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VOL. XIII., No. 47

TORONTO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1905

PRICE FIVE CENT

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Mr. John Brick's Hamilton Assessment
Names of Prominent Business Men and Firms that Existed There More Than Fifty Years Ago—A Visit from Mr. E. M. Meehan, President of Toronto Typographical Union No. 91—Old-Timer was once a Member and an Officer of that Trade Guild—Mr. Meehan was once an Apprentice Under the Late Patrick Boyle of the Irish Canadian—The President of the International Typographical Union a Man Named Lynch, whose Name Indicates his Nationality—Some of Toronto's Old-Time Printers—Many of Them Irish Catholics—Old-Timer's Acquaintance With Them.

I now take up the continuance of the assessments in the First Ward on King street west, in Hamilton, from Mr. John Brick's assessment role, now in my possession, and kindly lent me by his daughter, Mrs. Chas. J. Bird, of 56 Chestnut street. The first name is that of Mr. Hiram Clarke. He was a man of some business importance and an American. David Pyle I do not remember. Samuel Kerr was a grocer and a citizen of good repute. Sanders & Robinson were business men of some importance. I think Mr. Sanders was a Dane or Norwegian. Distin & Sons were important business men, I think in the tinware line. The elder Distin was one of Hamilton's first mayors. I have a kind friend in Chicago who is his nephew, J. T. Thom was a saddler and harness maker. He was Irish, I think. James Hammell was a small and a worthy citizen of Irish nationality. Sloan & Drake were business men of some kind, and Irish too, but what their business was I do not remember, although the name sounds familiar to my ears. John Ryckman is an old Hamilton name, and I think was a son of Samuel Ryckman, who was town constable. John Gardner I have to pass over. Jasper Gikison was an agent and I think a dealer in real estate. His personality stands before me. He was a young man of some style, red-headed and bright-eyed. He usually swung a short cane which was somewhat the fashion, Gikison might be taken either for Irish or Highland Scotch. A guard-house comes in here for there were soldiers in Hamilton in those days. W. P. McLaren was an extensive wholesale grocer, and Highland Scotchman. Those Highland Scotch were all Celts and by no means feeble fellows. William Press was proprietor of the Burlington House, the best hotel in Hamilton in those days. I went to Lord Metcalfe's reception, held there. Paola Brown, the bell-ringer, was there too. Charles Langdon was the stage agent, who had his office in Press's Hotel. I rather think Press was of German stock, a plain, agreeable man. Langdon, perhaps, was Irish. W. E. Clarke was a business man and an American of New England stock and of New England thrift. Hugh Walker I must pass over. Scotch, I guess. A Kerr & Co. were wholesale dry goods dealers. I think the firm name was afterwards changed to A. & T. C. Kerr, whose place of business was on the south side of the Gore. Scotch you know. A Bigelow was a crockery dealer, whose nationality I can hardly guess at, but maybe he was an American. I remember he wore spectacles. Bryce, McMurrough & Co. had a large wholesale dry goods business. I rather think this McMurrough was in later days the well-known John McMurrough of Toronto. Scotch thrift animated him. C. C. Ferrie & Co. were wholesale merchants of the early days. Their place of business was the southwest corner of King and Hughson streets. Their store was a large two-story, white frame building, which was moved back in 1845 to make way for the Gore Bank Building, erected that year. Mr. Ferrie was, I think, president of the bank at that time. W. A. Price & Co. were merchants of whom I have no remark to make. Kennedy Parker

& Co. were whole merchants. Armour & Co. were prominent merchants. John P. was a retail dry goods dealer. Catholic, who, only for his Irish name, might be taken for a French Canadian on account of his rather swarthy complexion. He was a very nice man, however. He was one of those business men that removed from the older town of Dundas to Hamilton in the early forties. Thos. Brown I don't remember. John Winer I have a very lively recollection of. He was a wholesale and retail druggist, come from Rochester, N.Y., and had a family of boys and girls, who were very good looking. Several members of the family married Catholics, including William Winer, who married a daughter of Dr. John King of Toronto, a prominent Irish Catholic, who was a Professor of Medicine in Toronto University. The firm name of John Winer & Co. is still in existence on King street. R. Beasley was the father of the present city of Hamilton. He was a magistrate and a man of some importance. The present city clerk, his son, has held that office for over fifty years, succeeding a man named Jackson, a cultured man, but addicted to liquor. John Young, jr., was a grocer on the south side of King street, who did a thriving business, especially before the Murphys came to be his neighbors in the same line, but the Murphys came after this roll was written. John Young, of course, was a Scotchman, and he had brothers who served in the store. It looks as if Glasco or Aberdeen had ridden of its young business men to seek their fortunes in Hamilton. I was often a customer in John Young's store in the days of its prime. Robert Holbrook was a boot and shoe dealer and I think an American. Davidson & Inman were business people of whom I have lost recollection.

This list by no means finishes the names of business men in Hamilton in the forties, but they are all that I can give space to in this issue. The names here given were all residents of King street west of Hughson St.

A few days ago Old-Timer had a visit from a man who knew him in the days of his youth and bears for him a fond recollection. It was Mr. E. M. Meehan, President of Toronto Typographical or Printers' Union, No. 91. His name indicates his nationality and glad I am that Mr. Meehan has conducted himself so well and so satisfactorily as to win the confidence and esteem of the nine hundred good men and true that are members of that union. I have after all my rambles and roamings, an affection for old 91, as I was not only a member, but an officer of it in the early fifties. Mr. Meehan has placed in my possession a copy of the Souvenir publication of the Annual Convention of International Typographical Union, held in Toronto Aug. 14th to 20th of this year, which I greatly value, not only for the source from which it comes, its interesting contents, but also its superbly artistic style. It is without exception the handsomest piece of printing I ever handled and I must compliment the printers, Messrs. Mill & Birmingham, on the execution of the same, although their names are new to me. It is pleasant to me to notice so many good old Irish names among the officers and members of No. 91; but what is still more pleasant is to notice the splendid face and figure arrayed with the laurels of the International Union, in the person of Mr. James Lynch of Syracuse, N.Y. To be at the head of so large, important and learned a body of men is not only a great personal success for Mr. Lynch, but a triumph for the nationality to which he belongs. What makes the honor greater for the race is that Mr. Lynch's opponent for the presidency at the last election also bore a prominent Irish cognomen. The second and third vice-presidents of the International Union also bear Irish names—J. W. Hays of Minneapolis and James J. Mulcahy of St. Louis. Among the articles written for this Souvenir are "After a Quarter of a Century," by James M. Lynch; "The Futurity of Anti-Union Crusades," by W. R. Prescott; "The Apprenticeship Question," by Edward M. Meehan; "Sketch of the Early History of No. 91," by John Armstrong; "Labor Laws of Canada," by D. J. O'Donohue; "Woman's Auxiliary to the I. T. U.," by Frank A. Kennedy of Omaha.

Old-Timer is especially interested in the "Sketch of the Early History of No. 91," by John Armstrong, because he knew Mr. Armstrong and many of the persons and events referred to in it.

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cited by him, being historical. From Mr. Armstrong's narrative I learn that Toronto Typographical Union is one of the oldest trade unions on the continent of America. Seventy-three years ago twenty-four journeyman printers considered the propriety of forming a society to protect their trade interests, and accordingly a meeting was called by Mr. J. H. Lawrence on the 12th day of October, 1832, at the York Hotel. W. A. C. Myers, sometimes known as "Wae" Myers, was called to the chair and stated the object for which the meeting was called. A resolution was passed to form themselves into a society. A constitution and by-laws was drafted and £1. 15s. set as the regular weekly salary for journeymen printers. This was in what was known as Halifax currency, which was less than sterling money. Among the members who signed the roll was David Bancroft, who was the society's first president. He was the grandfather of Hon. Geo. Bancroft, the American historian, who at one time represented the United States at the Court of St. James. Mr. Lawrence, who called the meeting to order, Old-Timer has a recollection of. In the early forties he was foreman of the "Christian Guardian" office, and a promoter of temperance, and a leader in temperance organizations. In 1844 he headed a temperance excursion party from Toronto to Hamilton, where there was a grand temperance parade, in which Catholics and Protestants joined, for he it known, those were the days when Father Mathew was active and admired by Protestants as well as Catholics.

Mr. Myers' nationality, but I should judge him to be a Pennsylvania Dutchman. He had peculiarities that the late Peter Nolan, a compositor in the "Colonist" office, used to take off to perfection, and this Peter Nolan, when he died of consumption, was greatly regretted, so amiable was he in manners and disposition. James O'Connor, a brother of His Grace the Catholic Bishop of Peterborough, was another compositor and amiable young man, who set type under Myers in the old "Colonist" office. Old-Timer worked under him as compositor and assistant foreman, and from this latter position was promoted to be proof-reader and city editor. It was while filling the latter position he received Thomas D'Arcy McGee on the occasion of his first visit to Toronto in 1855.

The first man to present a reciprocal trade card to the York Typographical Union was a printer from Cork, Ireland, named Baird; but there was no work in Toronto then for him and he received from the treasury of the Union £7s. 6d to take him to the United States, where thousands have since followed.

Robert Wilson Clindinning was one of the recruits of this trade union in the year 1835. I knew him well. He was so correct a compositor that it was totally unnecessary for the proof-reader to read his proofs for correction. I have many things to say about Mr. Clindinning and his brother, who was an intellectually bright young man, who died young.

John Robertson, a smart Scotch printer, I believe from Edinburgh, was an early member of No. 91. I knew him better than any of the others. He was my trademaster. He removed to Hamilton in 1810 and there started a printing office of his own. Among the printing contracts he secured there was the printing of "The Catholic" newspaper, for the Very Rev. William Peter McDonnell, the first regular Catholic parish priest of Hamilton. Robertson was not a Catholic, however. His wife was a sister of Sheriff Smith of Simcoe County. When Smiley started the Spectator in Hamilton in 1846, Robertson joined him, contributing his job office and himself as his only apprentice, to the stock of the concern. He got somewhat dissipated and finally went to Australia in 1852 when the gold fever broke out there. Mr. Henry Robertson, K.C., of Colingwood, the well-known barrister, is his son.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

OLD-TIMER'S LECTURES.

Mr. William Halley of Toronto, well known as Old-Timer, is now in the lecture field, and has made dates as follows:
 Dundas—Town Hall, Monday evening, Nov. 27.
 Hamilton—C.M.B.A. Hall, Tuesday evening, Nov. 28.
 Center Toronto—St. George's Hall, Elm street, Tuesday evening, Dec. 5.
 The subject of Mr. Halley's lectures is "Personal Recollections of Thos. D'Arcy McGee, Irish Patriot, American Editor and Canadian Statesman."
 Mr. Halley will be pleased to hear from Societies throughout the province for future dates, and would like to have the assistance of musical and literary talent at his lectures. He would ask his friends in Toronto, Hamilton and Dundas to assist him in making his lectures in those localities successful.

GLADSTONE MEMORIAL

Tribute by John Morley

London, Nov. 6.—The bronze statue of Mr. Gladstone, by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., which is one of the forms of the National Memorial resolved upon by the Grosvenor House meeting soon after the death of the eminent statesman, was unveiled in the Strand to-day by Mr. John Morley.

Mr. John Morley, who was received with cheers, said—Lord Peel, ladies, and gentlemen—I am sure there is one feeling in which we all share, and that is a vivid regret at the absence of Lord Spencer (hear, hear). Those of us who have long been his friends find a certain consolation for his temporary disablement, and that is the chorus of appreciation which has gone forth from every quarter—appreciation of his public courage, his transparent unselfishness, his devotion and ready response to every call of patriotism and of honor (cheers). It is a particular felicity Lord Peel has consented to preside over our proceedings to-day, because, as he has already told you, it was the illustrious statesman whose name he worthily bears—Sir Robert Peel—who first, when Mr. Gladstone was only 27, singled him out for his ability in the performance of public work. It was he who first gave him office, who first invited him to take a place in a Cabinet. Those of us who knew Mr. Gladstone remember that he was never weary of telling us that

IT WAS FROM SIR ROBERT PEELE that he learned the lessons of administrative and legislative practice. He was never weary of telling us that the after-knowledge of such a man, and intercourse with him, was a high privilege and a priceless possession. Sir Robert Peel heard Mr. Gladstone's maiden speech in 1833, and applauded it; and as Lord Peel has reminded us, it fell to him as the august President of the House of Commons to hear Mr. Gladstone's farewell words in that great assembly (hear, hear). Now there are many of us here—perhaps most of us—who need no memorial of Mr. Gladstone in marble or in bronze, but find a lasting memorial of him in our own inspired recollections of him as guide, comrade, and friend (cheers). But time passes. Great events soon become chapters of past history. In the well-known image of the poet whom he idolized, and which may come to our minds in these autumn days:

"Like the generations of leaves the generations of men are,
 The autumn winds strew them over the ground;
 Then spring comes, the tree putteth forth anew.
 So with the races of men—
 New come out and the old pass away."

It is good for us, therefore, to place on high this effigy of Mr. Gladstone, because great inspirations come from heroic names, and his name was truly heroic (hear, hear). And it is good that his effigy should be placed on high there amidst this thronging tide of life, so that men may know by recalling his achievements and his character, which was greater even than his achievements (cheers)—may know how great a thing the life of a man may be made (renewed cheers). Many of us have been inclined to regret that this statue could not have found a place down in Westminster, but there were reasons for that, I dare say, and I can recollect that there is a statue of him in marble in the precincts of that House of Commons of which he was the glory (cheers). There is a statue of him in the Abbey, where he rests among the Kings and heroes. We are still within the precincts of the City of Westminster, and I believe I am saying what the Committee would wish me to say when I express our appreciation of the help which the proposals of this committee have received from the local authorities, and I believe we have the honor of welcoming to-day here the Chief Magistrate of the City of Westminster, and we owe special thanks to the London County Council (cheers), who have shown a genuine interest, and capacity in providing for us what I do think is in many ways

ONE OF THE GRANDEST SITES to be found in this immense city of London. I will tell you why I say so. London is, as has been said, ten or twelve cities. We are here in the centre of one of them. Here, if any-

where, we realize what Wordsworth said when he talked of "ships, domes, towers, theatres, and temples." Here we are surrounded by the tide of life, and Mr. Gladstone's sympathies with all the infinite variety of human life were so rich and manifold, his interests in human endeavor were so animated, his sense of the ebb and flow of human beings was so keen and singular that I for one find great ground not only to be reconciled to, but to rejoice in the fact that his effigy finds a place here. He is very near the palace of the Inland Revenue, in the doings of which he was so much concerned, and in the doings of which we are all in some degree concerned. He is close to the Palace of Justice, where, as you recollect, he presented a noble figure when it was opened in the reign of Queen Victoria. He is near the tide that flows past here through all the day and half the night. When it is said by unkind critics that Mr. Gladstone was a rhetorician I should like to say this: Go down to the City of London and see the floods of men that surge into that city every morning and make it the one great centre of commerce, the centre of the financial world. Remember that in the admirable qualities of the merchants, bankers, dealers,

MR. GLADSTONE WOULD HAVE BEEN A MATCH FOR THE BEST OF THEM

In these very qualities (hear, hear). In exactitude of accounts, in unswerving, unshifting and unremittent labour, in precision in computation and calculation, in the vigilant survey of markets and of prices, they would have found in him a match and master. Take the Bank of England, the London and North Western Railway, or any other great concern, how much would they give any day to get such a man as "the rhetorician." Mr. Gladstone was an extraordinary case—perhaps, the most extraordinary in our minds—of a man who had the magic and the glory and the ardour combined, with the passion and the power of the man of action (hear, hear).

