for but a moment, until his servant can get her miserable sands, she will make for him the sand pictures."

WHAT THE TWINS DID.

If mamma had been at home they might have asked her, but she had gone down to see a sick lady in the big house that just showed over the tops of the elm trees, and there was no one else at home except Mary, and she was too cross to be bothered.

THE TENT CATERPILLAR.

One has only to look about for an apple or wild cherry tree to see several white things which look like little tents pitched on the branches.

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worse." And sure enough the thirsty animals crowded to the fence at sight of the cooling stream.

Then Bobbie hurried over the fence to drive away the sheep from a hole in the ground till Betty could pump it full of water. It was very hard work watching the hose and driving back the sheep, but at last the hole was filled, and the poor things crowded up to drink.

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FATHER Koenig's FREE NERVE TONIC. A LARGELY USED REMEDY FOR NERVOUS DISORDERS AND MORAL DEPRESSION. Your get this medicine FREE! Koenig Med. Co. 148 St. Clair St. Chicago, Ill.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE BENEDICTINE SALVE. This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FLEAS, or BLOOD POISONING. It is a Sure Remedy for any of these Diseases.

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

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

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation.

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.

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.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning.

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JOHN O'CONNOR 199 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO. FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. E. Price \$1.00 PER BOX.

Women who Are Weak AND SUFFER THE DERANGEMENTS PECULIAR TO THEIR SEX FIND THAT Dr. Chase's Nerve Food CURES SUCH ILLS PERMANENTLY BY STRENGTHENING THE NERVES AND MUSCLES.

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THURSDAY, OCT. 20, 1904.

THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING CATHOLICS IN THE CABINET.

Mr. Charles R. Devlin, M.P., has given the quietest to still another invention touching the representation of English-speaking Catholics in the Cabinet of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

In Ontario there are two elements that conspire in befogging this most important matter. These are the hostility of the opposition press, and the indifference of the government organs, towards the very principle of such representation.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier accordingly nails his faith to the co-operation of private capital with government aid in the national railway undertakings of this Dominion.

Nothing less was imposed upon him by the responsibilities of his position. Either he had to leave the railway policy as it is, without moving a finger to extend it, or to enlist capital and go ahead in the only practical way consistent with national solvency.

Senator Scott has a career longer and as honorable as any of the men who have figured in the high places of Canadian public life since Confederation.

The Toronto News has offered no apology for gross misconduct towards its own readers as well as the Catholic Bishops of Canada in the issue of the 13th.

SCANDALOUS JOURNALISM.

The Toronto News proclaims itself to be a journal devoted to "education, literature, the presentation of current news and the diffusion of useful information."

ance here in the campaign of 1896. Friday evening's meeting, however, excelled in enthusiasm and sympathy with the Premier, who, though he had aged in the interval, had lost nothing of that rare combination of personal charm and magnetism which seems to be an essential quality in born leaders of the people.

It is necessary to hear Sir Wilfrid Laurier speak of the great national trans-continental project to understand how his aspirations are wrapped up in its success.

The political nominations in Toronto have been filled up. The Conservatives have placed Mr. A. Claude Macdonell in the field, who will be opposed by Mr. H. H. Dewart.

Three Catholics are among the candidates in St. John, N.B. Mr. Richard O'Brien is the Liberal candidate for the city against Dr. Daniel, Conservative.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Lord Rosmore, one of the leaders of the Orange organization in Ireland, has come out in favor of a modified scheme of Home Rule.

Mr. George E. Foster opposes the construction of the G.T.R. because he fears the opportunities that will thereby be offered for corruption.

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Now, if the ministers of the Methodist denomination, with which the News is better acquainted, were to meet in Toronto to honor the memory of Wesley, they would hardly be suspected of off-hand of political conspiracies and the public warned that they were "worth watching."

RECOIL OF THE YELLOW MAN.

In the history of the human race, perhaps, there is no record of a continuous slaughter greater in the aggregate volume than the results of the clash south of Mukden between the Russians and Japanese.

The contest deepened from day to day. The Russians have made up their minds to yield no more ground and the present fight seems to be one to a finish between the armies in the field.

TORONTO NOMINATIONS.

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Talking now about government ownership of railways, people must wonder whether Mr. E. B. Osler when he espouses the banner of his political leader, Mr. Borden, acts with the consent and approval of his railway associates, the directors of the C.P.R.

Hon. A. G. Blair has resigned again. This time from the chairmanship of the Railway Commission.

Mr. Caldwell, a Liberal Candidate, has been tackled by a fanatic who desires nothing short of the extermination of the French-Canadian race and wants that highly patriotic and Christian issue brought into politics.

Mr. J. K. Macdonald, at Mr. Foster's meeting in North Toronto on Saturday night, said he had not appeared on a political platform since the Equal Rights agitation, but he found Mr. Foster too utterly irresistible.

The convention of Bishops and other members of the Episcopal Church in the United States has done more harm than good by raising a hot discussion of the divorce question only to re-affirm the old form of permission. Whether the proposed resolution of reform carried or not, it is doubtful that it would have the least effective value.

In Grange, County Sligo, on a recent Sunday, a new temperance hall was formally opened by the Most Rev. Dr. Clancy in the presence of a large gathering of people from the district.

When walking round a cemetery in St. Petersburg not many months ago, Michael Davitt tells how his interest was aroused by the inscription of Irish names upon some tombstones.

A conference of about seventeen priests of the diocese was held at the Deanery last week. His Grace Archbishop O'Connor of Toronto presided.

BARRIE CORRESPONDENCE.

A very pretty wedding took place in Saint Paul's church, Gravenhurst, October 16th, when Albina, eldest daughter of Mr. Edward Allore, was united in marriage to Mr. Alfred Bernard.

Allore-Bernard.

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Archbishop Gauthier's Episcopal Anniversary.

Kingston, Oct. 18.—The sixth anniversary of Archbishop Gauthier's consecration was observed in St. Mary's Cathedral this morning.

SEEKING A SECTARIAN ALARM.

(From the Montreal True Witness.)

A desperate desire to raise the sectarian cry against Sir Wilfrid Laurier has impelled his opponents in Ontario to cast about them for some sort of pretext.

The direful intelligence has reached The Toronto News office by way of Montreal. The despatch in which it is conveyed is a veritable journalistic curiosity.

So on in this strain the despatch is whole cloth. But some semblance of incident must be pressed into the warp of the writer's imagination.

There is nothing in the Dominion Premier's letter of 30th September last which throws any light upon what will be done with the schools, although it has been known for some time that this was the obstacle to getting a Northwest provincial constitution from the House of Commons.

Future of the Theatre.

"The Theatre of To-Morrow" was the title of a recent lecture by Professor Charles Ader, under the auspices of the National Society of French Professors in England.

Allore-Bernard.

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JAMES MASON, Managing Director.

Mr. Lynch-Staunton and the Globe.

The following letter has been addressed by Mr. George Lynch-Staunton, of Hamilton, to the editor of The Globe.

Sir,—On the 11th of this month in the leading editorial you charge me with having at Dunville raised the "race-crier," and as a justification for your statement you give the following extract from your report of my speech: They (the Liberals) get into power simply and solely because Laurier was a hero in Quebec.

I do not think your reporter has used my exact words. I said "they" where he uses "he," but in substance I said that the Liberal party owed their accession to power to the fact that Sir Wilfrid Laurier was popular in Quebec.

There is nothing in the Dominion Premier's letter of 30th September last which throws any light upon what will be done with the schools, although it has been known for some time that this was the obstacle to getting a Northwest provincial constitution from the House of Commons.

