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is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest"—BALMEZ

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Old-Timer Visits Hamilton After an Absence of more than Fifty Years—Scenes of His Boyhood Recalled—Did the First Touch of Work on the "Spectator," the Oldest Paper in Hamilton—"Billy" Cliff, a Companion of his Boyhood, visited—"Dan" McCarthy, an Old Toronto Friend, —Mrs. Bird and the Brick Family, —Who Built the First Catholic Church—John Nelligan, Son of Captain Nelligan, an Old Friend—Dennis Nelligan and Leonard the Twin Actor.

Old-Timer treated himself to an excursion to Hamilton last week and made much joy of the event. Reviving old memories, viewing old landmarks and observing changes in the scenes of one's boyhood days, are acts that are sacred to a man of sentiment. And to me this was an altogether sentimental journey. It was so long since I had lived in Hamilton that I had little expectation of meeting anyone I knew in the days of old. There was a bare possibility of my meeting an old printer or two, whose names and faces might be familiar to me; but I had little expectation of so doing. I calculated, however, that the recent publication of my Hamilton recollections in the "Register" and their republication in the "Daily Herald" would be of service to me, and I was not mistaken.

My trip was by "Turbinia" and this expedited my journey. I do not remember the exact distance between Toronto and Hamilton. It used, I think, to be over forty miles in old times when the boats used to call at all the way places, such as Oakville and Bronte; but it is several miles less now, when no way stops are made. At any rate the time taken by the trip was about two-and-a-half hours. A beautiful water-walker is the "Turbinia," claimed to be the swiftest fresh water sailer in the world, without any rocking or rolling or mal de mer. But what a big battery of boilers that vessel has to be sure! No wonder she is fast. The day was not exactly a diamond, but bright enough to make distant objects visible, and the landscape was charming. Many objects that were new to me, such as factories and preserving houses, were visible, and marked progress; progress material and industrial, as well as financial.

There was the same old landing place at the foot of John street—the Clay wharf, was it? No, that was further east, but what used to be Gunn's wharf, I think. But how time and other scenes deaden memory! There used to be a square, four-story building on the top of the hill that in other and earlier days was used for a soldiers' barracks. It used to be a striking object when the lower portion of the city was merely a commons! It is yet there, but seems to be reconstructed and devoted to other and more desirable purposes. I was disappointed at the appearance of Hamilton's harbor. It looks shabby. The same old mountain looks familiar, but it is not yet topped off with the palaces of the Doges.

Christ's Church on James street, as you advance to the heart of the city, was a handsome edifice in early days, but it is replaced by another edifice—the Protestant Cathedral. Knox's Presbyterian Church is on a prominent corner on the same street, but evidently has undergone some architectural changes for the better. The old market-house and town hall, whose erection was superintended by Charles Durand, when town clerk, of old, is replaced by a much superior structure in the upper part of which are located the various city offices. There are additional buildings for various market purposes and on a good market day are abundantly supplied, as they were when I took a look at them, and I then thought of

the abundant times when apples and potatoes were sold there for a York shilling or 12½ cents, per bushel!

The old engine house on King William street is supplemented with a tall tower. It is of brick and when first erected was used for town or police board meetings, town prison, and engine house. The date of its original erection was 1835, and its reconstruction 1883. Hamilton has now a much more imposing stone court-house and jail than when I went away, and is the third on the same spot, the first one having been built of logs. The post office is a fine, roomy building and is located on the south side of King street at the southwest corner of John street. The first hotel in Hamilton, which was kept by a man named Carey, was on this corner, but not occupying so much space. It was subsequently changed into stores and at the time of the rebellion in 1837, its occupants were accused of treason and they absconded.

Of churches there are now many. Instead of the one little roughcast Catholic church, in the times of Vicar-Generals Macdonell and Gordon, there is a fine Cathedral, and three other substantial parish churches, and one new one building. I am told the first church was burned down, through the work of an incendiary. The old brick Methodist church on John street is still standing. This is one of the oldest. In my boyhood days someone in that neighborhood was the owner of a billy-goat that used to persist in escorting ladies for the length of a block to and from that church. Why his attentions were not summarily suppressed by the town authorities I never learned. But the oldest church edifice in Hamilton is the one down on King street east, at Wellington street. It belongs to the Methodist persuasion. I do not know but what the first hotel was in the same locality, but there is no sign of a hotel there now. "Tam" F. Lennox, a Scotch actor, who took a fancy to Hamilton, once kept that hotel, and "Tam" advertised "dishes in Scots and Paris styles."

The "Gore" is still the "Gore," but it is now ornamented with flower gardens. Why King street was laid out with a gore in it is something I never learned, and "Charley" Durand, who knew everything about old Hamilton, does not tell it. One of the principal structures on King street east is the "Waldorf" Hotel, which was formerly the "Anglo-American." The best hotel in Hamilton in the forties was the Royal Exchange, kept by one Nelson Devereaux, on the north side of King street, nearly opposite the Waldorf, or rather where that fine hostelry is built.

I did not take up my pen this time, however, to write a description of Hamilton and its institutions. I may do this at another time. I was not surprised at the advances the "Ambitions" City has made. Indeed I expected greater. The boundaries, however, have extended far and wide and the population has increased from 3,000 or 4,000, what it was when I first knew it, to about 60,000—its present enumeration. The "mountain," which is table-land, is considered the health resort, and on it is located the Lunatic Asylum. I had the pleasure of climbing it and taking a "bird's eye view" from that famous locality of the city below and surrounding country, including the famous "Burlington Heights," and Dundas in its nest. I have heard it stated that General Simcoe, the first Governor of Upper Canada, was a Yorkshireman, and gave many places names borrowed from that celebrated shire, including York, now Toronto; Burlington Heights, now Hamilton; Saltfleet, Scarborough; Ancaster, etc. And, by the way, Dundas and Ancaster, were once

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places of much more importance than Hamilton; but they are seldom heard of away from home at the present day.

In visiting Hamilton I had some old-time claims upon it, but more especially its newspaper press. Hamilton has three first-class daily newspapers, all published in the evening. They are "The Spectator," the oldest; "The Times," the second in point of time; and "The Herald," the youngest and up-to-date. They form a group for a growing young city to be proud of. None of them belong to the old school of journals, which passed away with the Smiths, the Bulls and the Bregas. For spectacular purposes the writer might with some assurance claim to take a foremost rank among the men that publish those great journals, for he did the first touch of work that was done on any of them in the year 1846, when "The Spectator" was issued first as a semi-weekly journal, by the late Robert Smiley. It was issued as a daily in 1848, the second in Upper Canada. The first was the "British Whig" of Kingston, from which Mr. Smiley graduated. I wondered much if I could find one of my old-time associates of the "art preservative" alive and well in the Hamilton of to-day. But I did not wonder long, for I was asked by an "old boy" of "The Times" if I had seen Mr. William H. Cliff? This was a name that was dear to me, for Mr. Cliff was one of my boyhood companions in the early forties. I found him hale and hearty in his 79th year, and outdistancing all competitors in the race of years. This discovery was exceedingly gratifying to every one. "Old-Timer," as he supposed his friend long since dead, as he had heard nothing of him for more than fifty years. He had been lately employed on the "Spectator," but had retired not very long since. His residence is with his daughter and son-in-law at 230 Herkimer street, where he enjoys his old age without the pangs of rheumatism or other ailments that beset humanity. I had an exceedingly enjoyable visit to the editorial rooms as well as the mechanical departments of the various papers, where I was treated with consideration and kindness. Space will not permit me to individualize in this article to any extent, but my obligations are due to Messrs. J. L. Lewis, the editor of the "Herald," and Mr. David Hastings, the city editor of the same paper; Mr. Cameron, the editor of the "Spectator," Mr. Allan, foreman of the composing room, and Mr. James R. Allan of the business office; also Mr. Geo. M. Bagwell and others of the "Times."