HE WAS EFFECTIVE

—I will use the word effective—(hear, hear)—in Council. He was effective in the House of Commons almost beyond parallel, whether in exposition, in argument, or in debate. He was effective in one department—the Exchequer—almost beyond any man who has ever controlled the Department of Finance. He was effective in what he used to count the most difficult and laborious of all the operations of a public man—the framing, the constructing, and the conducting of long, elaborate, and complicated measures through the House of Commons. He was effective almost beyond anybody in England—I will not talk of Ireland—effective beyond any man in the force by which he could draw first of all, the House of Commons—and in spite of what might be said, he himself gloried in thinking it the elite of the business faculty of this country—effective there in persuasion, and he was, if possible, more effective when he touched with his own passion great multitudes of men, and his faith in this power was really boundless; for I have heard of cases where he would detain a huge audience of many thousands with a discussion of a Bulgarian Constitution or with some point about Maltese marriages. He was persuaded, and he was right—his success justified him—that he could pour his own interest into these great classes of men. It is said that he followed public opinion. No, gentlemen,

HE DID NOT FOLLOW PUBLIC OPINION.

In all the great causes in the high land marks of his life, he created, he shaped, he moulded, he guided, he inspired that public opinion upon which his success depended. The secret of his effectiveness did not reside, principally at all events, in his strong and powerful and capacious brain. It lay in his indomitable heart. It was pointed out the other day that his great qualities were faith, courage, labor. I think that is a perfectly true account of him. But dauntless courage was, after all, the greatest of those qualities. But where did that come from? It came from his fervid conviction that the arguments with which he was at the time pressing his case were unsalable. It was

THE FERVOUR OF HIS CONVICTION

that gave him that heart, along with his power of brain, to perform those (Continued on page 5.)

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BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

So he dropped the red-brick dwelling-house on the floor, and setting his heel upon it, crushed it into pieces.

"That," said the locksmith, "is easily disposed of, and I would to Heaven that everything growing out of the same society could be settled as easily."

"It happens very fortunately, Varden," said his wife, with her handkerchief to her eyes, "that in case any more disturbances should happen—which I hope not; I sincerely hope not!"

"I hope so too, my dear." "That in case any should occur, we have the piece of paper which that poor misguided young man has brought."

"Ay, to be sure," said the locksmith, turning quickly round, "where is that piece of paper?"

Mrs. Varden stood aghast as he took it from her outstretched hand, tore it into fragments, and threw them under the grate.

"Not under it?" she said. "Use it!" cried the locksmith. "No! Let them come and pull the roof off our ears; let them burn us out of house and home; I'd neither have the protection of their leader, nor chalk their howl upon my door, though, for not doing it, they shot me on my own threshold. Use it! Let them come and do their worst. The first man who crosses my door-step on such an errand as theirs, had better be a hundred miles away. Let him look to it. The others may have their will. I wouldn't beg or buy them off, if instead of every pound of iron in the place, there was a hundred weight of gold. Get you to bed, Martha. I shall take down the shutters and go to work."

"So early!" said his wife.

"Ay," replied the locksmith, cheerily, "so early. Come when they may, they shall not find us skulking and hiding as if we feared to take our portion of the light of day, and left it all to them. So pleasant dreams to you, my dear, and cheerful sleep!"

Which that he gave his wife a hearty kiss, and bade her delay no longer, or it would be time to rise before she lay down to rest. Mrs. Varden quitted amiably and meekly walked upstairs, followed by Miggs, who, although a good deal subdued, could not refrain from sundry stimulative coughs and sniffs by the way, or from holding up her hands in astonishment at the daring conduct of master.

CHAPTER LII. A mob is usually a creature of very mysterious existence, particularly in a large city. Where it comes from or whither it goes, few men can tell.

Assembling and dispersing with equal suddenness, it is as difficult to follow to its various sources as the sea itself, nor does the parallel stop here, for the ocean is not more fickle and uncertain, more terrible when roused, more unreasonable or more cruel.

The people who were boisterous at Westminster upon the Friday morning, and were eagerly bent upon the work of devastation in Duke Street and Warwick Street at night, were, in the mass, the same. Allowing for the chance accessions which any crowd is morally always to a large number of idle and profligate persons, one and the same mob was at both places. Yet they spread themselves in various directions when they dispersed in the afternoon, made no appointment for re-assembling, had no definite purpose or design, and indeed, for anything they knew, were scattered beyond the hope of future union.

At the Boot, which, as has been shown, was in a manner the headquarters of the rioters, there were not, upon this Friday night, a dozen people. Some slept in the stable and outhouses, some in the common room, and some two or three in beds. The rest were in their usual homes or haunts. Perhaps not a score in all lay in the adjacent fields, and near the under laystalls, or near the warmth of brick-kilns, who had not their accustomed place of rest beneath the open sky. As to the public ways within the town, they had their ordinary nightly occupants, and no others, the usual amount of vice and wretchedness, but no more.

The experience of one evening, however, had taught the reckless leaders of disturbance, that they had but to show themselves in the streets, to be immediately surrounded by materials which they could only have kept together when their aid was not required, at great risk, expense and trouble. Once possessed of their secret, they were as confident as if twenty thousand men, devoted to their will, had been engaged about them, and assumed a confidence which could not have been surpassed, though that had really been the case. All day Saturday they remained quiet. On Sunday they rather studied how to keep their men within call, and in full hope, than to follow out, by any very fierce measure, their first day's proceedings.

"I hope," said Dennis, as, with a yawn, he raised his body from a heap of straw on which he had been sleeping, and supporting his head upon his hand, appealing to Hugh on Sunday morning, "that Muster Gashford allows some rest? Perhaps he'd have us at work again already, eh?"

"It's not his way to let matters drop, you may be sure. 'Tis in no humor to stir yet, though. I'm as stiff as a dead body, and as full of ugly scratches as if I had been fighting all day yesterday with wild cats."

"You've so much enthusiasm, that is it," said Dennis, looking with

great admiration at the uncombed head, matted beard, and torn hairs and face of the wild figure before him; "you're such a devil of a fellow. You hurt yourself a hundred times more than you need, because you will be foremost in everything, and will do more than the rest."

"For the matter of that," returned Hugh, shaking back his ragged hair and glancing towards the door of the stable in which they lay, "there is one yonder as good as me. What did I tell you about him? Did I say he was worth a dozen when you doubted him?"

Mr. Dennis rolled lazily over upon his breast, and resting his chin upon his hand in imitation of the attitude in which Hugh lay, said, as he, too, looked towards the door:

"Ay, ay, you knew him, brother, you knew him. But who'd suppose to look at that chap now, that he could be the man he is! Isn't it a thousand cruel pities, brother, that instead of taking his natural rest and qualifying himself for further exertions in this honorable cause, he should be playing at soldiers like a boy? And his cleanliness too!"

Mr. Dennis, who certainly had no reason to entertain a fellow-feeling with anybody who was particularly clean, "what weakens his cleanliness? At five o'clock this morning, there he was at the pump, though any one would think he had gone through enough, the day before yesterday, to be pretty fast asleep at that time. But no—when I woke for a minute or two, there he was at the pump, and if you'd have seen him sticking their peacock's feathers into his hat when he'd done washing—ah! I'm sorry he's such an imperfect character, but the best on us is incomplete in some pint of view or another."

The subject of this dialogue and of these concluding remarks, which were uttered in a tone of philosophical meditation, was, as the reader will have divined, no other than Barnaby Rudge, who, with his flag in his hand, stood sentry in the little patch of sunlight at the distant door, or walked to and fro outside, singing softly to himself, and keeping time to the music of some clear church-bells. Whether he stood still, leaning with both hands on the flag-staff, or bearing it upon his shoulder, paced slowly up and down, the careful arrangement of his poor dress and his erect and lofty bearing, showed how high a sense he had of the great importance of his trust, and how happy and how proud it made him.

To Hugh and his companion, who lay in a dark corner of the gloomy shed, he, and the sunlight and the peaceful Sabbath sound to which he made response, seemed like a bright picture framed by the door, and set off by the stable's blackness. The whole formed such a contrast to themselves, as they lay wallowing, like some obscene animals, in their squalor and wickedness on the two heaps of straw, that for a few moments they looked up without speaking, and felt almost ashamed.

"Ah!" said Hugh at length, carrying it off with a laugh: "He's a rare fellow is Barnaby, and can do more, with less rest, or meat, or drink, than any of us. As to his soldiering, I put him on duty there."

"Then there was an object in it, and a proper good one too, I'll be sworn," retorted Dennis, with a grin, and an oath of the same quality. "What was it, brother?"

"Why, you see," said Hugh, crawling a little nearer to him, "that our noble captain yonder, came in yesterday morning rather the worse of liquor, and was—like you and me—ditto last night."

Dennis looked to where Simon Tappertit lay coiled upon a truss of hay, snoring profoundly, and nodded.

"And our noble captain," continued Hugh with another laugh, "our noble captain and I have planned for to-morrow a roaring expedition, with good profit in it."

"Again the papists?" asked Dennis, rubbing his hands.

"Ay, against the papists—against one of 'em at least, that some of us, and I for one, owe a good heavy grudge to."

"Not Muster Gashford's friend that he spoke to us about in my house, eh?" said Dennis, brimful of pleasant expectation.

"The same man," said Hugh.

"That's your sort," cried Mr. Dennis, gayly shaking hands with him, "that's the kind of game. Let's have revenges and injuries, and all that, and we shall get on twice as fast. Now you talk, indeed!"

"Ha, ha, ha! The captain," added Hugh, "has thoughts of carrying off a woman in the bustle, and—ha, ha, ha!—and so have I."

Mr. Dennis received this part of the scheme with a wry face, observing that as a general principle he objected to women altogether, as being unsafe and slippery persons, on whom there was no calculating with any certainty, and who were never in the same mind for four or twenty hours at a stretch. He might have expatiated on this suggestive theme at much greater length, but that it occurred to him to ask what connection existed between the proposed expedition and Barnaby's being posted at the stable door as sentry, to which Hugh cautiously replied in these words:

"Why, the people we mean to visit were friends of his, once upon a time."

"I know that much of him to be sure, pretty sure that it is so. We were going to do them any harm, he'd be no friend to our side, so he would send a ready hand to the other. So I've persuaded him for a while to keep him out to guard his place to-morrow while we're away, and that it's a great honor—and so he's on duty now, and as proud of it as if he was a general. Ha, ha! What do you say to me for a careful man as well as a devil of a one?"

Mr. Dennis exhausted himself in compliments, and then added:

"About about the expedition itself?"

"About that," said Hugh, "you shall hear all particulars from me and the great captain conjointly and both together—for see, he's waking up. Rouse yourself, lion-heart. Ha, ha! Put a good face upon it, and drink again. Another hair of the dog'll do you good, captain! Let's drink! There's enough of gold and silver cups and candlesticks buried underneath my bed," he added, rolling back the straw, and pointing to where the ground was newly turned, "to pay for it, if it was a score of casks full. Drink, captain!"

Mr. Tappertit received these jovial promptings with a very bad grace, being much the worse, both in mind and body, for his two nights of debauch, and but indifferently able to stand upon his legs. With Hugh's assistance, however, he contrived to stagger to the pump, and having refreshed himself with an abundant draught of cold water, and a copious shower of the same refreshing liquid on his head and face, he ordered some rum and milk to be served, and upon that innocent beverage and some biscuits and cheese made a pretty hearty meal. That done, he disposed himself in an easy attitude on the ground beside his two companions (who were carousing after their own tastes), and proceeded to enlighten Mr. Dennis in reference to to-morrow's project.

That their conversation was an interesting one, was rendered manifest by its length, and by the close attention of all three. That it was not of an oppressively grave character, but was enlivened by various pleasantries arising out of the subject, was clear from their loud and frequent roars of laughter, which started Barnaby on his post, and made him wonder at their levity. But he was not summoned to join them, until they had eaten, and drunk, and slept, and talked together for some hours; not, indeed, until the twilight—when they informed him that they were about to make a slight demonstration in the streets—just to keep the people's hands in, as it was Sunday night, and the public might otherwise be disappointed—and that he was free to accompany them if he would.

Without the slightest preparation, save that they carried clubs and wore the blue cockade, they sallied out into the streets, and with no more settled design than that of doing as much mischief as they could, paraded them at random. Their march was rapid, and their numbers divided into parties, agreeing to meet by and by, in the fields near Welbeck Street, scoured the town in various directions. The largest body, and that which augmented with the greatest rapidity, was the one to which Hugh and Barnaby belonged. This took its way towards Moorfields, where there was a rich chapel, and in which neighborhood several Catholic families were known to reside.

Beginning with the private houses so occupied, they broke open the doors and windows, and while they destroyed the furniture and left but the bare walls, made a sharp search for tools and engines of destruction, such as hammers, pokers, axes, saws, and such like instruments. Many of the rioters made belts of cord, or handkerchiefs, or any material they found at hand, and wore these weapons as openly as pioneers on this night, very little excitement or hurry. From the chapels they tore down and took away the very altars, benches, pulpits, caws, and flooring, from the dwelling-houses, the very wainscoting and stairs. This Sunday evening's recreation they pursued like mere workmen who had a certain task to do, and did it. Fifty resolute men might have turned them at any moment; a single company of soldiers could have scattered them like dust; but no man interposed, no authority restrained them, and except by the terrified persons who fled from their approach, they were as little heeded as if they were pursuing their lawful occupations with the utmost sobriety and good conduct.