The Toronto Telegram is more picturesque and dictatorial still. And so on with other of the old line organs of sectarian politics.

The Toronto organs of sectarianism do not understand these issues and do not care about them in any way or the other.

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So quickly, sometimes, has the wheel of life turned around, that many have lived to enjoy the benefit of that charity which his own piety reflected.

E. A. ENGLISH Real Estate

48 VICTORIA ST. TORONTO.

E. MURPHY

A TIMELY POINTER—Do not buy an ash-sifter, but put the money into our Coal. Our Coal burns to the ash, and leaves no clinkers. Consumers never have to sift.

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Fashionable, talk business and you'll be wearing. Don't buy expensive suits—let me redeem your old ones.

FOUNTAIN, "My Valet,"

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MONTREAL CORRESPONDENCE

ST. ANN'S TEMPERANCE SOCIETY

About to Start a Juvenile Branch in Connection with the Adult Body.

At the regular meeting of St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society held last Sunday afternoon at St. Ann's Hall, it was resolved to start a juvenile Branch for boys from 11 to 18 years of age. The movement is the result of the work of the delegate sent to St. John's, Newfoundland, to study the workings of such a society which the Newfoundland temperance body, takes great pride in, and which has done a great deal towards helping the adult body of the society. The delegate, Mr. R. J. Louis Cuddihy, presented his report, which was as follows: To the Officers and Members of St. Ann's T. A. and B. Society: Gentlemen,—In accordance with a resolution passed at general meeting of your honorable body, I was delegated to present the best wishes of the St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society to the St. John's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society, and to study its workings, especially the Juvenile Branch.

Being unable to wait for the regular meeting a special one was called of considerable expense to the Newfoundland Society. A large number of members were present. The worthy President, Mr. J. J. Bates, presided and explained the object of the meeting. The resolutions sent by the three temperance societies of Montreal were then read by the Secretary, Mr. George J. Coughlan.

The following information was received about the St. John's Temperance Body: It was founded in 1858. The society owned a large hall which was one of the finest in the city. The disastrous fire of 1892 destroyed every vestige of their beautiful hall. They started to rebuild as soon as possible, and on June 29th, 1893, the corner stone of the new building was laid by the late Most Rev. Dr. Power, Bishop of St. John's. In 1894 the banks failed and the society lost heavily. Their earnings for years went and the society seemed on the brink of ruin. The members set to work with courage, vim and good will, and the dark clouds gave place to ones with a silver lining. But they, too, saw back again, and the dark clouds even darker than before re-appeared. On December 28th, 1896, the building which had then been completed with all modern improvements, a theatre flat, a billiard and reading room, and several other apartments, private officers, etc., was plundered with a notice from the sheriff's office telling the public that the building was to be sold by order of the court, \$17,000 being then due on the building. But willing hands and willing hearts saved the day. \$1,000 was given to the society by one of the banks as their share of the dividend, \$2,000 was realized from the sale of a piece of land owned by the society, and the balance of \$14,000 was made up by 14 young men taking life policies in the Canada Life Insurance Company. Eight of these policies have been paid and the remaining six will be paid in two years from now. So that in fourteen years this Society has accomplished a herculean task. It owns a hall valued at \$40,000, and has the theatre flat bringing in as high as \$1,500 a year rental, and offices \$450. The Society numbers at present: Juveniles and cadets, 430; adults, 570; total, 1,000.

The yearly dues from members reach as high as \$3.02. The mortuary benefits are divided into three classes being dependent on the number of years in the society as follows, \$80, \$70, \$64. Any member entering the society at 45 years of age are not eligible to have any monetary benefits and are only considered as honorary members. Any member absenting himself from a meeting has to pay a fine of 25 cents, and on the death of a member an extra tax of 25 cents is imposed. A quarterly financial statement is always presented to the society by the Treasurer. The Juvenile Branch manages its own affairs, presided over by 10 guardians from the adult body, elected by the members. Every person becoming a member of the Juvenile Society must pay 20 cents as an entrance fee, and 7 cents a month as dues. \$30 is the mortuary benefit. At the age of 18 the juveniles are transferred to the adult body.

Several other members gave short addresses on the benefits of such a society, and finally it was resolved to appoint a committee of ten to draw up a constitution for the new organization, the committee appointed being as follows: Ald. M. J. Walsh, chairman; Mr. R. J. Louis Cuddihy, Secretary; Messrs. P. Marnell, J. R. Walsh, J. Shannahan, A. Cullinan, W. Howlett, T. Rogers, W. Quinn and Ald. D. Gallery. A hearty vote of thanks was unanimously adopted to Mr. Cuddihy for the able manner in which he had represented the St. Ann's Temperance Society at St. John's, Nfld., and on motion of Mr. J. P. Gunning, seconded by Mr. T. Crane, a special set of resolutions thanking the Newfoundland body for its kind reception to the delegate, and the valuable information given him about the workings of its adult and juvenile societies, was ordered to be sent to the St. John's Society.

MONTREAL, Oct. 18, 1904. F. J. CURTIN

Gentlemen, don't forget the motto, "What others have done you can do." There is no work without labor, no labor without its difficulties, but its consolation is that it was done for a good cause, and success had crowned its efforts. Do you wish to see your society increase and multiply? Do you wish to benefit your children and your children's children? Do you wish to bring peace and happiness to the homes of thousands? Do you wish to see the cause of temperance prosper in the metropolis of Canada? If you wish to see these things realized then I say, form a juvenile branch.

"Remember all that time has brought, The starchy hope on high, The strength attained, the courage gained, The love that cannot die."

The young, the hope of the nation, the future men, must be strictly guarded from the awful sin of intemperance.

"You stand on the threshold of youth, Your future lies out in the years, You're learning your parts for life's work, boys, You're planning your future careers.

You'll have to fill places of trust, boys: Your fathers will pass away soon; And if you'd be trustworthy men, boys, You'll have to avoid the saloon."

Do you see the large number of young men running headlong into degradation, sin, and shame. See them in our public streets as they present a sight worthy of pity. They pass to and fro under the influence of man's greatest enemy—liquor, and yet no effort is being made to try and uplift them from their pitiable condition.

I look forward to St. Ann's Temperance Society to do its duty in regard to the young, so that the Society will be not only a credit to Montreal, but to the whole Dominion. Let all join hands in this noble work for future generations, so that each one may be able to say: "I have done my best to further the great and noble cause of total abstinence."

Mr. Marnell, formerly of St. John's Nfld., spoke at length on the benefits of a young society for the parish. He said that he was a juvenile member of the St. John's Society and was the 2nd President of the Society. He gave his hearty co-operation to the work and he felt sure that all would have reason to rejoice at the success which will surely follow such a society.

Mr. Andrew Cullinan spoke on the same lines. Ald. Gallery said it was absolutely necessary that something should be done for the young to save them from drink's alluring snare, and he felt sure that if old St. Ann's took a juvenile member of the St. John's Society and the other temperance societies of Montreal would follow. He was sure that the members of the society could rely on the clergy and the Christian Brothers, in their efforts in organizing a branch of the Society for the boys.

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MONTREAL, Oct. 18, 1904. F. J. CURTIN

Jeremiah Curtin in Canada

Mr. Jeremiah C. Curtin, the greatest of living linguists, was a visitor in Montreal last week. It is said that Mr. Curtin that he speaks over 150 languages and dialects. His translations from a number of the European and Oriental languages have won him considerable fame. He came into fame first by a charming redressing of the folk lore stories of Ireland that beat the Arabian Knights for entertainment.