I must not forget a visit I paid to that prince of good fellows, Daniel McCarthy, formerly of Toronto, an old friend of mine, and who has a host of friends here. Mr. McCarthy wears a white halo like myself, but is hearty. He is an officer of the Asylum and climbs the rugged stairs to the mountain's top every day, to where the institution is situated, to the performance of his official duties. Mr. McCarthy has been connected with this institution for more than twenty years, and is well thought of, though not circulating so freely among friends as formerly in Toronto. Mr. Mc has three daughters living with him, and one son, a bright

young gentleman, who is chief clerk at the Waldorf Hotel. Two sons of his are connected with the Collier's Weekly publication house in New York. I had the pleasure of being Mr. McCarthy's guest during a part of the time of my Hamilton visit. His private residence is at 215 Main street west, which is on a rise of ground that was familiar to me in the long ago and close to the residence of the Hon. Sam Mills when alive. He and his family attend St. Joseph's church.

Walking down King street west one morning as I did many a time in the long ago, I was overtaken by Mr. J. L. Lewis, editor of the "Herald," who informed me he had a letter for me. It contained an invitation from a lady, who had seen a notice of my presence in the city in one of the papers, to favor her with a call to talk over old times. She gave her address as 56 Walnut street. Walnut street was familiar enough to me before "the days of '49," when I left Hamilton, but I did not know the writer. The locality was a neighborhood where I once resided and anticipated meeting some long forgotten friend. I was not disappointed. She was Mrs. C. J. Bird, a daughter of the late John Brick, a former city assessor. I had a most kindly reception from the lady, her husband, and grown-up son, a bright young man. This locality, he it remembered, was a choice part of old "Corktown," which was the Irish quarter. The Bricks were great people in Hamilton in the olden days. They were among the pioneer Irish settlers, and there were four brothers of them besides the father and several sisters. Brick is a peculiar name but it is not unknown to history. The Hamilton Bricks and the Fitzpatricks built the first Catholic place of worship in Hamilton, which was dedicated to divine worship in 1840. The Bricks, led by their father, John Brick, came to Canada from Kerry, Ireland, in the year 1835. The sons were Timothy, John, Patrick and Robert. They were architects and builders, and enlightened and liberal men. Old-Timer remembers them well and liked them. Before Hamilton was incorporated as a city Timothy Brick was one of the town board. John Brick was city tax-collector and a very popular man. Twenty years ago or more Thomas Brick was an alderman of the city, and to-day John Brick, a brother of Mrs. Bird, is a city collector, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making. Mrs. Bird has some interesting reminiscences of rebellion days, as her father was well acquainted with "Mike" Mills, brother of Hon. Samuel Mills, who was a leader in that ill-starred enterprise. She gave me the interesting information when I informed her of one of my old Hamilton homes, that I had lived on historic ground, for that was the old Mills homestead, situated on Cherry and Tyburn streets, within an orchard which has long since made way for homes. To me, Mrs. Bird's reminiscences were highly interesting and edifying, and her and her husband's kindness and hospitality I shall not readily forget.

Another acquaintance made that gave me great pleasure was that of John Nelligan, city assessor. His father was Captain Nelligan, commander of a lake vessel, who lost his life by the foundering of his ship. The date of this sad event I cannot now give. Mr. Nelligan was delighted when he learned that I knew not only his father, but also his mother and his mother's family, the Kileys. They were County Waterford people from the charming locality of the river Blackwater—I think from Tallo. This is a hallowed region, made famous by such great names as those of Sir Walter Raleigh, the poet Spencer, the Countess of Desmond, who lived to be 140 years, the great Earl of Cork, Robert Boyle, the father of modern chemistry, Gen. Keane, and many other notables too numerous to mention. Mr. Nelligan is a young man of varied attainments, which include music and the drama. I was very happy to meet him on account of the associations his connexions called up. There was another Nelligan in Hamilton in the early days that this incident reminds me of. He was a hotel-keeper and was no relation to Captain Nelligan, the father of this friend. Once upon a time a noted Irish

comedian named Leonard visited Hamilton. He was also a barrister and a native of the same town in Kerry that Dennis Nelligan came from. "I know that man," said he to me, "and I am going to see him." I happened to be at the green room door when Dennis Nelligan called to see his townsman of the old theatre at the corner of Rebekah and Catherine streets. When they met the one exclaimed "Leonard!" the other "Nelligan!" and threw their arms around each other in a fond embrace.

The following copied from the "Saturday Musings" page of the Hamilton "Spectator" is descriptive of an incident of my late visit, I presume written by Mr. Butler, American consul, and one of the three old printers mentioned: "It does not often occur in this life that three old boys who learned the printing trade in the '40s come together after a lapse of over half a century. Early in the '40s William Cliff, now a veteran of 78 years, learned the printer's trade in Hamilton under Solomon Brega, then the editor of the Journal and Express. At the same time William Halley, now 71, was an apprentice in Robertson's job office. Richard Butler, now 71, took his first lessons in a Montreal printing office in 1846, and from 1848 to 1850 worked in London on the Free Press and Prototype, and came to Hamilton in 1850 and worked on the Journal and Express. Halley left Hamilton in 1849 and moved to Toronto, and early in the '50s came back here as resident agent for a Montreal type foundry. It has been more than half a century since he finally left Hamilton, and last Tuesday was his first visit back to this city. Neither Cliff nor Butler had met Halley in all those years, and the reunion that took place in the American consul's office was pleasant to the trio. The old days were lived over again for a brief hour. Names of printers who worked at case and hand-press, now long forgotten, were recalled. Tom McNamara, Mick Sweetman, Teddy Powers, Big Franks, John Robertson, Bob Gay, John Christian—'There were giants in those days.' What memories those names recalled, and many a story was told. The three old boys forgot for the hour that they had passed the three score and ten mile post in the journey of life and that at no remote day their last proof would be corrected and revised. William Halley told an interesting bit of history as to how the Spectator was started in this city in 1846. Robert Smiley was foreman of a department in the government printing office in Montreal, and hearing that there was a good opening for a Tory paper in this city, he came up to look the field over. There was already one Tory paper, the Gazette, but Mr. Bull, its editor, was a mild gentleman who wrote pleasant editorial paragraphs. The progressive Tories were belligerent and wanted a fighting editor, and Robert Smiley filled the bill. He had but little money and the party was not in a contributing spirit, so the outlook was not very bright. Two brothers in Toronto had brought an outfit of printing material and were preparing to publish a Reform paper, but they had a disagreement when the type for the first side of the first number was ready for the press. The paper was never printed, and as they wanted to close up the business Smiley leased the material and brought it to Hamilton, afterwards buying it. "Bill" Halley was a boy in John Robertson's job office, and as Robertson took the foremanship of the Spectator, Halley went with him and helped to get out the first number. The Spectator was successful from the start and made money for its owner. Inside of ten years Mr. Smiley had a fine printing office, machine presses and a bindery, and he owned the building on the corner of Hughson and Main streets, which he occupied as an office, and built Smiley Castle out in the middle of a field. The castle is now the residence of T. H. Pratt. He also bought a woolen mill in Ancaster,

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESI AND THE PRINCE

Courtesies Between Church and State

(From the Montreal La Presse.)
 "It is our duty to lay stress on the happy result of the princely visit which Montreal is just now honoring. What took place between his Grace the Archbishop of Montreal and the Prince of Battenberg is of a nature to give great satisfaction to the Catholics of the province, and we may be allowed to take this opportunity to state that Archbishop Bruchesi, without any effort whatever, and merely through good education and the public spirit marking his whole apostolic career, has earned the respect and consideration of the English and Protestant community. We believe that such happy results constitute for us all an undeniable force. With his usual tact, His Grace asked at what hour the Prince could receive him. The prompt reply of the Prince that he would himself go first and make a visit to our Archbishop touches us very deeply. Such cordial relations between Catholics and Protestants, show English and French Canadians, between the future in quite new colors. Are we at last going to be considered, without discussion or suspicion, as peaceful, loyal and sincere subjects of His Majesty? We never wished for anything else, but we have seldom secured it in this country. It requires testimonials coming from high quarters to destroy prejudices that have no reason to exist and which sometimes prevent the efficiency of our patriotic efforts and ambition to contribute to the progress of our country."