In the same manner they marched to the place of rendezvous agreed upon, made great fires in the fields, and reserved the most valuable of their spoils, burned the rest. Priests' garments, images of saints, rich stuffs and ornaments, altar-furniture and household goods, were cast into the flames, and shed a glare on the whole country round; but they danced and howled, and roared about these fires till they were tired, and were never for an instant checked.

As the main body filed off from this scene of action, and passed down Welbeck Street they came upon Gashford, who had been a witness of their proceedings, and was walking stealthily along the pavement. Keeping up with him, and yet not seeming to speak, Hugh muttered in his ear:

"Is this better, master?"

"No," said Gashford. "It is not." "What would you have?" said Hugh. "Fever's are never at their height at once. They must go on by degrees."

"I would have you," said Gashford, pinching his arm with such violence that his nails seemed to meet in the skin. "I would have you put some meaning into your work. Fool! Can you make no better bonfires than of rags and seraps? Can you burn nothing whole?"

"A little patience, master," said Hugh. "Wait a few hours and you shall see. Look for a redness in the sky to-morrow night."

With that, he fell back into his place beside Barnaby, and when the secretary looked after him, both were lost in the crowd.

CHAPTER LIII.

The next day was ushered in by merry peals of bells, and by the firing of the Tower guns; flags were hoisted on many of the church-steeple; the usual demonstrations were made, in honor of the anniversary of the King's birthday, and every man went

DYSPEPSIA AND STOMACH DISORDERS MAY BE QUICKLY AND PERMANENTLY CURED BY BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Mr. P. A. Labelle, Maniwaki, Que., writes me as follows: "I desire to thank you for your wonderful cure, Burdock Blood Bitters. Three years ago I had a very severe attack of Dyspepsia. I tried five of the best doctors I could find but they could do me no good. I was advised by a friend to try Burdock Blood Bitters and to my great surprise, after taking two bottles, I was so perfectly cured that I have not had a sign of Dyspepsia since. I cannot praise it too highly to all sufferers. In my experience it is the best I ever used. Nothing for me like B.B.B. Don't accept a substitute for Burdock Blood Bitters. There is nothing 'just as good.'"

about his pleasure or business, as if the city were in perfect order, and there were no half-smouldering embers in its secret places which on the approach of night would kindle up again, and scatter ruin and dismay abroad. The leaders of the riot, rendered still more daring by the success of last night and by the booty they had acquired, kept steadily together, and only thought of implicating the mass of their followers so deeply that no hope of pardon or reward might tempt them to betray their more notorious confederates into the hands of justice.

Indeed, the sense of having gone too far to be forgiven, held the timid together no less than the bold. Many, who readily have pointed out the foremost rioters and given evidence against them, felt that escape by that means was hopeless, when their every act had been observed by scores of people who had taken no part in the disturbances, who had suffered in their persons, peace or property, by the outrages of the mob who would be most willing witnesses, and whom the government would, no doubt, prefer to any King's evidence that might be offered. Many of this class had deserted their usual occupations on the Saturday morning; some had been seen by their employers, active in the tumult; others knew they must be suspected, and that they would be discharged if they returned, and had been desperado from the beginning, and comforted themselves with the homely proverb that, being hanged at all, they might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb. They all hoped and believed, in a greater or less degree, that the government they seemed to have paralyzed, would, in its terror, come to terms with them in the end, and suffer them to make their own conditions. The least sanguine among them reasoned with himself that, at the worst, they were too many to be all punished, and that he had as good a chance of escape as any other man.

The great mass never reasoned or thought at all, but were stimulated by their own headlong passions, by poverty, by ignorance, by the love of mischief, and the love of plunder. One other circumstance is worthy of remark, and that is that from the moment of their first outbreak at Westminster, every symptom of order or preconceived arrangement among them vanished. When they divided into parties and ran to different quarters of the town, it was on the spontaneous suggestion of the moment. Each party swelled as it went along, like rivers as they roll towards the sea, new leaders sprang up as they were wanted, disappeared when the necessity was over, and reappeared at the next crisis. Each tumult took shape and form from the circumstances of the moment; sober workmen going home from their day's labor, were seen to cast down their baskets of tools and become rioters in an instant; mere boys on errand; did as they pleased. In a word a moral plague ran through the city. The mad and hurry, and excitement, had for hundreds and hundreds an attraction they had no firmness to resist. The contagion spread, like a dread fever; an infectious madness, as yet not near its height, seized on new victims every hour, and society began to trouble at their ravings.

It was between two and three o'clock in the afternoon when Gashford looked into the lair described in the last chapter, and seeing only Barnaby and Dennis there, inquired for Hugh.

He was out, Barnaby told him, had gone out more than an hour ago, and had not yet returned.

"Dennis!" said the smiling secretary in his smoothest voice, as he sat down cross-legged on a barrel. "Dennis!"

The hangman struggled into a sitting posture directly, and with his eyes wide open, looked toward him.

"How do you do, Dennis?" said Gashford, nodding. "I hope you have suffered no inconvenience from your late exertions, Dennis?"

"I always will say of you, Muster Gashford," returned the hangman, staring at him, "that 'ere quiet way of yours might almost wake a dead man. It is," he added with a muttered oath—still staring at him in a thoughtful manner—"so awful still!"

"So distinct, eh Dennis?"

"Distinct!" he answered, scratching his head, and keeping his eyes upon the secretary's face; "I seem to hear it, Muster Gashford, in my weary bones."

"I am very glad your sense of hearing is so sharp, and that I succeed said Gashford, in his merry tone, even tone. "Where is your friend?"

Mr. Dennis looked round as in expectation of beholding him asleep upon his bed of straw, then remembering that he had seen him go out, replied:

"I can't say where he is, Muster Gashford. I expected him back afore

A Cure for Fever and Ague.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are compounded for use in any climate, and they will be found to preserve their powers in any latitude. If fever and ague they act upon the secretions and neutralize the poison which has found its way into the blood. They correct the impurities which find entrance into the system through drinking water or food and if used as a preventive, fevers are avoided.

November 30 DAYS THE SOULS IN PURGATORY 1905

DAY OF MONTH	DAY OF WEEK	COLOR OF VESTMENTS	FEAST
1	W.	w.	All Saints, Holy Day of Obligation.
2	T.	b.	All Souls.
3	F.	w.	Of the Octave.
4	S.	w.	S. Charles Borromeo.
Twenty-First Sunday After Pentecost			
5	Su.	w.	Twenty First Sunday After Pentecost.
6	M.	w.	Of the Octave.
7	T.	w.	Of the Octave.
8	W.	w.	Octave of All Saints.
9	T.	w.	Dedication of S. John Lateran.
10	F.	w.	S. Andrew Avellino.
11	S.	w.	S. Martin of Tours.
Twenty-Second Sunday After Pentecost			
12	Su.	w.	Patronage of B. V. Mary.
13	M.	w.	S. Nicholas L., Pope.
14	T.	w.	S. Deusdedit, Pope.
15	W.	w.	S. Gertrude.
16	T.	r.	S. Josephate.
17	F.	r.	S. Gregory the Wonderworker.
18	S.	w.	Dedication of SS. Peter and Paul.
Twenty-Third Sunday After Pentecost			
19	Su.	r.	S. Pontianus, Pope.
20	M.	w.	S. Felix of Valois.
21	T.	w.	Presentation of B. V. Mary.
22	W.	r.	S. Cecilia.
23	T.	r.	S. Clement, Pope.
24	F.	w.	S. John of the Cross.
25	S.	r.	S. Catharine.
Twenty-Fourth Sunday After Pentecost			
26	Su.	w.	S. Sylvester.
27	M.	w.	S. Elizabeth of Hungary.
28	T.	w.	S. Gregory III., Pope.
29	W.	w.	S. Gelasius, Pope.
30	T.	r.	S. Andrew, Apostle.

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Why Pay \$50.00 for a Solid Gold Watch When You Can Earn Without Cost a HANDSOME GOLD HUNTING CASE WATCH for Selling Only Twenty-five SACRED PICTURES



My premium watch is a beauty. Stem wind and set. Elegantly finished in 14 K Gold Hunting case. The watch is brand new, without a scratch or tarnish on them, but just as they leave the workmen's hands, oiled, adjusted, and timed ready for instant wear. This is the finest premium watch ever given to anyone for a similar service. You can rely upon it that when you have one of these watches you will always have the correct time in your possession. Just the watch for railroad men or those who need a close timer. If you want a watch of this description, send your name and address and agree to sell 25 of my SACRED PICTURES, size 1 1/2x2, at 25c each and send me the money. I will give you over my watch and my pictures. (I am leaving for the party or sitting room. SEND LIKE HOT Cakes. There's No Cold About It. YOU CAN'T miss these cheap brass jewelry pictures are works of art. 10 1/2 beautiful colors, selling in art stores for 50 to 75 each. I want you to sell my watches and send me the money and the same day I receive it I will send you

A Handsome Watch With a Guarantee
EITHER A LADIES' OR GENTS' SIZE, HUNTING CASE OR OPEN FACE, as you prefer

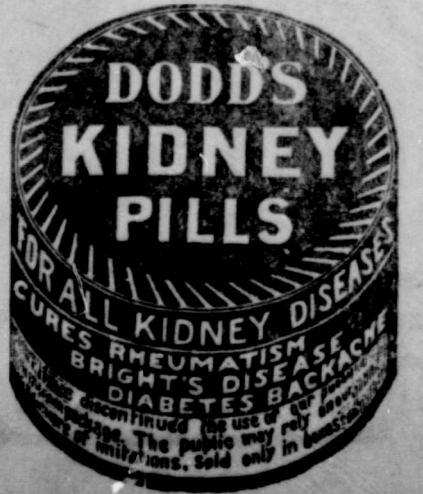
NOTICE—If you are one of the first 50 cutting out and sending me this advertisement I will send you the watch in a leatherette covered, silk plush lined watch case. If you are a hunter you can quickly sell the beautiful pictures, you can also earn the other premiums shown. Chain and Charm, Diamondette, Stud and Scarf Pin, Collar and Cuff Buttons. This set looks for all the year like a \$100.00 watch, and you can sell it easy for \$10.00. Come on now and get a hustle on you.

I know every boy and girl, man and woman needs and wants a watch, and I am giving away the Best Grade watches quickly introductory pictures, and they do not cost you a cent. You can have them for nothing. **Borg Trusts You.** Each and every watch is guaranteed a perfect time keeper. Think of it, a Genuine Guaranteed Gold Finished Watch, either HUNTING CASE OR OPEN FACE CASE, LADIES' OR GENTS' SIZE, YOUR CHOICE. Not Mine. Never was such an opportunity offered in any part of the world. Believe in telling the truth and not misrepresentation. You will find me the most liberal man to do business with that you have ever written to. I will not be satisfied until you are satisfied and pleased. I am going to have more agents work for me than any other business house in America, and I am willing to spend thousands of dollars to get prominent customers. You probably know of people who have "old goods" to earn a watch, which was shown up in the advertisement as a HUNTING case watch, but when received was found to be nothing but a big cheap open face DOLLAR CLOCK, called a watch, but they were forced to keep it. My watch which you can secure

Without One Cent of Expense
If you sell only 25 of my fast selling HOLY PICTURES at 25c each exactly as represented. If it is not you, send me your watch. If you receive you will be an American Watch in Gold Hunting Case, and get \$25.00 all the money paid. For this you pay you \$20.00 in cash to buy a SOLID GOLD WATCH from your own jeweler, if you find that the watch I send you is not exactly what I claim. I propose to give three watches simply to advertise my business. No catch-word in this advertisement. I mean just what I say. You require no capital working for me. I will send the watch as soon as I receive the money for the picture. Mention whether you want Ladies' or Gents' size, Hunting case or open face. Remember it is your chance to get a fine watch without spending a cent, and you can also earn a watch. **NO WINE.** Write me to-day. **DEAD END.** I mean business, give honest premiums and send them FREE by return mail. If you mean business, you will write at once. You can also earn a watch. Address C. S. BORG, CHIEF, 11, Wingham Station, Chicago, Ill.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
CURES RHEUMATISM
BRIGHT'S DISEASE
DIABETES
GRAVEL
MIGRAINE
HEADACHE
AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY ORGANS.
A TRIAL OF IT. IT NOT FOUND THE SOVEREIGN REMEDY IT IS REPUTED TO BE, THEN IT MAY BE REJECTED AS USELESS, AND ALL THAT HAS BEEN SAID IN ITS PRAISE DENOUNCED AS UNTRUE.

Trial Proves its Excellence.—The best testimonial one can have of the virtue of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in the treatment of bodily pains, coughs, colds and affections of the respiratory organs, is a trial of it. If not found the sovereign remedy it is reputed to be, then it may be rejected as useless, and all that has been said in its praise denounced as untruthful.



DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
CURES RHEUMATISM
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A TRIAL OF IT. IT NOT FOUND THE SOVEREIGN REMEDY IT IS REPUTED TO BE, THEN IT MAY BE REJECTED AS USELESS, AND ALL THAT HAS BEEN SAID IN ITS PRAISE DENOUNCED AS UNTRUE.



MASTICATE YOUR FOOD.

If the time that can be devoted to a meal is short it would be well to remember that a small quantity of nourishing food properly masticated is more beneficial than a larger amount poorly chewed and swallowed in a hurry.

Persons who have vigorous exercise and sit up late should have a fourth meal at about 11 or 12 o'clock. This should be the lightest of all, and to its eating from fifteen to twenty-five minutes should be devoted.

Foods fried should be chewed a longer time than those prepared by boiling, baking or roasting, for they are harder to digest, and for that reason should be more thoroughly masticated.

THE TRUE HOME.

It is the natural instinct of love and life to make a shelter in which to dwell, and when it is established—be it a palace or a hut—such a yearning passion takes root in the hearts of those to whom a home is dear that it draws like a magnet and cannot be resisted.

We are prone to think of our homes as places to live in. We too often only mean bodily comfort and the outward beauty and ease of our surroundings, the coloring of our walls, the warmth of our fire, the restfulness of our tables.

That there should be an atmosphere inherent to and alienable from one's home, as individual and as expressive of one's self as is personal appearance, is necessary to its true fastness.