As acting consul-general for the United States in Russia from 1865-74 Mr. Curtin won renown as a diplomatist. In 1901 Mr. Curtin returned from a trip around the world via Russia, Siberia, Amoor River, China, and Japan. He is one of the few whites who has visited the Buriats, the only tribe of Mongols who retain the great horse sacrifice and who have preserved the splendid creation myths of their race.

His translations of the works of Senkiewicz, and particularly his last translation of Glovatski's, The Pharaoh and the Priest, constitute perhaps his best title to fame.

Mr. Curtin is 64 years of age and is still as active as when in his prime.

When trouble goes hunting him a man may dodge it, but when a man goes hunting trouble it hasn't one chance in a thousand of escaping him.

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EASY GRAFT OF THE MEDIUMS

Victims Deluded by Cheap Tricks—Nothing Mysterious About Means by Which They Play on Their Credulity

"I suppose I have one of the queerest fads on earth," said the man on the hotel sofa. "My passion and hobby is mediums, clairvoyants, psychic card readers and others of that ilk. Not that I'm a spiritualist. The graft side of the medium business is what interests me.

"There are poor pickings for me in New York now, because the police have been interfering with the medium business. Still, I can find a cheap little test circle here almost any time, and I even know a place, just off the Tenderloin, where you can see real ghosts developed in full view of the audience. To see it in full blast, though, you must go to Boston or, better, to the Far Western cities.

"Most people suppose that mediums all profess to summon up real ghosts—that, in the language of the profession, they materialize. That is not true. To one materializing medium in these days there are a hundred test mediums.

"The test medium holds forth usually in a cheap hall. The admission is low, for her patrons are poor. Usually it runs from 10 to 25 cents.

"She starts off with a hymn. Then she borrows an article from each person in the congregation and begins her tests.

"For example, she'll hold up a glove and ask who owns it. When the owner has spoken up she'll hold the glove to her forehead and say something like this: "I hear the name John. Have you a John in the spirit world?"

"If the owner of the glove has a John among the departed the medium sends some beautiful communications and then tried to draw the victim out. With a cleverness born of experience, she pieces together his occupation, his troubles and his wants and tells him all about them.

"He's paralyzed with astonishment, and so are the rest of the circle—for the people who go to seances aren't critical, and they go with a great desire to believe.

"One of the hardest things for a test medium to do is to call out the name of the dear departed in the spirit realm. If she starts off with John, and runs through Mary and Katherine and Lily, and none of them hits the mark, then the most credulous seeker after spirits is inclined to pronounce her a fake. On the other hand, she hits at once the name of the very spirit which the seeker most desires, she's pronounced a great success.

"Their best mediums of getting at names is a sort of Mediums' Union, an unorganized society for mutual help which exists in every medium-riding town.

"Mrs. Fake, the medium, has a new visitor, a fat woman in black, well-said, who wears her front hair in gray frizzes and has a slight limp. Mrs. Fake tries out a half a dozen names on her. Perhaps she gets down to the sixth before she finds that Robert fits some dead relative of the old lady in black.

"Before Mrs. Fake gets through she's learned further that the old lady has a dead sister named Annie. The old lady, remembering how long Mrs. Fake has been in getting those names, goes away declaring that she's no good.

"Mrs. Fake knows all that, and knows that the old lady won't come here again, but that she'll surely go to another medium—for when a person is bitten by the spiritualistic bug he usually keeps going to mediums until he gets satisfaction.

"So Mrs. Fake notifies every medium in her crowd; giving a close description of the old lady, together with the names of her spirit friends and any other accurate information which she has been able to drag out. Next Sunday night, when an old lady in black, with frizzes and a limp, shows up at the Home of Truth Circle, conducted by Mrs. Soakem, the second-sight wonder, the old lady is told right off the bat that Robert wants her and a beautiful spirit named Annie is over her shoulder calling her sister.

"She goes away firmly convinced that Mrs. Soakem is a wonder and that immortality is proved. In a western city I've seen printed blanks used to distribute such information among mediums.

"That isn't their only method of getting names, though. Some of them are very clever lip-readers. When in doubt they play 'William' or 'John,' those being the most common Anglo-Saxon names.

"Then they make it a point to learn the names of people living in the neighborhood and to watch the obituary notices, knowing that half their victims are driven to them by the ache of some recent bereavement.

"That's the nasty part of the whole business. The laboring men's wives and daughters, the hired girls and stable boys, who haunt cheap seances come because they're in trouble and want some help and consolation. These people put their hearts on their sleeves and tell about their love affairs and family difficulties in a way that makes you gasp. I blush sometimes to listen to them.

"The cheapest seance isn't the place where the mediums make their money, though. It is really only an advertisement to get custom for the 'private' and developing seance. All the time she is sending communications to her audience, she is sizing them up. If one looks more easy or eager than the rest, she says something like this: "John tells me that the spirits have much to tell you, but you're holding back. You need to draw closer to 'em."

That suggestion is thrown out once or twice. About the third time this particular victim visits the seance, the spirits say: "We have something to tell you that can't be told in public. You must see a medium alone."

"If the victim is a woman—and she usually is—curiosity brings her around the very next day. The private sitting costs from 50 cents an hour up, according to the means and credulity of the victims. The medium loses no chance of leading her on to come again.



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Candidate for the House of Commons

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Manufactured by EDDY'S. LOWER PRICES MORE DURABLE. BETTER QUALITY. INSIST ON GETTING EDDY'S.

"These people are usually hankering to be mediums and to talk to the spirits. The medium leads them on, says that they have psychic powers, and the spirits want to come into close communion with them. It all leads up to the private developing seance, which costs all the victims can pay and lasts as long as they'll stand for it.

"This is their common or garden variety of graft. But they work all kinds of variations. There's a medium in Boston who has cleaned up a pile by 'discovering' lost treasure. Locating mines is a favorite variety in the Far West.

"There is a medium in San Francisco, Mme. Smith we'll call her, who is a wonder in her way. The Pacific Mail liner Rio de Janeiro was sunk in the Golden Gate on Washington's Birthday, 1901, with \$60,000 in gold aboard. Not one could find the bull.

"After the steamship and wrecking companies had tried and failed, Mme. Smith had a revelation from the captain of the Rio, which showed her the exact spot where the hull lay in shallow water. Mme. Smith had this revelation one evening in a full circle. She said that it wouldn't do for her to take all that money; she'd was going to let in all her dear friends and believers—for a consideration.

According to a fakir who stood in with her, but fell out with her later, she sold \$25,000 worth of stock in her wrecking company. They made a few bluffs at diving, and then announced that Mme. Smith had been guided wrong by an evil spirit, and that the expenses of diving had eaten up the capital.

"But Mme. Smith would make it all right. She'd give, in return, for her wrecking company stock, shares in an oil company which was to make a fortune from wells discovered by her psychic powers. They took it like lambs, and she's doing business at the same old stand.

"Materializing or bringing ghosts out of the vasty deep doesn't pay so well. It is a kind of public show, with very little side graft. Therefore it is less common, and admission is higher, usually a dollar a head.

"I've seen dozens of developing seances, and in every case the method was the same. The cabinet is hung with black and covered in front with a black cloth. The surrounding wall is also draped in black.

"Often the cabinet is the bow window of a house or hall. The audience is asked to inspect the walls and curtains. They may inspect all they like. The trick isn't there.

"There is a dim, shaded point of light in the back of the room, practically no light at all. When all is ready the medium takes a seat near the curtain and calls for a hymn.

"While it is being sung, his assistant—usually a woman—steals into the room by a side door near the cabinet. She is dressed in a dead black robe, and against the black background of the walls and cabinet she can't be seen at all in that light, no matter how much she moves. She wears rubber-soled shoes and the hymn helps her to enter without being heard.