The Buffalo Schola Cantorum

At a recent meeting held in Buffalo the Schola Cantorum for the diocese was formed. The meeting was called with the approval of Bishop Colton, by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Lanigan, and Rev. Jas. A. McGlavin was appointed secretary. Twenty-one priests became members. Meetings will be held monthly. The object of the organization is to cultivate the singing of the Gregorian chant among the clergy of the diocese, to learn special motets for extraordinary occasions, the learning of pieces in harmonized form, and the special study of the form of Gregorian chant, the Solmes, prescribed by the Sovereign Pontiff.

Accident at Church Building

Charles Otis and Ulrich Baretta, employees of the Dominion Bridge Company, were killed on the 19th inst. by the collapse of the scaffolding while working on the Catholic church at St. Cunegonde, near Montreal. A third workman sustained injuries from which it is not expected he will recover.

Death of Rev. Father Bacon

Quebec, Sept. 23.—Rev. Father Bacon, cure of L'Islet, died on Thursday afternoon at the presbytery in that parish. He was sixty years of age, and had previously held charges at Berthier, Notre Dame de Laterriere, Saguenay, and was prefect of studies at the College of Ste. Anne.

and was on the top wave of prosperity when consumption ended his career. Robert Smiley died in 1855, eleven years after coming to Hamilton. In 1816 he was not worth \$500. When he died he left a good estate to be divided between his wife and two brothers. His heirs frittered everything away, and the building on the corner of Hughson and Main streets was recently sold under mortgage. Mr. Halley is writing some very interesting reminiscences of old times in Hamilton for the Catholic Register. He carries well his 74 years, and is as bright and chipper as in the old days. The latter assertion, unfortunately, is not quite correct, as I have been an invalid for more than a year.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

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All these compliments Mr. Tappertit received as matters of course—flattery enough in their way, but entirely attributable to his vast superiority. His dignified self-possession only delighted Hugh the more, in a word, this giant and dwarf struck up a friendship which bade fair to be of long continuance, as the one held it to be his right to command, and the other considered it an exquisite pleasure to obey. Nor was Hugh by any means a passive follower, who scrupled to act without precise and definite orders, for when Mr. Tappertit mounted on an empty cask which stood by way of rostrum in the room, and volunteered a speech upon the alarming crisis then at hand, he placed himself beside the orator, and though he grinned from ear to ear at every word he said, threw out such expressive hints to scoffers in the management of his cudgel, that those who were at first the most disposed to interrupt, became remarkably attentive, and were the loudest in their approbation.

It was not all noise and jest, however, at The Boot, nor were the whole party listeners to the speech. There were some men at the other end of the room (which was a long, low-roofed chamber) in earnest conversation all the time, and when any of this group went out, fresh people were sure to come in soon afterwards and sit down in their places, as though the others had relieved them on some watch or duty, which it was pretty clear they did, for these changes took place by the clock at intervals of half an hour. These persons whispered very much among themselves, and kept aloof, and often looked round, as jealous of their speech being overheard; some two or three among them entered in books what seemed to be reports from the others, when they were not thus employed, one of them would turn to the newspapers which were strewn upon the table and from the St. James' Chronicle, the Herald, Chronicle or Public Advertiser, would read to the rest in a low voice some passage having reference to the topic in which they were all so deeply interested. But the great attraction was a pamphlet called the Thunderer, which espoused their own opinions, and was supposed at that time to emanate directly from the Association. This was always in request, and whether read aloud, to an eager knot of listeners, or by some solitary man, was certain to be followed by stormy talking and excited looks.

In the midst of all his merriment, and admiration of his captain, Hugh was made sensible by these and other tokens, of the presence of an air of mystery, akin to that which had so much impressed him out of doors. It was impossible to discard a sense that something was going on and that under the noisy revel of the public-house, there lurked unseen and dangerous matter. Little affected by this, however, he was perfectly satisfied with his quarters, and would have remained there till morning, but that his conductor rose soon after midnight, to go home. Mr. Tappertit following his example, gave him no excuse to stay. So they all three left the house together, roaring a No-Popery song until the fields resounded with the dismal noise.

"Cheer up, captain!" cried Hugh, when they had roared themselves out of breath. "Another stave!" Mr. Tappertit, nothing loath, began again, and so the three went staggering on, arm in arm, shouting like madmen, and defying the watch with great valor. Indeed this did not require any unusual bravery or boldness, as the watchmen of that time, being selected for the office on account of excessive age and extraordinary infirmity, had a custom of shutting themselves up tight in their boxes on the first symptoms of disturbance, and remaining there until they disappeared. In these proceedings, Mr. Dennis, who had a gruff voice and lungs of considerable power, distinguished himself very much, and acquired great credit with his two companions.

"What a queer fellow you are!" said Mr. Tappertit. "You're so precious sly and close. Why don't you ever tell what trade you're of?" "Answer the captain instantly," cried Hugh, beating his hat down on his head; "why don't you ever tell what trade you're of?" "I'm of as gen-teel a calling brother, as any man in England—as light a business as any gentleman could desire."

"Was you pretence to it?" asked Mr. Tappertit. "No. Natural genius," said Mr. Dennis. "No pretence. It came by natur." Muster Gasford knows my calling. Look at that hand of mine—many and many a job that hand has done, with a neatness and dex-terity, never known afore. When I look at that hand," said Mr. Dennis, shaking it in the air, "and remember the elegant bits of work it has turned off, I feel quite meloncholy to think it should ever grow old and feeble. But such is life."

He heaved a deep sigh as he indulged in these reflections, and putting his fingers with an absent air on Hugh's throat, and particularly under the left ear, as if he were studying the anatomical development of that part of his frame, shook his head in a despondent manner and actually shed tears. "You're a kind of artist, I suppose—eh?" said Mr. Tappertit. "Yes," rejoined Dennis; "yes—I may call myself a artist—a fancy workman—art improves natur—that is my motto."

"And what do you call this?" said Mr. Tappertit taking his stick out of his hand. "That's my portrait atop," Denis replied. "I've think it's like me." "Why—it's a little too handsome," said Mr. Tappertit. "Who did it? You?" "I," repeated Dennis, gazing fondly on his image. "I wish I had the talent. That was carved by a friend of mine as is now no more. The very day afore he died, he cut that with his pocket-knife from memory! 'I'll die game,' says my friend, 'and my last moments shall be devoted to making Dennis' picture.' That's it."

"It was a queer fancy," rejoined the other, breathing on his fictitious nose, and polishing it with the cuff of his coat, "but he was a queer subject altogether—a kind of gypsy—some of the finest, stand-up men you ever see. Ah! He did me some things that would 've done you a bit, did that friend of mine, on the morning when he died."

"You were with him at the time, were you?" said Mr. Tappertit. "Yes," he answered, with a curious look. "I was there. Oh! yes certainly, I was there. He wouldn't have gone on half as comfortable without me. I had been with four or five of his family under the same circumstances. They were all fine fellows."

"They must of have been fands of you," remarked Mr. Tappertit, looking at him sideways. "I don't know that they was exactly fond of me," said Dennis, with a little hesitation, "but they all had me near 'em when they departed. I come in for their wardrobe, too. This very handkerchief that you see round my neck, belonging to him that I've been speaking of—him as did that likeness."

Mr. Tappertit glanced at the article referred to, and appeared to think that the deceased's ideas of dress were of a peculiar and by no means an expensive kind. He made no remark upon the point, however, and suffered his mysterious companion to proceed without interruption.