To live nobly in our homes, we need to realize the existence of other homes and feel for the joys and sorrows of those who dwell in them.

HOW NELSON BROUGHT THE DOCTOR.

When Nelson was four years old he went to visit Aunt Josephine. Aunt Josephine lived in a big house that was set right in the middle of a beautiful park—or so Nelson said.

The only other one of the family was Maria, the Austrian girl, who could speak only a few words of English. But she was always laughing, and she loved little children, so she and the small guest got on famously together.

One evening, as Aunt Josephine was telling Nelson his bedtime story she was taken suddenly with severe pains, and she leaned back in the easy chair with a groan.

"Hello!" he said. "Please give me 294—Doctor Rowland." Aunt Josephine smiled faintly. She could not see the telephone, but the vision of that lot of a boy at the instrument made her want to laugh.

"But they're generally bigger than you are," he ended. "The longer I talked with this young man," he said, turning to Aunt Josephine, "the more I thought he was in earnest; till I finally concluded I'd better not waste any time in getting up here."

Torpid Liver Cause of Fevers

The Surest Way to Prevent Disease is to Keep the Liver Active With Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

Too frequently an external cause for fever is looked for, when the real source of trouble is from within the body itself.

To begin with, the liver becomes torpid, sluggish and inactive and poisonous bile is left in the blood to corrupt the whole system.

Food which should be digested is left to ferment and decay in the intestines, and inflammations and fevers are set up.

In such a condition the body is a regular hotbed of disease, and is most susceptible to any ailment of an infectious or contagious nature.

The best insurance against disease is the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to keep the liver active.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE HOME SUNBEAM.

"Betty spoils the whole family. She is our sunbeam. What we should do without her I cannot imagine."

Her mother was an invalid, often laid aside, and sometimes querulous and fretful, because of bearing much pain. Her father was a busy man with little time at home and a great many people to care for at the big factory, just visible from the porch, beyond the trees at the foot of the hill.

If there was a grandmother whose eyes were growing dim, Betty quietly threaded needles and had them where they did not need to be asked for. Betty often took her mother's place at the table to pour the coffee and tea, and she had a perfect genius for remembering who took sugar, who took cream, and who took neither.

"Who is that little song sparrow of a girl?" inquired a visitor one day of the principal of Betty's school. "I mean," she said, "that girl in brown, with the sweet, contented face. Is she one of the best scholars?"

"As to scholarship," answered the principal, "there are girls here who excel Betty Benson. She is a good, all-round student, who does her work very well; but Betty's strong point is her thoughtfulness. She is just what she looks, sweet all through, and a perfect home sunbeam."

A girl who, like Betty, shines most brightly in her home must be contented to do many unobtrusive things, to fill chairs, to slip in and say a kind word when the children are ready to quarrel, to lift a little when others are tired.

On a Saturday morning she will ask the cook if she may not make a cake or pudding for the next day.

In church she will cheerfully make room for the stranger in the pew, and will notice the lady in front who has no hymn-book and pass over her own. For there is this to observe about a girl who is a home sunbeam, that she carries sunshine wherever she goes.

"What's a receipt?" demanded Homer, a little tired of "the law's delay." "A receipt is a written statement that you have received your money. It will insure me against having to pay this bill a second time," said Mr. Barber, gravely.

HOMER IN BUSINESS.

For some time Homer had known that money is useful—one can buy such nice things with it. Next he learned that having pennies given one by grown-up folk is not the same thing as to earn them by doing some work.

"Hum!" said Mr. Barber, looking thoughtfully at the small figure of his son. "Nearly every day men come into my office looking for employment, and now you want work. What could you do, if I may ask?"

"Very well," he said, finally. "Do you remember the kindlings that a man unloaded yesterday over the back fence? Well, you may carry them to the woodshed and pile them up neatly. When I come home tonight I will pay you."

"The work is certainly well done," said Mr. Barber. "I will pay you promptly, as soon as you send in your bill."

"It is the custom in business," explained father, "to present a bill, a useful at All Times.—In winter or in summer Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will cope with and overcome any irregularities of the digestive organs which change of diet, change of residence, or variation of temperature may bring about.

Useful at All Times.—In winter or in summer Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will cope with and overcome any irregularities of the digestive organs which change of diet, change of residence, or variation of temperature may bring about.

How Is Your Cold?

Every place you go you hear the same question asked. "Do you know that there is nothing so dangerous as a neglected cold? Do you know that a neglected cold will turn into Chronic Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Disgusting Catarrh and the most deadly of all, the 'White Plague,' Consumption."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all those very fine principles which make the pine woods so valuable in the treatment of lung affections.

Combined with this are Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.

For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. You will find a cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup 25c. per bottle at all dealers. Put up in yellow wrapper, and three pine trees on the label. Refuse substitutes. There is only one Norway Pine Syrup and that one is Dr. Wood's.

written, statement of goods sold or work done, together with your charge. We must be businesslike, of course."

Homer was a trifle disappointed, for he had expected his wages at once. But still hopeful, he asked his father to explain a little; and then he was hard at work again, this time with pencil and paper.

At the end of fifteen minutes he presented this "bill":

"Mr. A. B. Barber, Dear Sir: You O me 17 cents for carrying wood. Yours with love, 'Homer.' 'This bill,' said father, 'is not exactly like others that I have seen, but there is something about it that I like, after all.'"

The bill, passed round at the supper table, seemed to please everybody. Indeed, grandma smiled and smiled until she had to wipe away a tear.

"Will you kindly write me out a receipt for this money, Homer?" he said.

"What's a receipt?" demanded Homer, a little tired of "the law's delay."

"A receipt is a written statement that you have received your money. It will insure me against having to pay this bill a second time," said Mr. Barber, gravely.

Again Homer totted over a pencil and sheet of paper, until he finished this receipt:

"Dear Father, 'I've been paid, 'Homer.' 'Don't you think,' asked mother, in a low voice, 'that we ought to correct the spelling?'"

"No," said father, quickly. "He will learn to spell soon enough, and I intend to keep these papers just as he wrote them. There is more in them than the spelling."

And he did keep them. Just a few days ago Homer, now a grown-up business man, with boys and girls of his own, came to visit his father and mother. And father, now a white-haired old gentleman, generally called "grandpa" nowadays, opened a drawer in his desk and took out that very "bill" and "receipt," which he had kept, oh, ever so many years! He told them all how Homer earned his first money.—E. Merdin, in Youth's Companion.

DOWN TO JIMMY'S.

When I go down to Jimmy's house, When mamma sends me there, On errands, 'tis the longest way, And I don't think it fair To have me go and come straight home.

And not to stay at all; My feet and back they get so tired I really almost fall!

The other day when I went there, She said that I might play With Jimmy, and that time we had Just loads of fun all day! When we hitched up the billie goat, To see if he would drive, He broke away and turned at us And then we had to dive!

I think if you had happened 'round You would have thought it fun To see the way he came at us And how we had to run! We went a-fishing in the brook That runs down past the farm, And on an elder bush we found Some bees all in a swarm.

And Jimmy's ma, when we came back, She cooked a fish we caught, And gave us cookies, three apiece, Right from the oven—hot, And we had cherry pudding too, As much as we could eat, With sauce of cream and cinnamon, Delicious, rich and sweet, That time I wasn't tired at all, And oh, we had such fun! I wish that I could always stay When she has errands done!

A Medicine for the Miner's Pack.—Prospectors and others going into the mining regions where doctors are few and drug stores not at all, should provide themselves with a supply of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It will offset the effects of exposure, reduce sprains, and when taken internally, will prevent and cure colds and sore throat, and as a lubricant will keep the muscles in good condition.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE Benedictine Salve

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS RHEUMATISM

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

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

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

2564 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

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

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

198 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

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

St. James' Rectory, 428 N. 2nd street, Rockford, Ill. Mr. John O'Connor:

DEAR SIR,—Please send me three more boxes of Benedictine Salve, as soon as possible. Enclose please find cheque and oblige. Yours sincerely, (Signed) FRANCIS P. MURPHY. Cobourg, April 22nd, 1905.

Mr. John O'Connor, 197 King street, Toronto:

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

PILES

241 Sackville street Toronto, August 15th, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding, Itching Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times intense agony and lost all hope of a cure.

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

JAMES SHAW, Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve at 4¢ a box and he cured me in a few days. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am, Yours, etc., ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, With the Boston Laundry.

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

Portsmouth, 18th May, 1905. MY DEAR SIR,—Herewith enclose you the sum of two dollars to pay for a couple of boxes of your Benedictine Salve. I purpose giving one to an old cripple and the other to a person badly troubled with piles, in order that they may be thereby benefited by its use.

Yours respectfully, (Signed) M. McDONALD, Address Rev. Father McDonald, Portsmouth, Kingston, Ont.

BLOOD POISONING

Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

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

Toronto, July 21st, 1902.

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

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TORONTO, NOVEMBER 23, 1905.

AN ANGLICAN ADDRESS.

Individual Anglican clergymen in England have prepared, and are signing, an address which is to be presented to the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, expressing sympathy for the persecution of the Church in France. In it his Grace is assured that in the trials which have already so seriously affected the religious Orders and congregation and which threaten the Church of France at large, the French clergy hold the esteem and sympathy of those signing the petition.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

The Register has been trying for a week to get some responsible member of Mr. Whitney's Government to verify or deny the scurrilous charges that the Orange Sentinel has lately been making against the Catholic clergy of this province. We have been unable to get any satisfaction, however. Mr. Hanna, Mr. Foy and others of them have been up in Wentworth looking after Mr. Borden's interests in the bye-election. No doubt the object of the Orange Sentinel articles, and the greater publicity which Mr. Flavell's paper has given them, was to influence the Orange and anti-Catholic electors in the western part of the Province. At the same time we know it is a fact that the Conservative party employed certain so-called Catholic leaders to attempt the impossible task of reconciling Catholic electors with the outfit that has been responsible for all the recent sectarian agitation.

The result of the Alberta elections has had a chastening effect. The so-called provincial rights party has been wiped out of existence. Mr. Borden's friends are now beginning to see that the game is up. It can hardly be an insult when agencies like the Orange Sentinel and the News are set in operation against the Catholic people of this province. But it is nothing short of humiliation when Catholic partisans in the face of all this try to approach Catholic electors and solicit their votes for the Conservative party.

ENGLISH CATHOLICS AND THE SCHOOLS.

Catholics in England, and in Ireland and Scotland as well, are in danger from disunion. The United Kingdom is on the eve of a general election—at which the educational question will be one of the most important issues. The Catholics and Anglicans were united on the question before which was supported by the Conservative Party. Now the non-Conformists are calling upon the Liberals to pledge themselves to repeal the School Act. This will leave the Catholics in a sad plight. Then, on the other hand, the Nationalist Party is, as for many years it has been, in union with the Liberal Party. The majority of Catholics are Home-Rulers, but not all. To join the Liberals they are in danger of sacrificing their schools; to join the Conservatives they sacrifice their national aspirations and alienate the Nationalist party against them. Every bye-election exhibits the weakness of disunion. A clear, definite, authorized programme is a great want for Catholics at the next elections.

ST. PATRICK.

It is hard to say who is safe when the critics get on his track. Even the Saints are not left in peace. The latest subject of the research of one of those historical critics, Prof. Bury of Cambridge, England, is our own St. Patrick. St. Patrick, who has been enshrined and enthroned in Irish hearts and on Irish altars for countless generations, is no longer ours as tradition and legend pictured him. He it was, we had been taught, "who brought to our mountains the gift of God's faith, sweet light of His love." But not so, says Prof. Bury. That is only the legendary, ideal St. Patrick. Christianity existed in Ireland before his time. He converted a number of pagan tribes in the west. His most important accomplishment was to bring the Church in Ireland into connection with Rome. But if Prof. Bury destroys to some extent the traditional St. Patrick, he places in his stead a character real, heroic and saintly. He compares the

Apostle of Ireland very favorably with St. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany. "He was endowed in abundant measure with the quality of enthusiasm. He had a strong personality and the power of initiative." The professor considered that the saintly idea of the Church and its unity was so closely connected with the idea of the Roman Empire, that subjection to the Roman See meant subjection to the Roman Empire. "It was as impossible for Patrick," the writer says, "as it was impossible for the High King of Ireland, to divorce the idea of the Church from the idea of the Empire." Herein is the weakness of the argument. Ireland is the one country more than all others, which proves that Apostles of those times had but one idea, the conversion of the people amongst whom they labored and their subjection to the spiritual sway of Rome. Whatever views kings of other countries may have had in regard to Roman legions, the so-called High King of Ireland knew them not, nor feared them. Ireland had no reason to be brought under temporal subjection to the Roman Empire, for no Roman legion invaded its shores or claimed its territory. The idea which St. Patrick had was spiritual, his conquest was spiritual and the subjection to Rome which he established was, and still remains, spiritual. Enthusiastic no doubt he was; for otherwise he could never have accomplished all he did. And he assuredly possessed wonderful administrative talent and other qualities which fitted him for his high office and great work. But the gifts by which he was able to produce the fruit of his apostolate were of quite another order—not noticed by modern historians or critics—the gift of faith, the spirit and love of prayer, the supernatural zeal for souls. By these rather than by any natural gifts did St. Patrick bring the Irish people into the body of the Church and fulfill his mission. To understand the works of the saints, to trace the rays of the light of the church over the hills of the nation's writers must rid themselves of prejudice lest they have eyes and see not.

TEMPERANCE.

The efforts made by the advocates of teetotalism are unremitting even if not very successful. The cause which they advocate is better than the methods which they generally suggest. There can be no doubt about the evil of intemperance. Its devastation sweeps not only over the soul of its victim whom it mocks when it debases and degrades him, but it kindles strife and shame in his home, and far and wide spreads ruin and misery in its track. No other vice carries with it such heavy temporal inflictions as does intemperance. The mother's heart may break as she sees her son stagger up the steps, but her heart-breaking is of little account to the poor wretch whom the dreadful habit has hardened beyond reform. The weary watchings of some poor wife as she sits through the late hours, gazing around her miserable hovel once her home, are saddened almost beyond endurance by the thoughts of the past, and the curse which the demon of drunkenness has brought to her and her little ones. We can have no sympathy with such a vice, or the dangers of it which threaten an ever-increasing number of its victims. What is the best remedy? That question is easier asked than answered. We do not think that many of the measures advocated nowadays, prohibition, local option or whatever else it may be called—will effect any good. Whatever they may have accomplished is too often counterbalanced by the evils of duplicity, perjury, secret drinking and other results.