"Under the black robe she is dressed in ghostly white, and often she wears a mask lightly coated with phosphorescent paint to make a shining spirit face.

"When the signal is given to appear she opens the black robe in front, and when she disappears she simply closes it again. By closing it a certain way she produces the effect of disappearing through the floor. There are often two or three assistants, one a child or a small woman.

"The developing medium, like the test medium, keeps tabs on the departed dear ones of his regular customers, and trots them out for their benefit. It makes you ashamed of humanity to see the way these fakirs draw back bereaved mothers who live from week to week just to talk to their dead children.

"There are many other methods of materializing, but this one is the cheapest and most satisfactory, and has supplanted all the others.

"I saw this month in some of the papers that a Chicago man has been exposed as a maker of apparatus for mediums! I've had in my possession for four years the catalogue of a Chicago firm which deals in mediums' supplies.

"This describes and advertises about a hundred mechanical devices and secrets for the use of mediums. Prices run from \$1 to \$50.

"There are about fifty slate writing devices. One for \$3 is described as very satisfactory, but requires some skill on the part of the medium. For \$10 you can get one which 'requires no skill.' A double slate is written on and closed. When opened spirit message and answer to any question are found written on it. 'No chemicals,' \$10.

"The firm advertises a full line of single and double slates for cases where local purchase of the same would cause comment. There are self-playing guitars, mystic hands, which appear on the wall and disappear, and spirit trumpets, which float through the air and deliver messages, all at prices running from \$4 to \$20.

"The trumpets, the catalogue states, are only for 'work under cabinet and materializing conditions.' Lot 38 is the 'Fox Sisters' rapping table, used with great success by these celebrated New York mediums.

"For \$30 the firm will furnish a first-class assorted medium's outfit, which will answer all reasonable purposes of an up-to-date medium or psychic demonstrator and convince the most sceptical.

"Spirit forms, no two alike, of special humorous material, and very durable, cost from \$20 to \$30. The \$20 ones are children's size. I'm not taking this language. It is all in the catalogue. The whole thing is a regular business that goes on underground and thrives on hundreds of thousands of victims.

"Mediums are usually women. As a class, they are domestic, comfortable, middle-aged women, who knit and gossip together in off hours, rear large families and support worthless husbands, who collect at the door for the public meetings and help to gather useful information.

"In their public utterances they have a singular line of talk, made up of highfalutin' words and phrases, nearly always used inaccurately, and very bad grammar. In all my experiences with them I've never known one to talk straight English. A recreant medium who's fallen to be a patent medicine sharp told me once that their public expects bad grammar and that accurate English would drive people away.

"It's part of the graft," he said. —New York Sun.

Let us be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things keep our lives royal to truth and to the sacred profession of friendship. Faith gives us a better knowledge of ourselves. Our faith tells us who we are and what we are going to be. It relieves us from the errors of heathenism and makes the light to shine amid the darkness of the world.



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

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers. An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, for seven thousand dollars (\$7,000.00), must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party tendering declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, FRED. GELINAS, Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, October 18, 1904.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department, will not be paid for it.

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AND TO North Bay and points on C.P.R., Mattawa to Nipigon and Garden River Inclusive; also Kipawa and Temiskaming. Good Going Daily Until Nov. 3rd.

All Tickets Valid Returning on or before December 10th, 1904.

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5 USD TRIP FROM TORONTO With Stop Over Privileges at Chicago, Detroit and Intermediate Canadian Stations, through Pullman Sleepers twice daily.

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A STRANGE LEGACY

The "Kingston Hotel" had grown to be quite a landmark in the vicinity of Cheapside. It was a homely old place, possessed in some of its rooms of the correct ancestral air of festivity.

Here on the night of Oct. 24, 1902, came a middle-aged man, tall and thick set, his skin bearing color which it was beyond the power of an English sun to bestow. Having given his name at the office and seen about the bestowal of his luggage, he retired to a private sitting room, where he had been only a few minutes when the manager of the hotel tapped gently on the door and entered.

"Mr. Bygott, I believe?" said the intruder.

The stranger nodded.

"There has been a telephone message for you this afternoon. Your uncle rang up from Maidstone and told you you would arrive in the course of the day, and—excuse me mentioning it, sir—we were to supply you with whatever money you might require."

Bygott stared in blank amazement. "There is some mistake," he said. "I have no uncle at Maidstone, and if the estimable gentleman, whoever he is, did stand in that relationship to me, he could not possibly have known that I was expected in England, much less at your hotel, today."

"But you are from abroad," said the manager, still dubious, "and that was what our message said. We were to expect a Mr. Bygott, who was returning to England after a long absence."

"It's certainly very odd," came from the visitor, "and what was my uncle's name?"

"Bygott, sir, the same as your own."

For a moment the stranger's face wore a comical air of perplexity; then his smile broke cover.

"I'm very sorry," he said, "but my imagination is unable to manufacture an uncle of any description. The message 'is evidently for another Mr. Bygott, with more extensive ties of relationship than myself."

The manager saw that it was useless to pursue the subject further.

"You will pardon me for troubling you, sir," he said, in the doorway.

Bygott assured him that no apology was necessary. Left to himself, he drew his chair nearer the fire and settled himself comfortably to turn over in his mind this unlooked-for welcome. It was his first night in the old country for twenty years. He had been a rolling stone, and now he had come back to his starting point for a few weeks of rest and change; his limited pocket told him that he dared not hope for more. He had often vowed out there in Australia that his journey home should not be made until the bell had rung on the last lap in his race for wealth, but the old country had drawn him so to it like a magnet when the race was but half run. It seemed like a mockery for this spurious uncle to come into his vision at such a time. "Expectations" had never been trailed across his path to make him indolent. Looking back down the vista of years, he had only two distinct recollections of relatives, and they with his mother and father had long since vanished from the stage of life. He wondered who was his namesake the fortunate nephew of Mr. Bygott, of Maidstone.

A knock at the door disturbed his thoughts, and a waiter followed its sound into the room.

"You are wanted at the telephone, sir," he said.

Again Bygott stared blankly. The waiter noticed his surprise, and hastened to offer confirmation.

"The gentleman asked if Mr. Bygott had arrived. He is waiting at the instrument now, sir."

Bygott, his mind still in a whirl, followed his conductor down the corridor to the telephone box. This was probably his namesake again, or perhaps some other gentleman of proportionate means anxious to claim relationship. He almost felt like the victim of ghosts.

He caught up the receiver and sang out, "Hello!"

"Is that Mr. Bygott?" came an answering voice, only dimly heard through the buzzing of the wire.

"Yes."

"Mr. Harold Bygott?"

"Yes. Who are you?"

"I'm speaking from Maidstone. Your uncle was anxious to know if you had arrived. He is very ill, Mr. Bygott, very ill, indeed; not expected to last the night."

Suddenly the buzzing on the wire became a roar.

"But he is not my uncle," shouted the hotel visitor.

There was no answering voice, only a crackling wave of sound that rose and fell like the burning of wood in a new-lit fire.

He shouted again, but to no purpose. Once or twice an odd word fell on his ear, but pieced together he could make nothing of them. It was obvious that something was wrong with the trunk wire and that his words were running off into space before they reached Maidstone. For five minutes he tried to re-establish communication, for he wanted to clear up this unfortunate case of mistaken identity, but the fates were against him, and, of course, the fates conquered.

He went back to his room in an uneasy frame of mind, but determined at any rate upon one thing. He would shake the dust of the "Kingston Hotel" from his shoes and so get out of range of this foolsome fussillade. Then they could blaze away as much as they liked until the real nephew came into the line of fire.