"These smalls," said Dennis, rubbing his legs, "these very smalls—they belonged to a friend of mine that's left off such incumbrances forever; this coat, too—I've often walked behind this coat, in the streets, and wondered whether it would ever come to me; this pair of shoes have danced a hornpipe for another man, afore my eyes, full half a dozen times at least, and as to my hat," he said, taking it off, and whirling it round upon his fist—"Lord! I've seen this hat go up Holborn on the box of a hackney-coach—ah, many and many a day!"

"You don't mean to say their old wearers are all dead, I hope?" said Mr. Tappertit, falling a little distance from him, as he spoke. "Every one of 'em," replied Dennis. "Every man Jack!" There was something so very ghastly in this circumstance, and it appeared to account in such a very strange and dismal manner for his faded dress which, in this new aspect, seemed discolored by the earth from graves—that Mr. Tappertit abruptly found he was going another way, and, stopping short, bade him good-night with the utmost heartiness. As they happened to be near the Old Bailey, and Mr. Dennis knew there were turkeys in the lodge with whom he could pass the night, and discuss professional subjects of common interest among them before a rousing fire, and over a social glass, he separated from his companions without any great regret, and warmly shaking hands with Hugh, and making an early appointment for their meeting at The Boot, left them to pursue their road.

"That's a strange sort of man," said Mr. Tappertit, watching the hackney-coachman's hat as it went bobbing down the street. "I don't know what to make of him. Why can't he have his smalls made to order, or wear live clothes at any rate?"

"He's a lucky man, captain," cried Hugh. "I should like to have such friends as his." "I hope he don't get 'em to make their wills, and then knock them on the head," said Mr. Tappertit, musing. "But come. The United B's expect me. On!—What's the matter?"

"I quite forgot," said Hugh, who had started at the striking of a neighboring clock, "I have somebody to see to-night—I must turn back directly. The drinking and singing put it out of my head. It's well I remembered it!" Mr. Tappertit looked at him as though he were about to give utterance to some very majestic sentiments in reference to this act of desertion, but as it was clear, from Hugh's hasty manner, that the engagement was one of a pressing nature, he graciously forbore, and gave him his permission to depart immediately, which Hugh acknowledged with a roar of laughter. "Good-night, captain!" he cried. "I am yours to the death, remember!" "Farewell!" said Mr. Tappertit, waving his hand. "Be bold and vigorous!" "No Popery, captain!" roared Hugh.

"England in blood first!" cried his desperate leader, whereat Hugh cheered and laughed, and ran off like a greyhound. "That man will prove a credit to my corps," said Simon, turning thoughtfully upon his heel. "And let me see. In an altered state of society—which must ensue if we break out and are victorious—when the locksmith's child is mine, Miggs must be got rid of somehow, or she'll poison the tea-bettle one evening when I'm out. He might marry Miggs, if he was drunk enough. It shall be done. I'll make a note of it."

CHAPTER XL. Little thinking of the plan for his happy settlement in life which had suggested itself to the teeming brain of his provident commander, Hugh made no pause until Saint Dunstan's giants struck the hour above him, when he worked the handle of a pump which stood hard by, with great vigor, and thrusting his head under the spout, let the water gush upon him until a little stream ran down from every uncombed hair, and he was wet to the waist. Considerably refreshed by this ablution, both in mind and body, and almost sobered for the time, he dried himself as he best could, then crossed the road, and plied the knocker of the Middle Temple gate.

"We don't sell beer here," cried the man, "what else do you want?" "To come in," Hugh replied, with a kick at the door. "Where to go to?" "Paper-Buildings." "Whose chambers?" "Sir John Chester's." Each of which answers he emphasized with another kick.

After a little growling on the other side, the gate was opened, and he passed in, undergoing a close inspection from the porter as he did so. "You wanting Sir John, at this time of night?" said the man.

"Ay!" said Hugh. "I! What of that?" "Why, I must go with you and see that you do, for I don't believe it."

"Come along then." Eying him with suspicious looks, the man, with key and lantern, walked on at his side, and attended him to Sir John Chester's door, at which Hugh gave one knock, that echoed through the dark staircase and made the dull light tremble in the drowsy lamp.

"Do you think he wants me now?" said Hugh. Before the man had time to answer a footstep was heard within, a light appeared and Sir John, in his dressing-gown and slippers, opened the door.

"I ask your pardon, Sir John," said the porter, pulling off his hat. "Here's a young man says he wants to speak to you. It's late for strangers, and I thought it best to see that all was right."

"Aha!" cried Sir John, raising his eyebrows. "It's you, messenger, is it? Go in. Quite right, friend, I commend your prudence highly. Thank you. God bless you. Good-night." To be commended, thanked, God-blessed, and bade good-night by one who carried "Sir" before his name, and wrote himself M.P. to boot, was something for a porter. He withdrew with much humility and reverence. Sir John followed his late visitor into the dressing-room, and sitting in his easy-chair before the fire, and moving it so that he could see him as he stood, hat in hand, beside the door, looked at him from head to foot.

The old face, calm and pleasant as ever, the complexion, quite purple in its bloom and clearness, the same smile, the wonted precision and elegance of dress; the white, well-ordered teeth, the delicate hands, the composed and quiet manner, everything it used to be; no marks of age or passion, envy, hate, or discontent; all untrifled and serene and quite delightful to behold.

He wrote M.P.—but how? Why, thus. It was a proud family—more proud, indeed, than wealthy. He had stood in danger of arrest, of bailiffs and a jail—a vulgar jail, to which the common people with small incomes went. Gentlemen of ancient houses have no privilege of exemption from such cruel laws—unless they are of one great house, and then they have. A proud man of his stock and kindred had the means of sending him there. He offered—not indeed to pay his debts, but to let him sit for a close borough until his own son came of age, which, if he lived, would come to pass in twenty years. It was as good as an Insolvent Act, and infinitely more gentle. So Sir John Chester was a member of Parliament.

But how Sir John? Nothing so simple, or so easy. One touch with a sword of state, and she transformation is effected. John Chester, Esquire, M.P., attended court—went up with an address—headed a deputation. Such elegance of manner, so many graces of deportment, such powers of conversation, could never pass unnoticed. Mr. was too common for such merit. A man so gentlemanly should have been—but Fortune in capricious horn a Duke, just as some dukes should have been laborers. He caught the fancy of the king, knelt down a grub, and rose a butterfly. John Chester, Esquire, was knighted and became Sir John.

"I thought when you left me this evening, my esteemed acquaintance," said Sir John after a pretty long silence, "that you intended to return with all despatch?" "So I did, Master."

"And so you have?" he retorted, glancing at his watch. "Is that what you would say?" Instead of replying, Hugh changed the leg on which he leaned, shuffled his cap from one hand to the other, looked at the ground, the wall, the ceiling, and finally at Sir John himself, before he gave pleasant face he lowered his eyes again, and fixed them on the floor.

"And how have you been employing yourself in the mean while?" quoth Sir John, lazily crossing his legs. "Where have you been? what harm have you been doing?" "No harm at all, Master," growled Hugh, with humility. "I have only done as you ordered."

"As I what?" returned Sir John. "Well, then," said Hugh uneasily, "as you advised, or said I ought, or said I might, or said that you would do, if you was me. Don't be so hard on me, Master."

Something like an expression of triumph in the perfect control he had established over this rough instrument, appeared in the knight's face for an instant; but it vanished directly, as he said—paring his nails while speaking—

"When you say I ordered you, my good fellow, you imply that I directed you to do something for me—something I wanted done—something for my own ends and purposes—you see? Now I am sure I needn't enlarge upon the extreme absurdity of such an idea, however unintentional, so please—and here he turned his eyes upon him—"to be more guarded. Will you?"

"I meant to give you no offence," said Hugh. "I don't know what to say. You catch me up so very short."