Temperance is a virtue, and therefore belongs to the individual. To make a people temperate a more direct influence must be brought to bear upon the individual. Hence we always rejoice to be present at the ceremony of confirmation when the Bishop, after administering the Sacrament, gives the pledge to the boys until their twenty-first year. The solemnity of the occasion, the presence and gifts of God's Holy Spirit, the grace of the Sacrament, all dispose the soul for the keeping of that pledge which, if kept, is a fair guarantee for a life of temperance. How many a poor soul has come safe through the dark hour of temptation leaning upon the pledge which had been administered years before. Of all the remedies against intemperance the sacramental remedy, the regularity and frequency in approaching the two great sacraments, is that in which we have most confidence. No one going regularly and frequently to the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist, will be overcome by the habit of intemperance. Furthermore, all those influences which ought to tell for good ought to labor for this one end—home influence, social influence, business or commercial influence. Whatever good can be accomplished will have its bearing upon all branches of society. Much remains to be done, done too in classes which local option or prohibition can never reach. People of such classes owe to the community the debts of good example, Christian sympathy with the poor, and a charity higher than the material aims they sometimes dote out with sparing hand.

There is one danger concerning

which we may say a few words. It is the false sentiment of treating. Drinking is a social vice. The number of those who drink just for the sake of drinking is very small. Smaller still is the number of those who learned it without the example, the coaxing and too frequently the ridicule of some false friend. Then when the two entered the saloon both had to treat. Thus was the evil doubled to each. For young men whose sentiment is strong and whose will in this regard weak, this dangerous custom of treating cannot be too severely condemned.

We think, also, that bar tenders as well as landlords, ought to be licensed—in fact every one who sells liquor to, or waits upon, others. The more firmly the selling of liquor is kept within the reach and grasp of the law the better. We are afraid of it when beyond the reach of the law it lurks in dark places.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL BUREAU.

The charitable Catholics cannot fail to be interested in the work of this office, which, as recently announced, in these columns, is in Room 45, Confederation Life Building, and is in charge of Mr. Miller.

Formerly, Catholic young men and women when out of employment, as a rule appealed to some prominent Catholic whom they happened to know, or to their parish priest. Now the Bureau invites the employer and the unemployed to call and give particulars of their requirements. This surely is working hand in hand and results must follow. As was to be expected, the unemployed are flocking to the Bureau in far greater numbers than the employers, nevertheless, several positions have been filled. The Bureau certainly promises to be a success, but what is needed most of all now is that employers make use of this office. Anyone having a vacancy or knowing of one, should communicate with Mr. Miller either personally or by phone. At the present time there are many applicants who come well recommended and many are experienced, so that the employer has an opportunity of getting good help which is rarely met with. In another column we give a partial list of the applicants.

Communication from Cornwall

Cornwall, Ont., Nov. 15, 1905.

Editor Catholic Register:
The casual visitor to Cornwall becomes at once impressed at the healthy and prosperous tone attending almost every branch of industry through the town, so obviously reflected from the unusual profitable returns of the farmers in the surrounding country during the past season, with which they were happily blessed. Besides the yield having been extremely abundant, they were favored with exceptionally high prices for all their marketable productions, especially regarding cheese, which even closed with an upward tendency, thus rendering the dairy branch of their industry most encouragingly profitable as compared with other years.

In addition to the number of factories already affording employment to many skilled and other employees, there is a probability that another will soon be added to further increase the industry of this truly "Factory Town."

The Corporation is now offered a chair factory, employing at least 25 hands, whose annual wages alone would be \$75,000 or \$100,000, on condition that they be granted a bonus of \$20,000 on ample security, repayment to be spread over a number of years, so as to lighten the burden on the ratepayers. The vote on this by-law will be taken on the 18th inst., and from the present appearance it will be carried, as surely no property holder will hesitate to pay 25 cents on his \$1,000 of assessment per annum for 30 years, which is the average the loan will cost him to help to build up the town.

Along the different streets are noticed several substantial improvements, in the way of both public and private structures, well advanced towards completion. Notably among them is the addition to the High School, doubling its former capacity, which from its now imposing and stately appearance, together with the modern indoor arrangements, appliances and general completeness for its use in the province, to say nothing of the efficiency of the school staff. This addition reflects creditably upon the enterprising spirit of the trustees, as well as upon the generosity of the ratepayers, who supplied at least \$12,000. Next again is the new brick Roman Catholic Separate School, to be ready by January coming, constructed in the vicinity of the church, convent and Priest's residence, which with \$2,000 more for furnishing, will eventually cost \$12,000. The general architectural design of this massive edifice is certainly to be admired with its especially high ceilinged rooms for the various departments, to say nothing as to the modern conveniences for the promotion of education in its different branches, and the sanitary conditions of the institution. It will rank among the best of its kind in Ontario. Thanks to the energy and ever zealous interest of the Rev. V. J. Carr-Saunders, who has been brought into existence since and during the past summer, the principal outlay for which affording employment to quite a number of mechanics and other laborers of the town.

Next again is the new hotel of Mr. Joseph Duquette, now in the course of preparation and rapidly progressing towards completion, on the site of the Clifton House, adjacent to the Court House, Pitt street. The former Clifton House is undergoing a thorough change both inside and outside with carpeting and furnishings of the latest style, to render the dif-

ferent rooms the most inviting and comfortable of any to be found in any other hotel outside the city. An addition is being added to double the capacity of the former Clifton. It will contain the spacious dining-room as well as the parlor, sitting and other rooms for the guests. There will be supplied a bar with all the improved brands of the various kinds of liquor such as can only be found in the higher class hotels. There is therefore ample reason for assuming that Mr. Duquette will elevate the standard of the hotel line in Cornwall, and consequently enjoy in return a patronage commensurate with his outlay and commendable energy. His acquaintance with the pleasure seekers to Stanley Island, and the management of the hotel there, together with that of Hess Camp at the Adirondacks, will doubtless suggest the qualities and character of Mr. Duquette for affording the public a superior accommodation in his new venture.

J. P. MACMILLAN.

"The End Justifies the Means"

The Rome correspondent of the New York Freeman's Journal describes a trial of extraordinary interest at Cologne, in Germany, which strangely enough the press of the English-speaking countries took no notice of. The story of it is this: Some twelve or thirteen years ago a Jesuit named Father Paul Hoenbroech determined to leave the Company of Jesus. There was a great scandal when he put his unhappy resolution into effect, and the scandal grew and grew when he joined the Lutheran Church, and went through the ceremony of marriage with a woman, and published a book giving his reasons for leaving the Jesuits. Perhaps the fact that he belonged to good society and inherited the title of Count had something to do with the hubbub, but it is certain that his book made a sensation. Yet the book was not as bad as might have been expected from a renegade and apostate, for in it he spoke of the Society as "an admirable and magnificent institution which aims at the noblest and sublimest ends" (page 393), and as one "which trains its members to become men of stainless lives." He even goes on to say in the next page: "Especially its moral teaching, so often denounced, is one of absolute purity. Anybody familiar with the works of the Jesuit moralists may easily succeed in extracting from them a long series of resolutions and sentences, which seem to contradict this affirmation—and many of them are really to be rejected. But these opinions are errors of hair-splitting minds, and not of perverse hearts. It would be both foolish and unjust to describe these opinions as the moral teaching of the Order. They have been asserted not as has frequently been asserted by a tendency to make the way to heaven broad and easy, but rather by the desire to fix the boundary line, often very thin and almost imperceptible, which separates that which is lawful from that which is unlawful."

But as time went on the ex-Jesuit Count sank deeper and deeper into the slough of his apostasy, and ten years later, that is to say in July, 1903, he published a pamphlet with the object of proving that "all the Jesuit moralists theoretically advocated and practically applied the famous maxim: 'The end justifies the means.'"

Ten years had made Hoenbroech extremely rabid, and the mention of the word "Jesus" had become like a red outbreak, however, had a specific cause. Shortly before, a German priest named Father Dasbach summoned a public meeting for the purpose of announcing he would bind himself to pay the sum of 2,000 florins to anybody who could bring forward a single text, showing that the Jesuits teach that the end justifies the meaning in which the phrase was to be taken, viz.: that any action which is morally bad becomes lawful when it is done as a means towards attaining a good end. Hoenbroech on May 22, 1903, took up the challenge, and accepted the interpretation. But who was to decide the issue? Both parties agreed that the question should be publicly tried by a German Court of Justice, and Hoenbroech, with the consent of Dasbach, brought an action at law against the latter for the recovery of the 2,000 florins. The court at Treviri declared in the first instance that such a case could not be tried; but the Court of Cologne admitted it on the ground that the matter to be decided was whether Dasbach owed the sum of 2,000 florins to Hoenbroech on account of an obligatory promise to pay that sum. After a long preamble the Court announces: "The Court having to examine whether the extracts quoted from Jesuit writings contain formally (not whether they contain virtually) in any place the maxim that the end justifies the means—in the sense agreed upon—decides that: In the material offered by the complainant in this suit not a single passage is to be found containing the maxim that any action unlawful in itself becomes lawful if done for any good object. All the passages quoted by the complainant from Jesuit writings treat merely of specific actions, the lawfulness of which under given circumstances is examined by the Jesuit writers."

The Court then makes a detailed examination of the different passages taken from the Jesuit moralists, Vasquez, Sanchez, Laymann, Castropolo, Escobar, Tamburini and Voit. As a matter of fact, all these and many other Jesuit writers discuss the question whether it is lawful to counsel a man to commit a lesser evil in order to avoid a greater, and they answer the question in the affirmative. For instance, if a person is about to commit a murder and there is no means of dissuading him except by recommending him to give his victim a good beating instead, they hold that it is lawful to suggest this latter alternative. But they do not proclaim that it is lawful for a man to beat another. This teaching is not by any means confined to Jesuit theologians. The Court of course, concluded by affirming that Hoenbroech had failed to make good his title to the 2,000 florins offered by Father Dasbach. What the real teachings of the Jesuits on the matter is, may be gathered from the fol-

lowing extract of the last issue (October 7, 1905) of the Civiltà Cattolica.

"The maxim: 'The end justifies the means' may be understood in three senses, viz.: '1. A good end justifies and makes good means which in themselves are indifferent, that is neither good nor bad, when the person who uses them acts with an upright intention, according to the sentence of the gospel: 'If your eye be single your whole body will be lightsome.' Thus he who takes food or drink or rest with the intention of giving glory to God and of strengthening himself in order to serve Him, sanctifies these actions, and renders them meritorious, although in themselves they have no moral significance good or bad.

"2. In the case of scandal, a good end justifies and renders lawful not the direct and formal use of means bad in themselves, but advice to a person to commit a minor evil and with the formal intention of preventing a greater evil, or to permit an occasion of evil, with the intention of correcting or punishing the guilty person, or even to offer a person an occasion of evil, with the intention of attaining an honest end thereby. Thus it is lawful to persuade a man bent upon killing his enemy to give him a good beating instead; to allow a servant to steal in order to catch him in the act, and thus to provide for one's own security; and the reformation of the thief, to borrow money from a usurer in order to liberate one's self from serious difficulties.

"3. A good end justifies, that is renders good and lawful, bad means, in the sense that an action morally unlawful and wicked becomes good and honest when it is done to obtain a good end; for example, using lying and calumny in order to save the reputation or the life of one's neighbor."

On the first point all are agreed, the third is a culminating charge of which the Jesuits have been solemnly acquitted by a German Court of Justice. The second is therefore the only point open to debate among sensible persons, and it furnishes some very different matter.

Is it idle to hope that this important decision in favor of the Jesuits will mark the beginning of the end of the long campaign of calumny waged against them almost since their foundation? Hardly for Jesuitism in the Protestant mind has become synonymous with craft and unscrupulousness, and the word has passed into English language with this meaning, as may be seen from the Standard Dictionary.

VOX URBIS.

Our Bishops in Rome

Rome, Nov. 20.—The Pope to-day received in private audience Archbishop Charles Hugh Gauthier of Kingston, Canada, and Bishop Fergus Patrick McEvay of London, Canada.

Lecture by Old-Timer

On "Thos. D'Arcy McGee, Irish Patriot, American Editor and Canadian Statesman," will be given in St. George's Hall, Elm street, Toronto, on Thursday evening, Dec. 5th, 1905, by William Hanley. Admission by ticket, 25 cents each.

DIED.

HART—On Sunday, Nov. 18, at 40 Shannon street, Lawrence J. Hart. Funeral took place at 9 a.m. from St. Francis' Church to St. Michael's Cemetery.

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The Catholic Register will be sent from now till Jan. 1st, 1907 for \$1.00 to all out of town addresses and for \$1.50 in Toronto, payable in advance. Subscribe now.

ANCIENT GABLIC NAMES

Clan Na Breagou, or Welsh in Ireland.

(Written for the Catholic Register.)

Although so called, they were mostly Clan Na Mithid, or Militians from Ireland, as the following will show.

In ancient times Britain was divided into five kingdoms, but was united under Moat Mucius, son of Cloten or Claden, King of Carnua, thence Cornwall in Britain and Cornuelle in France.

It was his son, Brien or Brennus, who became King of all Britain and Gaul and perhaps Leinster. He was also the founder of the Kingdom of Galatia.

He overran a great part of Europe, sacked and burned Rome in B.C. 388. He crushed the Aquans, and Voliscans, who were enemies of Rome.

He assaulted Delphi, "then the strongest fortified city in the world, having been cut out of a rock-hill." He failed to capture Delphi, and ended his own life.

His followers, the Tuathasi (Irish), and the Tollistobai and Troceni (Gauls), founded the city of Scutari, Gallatopol, and other places in Asia Minor or Gallo-Graecia, where the Gaelic language was spoken for 800 years or down to the time of St. Paul.

Cath-Inhalad or Cadwallader, was the last British king, until James VII. of Scotland revived the name. The Red Dragon was the device on the banners of Cadwallader, which some Irish families use on their crests, as Foleys, Soleys, Hughes, Hewes, etc.

In a recent volume of Y. Cymru-der, xiv., 102, Prof. Kuno Meyer points out that in the Irish history of the expulsion of the Dessi, we have an account of an Irish settlement in Wales during the third century, as follows: "Eochaidh, son of Art-Corb, went over sea with his descendants into the territory of Demed, and it is there that his sons and grandsons died. From them is the race of Crimthann over there."