So it came about that early the following morning Harold Bygott, the colonial, with all his worldly goods, rattled down Cheapside, and was soon lost in the maze of London.

A week had gone by, and Harold Bygott, from Australia, comfortably ensconced in his new quarters near Charing Cross Station, and dipping deep and oft into the stream of London's pleasures, had only a casual thought for the adventure which befell him on his first day in the metropolis. The memory came back with a quick rush as, glancing one morning down the advertisement columns of "The Standard," his eyes happened to fall on the following paragraph:

"Will Mr. Harold Bygott, who stayed at the Kingston Hotel, Cheapside, on the night of the 24th October, 1902, communicate at once with East

& Bowen, Chancery Lane, when he will hear of something to his advantage?"

At first the old inclination was strong within him to wash his hands of an affair in which, he told himself, he was the veriest interloper. Then reading the paragraph again he began to see things in a different light. "Mr. Harold Bygott, who stayed at the Kingston Hotel, Cheapside, on the night of the 24th October, 1902—that was surely for his eye and his alone. They probably imagined he was some one else, but the least he could do was to call on East & Bowen and clear up the mistake."

Once having a fixed determination there was no staying him. Within an hour of reading the advertisement he had sent in his card to the senior partner at the office in Chancery Lane, and the next minute was following it himself. Mr. East was a short, clean shaven gentleman wearing spectacles, and modelled all over like a lawyer.

"I am very glad you have called, Mr. Bygott," he said. "We have been looking for you for a week. They told me at the hotel that you desired to live outside the sphere of Mr. Bygott and Maidstone, Eh?"

"The other smiled. "They told you the truth," he said.

"Well, the desire was not mutual," continued the lawyer.

"What do you mean?"

"First of all I want to ask you a few questions," said Mr. East, dryly. "Are you, or are you not, related to James William Bygott, of Maidstone?"

"I am not."

"You never heard of him before the night of the 24th?"

"Never."

"Then is it a fact that you crossed from New York in the Celtic and landed at Liverpool on the morning of the same day?"

"It is not. I have just reached London from Australia."

"And you went to the Kingston Hotel?"

"Purely by accident—if that is what you mean."

Mr. East whistled softly.

"This is the most remarkable case of mistaken identity that I have met with in the whole course of my legal experience," he said, in explanation.

"I am glad you have realized the situation at last," said Bygott, rising to go.

"Not so fast, my friend," said Mr. East, in the same quiet voice. "You have not done with the affair yet. Please sit down."

Then, as Bygott resumed his seat, the solicitor went on. "Some explanation is due to you, Mr. Bygott; before you can see things as they are. My late client, James William Bygott, was formerly a brewer in the city, but seven years ago he retired from active participation in business and went to live at Maidstone. He was a bachelor, with considerable means and of eccentric disposition, in consequence of which conjoint possessions he had many visitors, but few friends. Of relations he was particularly barren. To me, who claim most of his confidence, he never mentioned but one, and the story of that one I had at secret in my capacity as legal adviser. However, it is necessary that I should reveal it to you at least."

"Mr. Bygott had one sister, whom he loved very dearly and who had more than her share of the troubles of this world. She had the misfortune, sir, to marry a rogue, and, deserted by him after a few months of unhappy wedded life, she died soon after the birth of her son. Her brother took charge of the boy and brought him up under his own name, so that, as she said, by the removal of the one heritage his father had left him the burden of bitter memory which the child might know in manhood would be lessened. Well, my client grew very fond of and in all respects did well by his adopted son. But Harold—for his name was the same as yours, sir—repaid his kindness in ill fashion. He had barely come to man's estate when the father returned from America and claimed him. The lad learned for the first time that his name was Dawber, not Bygott, and, incensed at what he called his uncle's deception, he allowed himself to be completely drawn under the influence of his newly found parent, and when asked to choose between the two men he left without compunction the one who had saved him from the workhouse to go with the one whose action might have sent him there. Thus he went out of England and out of James William Bygott's life. You follow me so far?"

"Perfectly," said the listener; he was keenly interested now.

"The next chapter of the story," continued Mr. East, "opened with the serious illness of my client a few weeks ago. Since the boy left him ten years back, his disposition had soured, and he knew little of the joy of living. In response to a message from his housekeeper, I went down to Maidstone to see him. I realized at once that he was not long for this world, and so I endeavored to impress upon him the necessity of making a fresh will; a previous one in favor of his nephew had, at his own request, been destroyed. But he would not listen to me. There was plenty of time, he said. Perhaps his boy—the still called him his boy—would repent and come back to him. That was the one thought, the one lingering hope, on which he sustained himself. I grew into pitying his loneliness, and in the end I did what perhaps I ought not to have done. I wired the young scamp in New York that his uncle was very ill and would like to see him. I expect he smelled money; anyhow, he called back that he was leaving New York at once on the Celtic. The news gave the old man further strength for the dogged fight he was waging with death."

"Well, on the morning of Oct. 24 he had a wire from the returning nephew handed in at Liverpool. It ran something like this: 'Landed this morning. Reach London to-night. Can you book rooms?' 'Kingston Hotel,' Cheapside? Will come on to Maidstone to-morrow."

"The message was signed 'Harold Bygott'; he was cute enough to remember that the old man would never acknowledge him by any other name."

Mr. East paused in his narrative.

"Then I came on the scene," remarked Bygott.

"Exactly. You inadvertently impersonated the real nephew."

"And the real nephew?"

"Has not been heard of since."

"It reads like a deep and dark conspiracy, with myself as the machinery villain," said Bygott.

"Excuse me a minute," said the latter to Bygott. The first paper he glanced at hurriedly, but the second riveted his attention.

"How strange we should not have seen that before," he said, musingly. "After a minute or two in silence. Then looking up, 'This concerns you, Mr. Bygott.'"

Bygott took the papers that were handed to him without comment; he was getting used to surprises. The first was The Daily Telegraph of Oct. 25. Marked with blue pencil was a lengthy report of a terrible railway accident near Birmingham the previous day, in which the Liverpool to London express had been in collision with a goods train. There was a long list of killed and wounded at the end, and special attention was drawn to a paragraph which said that one of the bodies had not been identified. Bygott remembered having read about the accident before. He passed on to the second paper, which was

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"Pandora" grates are composed of three bars, with short bull-dog teeth, which grip, chop up and throw down the gritty clinkers, but squeeze the hard coal upwards.

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Mr. East smiled. "On the night you arrived at the 'Kingston Hotel,'" he continued, "my client was being put finally out of action. I saw that the end was only a matter of a few hours, and I begged of him to make his will at once. He asked me to ring up and find out if his boy had arrived at the hotel in London. I did so with what result you know. The old man died before day-break, but in the meantime I had drawn up at his direction and he had signed this will."

The solicitor tossed a rolled paper across the table. Bygott spread it out before him and read:

"This is the last will and testament of James William Bygott, of The Hollies, Maidstone. I hereby give, devise and bequeath to Harold Bygott, who on the night of the 24th of October, 1902, stayed at the 'Kingston Hotel,' Cheapside, London, his heirs, executors and administrators, for his and their own use and benefit, absolutely and forever, all my estate and effects, both real and personal, whatsoever and wheresoever, and of what nature and quality soever, saving only the sum of £100, which I hereby give, devise and bequeath to James Alfred East, of Chancery Lane, London, my solicitor. And I hereby appoint the same James Alfred East sole executor of this my will."

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this twenty-fourth day of October, nineteen hundred and two."

"James William Bygott."

Bygott did not trouble to read the witnesses' names at the bottom. He rolled up the document and passed it across to Mr. East.