"You will be caught up much shorter, my good friend—infinite shorter—one of these days, depend upon it," replied his patron, calmly. "By-the-by, instead of wondering why you have been so long, my wonder should be why you came at all. Why did you?"

"You know, master," said Hugh, "that I couldn't read the bill I found and that supposing it to be something particular from the way it was wrapped up, I brought it here."

"And could you ask no one else to read it, Bruin?" said Sir John. "No one that I could trust with secrets, master. Since Barnaby Rudge was lost sight of for good and all—and that's five year ago—I have not talked with any one but you."

"You have done me honor, I am sure."

"I have come to and fro, master, all that time, when there was anything to tell, because I knew that you'd be angry with me if I stayed away," said Hugh, blushing; "the words out, after an embarrassed silence; and because I wished to please you, if I could, and not to have you go against me. There, that's the true reason why I came to-night. You know that, master, I am sure."

"You are a specious fellow," returned Sir John, fixing his eyes upon him, "and carry two faces under your hood, as well as the best. Didn't you give me in this room, this evening, any other reason, no dislike of anybody who has sighted you, lately, on all occasions, abused you, treated you with rudeness, acted towards you more as if you were a mongrel dog than a man like myself?"

"To be sure I did!" cried Hugh, his passion rising, as the other meant it should; "and I say it all over now, again. I'll do anything to have some revenge on him—anything. And when you told me that he and all the Catholics would suffer from those who joined together under that handbill, I said 'I'd make one of 'em, if their master was the devil himself. I am one of 'em. See whether I am as good as my word and turn out to be among the foremost, or no. I mayn't have much head, master, but I've head enough to remember those that use me ill. You shall see, and so shall he, and so shall hundreds more, how my spirit harks me when the time comes. My bark is nothing to my bite. Some that I know, had better have a wild lion among 'em than me, when I am fairly loose—they had!"

The knight looked at him with a smile of disdain, meaning that ordinary and pointing to the old corner board, followed him with his eye while he filled and drank a glass of liquor, and smiled when his back was turned, with deeper meaning yet.

"You are in a blustering mood, my friend," he said, when Hugh confronted him again. "Not I, master!" cried Hugh. "I don't say half I mean. I can't. I haven't got the gift. There are talkers enough among us; I'll be one of the doers."

"Oh! you have joined those fellows then?" said Sir John, with an air of profound indifference. "Yes. I went up to the house you told me of, and got put down upon the muster. There was another man there named Dennis—"

"Dennis, eh?" cried Sir John, laughing. "Ay, ay! a pleasant fellow, I believe?" "A roaring dog, master—one after my own heart—hot upon the matter, too—red hot."

"So I have heard," replied Sir John carelessly. "You don't happen to know his trade, do you?" "He wouldn't say," cried Hugh. "He keeps it secret."

"Ha ha!" laughed Sir John. "A strange fancy—a weakness with some persons—you'll know it one day, I dare swear."

"We're intimate already," said Hugh. "Quite natural! And have been drinking together, eh?" pursued Sir John. "Did you say what place you went to in company, when you left Lord George's?"

Hugh had not said or thought of saying, but he told him; and this inquiry being followed by a long train of questions, he related all that had passed both in and out of doors, the kind of people he had seen, their numbers, state of feeling, mode of conversation, apparent expectations and intentions. His questioning was so artfully contrived, that he seemed even in his own eyes to volunteer all this information rather than have it wrested from him, and he was brought to this state of feeling so naturally, that when Mr. Chester yawned at length and declared himself quite weary, he made a rough kind of excuse for having talked so much.

"There—get you gone," said Sir John, holding the door open in his hand. "You have made a pretty evening's work. I let you not to do this. You may get into trouble. You'll have an opportunity to revenging yourself on your proud friend Haredale, though, and for that you'd hazard anything, I suppose?"

"I would," retorted Hugh, stopping in his passage out and looking back, "but what do I risk! What do I stand a chance of losing, master? Friends, home? A fig for 'em all! I have none; they are nothing to me. Give me a good scuffle, let me pay off old scores in a bold riot where there are men to stand by me, and then use me as you like; it don't matter much to me what the end is!"

"What have you done with that paper?" said Sir John. "I have it here, master."

"Drop it again as you go along, it's as well not to keep such things about you."

Hugh nodded, and touching his cap with an air of as much respect as he could summon up, departed. Sir John, fastening the doors behind him, went back to his dressing-room, and sat down once again before the fire, at which he gazed for a long time, in earnest meditation. "This happens fortunately," he said, breaking into a smile, "and promises well. Let me see. My relative and I, who are the most Protestant fellows in the world, give our worst wishes to the Roman Catholic cause, and to Saville, who introduces their bill, I have a personal objection besides, but as each of us has himself for the first article in his creed, we cannot commit ourselves by joining with a very extravagant man, such as this Gordon most undoubtedly is. Now, really, to foment his disturbances in secret, through the medium of such a very apt instru-

Table with 4 columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and ROSARY THE HOLY ANGELS. Includes dates for October 1905, such as Sixteenth Sunday After Pentecost, Seventeenth Sunday After Pentecost, etc.

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ment as my savage friend here, may further our real ends, and to express at all becoming seasons, in moderate and polite terms, a disapprobation of his proceedings, though we agree with him in principle, will certainly be to gain a character for honesty and uprightness of purpose, which cannot fail to do us infinite service, and to raise us into some importance. Good! So much for public grounds. As to private considerations, I confess that if these vagabonds would make some riotous demonstration (which does not appear impossible), and would inflict some little chastisement on Haredale as a not inactive man among his sect, it would be extremely agreeable to my feelings, and would amuse me beyond measure. Good again! Perhaps better!"

When he came to this point he took a pinch of snuff; then beginning slowly to undress, he resumed his meditations, by saying with a smile,—"I fear I do fear exceedingly, that my friend is following fast in the footsteps of his mother. His intimacy with Mr. Dennis is very ominous. But I have no doubt he must have come to that end any way. If I lend a helping hand, the only difference is, that he may, upon the whole, possibly drink a few gallons, or puncheons, or hogsheds, less in this life than he otherwise would. It is no business of mine. It's a matter of very small importance."

"So he took another pinch of snuff and went to bed."

CHAPTER XL. From the workshop of the Golden Key there issued forth a tinkling sound, so merry and good-humored, that it suggested the idea of some one working blithely, and made quite pleasant music. No man who hampered on at a dull monotonous duty, could have brought such cheerful notes from iron or steel; none but a chirping, healthy, honest-hearted fellow, who made the best of everything, and felt kindly towards everybody, could have done it for an instant. He might have been a cooper-smith, and still been musical. If he had sat in a jolting wagon full of rods of iron, it seemed as if he would have brought some harmony out of it.

Tink, tink, tink—clear as a silver bell, and audible at every pause of the streets' harsher noises, as though it said, "I don't care, nothing puts me out, I am resolved to be happy." Women scolded, children squalled, heavy carts went rumbling by, horrible cries proceeded from the lungs of hawkers, still it struck in, again, no higher, no lower, no louder, no softer, not trusting itself on people's notice a bit the more for having been outdone by louder sounds—tink, tink, tink, tink, tink.

It was a perfect embodiment of the still small voice, free from all cold, hoarseness, huskiness, or unhealthiness of any kind; foot-passengers slackened their pace, and were disposed to linger near it; neighbors who had got up splanetic that morning, felt good-humor stealing on them as they heard it, and by degrees became quite sprightly; nothing danced their babies to its ringing; still the same magical tink, tink, tink, came gayly from the workshop of the Golden Key.