The story gives a succession of fourteen generations descended in the male line from Eochaidh. I have traced the name Eochaidh, which I find is the origin of the names Hewes, Hughes, O'Heughasa, Hosey, Heoghusa, O'Heoghus, Ap Hewes or MacHues, Howe, Howes, etc., and the red dragon of Wales is on their crests.

From the name Crimthann we get Crimcan, Crimins, Cravin, Ap Gravin, or Grippin. The name Wales means Gaelic, originally Wallich, Gallisch, or Gaelisch, and the French still call the prince of Wales "Le Prince de Galles," which alone would be evidence enough.

One of the most important Gaelic-Welsh families in Ireland are the Barretts of Mayo, and their names are variously spelled Baroideach, Baroideach, Barodach, Barod, Bared, etc.

Most of the Barretts, and spelled their names MacBhariltoch, MacBhariloach, Wallseogh, Woolsey, Wallsey, Wallace, Walsh, Welch, Walshe and Wellshe.

They were the progenitors of numerous sub-tribes such as Lavighiesloch or Lawless, also Gandlighe or MacGinley, in 1414. Also MacBhariltoch, the son of Watin or Walter, now Englished Waters. From this name also originates Wilhere, Buller, Wheeler, MacWalters, Voltair, MacAdhan, MacWadden, Wattin, Caden, Watt, Watson, Bulhear, Bhaltuir, Valtuir, Gaiter, or MacOtter, etc.

Also the Clan Toimin of Jorras, the MacToimilin, now Tomlyn and Toimilin. Also MacPhiblin, Philbin, or Phelps from one Philip. The clan Aindrin of Bac, now MacAndrews or Andrews.

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called from his name. Ebroc or York, originally included all Scotia-Brigantia, from Stafford to the border of Scotland. Nemed, his grandfather, was buried in Olean-ard-Neve, now Barrymore, County Cork.

A county in Ireland was also called after this clan. St. Fane was the name of a saint born in Wales in the fifth century. The Welsh spelled the name Pann, Pann, Penn, hence Faha Kaman, Fanning, Pennsylvania from Admiral Penn, a great favorite with King James. William became a convert to the Quakers in Ireland.

Fanes Church, in Ireland, was called Killfane, also Fakapannan or Fanning. Fane Beecher, the ancestor of Henry Ward Beecher, or Boucher. The MacJordan Dexters were of Welsh-French descent from Brittany, and were Gaelic or Gaelic. One of the variations of this name is Shorten, which is a form of MacSurtain De Exeter, or Exonia. The Savages of Ards in Ulster, in 1369 A.D., the chief of the clan was Sabhavis.

The MacQuillans of Route were either Welsh or Irish in origin. The name has some relation to Llewellyn, or Gwilym or Eaven Ugolin, and Uidhlin, which I believe originated from some Irish Saint, although they boasted of Cambrian descent. Senic and Senicin, i.e., Jenkin, was common amongst them.

In page 70, "Gaelic Researches," by Prof. Nicholson of Oxford, Eng., appears, "les Meq Nan an Movest, Mo, or Mogh Vest, "Holy Baptist," hence Baptaist, Baiste, Baistoch, Bastoch, Baistoc, Bastocke, Pastwick, hostwick, Bastok, the inscription, the professor refers, was of St. Ninan, or O'Naan, an Irish Saint, Latin Nanus, or dwarf, mentioned by the Four Masters, and others in modern Gaelic. It would read Mac-Nan-in-Mogh-Chaist, the last part of the name might be pronounced best, West or Best. St. Ninan was one of the most learned men of his time. Carweg, Carroon, Carrup, or Carrunach, as Irish as it is Welsh. Dolphin, Dolpin or Dolpin and Herbart are supposed to be Welsh names, but they are also of Irish origin. The origin of Herbert is Hearbardech or Aidhe-bearth in Latin Heidbertus. A famous Welsh name is Hoel, Ap Hoel or Howel. The Sfauntons were called Shondanach, Shondon, Snowdon. Most of them changed their names to Macan Mithid, MacAveely, or MacEvilly, etc. Cusaek was Ciosogh or Chiosagach, evidently from the Gaelic "Chios-og." It is also spelled Canock. Lioneideach was changed to Lynaugh, Lynott. The Welsh Moors were Murachs, evidently the name of MacMurrach, Ap Lake or Blake is a form of Llagh or Laogh. The modern Welsh names, such as Ap Harry, Ap Richard, Dolph, Robert, Parry, Prichard, Probert, etc. Williams and Jones and Evans, or Ivens, are Englished forms of Gaelic Names. From St. Eimirth or Geimhrith, meaning Winter, we get the names Geimhrith, Maol Geirey, Mulgemery, Mulgemery, Montgomery, Montgomery, and Montgomery. St. Geimhrith was an Irish saint. St. Jones of Jones was also an Irish saint. He arrived in Burgundy in A.D. 589. Although a plentiful name in Wales, his disciples were still more numerous in Ireland. Jones, Johnas and Johns, are the Latin forms, the Irish in Eoin, Eowins, Owens, or MacGillsingen, Singen, or St. John; but the most common form is Maol-Eoin, Muloin, Malone, also Giolla-Eoin, Gillon, Gilloin and MacEoin, is Englished Maloon. The Bassetts or Bissets were in 1387 they also changed to MacKeon or Malkeon. The Bells or Buelis, claim to be Welsh, but it is only a form of the Irish O'Buildhills or O'Buildhills pro. O'Uells, hence Wells, and Buills of Boylagh, Setton or Seddon is supposed to be either an English or Welsh name, but in Irish it is Maol Suthain, so called from St. Suthain; hence also MacSwith or MacSwath, Sweet and Sweetman. Sherlock is only a form of Suir-leach or Saor-Caoch. Ashe and Cash, or MacAshe or MacCash is originated from Mac-an-Athasach; this is also the origin of Nash and Hasoch. MacEoid in Ireland became MacCloud or Cloud.

There was a castle Hoel or Hailey in or near County Mayo. Now I find that Ap Hoel, or Howel, is also called Hailey, Healey, Howley, Hawley, Haley, Hawly and perhaps Haley. The origin of those names are Mac U Chabuirgh, O'Foghluigh, O'Fhaighluigh. Hence also O'Foley, Kelvey, or Kelway. The crest of

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the Foleys is the red dragon of Wales carried on banners of Cath-Moloder, now called Cadwalader, and from their coats of arms they appear to be of a common origin with Hughes or Hues, dating back to the third century.

There was a Capt. Wasnton, who gave name to Mount Wasnton, now called Kinsey and Salem. It was a St. Walston who gave name to St. Walstan on the Liffy, in County Kildare, also called Scala Coeli, or "Ladder of Heaven." Owen Tudor (Theodore) of Wales, defeated the English in two great battles, assisted by his countrywomen. The crimes committed in that war are not fit to be published, but shows how bitter the Welsh people were against the English. Owen became the Duke of Richmond, and his son became Henry VII. It was the same here in the American Revolution. Although Wales is a small nation, it supplied fourteen generals and nearly half the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

The Irish, French and Welsh generals of the revolution, or those whose parents were of those nationalities, numbered over one hundred. The first child born in Plymouth, Mass., was Welsh-Irish, John Alden. His father was Welsh born, while William Mullen, his grandfather, was Irish born. Thus commenced the famous New England stock.

WE ARE PROUD OF HIM. and we fix in bronze those feelings of the world to recall to those who may come to look upon this statue the heroic example of the grandeur of his own exaltation, which was inspired by the belief that life is a great and noble calling, not a mean and grovelling thing to be shuffled through as we can, but a lofty and exalted destiny (loud cheers).

At the conclusion of his speech, Mr. Morley, accompanied by the sculptor, walked to the base of the monument, and, pulling a cord, released the drape covering the statue. Loud cheers rent the air as the familiar features were seen, and the church bells rang a merry peal.

The Duke of Devonshire, on behalf of the subscribers to the Memorial, thanked Mr. Morley for his admirable and most appropriate address. The recognition of and admiration for Mr. Gladstone and powers of the great character and powers of Mr. Gladstone had never during his lifetime, nor since his death, been confined to his personal friends or political adherents. No more noble, no more striking, and no more eloquent tribute to the character of Mr. Gladstone had ever been paid than the words spoken by Lord Salisbury on the morrow of the great statesman's decease, and he could have wished, therefore, that it had been possible for some of those who had succeeded Lord Salisbury in the leadership of what he might be permitted to call the official and habitual political opponents of Mr. Gladstone to have been present on that occasion (hear, hear), and to have renewed the expression of those feelings which he was confident they still entertained. Mr. Gladstone's colleagues and followers could not always accept his conclusions, and were often compelled to oppose his policy, but he could safely say that that difference of temperament or judgment never for a moment impaired their admiration for his character of their firm belief in the high aims of his statesmanship (cheers). It seemed to him—and he hoped he was wrong—that in the few years that had elapsed since the death of Mr. Gladstone, the memory of his life was somewhat obscured and dimmed, and that the names of his less illustrious contemporaries were more frequently heard in debate and discussion. The time had not yet come when they could take the full measure of the greatness of the man or of his work. He was fully convinced when our history unraveled itself they should be more and more conscious of the great influence Mr. Gladstone exercised, not only upon the events of his time, but in training the character and the highest instincts of the people amongst whom he lived (cheers).

GLADSTONE MEMORIAL. great achievements for which we today are expressing our honor and gratitude. I am glad to think that the monument is set up where not only the citizens of the United Kingdom and the great commonwealth of free communities of which this is the centre, but the citizens of foreign countries will come where you and I are to-day, and will gaze upon that forgotten the tributes to his great memory which flowed in to Mrs. Gladstone when he died—tributes from every part of the globe—from all the great Powers, the President and Congress of the United States, the President and Cabinet of the French Republic, from the Czar of Russia. In Italy they mourned him as they only had mourned when Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi died. And what the great Powers and countries did so did the small—Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Greece, Roumania, Macedonia—

FROM EVERY QUARTER OF THE GLOBE came the recognition of his splendid fight and struggle for freedom (cheers). I do not believe I overstate it—do you?—when I say that no statesman in our glorious roll has touched the imagination of so wide a world, that no British statesman has ever been followed by so great and wide and noble a pomp as followed him to the grave (hear, hear). It was not a subject of the Queen, but a foreign writer, if indeed, we can call an American a foreigner—who wrote, "The day when Mr. Gladstone died, the world lost its greatest statesman." Why? I will not answer in words of my own, because you might think they came from some personal partiality or affection. I will quote the words of the illustrious statesman who by-and-by followed him as Prime Minister—I mean Lord Salisbury (cheers); and this bears out what Lord Peel truly said when he told us that this is no Party gathering, but something much greater. We can have a Party gathering any day, but not such a gathering as this.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

IN THE MATTER OF the estate of John Rigney, late of the city of Toronto, in the County of York, gentleman, deceased.

And notice is hereby further given that after the 18th day of December, 1905, the Executor, Michael Scollon, will proceed to distribute the estate of the said deceased amongst the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to those claims of which notice shall then have been received.

DELAMERE, REESOR & ROSS, 18 Toronto street, Toronto, Solicitors for the Executor. Dated at Toronto this 13th day of November, 1905.

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She Did not Believe in them, but to-day She is strong And Well.

Collingwood, Ont., Nov. 20.—(Special)—Mrs. Thos. Adams, who moved here about two years ago from Burk's Falls, is one of the many Canadians who once had Bright's Disease and are now strong and well. Like all the others she was cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

The Trail of the Dragon

Nannie May Ochiltree was in the deepest, deadliest blues. She was usually so bright and gay that the whole family could not possibly imagine what was the matter. The mother fancied that she was bored. Nannie May had just returned from a visit to the World's Fair—a treat which her aunt had given her.

pecially in regard to money was Nannie May incorrigible. She would lose, she would spend, she would borrow. At least these were her faults until her financial affairs were discovered to be in such a state of collapse that she was declared bankrupt, and went into the hands of a receiver.

Judge Ochiltree was a Southern gentleman, kindly, courteous, amiable to a degree, he was severely personified to any deviation from his code of honor. Stearns to others, he would have been even more so to any lapse in himself, and he was noted in Shelbyville as the "honest lawyer."

"I dunno, massa. Neveh had to steal nuttin' befo' the Yanks came down this hyah way, an' made me free, sah. Yo' fathah, the Majeh, neveh'd stood a po' ole nigger up an' talk bout stealin' to him. He was a mighty p'ite man, yo' fathah was, sah!" reproachfully. To which the Judge would reply.

To the slippery-fingered gentry, however, Judge Ochiltree was like iron, and many a man was behind the bars of the penitentiary because of the Judge's peculiar notions as to bribes and corruptly gotten money. The idea that one of his own family could be even careless in money matters was intolerable to him.

"I want you to promise me, Alice, that no matter what kind of a scrape the little girl gets into, you will not help her out. She must learn to be absolutely honest about these things, or there will be no happiness for her in this world. I shall give her a suitable allowance, upon condition that she does not borrow a cent or go into debt, and whenever she does, the allowance stops. Isn't that fair?"

"Yes-es," Mrs. Ochiltree hesitated. "It's fair, but poor Nannie will have a hard time learning her lesson." "Most of us do." The Judge knit his brows. There were those who remembered a young brother of his, a brilliant fellow, charming, handsome, careless, with a generous, easy nature, and the idea that the world owed him a living. There was a tragic story of his losses; some whispered forgery, his despair and early death, but the affair had been hushed up quickly, and no one knew why his name was seldom mentioned in the family. It was of him the Judge was thinking, and he added: "Nannie May reminds me a little of Eustache, Alice; but she has strength of character enough to correct her faults if she begins now."

"You are right, dear, as you always are," Mrs. Ochiltree said grandly. "But don't be hard on my little girl."

"Your little girl is mine too," she said, as he kissed her on the soft cheek, as fast as when he married her fifteen years before.

So Nannie May had a long talk with her father in his study. She came out with red eyes, a very subdued air, and the knowledge that she was to have at her disposal the sum of one dollar a month. When she had spent that, no matter for what purpose, she would have no more. She must not beg, borrow nor steal, and she must not spend gifts from Aunt Evelyn. Anything coming from that source must be put in the savings bank.