"Now you understand?" queried the latter.

"Yes," said Bygott, shortly. Then after a pause, "Did you advise the sentence of identification, Mr. East?"

"I did not advise, I acquiesced."

"But why that, instead of stating the relationship of his son and was not recognized as nephew?"

"And so he asked you to telephone to make sure that 'his boy,' Harold, was at the Kingston Hotel?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Did you not hear me say that I was neither his nephew nor his son nor any other relation?"

"No," said Mr. East. "I could tell that you were trying to say something after the wire went wrong, but of course I had no suspicion of the truth."

There was another pause, broken this time by the solicitor.

"Perhaps it is all for the best," he said. "From my short acquaintance with you I should say you will take better care of the fortune than the other man would have done."

"I shall not touch a farthing of it," said Bygott.

"But, my dear sir, it is yours by law and no one else can touch it."

"It was not meant for me, Mr. East," said Bygott, firmly. "Will you kindly draw up in proper form and at once a document by which I transfer the whole of the legacy to Harold Bygott, nee Dawber, nephew of the testator and the rightful heir?"

The lawyer stared at him in surprise, but he noted the look of determination on his face and realized the hopelessness of protest. So he set himself to his task, and for the next few minutes only the scratching of his pen broke the stillness. When at length the document was completed he read it out, and Bygott, signifying his approval, reached across for it and signed his name in the bottom right hand corner. He had just put down his pen when there was a knock at the door and a clerk entered.

"Mr. Bowen has asked me to direct your attention to this," he said to Mr. East, handing him a couple of newspapers.

"Excuse me a minute," said the latter to Bygott. The first paper he glanced at hurriedly, but the second riveted his attention.

"How strange we should not have seen that before," he said, musingly. "After a minute or two in silence. Then looking up, 'This concerns you, Mr. Bygott.'"

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The Daily Telegraph of the following day. A short paragraph dealing with the accident was marked. It read:

"In clearing away the debris yesterday some baggage was recovered which it is thought establishes the identity of the only one of the victims who remains unclaimed. His name is presumably Harold Bygott, and he was travelling from Liverpool to London. A Liverpool correspondent says that Mr. Bygott landed the same morning from the New York liner Celtic."

"Well?" queried Mr. East, as Bygott put down the paper.

For answer the other took up the document he had just signed and tore it into small pieces.

"God rest his soul," he said, simply. "Percy Rudd in The Tatler."

FLOSSIE'S MISTAKE

"Oh, Flossie, come home with me and play till supper time. Your mother'll let you, won't she?"

"I guess she will. Wait till I ask her."

Kathie dropped down with her bag of books on the doorstep, while Flossie ran upstairs to the nursery, where her mother sat holding baby Harold. The baby put out his hands and smiled at sight of Flossie, but she paid no attention to him.

"Oh, mamma," she cried, eagerly. "Kathie wants me to come over to her house to play. I can, can't I? She has a lovely new swing."

"No, dear, you cannot go this afternoon," her mother answered. "Poor little brother's teeth are troubling him so that he has been fretting all day, and Ellen has been busy in the kitchen, so I have had to take care of him. Now, I want you to amuse him while I write some letters that must go in the next mail."

"Oh, dear," said Flossie, with a groan. "I always have to tend baby when I want to go anywhere. I must tell Kathie that I can't go, then."

She ran to the door. "Isn't it mean, Kathie?" she said. "I've got to stay home and nurse that cross baby."

She looked so cross herself that Kathie did not feel so very sorry. "Good-by, then," she answered, picking up her bag, "maybe you can't tomorrow."

Flossie stood looking after her until the blue dress and sailor hat disappeared around the corner. Then she went slowly upstairs. Her mother sat Harold on the floor, and Flossie flung herself gloomily down beside him. He was a loving little fellow, and now he laid his pretty golden head against his sister's arm in his cunning, coaxing way, trying to make her smile. She began to build a block-house, and Harold watched her gravely.

As she put on the last block, he suddenly knocked it all over with a gurgle of baby laughter. Generally Flossie laughed too, when he did this and began to rebuild it, but to-day she exclaimed, sharply:

"You naughty boy! Don't you do that again," and then she slapped the chubby little hand. She slapped it very softly. It didn't hurt the little hand a bit, but it hurt the baby's feelings, and he began to cry. Then Flossie, afraid that her mother would come and ask what was the matter, hushed the baby and cuddled him, and in two minutes he had forgotten his grievance and was laughing at the baneful leaps Flossie had made the fannel rabbit take over the tumble-down block-house.

But, neither of them really enjoyed the play, and when mother came into the room Harold turned quickly away from his sister and laid his head on his mother's shoulder with a contented little laugh that was half a sob.

"He's awful cross," Flossie said, as she gathered up the blocks and the fannel rabbit.

"Poor little man," replied mamma. "Maybe sister would be cross, too, if her teeth were aching as his are. Now, Flossie, I want you to take these letters to the post-office; but first, go to the kitchen and tell Ellen that if she has finished the baby's ironing I want her to take him out in his carriage. He has not been out to-day."

It was quite a distance to the post-office, and Flossie did not hurry. As she came back, half an hour later, she saw a crowd in front of the house. She began to hurry then.

"What's the matter?" she asked of a girl of about her own age who was standing there.

"It's a baby got run over," the girl answered. "The carriage was all smashed up. See, there's one of the wheels."

Flossie's heart began to beat heavily. She could hardly breathe.

"Was—the baby—killed?" she gasped.

The girl looked curiously at Flossie's white face.

J. E. SEAGRAM

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Sentiment is a strong man's concealment of what he feels, while sentimentality is a weak man's expression of what he doesn't feel.

KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS

By J. HARRISON

Kind hearts are more than coronets, And simple faith than Norman blood.

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CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

A moment later she herself was entertaining her uncle's guests, with spirits as lively and voice as animated as any among them all. Gertrude was a pretty girl, she was charming and gentle, and there were some who could see more loveliness in her dainty face than in the classical beauty of Leigh Fenton.

"He is a lacking wooer, then, fair cousin," smiling. "Why not make the best of what you have? There are many willing to console you." She laughed.

"Mother knows," said Hugh, gravely. "She wrote to me and told me how you, Gertrude, had praised my—Leigh, extolling her to the skies. Praised her beauty, her virtues, her graces. Child, what sort of an enigma are you, anyway? What do you mean?"

"After an interview with Leigh's father, the master of Lindsay spoke seriously of making his will. The Fentons, despite the strain of sentimentality in their daughter, were not wedding her to anyone but the heir of the Lindsay possessions. Hugh himself was a secondary consideration and Hugh, being no fool, partly realized this."