Who but the locksmith could have made such music! A gleam of sun shining through the unshaded window, and checking the dark workshop with a broad patch of light, fell upon him, as though attracted by his sunny heart. There he stood working at his anvil, his face all radiant with exercise and gladness, his sleeves turned up, his wig pushed off his shining forehead—the easiest, freest, happiest man in all the world. Beside him sat a sleek cat, purring and winking in the light, and falling every now and then into an idle doze, as from excess of comfort. To be looked on from a tall bench hard by, one beaming smile, from his broad nut-brown face down to the slack-baked buckles in his shoes. The very locks that hung around had something jovial in their rust, and seemed like gaily gentlemen of hearty natures, disposed to joke on their infirmities. There was nothing surly or severe in the whole scene. It seemed impossible that any one of the innumerable keys could fit a

churlish strong-box or a prison door, Cellars of beer and wine, rooms where there were fires, books, gossip and cheering laughter—these were their proper sphere of action. Places of distrust and cruelty, and restraint they would have left quadruple-locked forever.

Tink, tink, tink. The locksmith paused at last, and wiped his brow. The silence roused the cat, who, jumping softly down, crept to the door, and watched with tiger eyes a birdcage in an opposite window. Gabriel lifted Toby to his mouth, and took a hearty draught.

Then, as he stood upright, with his head flung back, and his portly chest thrown out, you would have seen that Gabriel's lower man was clothed in military gear. Glancing at the wall beyond, there might have been espied, hanging on their several pegs, a cap and feather, broadsword, sash and coat of scarlet, which any man learned in such matters would have known from their make and pattern to be the uniform of a sergeant in the Royal East-Lothian Volunteers.

As the locksmith put his mug down, empty, on the bench, whence it had smiled on him before, he glanced at the door, and looking in, saw a little to one side, as though he would get them all into a focus, said, leaning on his hammer, "Time was, now, I remember, when I was like to run mad with the desire to wear a coat of that color. If any one (except my father) had called me a fool for my pains, how I should have fired and fumed! But what a fool I must have been, surely!"

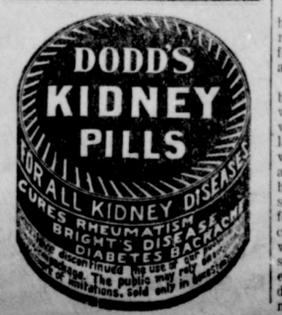
"Ah!" sighed Mrs. Varden, who had entered unobserved. "A fool indeed. A man at your time of life, Varden, should know better now."

"Why, what a ridiculous woman you are, Martha," said the locksmith, turning round with a smile. "Certainly," replied Mrs. V. with great demureness. "Of course I am. I know that, Varden. Thank you." "I mean"—began the locksmith. "Yes," said his wife, "I know what you mean. You speak quite plain enough to be understood, Varden. It is very kind of you to adapt yourself to my capacity, I am sure."

"Tut, tut, Martha," rejoined the locksmith; "don't take offence at nothing. I mean, how strange it is of you to run down volunteering, when it's done to defend you and all the other women, and our own friends and everybody else's in case of need." (To be Continued.)

Cures at Lourdes. Many cures are reported at Lourdes. Amongst them the following are noted: An hospital nurse under treatment for consumption for a year, was cured during the passing of the Sacred Host, and a girl who had been crippled by paralysis for two years walks now without pain or difficulty.

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





DAINTY TABLE SERVICE.

Few things possessed by dainty women are more highly valued than fine dishes, and while very few are fortunate enough to own such in large quantities, many have a few pieces of fine china or handsome glassware which they take pride in keeping beautifully clean.

CARE OF WOMEN'S FEET.

One's general health depends largely upon the comfort of one's footwear and the judgment used in the selection. If young women are sensible about choosing out of door shoes I think some leniency must be permitted them in house shoes, says a writer in McCall's Magazine.

To go back to house slippers—a such daintier subject—be sure to discard them when they show a tendency to become worn. It is a temptation to wear old slippers when they have grown comfortable.

When You Feel Out of Sorts LOOK FOR THE SYMPTOMS OF TORPID LIVER AND BILIOUSNESS.

Suppose you were the hired girl—If you were the hired girl—Would you like to serve five breakfasts between 7 and 8 o'clock and be rebuked if they were not all hot and crisp?

CHILDREN'S CORNER

FABLE OF THE PANSY. A pretty fable about the pansy is current among French and German children. The flower has five petals and five sepals.

Would you feel like stopping in the midst of your regular duties to wash and iron a shirtwaist for a thoughtless young girl who forgot to put it in the wash on Monday, and who needed it at once for a picnic?

Would you enjoy being sent to the grocery around the corner two or three times a day, simply because your mistress was slovenly and careless in her ordering?

SCHOOL AND NERVES. When the instructed modern parent has steered clear of all the shoals and rapids that threaten in the management of very young children who must be reared in cities, where the whole question of health, nerves, correct feeding, sunlight and fresh air has been met satisfactorily and the child has reached the age when the problem of education must be faced, and is a healthy strong-nerved little animal, then there arises a new host of possible dangers.

THE HEART THAT TRUSTS. The child leans on its parent's breast, leaves its care and is at rest; The bird sits singing by his nest, And tells aloud His trust in God, and so is blessed 'Neath every cloud.

IT BLACKENS. Have you heard the old Greek story about the young maiden named Eulalie?

HOW SHE FOUND OUT THE SECRET. She was very sure that nobody liked her. She had told herself so again and again, with a queer tightening about her heart that was like a real pain.

THE BOYS OF CHINA. A stranger in China is struck with the number of children that he sees wearing earrings. On investigation he finds that most of the children are boys. As the grown boys and the men do not wear earrings the stranger inquires why the little boys wear them.

When You Feel Out of Sorts LOOK FOR THE SYMPTOMS OF TORPID LIVER AND BILIOUSNESS. Biliousness is caused by the failure of the liver to filter the bile and other poisonous impurities from the blood.

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CHILDREN'S CORNER

FABLE OF THE PANSY.

A pretty fable about the pansy is current among French and German children. The flower has five petals and five sepals. In most pansies, especially of the earlier and less highly developed varieties, two of the petals are plain in color and three are gay.

The fable is that the pansy represents a family consisting of husband and wife and four daughters, two of the latter being stepchildren of the wife. The plain petals are the stepchildren, with only one chair, the two small, gay petals are the daughters with a chair each, and the large gay petal is the wife, with two chairs.

To find the father one must strip away the petals until the stamens and pistils are bare. They have a fanciful resemblance to an old man, with a flannel wrap about his neck, his shoulders upraised and his feet in a bath-tub. The story is probably of French origin, because the French call the pansy the stepmother.

THE HEART THAT TRUSTS.

The child leans on its parent's breast, Leaves its care and is at rest; The bird sits singing by his nest, And tells aloud His trust in God, and so is blessed 'Neath every cloud.

He has no store, he sows no seed; Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed; By flowing stream or grassy mead He sings to shame Men, who forget, in fear of need, A Father's name.

IT BLACKENS. Have you heard the old Greek story about the young maiden named Eulalie? Lucinda was a very gay and worldly woman and Eulalie, who liked pretty dresses and jewels, wanted to be friends with her.

HOW SHE FOUND OUT THE SECRET. She was very sure that nobody liked her. She had told herself so again and again, with a queer tightening about her heart that was like a real pain.

THE BOYS OF CHINA.

A stranger in China is struck with the number of children that he sees wearing earrings. On investigation he finds that most of the children are boys. As the grown boys and the men do not wear earrings the stranger inquires why the little boys wear them.

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"It was very kind of you to bring home the clothes so early last week, Cissy. I was in a hurry for that shirt-waist."

The day went by, and she did not find opportunity to say anything very brilliant. She stopped Mrs. White to ask her if she would like to read the book she had just finished, and she patted little Barbara Smith's soft cheek as she inquired if the new baby sister had grown at all.

By the time the week was over the girl whom nobody liked had learned a valuable lesson. She had found out that hearts respond to cordiality and kindness, just as the strings of one musical instrument vibrate in unison with the chord in another.

IT BLACKENS.