"I think a dollar a month is enough for a girl of thirteen to spend," said her father. "If you can earn money, you are at liberty to spend or save it as you wish. But all your regular expenses must come out of your allowance. I want you to grow up like your mother, my child. She has a finer sense of honor than most men, and I could trust her with every cent I have in the world and know that she would take care of it for me. In that, as in everything else, 'the heart of her husband doth save her trust in her.' A nice thing to have your husband say of you when you are grown up, isn't it?"

Nannie May had choked as she said yes. She worshipped her grave father, and a word from him went a long way, but he kissed her on the forehead, and, with his fine courtesy, which was never laid aside even at home, and which went so far to making his children polite, he opened the door for her and bowed her out.

Nannie May flew to her mother and poured out all her news in a wild torrent, half crying—for she hated to be found fault with and especially by her father—but proud of her new honors.

"I'm to have an allowance, just like you, mother. Isn't it grown up and fine? And I can spend it any way I like. I shall never be in debt again. I've never had any money to spend when I needed it, because the minute I had any, I have always had to go around to pay off everybody I had borrowed from, and there wasn't any left after that."

"Father was so nice. He said I ought to be an example to Bob, to make him grow up good, as if any boy named Robert Lee could be anything but a model of probity. I don't know what that means, but you were one. Isn't father just the honestest, splendidest man in all the world, except you?" and the little girl threw her arms around her mother and kissed her ecstatically.

"I think he is," and the little girl smiled brightly. She was a very happy woman, partly because of the ever chivalrous devotion of her stalwart husband and lovely children, but even more from her own gentle sweetness and stability of character, which persistently minimized trouble until it gave to her no caring care to mar her serenity of soul.

In the first flush of her wealth, Nannie May promised many things. She was to give twenty-five cents a month to the missionary society, and as all the girls were to do, a special offering when the annual collection was taken up.

"I don't know how much, but at least two dollars," she had said easily. And this was her undoing, for, at the time for the annual meeting was at hand, and she not only had nothing saved up to meet the emergency, but was four months behind with her dues. Her allowance for the month would just pay the dues, but where could she get anything for the meeting which was to come of in two weeks? All the girls were talking about it. Eva Tracy had a china pig full of coins, which animal was to be broken upon the altar of sacrifice at the meeting. Jane Stewart had a nickel bank full to the brim, and it held fifty nickels. There was no end to the things the girls had done to procure this money, and they were all to tell their methods at the meeting. She, glibest of tongue in all the society, must be silent. She had nothing—nothing at all!

For poor Nannie May had spent every cent she could rake and scrape at the Fair. The girl was completely carried away with the quaint and curious things she had seen, and she had bought just a trifle here, and another there, until when she returned home she was absolutely penniless. Of course, the things were not all for herself. Nannie May was generous, at least she was after a fashion. Of the generosity which gives itself at any cost she knew nothing, but she lived to give things to people. It flattered her vanity to have people thank her and say:

"How lovely you are to me! What a generous girl you are!" And, too, she really enjoyed giving pleasure. Many of the trifles she had bought were intended as Christmas presents for her friends and others for the family. Only a few were for her own room, a charming little sanctum into which she had been promoted from the nursery when she was ten, on condition that she herself took care of it, and of which she was very proud.

As Nannie May thought of the coming missionary meeting she looked around her dainty room in dismay. "I wish every one of those wretched Fair things were in Guinea!" she moaned, from the depths of her pillow, indulging in a good cry. "Yes, even my darling, precious heathen idol, all the way from Mandalay. I don't care if it is the second cousin of the 'Great God Budd,' and one of Supiyala's friends. It's too cute and funny for anything, and my Japanese dragon is a perfect dear, but it's a white elephant to me when I think of the money I owe. It's no use to tell mother, 'cause she promised father to let me 'dree my ain weel,' and it will only make her feel badly, and father would say I was a disgrace to the Ochiltrees. If I'd only been born Smith or Jones perhaps he wouldn't feel so about Ochiltrees. It is awful to have family records to live up to! Oh, plague take money anyway! When you have it you can't rest till you've spent it, and when you've spent it you're in a fever till you get some more. I never had anything I couldn't tell mother about, and I'm just desperate!" And she cried herself to sleep.

Next day was the regular meeting at which the monthly dues were paid and Nannie May, still clad in weeds of loathed melancholy, hid herself to the meeting. She paid her back dues, thankful to have at least that off her mind, and relapsed into unwonted silence.

The Missionary Society was a great institution. Its president was Miss Irma Bryant, beloved of girls of all ages. Friend and adviser to, and confident of, half the girls in Shelbyville, Miss Irma was white-haired at thirty-five, but the freshness of girlhood lingered in her clear eyes and peachy cheeks, and the eternal springs of girlhood were in her heart. She was a power among them. She had started the Missionary Society partly to keep her girls out of mischief, incidentally to instruct them in geography, and to give them breadth of view, and the help they gave to the "Propagation of the Faith" went to many climes, without reference to "age, color, sex, or previous condition of servitude," as Nannie May grandiloquently expressed it. To teach girls a gentle charity toward all and true benevolence was Miss Irma's main idea, and under her beneficent guidance the society flourished.

She saw as soon as she looked at Nannie May that there was more amiss than the conventional headache which the young girl pleaded, and determined to find out what was the trouble with her favorite. She loved the bright, warm-hearted girl dearly, but she felt that there was much in her character which would bring her to grief did she not learn to curb her tendency towards carelessness and extravagance, and she wanted to help her.

It was whispered in Shelbyville that the reason Miss Irma had never married was because of a lover far in the background of her youth, and something very tender always came into Judge Ochiltree's voice when he

spoke with the woman, who he alone knew might have been his sister. "Nannie May, walk home with me and tell me all about your trip," said Miss Irma, and the girl brightened up as she replied:

"Thank you, Miss Irma; I shall be glad to." Then she relapsed into a moody silence again, broken only once during the meeting when, to the astonishment of every one, she laughed. Nannie May was usually irrepressible and inopportune in her mirth, but she was never irreverent. Consternation was universal, therefore, when, as Miss Irma's voice, solem and sweet, rang out in their verse for the day, "what hast thou in this house?" Nannie May giggled hysterically. Conscious then of what she had done, she buried her face in her hands and kept it there until the meeting was dismissed.

"What hast thou in this house? What can you give to God? Not merely money, girls, but time and thought and generous deeds of unselfish love for others. These things are the best gifts. Each one ask yourself as you go home, 'What have I in my house?'"

Shamefacedly, Nannie May lingered for Miss Irma, but that dear lady took no notice of her mood, and drew her along, talking brightly until they reached her lovely home, the home of her family for generations.

"Come up into my room," she said, "and we'll have a good long talk. Chloe, bring us some tea. It begins to grow cold, doesn't it? I always want a big fire the first cool days. Now, then, are you comfortable?" as she pushed her guest down on a pile of cushions before the big fireplace with its cozy blaze, and seated herself at the tea-table, a smile on her charming face.

"Ever so comfy," said Nannie May. "Oh, Miss Irma, you're too good to me. Will you excuse me for laughing this afternoon?"

"Certainly I will. But I'd like ever so much to know the joke. I love a merry jest, and I know yours must have been a good one," she said. Nannie May laughed again. "Well, I should say it was!" She giggled, then sobered down quickly. "Now, dear, tell me about everything, not only the joke, but what the matter is with you," Miss Irma said.

"I'm ashamed to," said the girl. "Nonsense! We all do things we ought not. But there's don't tell me unless you really want to and think I can help you." "Oh, I know you'll help. It's only that I have been so horrid and I hate to have you think badly of me, I do love you so! But I am in the awfullest scrape, and I've only two weeks to get out of it, and I can't see even the least rung of a ladder to climb on. I may as well tell you the whole thing," and without giving herself time to think, she plunged into the story of her extravagance and its result. Finishing with:

"I simply haven't a cent, not one, and won't have until after the meeting. I promised a gift, and now I have to break my word and all the girls will know, and father will say I have disgraced him, and mother'll be disappointed in me, and maybe we can't raise the money for that missionary box, and—oh, dear, I cannot see why I acted so! I was going over it all in the meeting and thinking of all the things I had bought at the Fair; of the thirteen sets of 'Nikko monkeys' I had for the girls in my class—you've seen those dear little Japanese monkeys, No-Hear-Bad, No-Sce-Bad, No-Say-Bad, all joined from the temple at Nikko. And of all the other things! And when you asked 'What hast thou in this house?' I almost said, 'Thirteen Nikko monkeys,' and then I giggled right out. I saw the whole line of pagan things. Thirty-nine monkeys, two East Indian cobra candlesticks, Gungaga, goddess of the Ganges, an Allahabad peacock vase, a Ceylonese sacred bird in jade, a Japanese bell with a dragon, a brass dragon candlestick, a bronze dragon lamp, a vase with a dragon in copper—oh, a whole menagerie of dragons in my house, Miss Irma, and not a penny to bless myself with! It was too absurd!" and she laughed until she cried, and buried her curly head in her friend's lap.

Miss Irma laughed, then quietly stroked the bowed head. All the mother in her breast went out to this child, so bright, so gay, so ardent, so impulsive, so generous, so wilful, so sweet. Add but stability to this character, and what a power she could be!

So when Nannie May raised tear-wet lashes, and, looking with eyes in which laughter and tears still lingered, said, mournfully, "There's no way out," Miss Irma answered quietly, "There is, dear, but a hard one."

"Will it be as hard as to be in? Do tell me! I'll do anything." The girl's tone was fervent.

"If you really want to make up for what you have done, I'll help you, but you must let me tell you just what I think."

"Yessum." The tone was meek. "I think to make a promise and not to keep it is lying." Miss Irma's tone was calm and cool, and Nannie May winced. "I think to spend money which is promised elsewhere is stealing, and I think the most important debt to pay is one to God. I do not mean that you intended to tell a story or not to pay your debts, but you are quite old enough to learn to be honorable to man and God. I know that you feel that way, too, so I am willing to help you, dear. How would you like to bring your things over here, and have a sale of them for the benefit of the Society? People around here haven't seen many such things, and they'll go wild over them."

"Oh, Miss Irma, what a splendid idea!" Nannie May's face was all alight. "I'll gladly do it. To tell the truth, it makes me sick to see the things anyway! I've been fretted and worried so with them, that 'the trail of the serpent is over them all,' but my serpent is a dragon. But not everything, Miss Irma?"

"Yes, everything. It wouldn't be any sacrifice if you gave up only the things you didn't care for, dear." "Oh, Miss Irma, not every single thing! Not the corals Aunt Evelyn gave me, not the Cloissonne vase, or mother's Christmas present, and not the—the thing I got for you!" Nannie May's voice reached from discomfiture to a wail of woe. "Not your aunt's gifts. You have no right to sell those. Not what you have for your mother—you never can be good enough to your mother, no

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girl can; but most certainly anything you have for me, dear. I couldn't feel like having it for fear it was bought with missionary money!" Miss Irma felt like an executioner as she spoke, but she nerved herself with the thought that Nannie May must have a lesson. "Oh, dear, if you'd only let me give you something I wouldn't mind, but of course you won't. Anyway, I'll be out of this awful mess, and if I ever promise a penny of my money to anything, I'll bore a hole through the penny and tie a string and a tag to it!"

"There's just one thing more, Nannie May. You must tell your father and mother and ask their consent to the sale!" "Oh, Miss Irma, if you only knew how glad I am to tell mother! It's nearly been the death of me to keep it from her. I always tell her everything, but I was ashamed this time until I saw a way out. Father will be displeased, but I'll have to brace up to tell him, for if I didn't he'd be praising me for being generous and selling my duds. It would be simply ghastly to be praised under false pretences."

"You're a dear, honest, naughty little soul," said Miss Irma, kissing her. "Now, run home and get it over, and we'll begin to plan for the sale as soon as your mother gives her consent." "It will be perfectly lovely," cried the mercenary girl, springing to her feet. "Some of them we'll have auctioned off, and it'll be so exciting. And anyway I had the fun of buying the things."

"Oh, Nannie May, you are incorrigible!" half-laughed her friend. "Aren't you ever going to learn anything?"

The girl was sober in an instant.

"Dear Miss Irma, I am. I wouldn't be as wretched as I have been the last few weeks for anything in the world. All the things in the Fair aren't enough to make me willing to hate myself like that again."

Nannie May's "Pagan Sale," as she called it, was a great success. It assumed vast proportions, for when Aunt Evelyn heard of her favorite niece's scheme, and saw how her heart was in it, she contributed largely of her treasures, and persuaded fashionable friends from the city to do likewise, so that to Nannie May's monkeys, dragons and corals were added enough animals to fill the ark. The proceeds thereof were over a hundred dollars for the Missionary Society.

At Nannie May's next birthday her happiness was complete, for Miss Irma's gift to her was a little bronze Japanese temple with a slit in the roof to slip in coins, with a bewitching dragon coiled around its base, and upon its side a quaint motto in Japanese which, translated, read: "Pay what thou owest. Save what thou canst. Spend what thou must."

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A BOUQUET OF WEEDS IN THE HOME GARDEN

There are a great many things that doctors and ministers learn about home life through very exceptional opportunities.

It has been vividly affirmed that a disciple of Mrs. Eddy once found a little boy crying by the roadside and asked him what the matter was. With much blubbering and moaning he managed to tell her that he had eaten some green apples and was suffering pain.

"But, my little man, you are not really suffering. You only think so," said this metaphysical "Good Samaritan."

"Excuse me for contradicting you; but I've got inside information," the boy replied.

Upon some of the sources of domestic infelicity we too have "inside information." Of course, I do not mean to say that no one but ourselves know anything at all about the vices which I have called "a bouquet of poison weeds from the home garden," but only that we know them quite as exhaustively as anyone else, and perhaps a little more so.

The first of these weeds is "melancholy." There is absolutely no other mental state of mind so bitter sweet as melancholy. It is the very joy of this misery that makes it dangerous—for we are never so happy as when we are sad. To sit down and deliberately chew the cud of discouragement is to most people a delicious luxury. But it is also a demagogue and deadly one, for it throws a pall of gloom over the life of every other person in the household, and finally reduces the one who feels it to pessimism and despair.

It is said that there are industries in which the accidents are twice as numerous in the last hour of the day as in the one immediately after dinner. There are such hours in the home, when we are all unstrung and off our guard—like the explosion of a door or scorching of a pit will make us jump like the explosion of a cannon. But genuine "irritability" (the real thing) is a moral disorder and lies within the province of the will. Did I say "moral" disorder? I meant immoral. There is only one phrase in the English language that adequately describes it, and that phrase is "pure cussedness." Blaming it on one's ancestors or one's environment will not do. The disorder is a vice, and one of the worst in the whole calendar. I believe in my heart that there are multitudes of cases where irritability has produced as bad results in domestic life as drunkenness.