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BECOMING A LARGE CITY. That Toronto is becoming a large city and more and more a place of importance is seen on every occasion when a large turn out of citizens may be expected. At the late gatherings for the political leaders of the Dominion, the fact impressed itself forcibly, and the further fact that Toronto holds no building in any wise suited to meet such contingency was very much in evidence. On Friday evening the situation at Massey Hall had many ludicrous phases for those who were not strongly enough imbued in the atmospheric fluid of politics to take the matter of being debarred from entrance as a serious one, and a few minutes spent outside afforded probably as much diversity as that gained by admittance to the much coveted sanctum within. Those who arrived within the precincts of the hall about 9 o'clock found the entire breadth of Shuter street barred by the waiting crowd which, beginning at the steep, waited in densely packed and patient rows for the doors to open. In a few minutes a chorus of student voices followed by notes from an orchestra, all proceeding from the interior, told that the doors had already been opened, and then it began to dawn on the waiting ones that their chance for admittance was not as sanguine as a few moments previous seemed to promise. Soon the whisper round that the hall was already filled, that the doors had been opened an hour ago, and that there was not even standing room for one more. A mingled feeling of disappointment, surprise and amusement at the glorious finale seemed to come over the before expectant crowd, and it took some time ere they really seemed to realize the situation and move off towards home. At the Victoria street entrance things were most lively. Here those who had an open or supposed-sesame in the shape of platform tickets, showed them to the guarding officers at the door, only to be told that the magic piece of pasteboard no longer possessed a charm, its power had been worked to the breaking point, the magic current was exhausted. Aldermen, ex-aldermen and other civic dignitaries, each with his little corte of followers, came along, expecting that the halo of their political importance would afford an instant passport, but alas, this too failed, and like the humblest of Toronto's citizens, they had to obey the officers of the law who under much stress and difficulty barred their passage. Of course many were seriously disappointed. It is said that ten thousand were turned away and about half this number Massey hall has only seating capacity for three thousand five hundred, and it is the largest building available in Toronto. Taking the number who turned out to meet the Liberal leader and the number who actually were able to do so, the far greater number being prevented by lack of accommodation, it does not require a Solon to see that the city possesses no adequate conditions in this regard to meet the needs of our ever increasing activity and numbers.

BAIGENT-MURRAY.

A pretty October wedding was that of Miss Jessie Ellen Murray to Mr. Francis R. Baigent, son of the late Richard Baigent, A.R.C.A. The ceremony was performed at the Holy Rosary church, St. Clair avenue, on Wednesday, the 12th inst. Rev. Father Ryan, C.S.B., officiating and saying the nuptial mass. Rev. Father Murray presided at the organ and directed the musical portion of the ceremony. To the accompaniment of the wedding march the bride with her father entered the church. She looked very pretty in her simple wedding gown of white crepe de chene with veil and orange blossoms and carrying bride's roses and ferns. Miss May Murray, a sister, was bridesmaid; she was gowned in delicate blue and carried white and pink roses. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Richard Baigent. A wedding breakfast was afterwards served at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Murray, Deer Park. Mr. and Mrs. Baigent then left for Chicago and St. Louis.

DONOHUE-MCGARRY.

Of interest to the readers of The Catholic Register is the marriage of Miss Teresa Gertrude McGarry of 56 Adelaide street, to Mr. Edward J. Donohue who took place in St. Peter's cathedral, Cincinnati, Rev. Father Bailey officiating. The bride was beautifully gowned in white silk ocelene over taffeta and carried bridal roses. Her sister, Miss Minnie McGarry, was bridesmaid, prettily gowned in brown and wearing a hat gowned in mulberry. The groom supported the bride. After the wedding breakfast, served at the home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Donohue left for a trip to the West of the Fair. They will reside in Cincinnati on their return.

KIDNER-SMITH.

The marriage of Mr. Reginald W. Kidner and Miss Lulu Smith, daughter of Mr. Neil J. Smith of Pembroke street, took place last week at St. Michael's Palace, Rev. Father Rohleder officiating. Miss Florence McConnell attended the bride and Mr. R. E. Bossall supported the groom.

MR. THOMAS M. LEE.

On Saturday morning, Oct. 15th, the death occurred of Mr. Thomas M. Lee of 360 Gerrard street. Mr. Lee was well known in Toronto, having for many years kept the hotel at the corner of River and Gerrard streets. He was a Canadian by birth and a long time resident in the city. Death came after an illness of about three weeks. Mr. Lee was unmarried. The funeral took place from St. Paul's church on Monday morning to Mount Hope Cemetery. R.I.P.

DEATH OF MRS. DEVINE.

A death which has aroused much sympathy in the West End of the city was that of Mrs. Devine, wife of Mr. Edward Devine, and only daughter of Mr. Hugh Calvey of the city. Until a few weeks before the end, life seemed to promise many years more to Mrs. Devine who was only about forty years of age. When, however, it was seen that death was inevitable, Mrs. Devine prepared to meet it with Christian fortitude and resignation. During her illness she received every spiritual attention and consolation from Rev. Father O'Don-

nell of St. Mary's, and she died fortified by the rites and sacraments of the Church of which she was an edifying member. The funeral took place from St. Mary's church on Saturday morning, Rev. Father O'Donnell saying the requiem mass and the pall-bearers being Messrs. Jos. Lendreville, Jas. Cane, Daniel Donovan, Chas. Reid, Jas. Hand and Jos. Zeagana. The interment took place at Mount Hope Cemetery. Among the many floral offerings was a handsome wreath from the staff of the Toronto World, where Miss Maggie Devine, a daughter, is employed. Besides her husband Mrs. Devine is survived by two sons, William and Edward, and two daughters, Margaret and Louise, also by an only brother, Mr. Jas. Calvey of this city. May she rest in peace.

MEETING OF C.Y.L.L.A.

The first meeting of the season of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association took place at 95 D'Arcy street on Monday evening. There were twenty-five present, one new member being received. Miss O'Donoghue presided. The program consisted of a paper on the writers and work of the Victorian era, as a preparation to the work of that period, by Miss Rose Ferguson, an outline of the plan of study of "Twelfth Night" by Mrs. Fulton, B.A., and an introductory talk on Montaigne and Wolfe by Miss Hart. A drawing of an altar, presided over by Mrs. O'Neill and Miss Ferguson, was also a feature of the evening; each member drew a name, and this means that during the season a corresponding number of papers on the authors drawn will be presented to the Association. Reference was made to the loss sustained by the Society since last meeting in the deaths of two of its members, both held in the affection and admiration of the associates, namely, Miss Monica McMahon and Miss Ethel Macpherson. It was decided that in accordance with the custom of the association a high mass should be said for each at St. Patrick's church during the coming week, notice of date to be sent to members. Tangible congratulations to two members who since the close of last season have entered into the bonds of Hymen, were also decided upon. Instrumental and vocal numbers by the Misses O'Donoghue brought a successful opening to a close.

WORKS OF ART AT THE ROBERT SIMPSON CO.

A picture of exceptional merit and interest is at present erected in the picture gallery of the Robert Simpson Co. It is a canvas of eight by six feet, covered with figures, each a study in itself, and the whole forming a conception worthy of the great master to whom it is attributed. The profession of the alliance of Christianity to the Roman Emperor, garbed in the barbaric splendor of the time, his scarlet cloak falling in graceful folds about his person, making him a conspicuous figure, is kneeling at the feet of the Blessed Virgin, who forms the central figure. Beside him lie his sword and a miniature globe and behind him is his sweet-faced and saintly mother, Helena, whose countenance expresses the rapture called forth by the action of her son; here, too, in the background, is seen the great Christian Emperor Charlemagne. The portrayal of the Blessed Virgin is very striking. Standing on a pedestal, she looks on this attitude upon the sacrifice laid at her feet, a crown rests upon her head and the voluminous blue mantle she wears is upheld at either end by angels in such a manner that it folds, representing the folds of Christianity, embrace all who kneel under its covering. To the left of the picture is a group representing the four doctors, Gregory, Jerome, Augustine and Ambrose, the latter two in mitre and cope, and all looking upward towards the Blessed Virgin, their countenances expressing appreciation of the marvel to which they are witness. Above all roll the opening clouds of heaven in the midst of which stand the rounding angels, as seen in the picture. The father is represented as an old man wearing a long beard and enveloped in a purple cloak, one hand holding the globe and the other raised in benediction of the scene before him. The work is a grand production and will well repay a visit and a half hour spent in its study. It is said to have been taken from a picture in Italy by the Emperor Napoleon. It is valued at twenty thousand dollars. There are many other attractions in the apartments allotted to art. Amongst them is a striking picture, the title of which is Family Prayer. It is by the well-known artist, G. A. Reid, R.C.A. The scene shows the interior of a farm house; the uncleared tea-table still remains and the family, the father, mother and four children, kneel in different groupings, while the father with raised hand supplicates the Most High. The old grandfather, too, makes an interesting feature. The coloring and attitudes are true to life and this, with the picture's naturalness, gives the picture a decided charm. "Salerno," painted by T. C. Hoffman in 1842, gives a direct and pleasing idea of the beautiful Italian bay. The blue waters, the low-lying town, the guarding hills in the purple background, the broad sandy road and the quaint figures in the picturesque costumes of the country are all beautifully presented. In one room of the art department are thirty-four paintings, the aggregate value of which is \$13,500. A visit to the gallery will certainly be repaid by the vast amount of pleasure and information it will afford.