Have you heard the old Greek story about the young maiden named Eulalie? Lucinda was a very gay and worldly woman and Eulalie, who liked pretty dresses and jewels, wanted to be friends with her.

"I do not like to have you visit Lucinda, my dear daughter," said the wise Sophronia.

Her father walked to the path, picked up a piece of dirty coal, which was near the edge, and holding it out in his hand, said: "Take that in your hand, my child, it will not burn you."

THE BOYS OF CHINA.

A stranger in China is struck with the number of children that he sees wearing earrings. On investigation he finds that most of the children are boys. As the grown boys and the men do not wear earrings the stranger inquires why the little boys wear them.

"The boy is the greatest blessing that heaven can send. The spirits like boy babies. It is natural that they should; everybody likes them. Very often if the boy babies are not watched closely the spirits who are constantly around grab up the unwatched boy babe and carry him off to their home.

A Carefully Prepared Pill.—Much time and attention were expended in the experimenting with the ingredients that enter into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills before they were brought to the state in which they were first offered to the public.

At the next corner was Cissy Bailey and the girl wondered if her promise covered the washer woman's daughter and people of that sort. But she did not let herself wonder very long.

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.

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism.

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.

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.

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.

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 Piles.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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HERE IS PROOF

CHESLEY SCHELL, Ravenswood, writes: "I was out with the volunteers at London last June and I got a heavy cold, which turned to Bronchitis, and my lungs were severely affected. I had a cough all summer. PSYCHINE proved a great blessing to me. It is a positive cure for Bronchitis."

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Is now calling upon Toronto Subscribers
TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 28, 1905.

A WORD WITH MR. MACLEAN.

Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P., is naturally disappointed when two of his special aims in life as a public-spirited citizen are shown to clash against and damage each other.

Mr. Maclean believes strenuously in public honesty, to the maintenance whereof he does not deny that moral and religious influences and beliefs are aids.

Mr. Maclean would bring the heavy hand of the law down upon all dishonest persons caught in the abuse of trust. Hear, hear! But punishment does not go to the root of the evil.

There is another aspect of the matter that perhaps may appeal to Mr. Maclean because it is not concerned with the sore point we have just been making for his benefit.

The Register wishes Mr. Maclean success in his crusade in behalf of the people's interests, but we put it to him as a logical proposition that he is inconsistent and unreasonable in contending against religious influence in public education whilst he champions in the same breath and line the good cause of public honesty.

A GREAT IRISH-AMERICAN.
The name and reputation of Patrick A. Collins, late Mayor of Boston, were known on both sides of the Atlantic to the credit of the Irish race.

in the little town of Middleton, in the County of Cork, he rose to honorable distinction in a land where honor is habitually examined under a fierce light of public criticism.

"There is no antagonism between the United States and any well-meaning State on earth. If the rest of the world understood the United States as well as the United States understands the rest of the world, there never would be any danger to peace between my country and other nations."

An American writer bears no more than just tribute to the character of the late Mayor Collins in these glowing sentences:
"By his death America loses a great public servant, Ireland a loyal son, and the cause of good government a notable support."

The Irish Parliamentary Party passed a resolution upon the death of Mr. Collins that well expresses the feeling of the Irish people:

"We tender to the American people our profound regret at the death of a distinguished citizen and great public leader, and we desire to place on record, in common with the Irish race at home and abroad, that we feel the deep blow that has been struck at all Irish interests in America by the death of one who has ever been a powerful friend of Ireland in every time of stress and danger."

LA VERENDRYE AND THE NORTHWEST.

The career and character of the Sieur de la Verendrye have lately interested students of Canadian history in the West as well as in Quebec; and the robust and zealous Canadianism of men like Archbishop Langevin has been touched with special sympathy by the fate of this country's pioneer exploring family and discoverers of the great western region.

But though the facts are just as stated by Abbé Dugas, so far as all events as regards La Verendrye, we feel that it is even necessary to explain to the average reader of Canadian history from English books, who and what the adventurous French-Canadian were.

Frenchman and Briton had long extended their rivalry to the remote shores of Hudson Bay before the organization of the great fur company, whose posts and lands are still numerous throughout the territory.

The Register wishes Mr. Maclean success in his crusade in behalf of the people's interests, but we put it to him as a logical proposition that he is inconsistent and unreasonable in contending against religious influence in public education whilst he champions in the same breath and line the good cause of public honesty.

Hudson Bay Co. and the Compagnie du Nord, and by and by four English men-of-war and a bomb galley decided for a while the issue.

While Europe was settling the destiny of Canada in this manner Canadians had themselves been probing the mystery of the West overland. They had heard of the western sea and were confident of finding its southern shores.

La Verendrye, a native of Three Rivers, without aid or sympathy from the King of France, first risked his fortune and his life and gave the life of one of his sons to its discovery in 1730.

In the midst of these activities, which made twenty-four hours all too short for a day's calls, fate spoke. And its sentence was what is generally considered the most cruel that can be pronounced.

To the Editor of the Globe: God bless you for your article of this morning's issue, entitled "The Blessed Physician." Your entire paper withholding of names did not conceal from many of your readers whom you meant.

A DISTINGUISHED IRISHMAN.
The Register has had the pleasure of a visit from Dr. Joseph Smith, Mus. Doc. (T.C.D.) a distinguished authority on Church music and himself the composer of several well-known masses and motets.

"THE BLESSED PHYSICIAN."
The above is the heading of the following article, published editorially in the Toronto Globe of the 19th inst.

Patrick A. Collins, Mayor of Boston
Patrick A. Collins, whose death has steeped the city of Boston in mourning and deprived it of its chief municipal head, was like Lincoln, Grant, Garfield and other great men of the Republic, a true son of the people.

"Perhaps it is better so, for there are cases where eulogy would be a jarring note—where the pure unselfishness of good deeds might be sullied by the seeming reward. Perhaps least of all do we think of contemporary praise of the good physician, that greatest blessing that a community can have."

economist in that Dr. MacLure, whose funeral on the wild winter's day was the memory of the glen, and happy are those who have had a Dr. MacLure come like a household benediction into their own lives.

The death on Thursday last of Mr. Thomas Carlin, Hibernia street, removes from this city an old and highly respected resident. Mr. Carlin had passed his ninetieth birthday and had lived retired for the past twenty years.

Miss Ella McGuire of Clinton is attending the Central Business College in this city.
Rev. Father Compeau of Sarnia, successor to Rev. Father Laurendeau, has arrived in the city, and preached his first sermon in St. Joseph's Church on Sunday last.

PERSONAL
Mr. Charles J. Phillips, managing editor of The New Century, Washington, D.C., who is spending a few days in Toronto, called upon the Catholic Register and complimented the paper upon its bright tone, appearance and general make-up.

OBITUARY
TIMOTHY GALVIN, PERTH.
The death occurred in Perth on Monday, Sept. 18th, of Mr. Timothy Galvin, who until about three months ago had been a resident of Ottawa.

MICHAEL McMAHON, PETERBOROUGH.
One of the oldest residents of the city passed away last week in the person of Michael McMahon, 19 Lake street.

JAMES FANNING.
Mr. James Fanning, who resided in Smith township, near Selwyn, passed away this week at the age of 84 years.

JOHN JOSEPH HALLISSY, OF TRENTON.
A fatal accident deprived Mrs. Hallissy, widow of the late Daniel Hallissy, Trenton, of her only son, John

Joseph, who came to his death on Sunday, the 17th inst., as a result of injuries received in an accident of the previous day.

MISS ANNA DONNELLY.
The demise of Anna, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Donnelly of Warmisther, Ont., cast a gloom of sadness and sorrow over the community and brought forth the strongest feelings of genuine grief and sincere regret from the many friends of the family throughout the surrounding country.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for addition to Drill Hall, Toronto, Ont.," will be received at this office until Saturday, October 14th, 1905, inclusively.

PERSONS tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for.

By order,
FRED GELINAS,
Secretary.
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, September 16, 1905.