The third of these weeds is "fault-finding." There is a subtle mystery about complaining. The people who do it most, do not seem to know that they do it at all. They call their complaints narrations of facts.

"I wonder if a mourning dove imagines that its plaintive note is pitched in the same key as the cheerful song of a robin." When a man comes home at night, tired and hungry, longing for gay laughter and pleasant conversation, it is worse than any nightmare to hear a woman open the faucet and turn on her customary stream of complaints. How horribly they dribble into his ear. "The cook has been impudent, and the baby has been cross, and the neighbor's children have made a noise and the butcher has given her tough meat, and Oh, dear and Oh, dear, and Oh, dear." Nobody in the world has ever had such troubles.

At first her husband tries to soothe her by declaring that such little things amount to nothing, and then she flares up and tells him that he has no appreciations of the hardships of a woman's lot. If he loses his temper and tells her that he cannot endure her whining—she thinks he is a brute, and goes off to bury her face in a bed pillow. But do not imagine that this vice is of the female sex alone. There are big men who whimper like sick puppies. I often think of the comment made by Mr. James on the philosophy of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche: "They remind one half the time of the sick shriekings of two dying rats, lacking the purgatorial note which religious sadness gives forth."

It would be a thousand times more agreeable to live with Niagara Falls roaring in one's ears, or to listen to the perpetual howling of thunder, than to the ceaseless wails of an habitual complainer.

Did you ever think that the noblest quality of the human soul is utterly lacking in complaint—the quality of dignity? Complaining is a running sore. No complainer was ever admired and none was ever loved, except under protest. A distinguished critic has recently asserted that "great" music never complains. Neither do great men or women.

If you do not know the difference between a mere narration of the events of daily life (to which all people love to listen) and "complaining," then let a friend advise you to study all other business and master the distinction. Complaining is not like snoring (the music of oblivion). The snorer can never learn how offensive is the quality of his midnight symphony, for the moment he awakens to listen he ceases to sing. But the note of complaint can be distinguished by attention. You can be taught to hate it in yourself as badly as in another.

The fourth of these weeds is "nagging," the grand climacteric of all the vices of domestic life. Nagging is the sting of the bee complaint. Perhaps you would be interested to know that the word nag means to gnaw (nagging is the Anglo-Saxon form). I suppose it was suggested by the sound of a dog's teeth on a bone—gnaggnan, gnaggnan. And what a horrible, persistent, crunching noise it is. If you have a dear friend whom you want to turn into a hostile enemy, just begin to nag him. Find some little trivial fault and chew away at it.

I suppose there ought to be a note of sympathy and even tenderness in this criticism of a vice that is so often provoked in mothers by the tantalizations of childhood. "The faults of the child are persistent, and so must the corrections be," the poor, tormented woman says in self-defence. Persistent? So, indeed, they are. That's what turns women into naggers, I know. And it is a terrible provocation. But it won't do. The child will only stand it until it is able to resent it—and then follows the catastrophe.

Don't nag. Don't nag the children. Don't nag the cook. Don't nag the greaser's boy. Don't nag the night watchman; but, above all, do not nag your husband.

I wonder if this essay has seemed to reflect too severely upon the ladies? If I have called them "hard names," I humbly beg their pardon. In this story which I cannot but hope will seem a compliment.

Joseph Choate was at a reception in London, when a bumptious Englishman mistook him for a butler or valet.

"Call me a cab," he said, in a pompous voice.

"You're a cab, sir," replied Mr. Choate, in his most polite manner.

This put the Englishman into a frenzy.

"You insult me," he fairly roared.

"Excuse me, sir. Then I will call you a handsome cab," the brilliant

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Minister replied.—From "Husband, Wife and Home," published by Wm. Briggs, Toronto.

Queer Names of Animals

The laughing jackass is not a quadruped, but a bird that belongs to the kingfishers. It lives in Australia, and has gained this ridiculous name because of its absurd way of going into peals of laughter without any particular cause. The Australian bushmen are always delighted to hear it, as they believe it to be a prediction of fine weather. In damp weather the laughing jackass is a different appearing bird from what it is at other times. Its feathers are ruffled, its wings droop, and it has a most untidy and bedraggled appearance. It sits on a branch of a tree and becomes miserably sick and wretched. It mopes all day long, not having enough energy to go and look for something to eat. This in bad weather.

But when the weather clears! Oh, that is a different proposition to the laughing jackass. It bursts into peal after peal of rollicking, jovial laughter, and its plumage is transformed into all the glimmering colors of the rainbow.

"Where is the twelfth juror?" exclaimed an Icho judge as court convened, after a recess, with only eleven good men and true in the box. One jurymen arose. Please, Judge," said he, "It's the Simmons as is gone. He had to go on private business, but he left his verdict with me."

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Homestead Regulations

ANY even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires to make an 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.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES: A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

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

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this act resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land to be taken 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 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 said land.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT should be made at the end of three years, before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent or the Homestead Inspector.

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In and Around Toronto

A VISIT TO DE LA SALLE INSTITUTE.

Last Thursday afternoon the new lecture room of the De La Salle Institute, lately fitted up through the kindness of the Separate School Board, was formally opened with an entertainment by the boys.

Master Thomas Boland delivered the address of welcome. Among other things he said: "It would afford us a source of great encouragement to be favored by your frequent visits during the regular class hours."

When we consider the mighty intellects waged against the Church, does it not behoove us to unite our scattered forces? We have made our programme short in order to allow you to see the different departments of this Institute.

Vocal selections in English, French and German were rendered with instrumental accompaniment. An exhibition of the boys' work was placed at the back of the room. Here were to be seen the penmanship, drawing and exercise books, and a better lot we had never seen before.

One cannot call upon the Brothers and their boys without experiencing at least an hour of genuine pleasure. The whole interior of the Institute is so homelike, bright and attractive, that one gets an idea of the management of affairs and the good order maintained.

Most of our young men have, no doubt, heard of the gymnasium at the De La Salle, but few can have any idea of the completeness of the Athletic Association without having spent some time here.

Under the direction of an able instructor the pupils are given lessons twice a week on the horizontal and parallel bars, the vaulting horse, the rings and the trapeze. On the same floor is the Lunch Room. This is furnished with tables, chairs, dishes, etc. Some forty of the hundred boys bring their lunches and are here supplied with tea, milk and sugar, etc.

One pleasing feature of all is the lively interest the boys take in the several organizations. The apparatus for gymnasium, the books and magazines for the library, the material for furnishing the lunch room, have all been supplied by the boys, either by their own manual work or by their contributions.

On going through the different departments of the school the visitor receives some idea of the education won by the pupils. Boys who have passed the Entrance Examination are here given regular High School work with particular attention paid to commercial subjects.

Each class-room is equipped with all the latest materials, the science and chemistry rooms with chemicals and appliances, water, gas, etc., the commercial room with typewriters, filing cabinets, etc. Again each of the four classes has its literary society with weekly meetings, and a 15-minute discussion of current topics daily.

There is a pleasure in store for anyone who has never met these boys at De La Salle Institute. Visit them any time, meet them at work or at play. You are always welcome.

BRANCH 15, C.M.B.A.

The members of Branch 15, C.M.B.A., entertained some eighty of the brethren of the Grand Council and sister branches, last Thursday evening in the banquet hall of the Temple Building.

Promptly at nine o'clock the chair was taken by the President, Brother H. E. R. Stock. After ample justice had been done to the supper the chairman welcomed all in a few choice words and then proposed the toasts "The Pope" and "The King."

To the toast "Hierarchy and Clergy," proposed by Bro. T. F. Callaghan of the Separate School Board, Father Minehan responded. The Rev. Father was brief, yet in his usual manner produced many beautiful thoughts of vital interest to the laity.

Coupled with the toast "The Grand Council," proposed by Bro. E. V. O'Sullivan, was the name of Bro. J. J. Behan, Grand Secretary. Bro. Behan addressed the assemblage at some length in a fluent and eloquent manner that carried everyone present.

The Register extends to the hereafter sincerest sympathy. R.I.P. During the past week we have received many kind words of approval of our course taken re a Catholic Club. The idea is not new nor do we wish to take the credit of broaching it.

Dr. Ryan, Medical Supervisor, responded at some length, speaking of the duties of the Grand Council and the desire of every member of it to do all in his power to foster the Association.

"Canada" was then given by Bro. J. M. Ferguson, who spoke briefly, as the evening had now far advanced, and there were still many important subjects to follow. For this reason there was no respondent and Bro. F. J. Walsh immediately proposed "Our City." This was responded to at some length by Bro. Controller J. J. Ward.

The remaining toasts, "Sister Branches," by Bro. Wm. Moran; "The Professions," by Bro. E. J. Woods, and "Our Guests," by Bro. F. M. Clancy, were then rushed through with, and five minute speeches were in order.

Letters expressing regret at not being able to attend were read from the following: His Grace Archbishop

O'Connor, Ven. Archdeacon Casey, Grand Deputy, Rev. J. O'Sullivan, Grand Deputy, Hon. M. F. Hackett, Grand President, Hon. J. F. Foy, Attorney-General, Hon. F. R. Latchford, Messrs. Geo. Lynch-Staunton, John Rogers, R. Langens, M. J. Quinn, P. J. Jennings, A. Ramsperger, P. J. Costello.

Bro. E. J. Hearn, then moved a vote of thanks to the Grand Officers present, for their able addresses. Bro. J. J. Behan, on behalf of Dr. Ryan and himself, expressed the pleasure they felt at being present and seeing the large number of new members recently added to the roll.

RETINOSCOPY.

The phenomena of the pupil of the eye, being made to appear luminous, somewhat like the glow of a cat's eye in the dark, is brought about by sending a beam of light into the eye by reflection of a small mirror having a peep-hole at its centre. The light from a small but powerful electric lamp passes through the refractory system and is focused upon a small area of the retina, which in turn reflects a portion of the light back through the peep-hole in the mirror to the eye of the specialist, who is thus enabled to study the character of the retinal reflex.

JOS. CALLAGHAN DEAD.

Word was received in the city Saturday of the death of Jos. Callaghan, son of Thos. Callaghan, Gloucester St. The young man was employed in the general post office here until about a year ago, when he was removed to the office at Winnipeg. Shortly after his arrival in the West he had a severe attack of typhoid fever, from which he never fully recovered.

Joseph Callaghan was brought up in St. Basil's Parish. He attended St. Basil's School and St. Michael's College, served at the altar and was a member of the St. Basil's Literary Society, at one time holding the office of vice-president. Joseph was much thought of by his schoolmates and companions, who deeply felt the loss of a friend.

THE CENTRAL CATHOLIC CLUB.

During the past week we have received many kind words of approval of our course taken re a Catholic Club. The idea is not new nor do we wish to take the credit of broaching it. It has been our lot on many occasions when a group of Catholic young men were assembled together to hear this matter brought up. Nothing definite has come of these chance expressions of opinion and we believe that, if the views of many prominent Catholics, young and old, are collected, the time will be not far distant when a representative meeting can be called and steps taken which would ultimately end in a successful organization.

That a suitable meeting place for Catholics should be obtained in the centre of the city is evident by the establishment of the St. Vincent de Paul Bureau. Another prominent Catholic organization at a meeting a few nights ago had a similar plan outlined. Now all these societies could find suitable quarters if a club were formed and a good building put up.

The Catholic social functions in vogue at this season of the year would succeed far better under a Catholic roof. If held in such a building as the Catholic Club would possess, these affairs would be attended by greater numbers. In union there is strength and the greater number bound by a common tie certainly gives greater strength. Why should not every Catholic organization in this city come forward now with a helping hand? There is no time like the present, so let us act. Let every parish in this city be heard from, let us have some facts of the organizations in each parish, and by putting these together we will have something solid to stand on and build. Naturally there is still more required, but this can be left for another occasion, and it may be that some one or more of our readers will touch on it.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL BUREAU.

Through the kindness of Mr. Miller we publish herewith a partial list of applications made to the Bureau. Young men as clerks in fish, fruit, grocery, jewellery, departmental and dry goods stores; as bookkeepers, office assistants, clerks in counting-house, brokerage offices and commercial travellers; as butler in private family and as private secretary, young ladies as bookkeepers, stenographers, office assistants and clerks in stores; as seamstress in private family. Farmer wants man to work on farm.

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

Tea Facts. The rapid advance of Ceylon as a tea producing country is one of the most noteworthy features of the tea of universal consumption. Then Japan business of the present day. For many years China was the storehouse for the supply of this article came to the front as a tea growing country and by means of their extensive advertising, boomed their output. Now, however, these countries have taken a back seat and the teas of Ceylon have to a great extent superseded those from both China and Japan.

packages is the best method to insure getting it properly blended and of equal quality, and only when the tea is packed in lead packages is the aroma and delicate flavor preserved. There are many package teas now on the market, but the best known and most largely used is the brand known as "Salada," which can be obtained from all grocers at 25 and 60c per lb. This brand of tea received the Highest Award and Gold Medal at the recent exposition at St. Louis.

SASKATCHEWAN ELECTIONS.

Winnipeg, Nov. 20.—Writs have been issued for the elections in Saskatchewan. Polling will be held on December 23.

LOOK AHEAD. To-day is your opportunity. While you are in health prepare for the to-morrow of sickness, adversity and old age. An Accumulation Policy in the Confederation Life will make these preparations for you. On account of its liberality, clearness and freedom from conditions the Accumulation Policy is the contract you will find which exactly meets your requirements.

DESCRIPTIVE LITERATURE AND FULL INFORMATION SENT ON APPLICATION TO Confederation Life ASSOCIATION. HAED OFFICE - TORONTO. To BE PUBLISHED THIS WEEK Irish History and the Irish Question By PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH. Author of "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence," "The Founder of Christendom," "Shakespeare: The Man," "The United Kingdom: A Political History," "Life of Cowper," "Bay Leaves," etc.

Days and Nights in the Tropics By REV. W. R. HARRIS, D.D. Author of "History of the Niagara Peninsula, etc." About two months ago Dean Harris had a series of letters in The Mail and Empire, Toronto. These letters have been revised, enlarged and compiled into book form.

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