THE GROWING ENTERPRISE OF M. P. MALLON.

The late visit of the millionaire dealer, Alderman Riddin of Liverpool, to the young merchants of our city, who supplies him annually with between sixty and seventy thousand poultry for the English market, reminds us that day after day enterprises are rising up around us of which perhaps we are altogether unaware, until some incident attracts our attention in their direction. On Jarvis street a short distance from King, is the business centre of Mr. M. P. Mallon, one of the youngest of our city merchants. His business is the exportation of Canadian poultry, and though established but a short time, it is now in a flourishing condition with ever increasing promise for the future. The business is unique to a great extent and under the application of scientific principles affords scope for development. The late trip of Mr. Mallon to Europe

has given a new impetus to the work and the possibilities for the future are for Toronto a business which in its own line may take rank with any on the American continent.

DEATH OF MR. PATRICK J. WALSH.

A recent death was that of Mr. Patrick J. Walsh of 50 River street, Toronto. Mr. Walsh had been ailing for a short time, but death was scarcely looked for, even though all preparation had been made for the dread coming, and he died fortified and consoled by the sacraments of the Church reserves for her dying. The deceased was an employee of the G.T.R. at York Station, and a long time parishioner of St. Paul's parish, where his practical Catholicity and devotion made him a marked member of the congregation. The bereaved family have the sympathy of all who know them and the fact that this is the second death within a few months, the other being that of a much loved daughter, increases the sorrow and sympathy. The funeral took place on Monday morning from St. Paul's church to St. Michael's cemetery, Toronto. Rev. Father Hand said the mass and accompanied the remains to the cemetery. Mr. Walsh leaves three sons, John, Joseph and William, and five daughters, Mrs. Culliton, Mrs. Mullin and the Misses Margaret, Emma and Rose. May he rest in peace.

DEATH OF MR. MICHAEL CROTTIE.

At Kleinburg on Sunday, 16th inst., the death occurred of Mr. Michael Crottie, father of the well-known west end merchant of Toronto, Mr. M. J. Crottie. The funeral took place on Wednesday morning from St. Patrick's church, Toronto Gore. May he rest in peace. Fuller notice later.

CHADWICK-GARVEY.

At St. Michael's Cathedral on Tuesday, the 11th inst., the marriage of Mr. R. Charwick and Miss M. Garvey took place. The bride, who was handsomely gowned in white silk, was attended by Miss V. Blackgrove, costumed charmingly in blue and cream. The groom was supported by Mr. C. Bolton. After the honeymoon, Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick will reside in Toronto.

A Catholic Mother and the Catholic Schools

(From the Tidings, Los Angeles.)

However effective the work of the pedagogists, the authorities on child study and educators in general, it is for the mother, particularly the intelligent, Catholic mother, to pronounce ultimate criticism on the value of the school for the children. The educators in many cases attain perfect scientific system, but often the children will not fit it. When, therefore, a mother makes the following commendation, the other mothers of Los Angeles have reason to be interested in so frank a statement. "It befell me," writes this particular mother, "upon my arrival in Los Angeles a few days ago, to look up a suitable school wherein I might place my little ones. Knowing from past experience in the East that all Catholic schools were good even if they had not many funds, I naturally selected that particular school for my children which is under the direct supervision of our Bishop, the Cathedral school. Never have I visited a parochial school more perfectly organized.

"After placing my intermediate flock in their respective grades, I said to the Sisters in charge, 'Now, I have a problem, in solving which I would like your assistance. My eldest daughter is just ready to take up her high school course, while my youngest child, who naturally should be at home with her mother, if she were not fatherless and needed that mother to earn her bread, must be placed in school. She is under school age so the kindergarten must be her home for a little while. I have not the means to send them to an academy where these extremes meet; now what shall I do?'

"Sister smiled brightly and answered: 'Our Right Rev. Bishop has already solved the problem for you. Until his own Catholic High School building is completed he has placed the work of the first year of high school in this building, and I think that if you will visit the class you will find the work of the young ladies most satisfactory and complete. The course we take is similar to that of the high school—Latin, English, algebra, physical geography and free hand drawing.

"As to the baby, come upstairs and visit our kindergarten department—something unique in this city—a Catholic kindergarten. The entire equipment is the gift of our beloved Bishop.

"Can you now, my dear readers, marvel that I take this opportunity of expressing a few humble words of gratitude to that shepherd of his flock who with all his cares and duties has time to think of and provide for the least of his little ones—to that father who is so nobly fulfilling the words of our Eternal Father, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' And yet there are Los Angeles Catholics, so I am told, who do not send their children to Catholic schools."

For a Hunting Trip

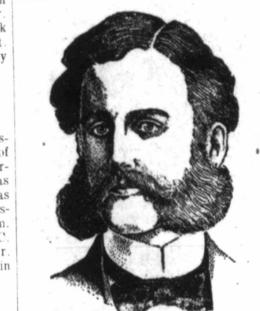
And one which will bring you the best results, spend a few days in the Mammoth District, reached via Grand Trunk Railway. This district abounds in moose and other large game. Call on Grand Trunk agents or address J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, Toronto, for descriptive and illustrated booklet, entitled "Haunts of Fish & Game," which gives full information as to game laws, and the best districts to go to.

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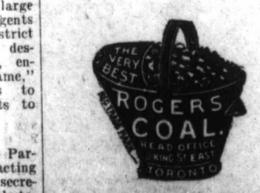
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Any even numbered section of the Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting 8 and 26, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

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

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

- (1) At least six months' residence upon cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years. (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this Act, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother. (3) If a settler was entitled to and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence upon the first homestead. If the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead. (4) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

The term "vicinity" used above is meant to indicate the same township or an adjoining or cornering township. A settler who avails himself of the provisions of Clauses (2), (3) or (4) must cultivate 20 acres of his homestead, or substitute 20 head of stock, with buildings for his accommodation, and have besides 80 acres substantially fenced. The privilege of a second entry is restricted by law to those settlers only who completed the duties upon their first homesteads to entitle them to patent on or before the 2nd June, 1889. Every homesteader who fails to comply with the requirements of the homestead law is liable to have his entry cancelled, and the land may be again thrown open for entry.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

Should be made at the end of the three years, before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent or the Homestead Inspector. Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so. INFORMATION Newly arrived immigrants will receive at the Immigration Office in Winnipeg, or at any Dominion Lands Office in Manitoba or the North-west Territories information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them. Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, as well as respecting Dominion Lands in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa; the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba; or to any of the Dominion Lands Agents in Manitoba or the North-west Territories. JAMES A. SMART Deputy Minister of the Interior N.B.—In addition to Free Grants, to which the Regulations above stated refer, thousands of acres of most desirable lands are available for lease or purchase from Railroad and other Corporations and private firms in Western Canada.

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