Board and Room wanted for a young lady, in good Roman Catholic family, within half hour's walk of Toronto University buildings.

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The QUIET HOUR

MASS BEFORE DAWN FOR CHICAGO NIGHT WORKERS.

(Chicago Inter-Ocean of Sept. 9.)

For the first time in the history of the Catholic Church in the West regular Sunday services will be held and mass celebrated before dawn for the night workers, beginning Sunday, Oct. 1st.

Permission was granted yesterday to the Very Rev. P. O'Callaghan, C. S. P., superior of the Paulist Fathers in Chicago, by Archbishop Quigley, who received permission from Rome to hold this special service for night workers every Sunday in the year in St. Mary's Church, Wabash avenue and Eldredge place, at 3 a.m., or earlier if the time is found unsuitable to the majority of night workers.

Chicago is now the second city in the world that enjoys the privilege of Sunday services for night workers, New York being the first city to receive permission, through the Paulist Fathers, who conduct night services there for newspaper workers. The permission must be procured from Rome by the metropolitan of the diocese.

For nearly two decades Catholic workers in the down town districts have been urging the necessity of Sunday services for the night workers, comprising a vast army of newspaper men, theatrical, hotel and restaurant folk, whose labors cease between the hours of 1 and 1 a.m.

As the first services are not usually held before six o'clock in the morning, this necessitates the worker losing a few hours' extra sleep or taking only a few hours' rest before attending the last service held in his church.

The first service of the kind was held by the Paulist Fathers in St. Mary's Church, Christmas morning, 1903, and it was attended by such a large congregation that it was decided to make it a permanent Sunday service as soon as the necessary authority could be received from Rome.

A meeting of night workers in the newspaper offices, hotels, and theatres will be called next week by the Paulist Fathers for the purpose of arranging the hour for mass that will be the most convenient to the majority of them.

WHAT THE CATHOLIC PAPER DOES.

Father Hudson says: A devoted parish priest of our acquaintance declares he finds his ablest assistant in the Catholic periodical circulating in his parish, and considers it an obligation to promote its circulation. A Catholic journal worthy of the name is an educator in sound opinions of all sorts, a guide, a mentor, a stimulator, a reflector of Catholic faith. The effect of its reading is to make Catholics proud of their religion, zealous for its progress, earnest in their endeavors to live up to its teachings.

IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

A private letter from Rome, published in The Western Watchman, contains the following description of an impressive ceremony in the famous Sistine Chapel, at the Vatican, as witnessed by the writer:

In the first flush of my enthusiasm I write to tell you of the glorious music we heard yesterday at the anniversary Requiem for Pope Leo XIII. Only a limited number of tickets were given, and we were fortunate enough to be among the "favored few." Arriving at the Vatican, we found the Swiss Guard doubled in number. We passed on from one to the other with our invitations as passports. At the given time they gave the word and every one was allowed to pass up the stairs, which number four flights before reaching the ante-room of the Sistine Chapel, where we passed

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through a line of soldiers in the brilliant uniform designed long ago by Michael Angelo.

We were shown to fine seats, and in a few minutes the different cardinals with their attendants began to arrive; real princes of the Church they were in their magnificent robes, but shining out and above all was the intellectual beauty of their patrician faces. Cardinal Rampolla was there in all his glory, a king among them. Cardinal Satolli, a slender figure, all soul. Ambassadors glistening in brilliant uniforms, footmen looking like Walter Raleighs in knee breeches, velvet coats, deep lace collars and stiff ruffs around their necks, and from gold chains hung from the crest of the Vatican, viz., the tiara and crossed keys of Peter; Knights of Malta, in white and scarlet, from their shoulders hung long circular velvet cloaks, bearing on the left side a great Maltese cross of white.

When all were assembled, the door of the sanctuary opened. A cardinal and priests, vested in black and gold, entered, passing the guard with shining silver helmet, who never left his post during the ceremony. A few moments more of silence and the door again opened. A cross-bearer, carrying a golden cross, came, followed by monsignori, etc., and last of all came His Holiness, magnificent in his rich robes of office, a picture of saintliness and humility, who seemed bowed down with the greatness of his office. Over his robe of white he wore a scarlet cope weighted with gold, on his head a silver mitre, which being removed, showed the snowy skull cap, as white as his hair. Four train-bearers carried the mighty length of silk, velvet and gold. After kneeling a few minutes before the altar, he mounted the red throne and then we all knelt to the only King we acknowledge on earth.

The scene was one of most superb splendor. A glorious chapel filled with regal color, princes of the Church and earth gathered beneath a canopy of Michael Angelo's Prophets and Sybils, the walls one unending fresco, and above the collected brightness the unrivaled Sistine choir, led by the youthful Perosi. Never again, perhaps, shall we hear such strains till we pass beyond the eternal gates. The "Dies Irae" was so great that I could have cried aloud. The verse "Rex Tremendae Majestatis" burst out after a minute's pause with gigantic volume. The boy sopranos, like angels, called to judgment, and the great rolling basses followed like the moaning winds, that perhaps shall sigh like that on the last day because their task is over.

"Salve me Fons pietatis" came from all soft and pleading like children might sing to a Merciful Father. Perosi part of the time sang with them, and at the close, resting his eyes on the beautiful ceiling, smiled like an angel as he listened to the wonderful voices, swayed by his magic baton. No organ, no accompaniment, only voices, great, deep ones, silver tenors and the golden voices of the sweet-faced little boys who seemed too young almost to read the music.

After Mass a catalogue covered with gold cloth was carried to the middle of the chapel, and the Pope, in a sweet, strong voice, sang the blessing, etc., and then was sung the "Liberia," that beautiful cry of mercy in an exquisite setting. When all was over, the Pope, in silence, meeting cardinals, ambassadors and all the grandees face to face failed to rouse us. We had been so near heaven, earth was still far away. We left Rome and came to Florence. Still I close my eyes and listen, before it grows too faint in my memory, to the wonderful music I would keep with me forever.

RESTLESS CATHOLICS.

Although our last mass, during the summer season, is a short service, without a sermon, a number of persons of both sexes and all ages hurry away without waiting for benediction, says the Columbian. These fugitives are principally young men who cling to the rear of the church. Have they any proper reverence for the blessed sacrament and comprehension of its blessing? Some of them may have a valid excuse for retirement, but surely most of them could wait for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour longer. The pastors, I understand, have despaired of correcting this scandal, by admonition from the altar and regretfully tolerate what apparently cannot be cured. I apprehend that if it were not obligatory, many of our people would not even go to mass on Sunday, especially if the weather were warm. Well, I suppose we must take them as we find them; but they need some scolding, as we all do, now and then. Our natural disposition is at war with our spiritual faculties, and the necessity of conquering the flesh remains, in order not to be conquered by it.

Nearly all infants are more or less subject to diarrhoea and such complaints while teething and as this period of their lives is the most critical, mothers should not be without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dextery Cordial. This medicine is a specific for such complaints and is highly spoken of by those who have used it. The proprietors claim it will cure any case of cholera or summer complaint.

Rev. Father Strubbe is in the Hotel Dieu, Montreal, on the advice of his physicians, who recommend rest and medical treatment. The illness is not of a serious nature.

Appreciation of the Japanese

Since the war began people are learning to appreciate the qualities peculiar to the Japanese nation. Just previous to the war there were a few, now there are many thousands, of people who appreciate the fact that there are more good qualities and fewer bad ones than in any other, in the "Japanese" inks, muck-lage, and typewriter supplies. These are made in Canada, and are in a class above all competitors.



Ogilvie's Reputation goes into every barrel of Royal Household Flour

If Royal Household Flour were not as good as Ogilvies say it is, who would be the greatest loser?

You would try it once—if it were not good you would be a small loser, perhaps.

But Ogilvies would probably lose your custom.

They would also lose the custom of every other woman who tried it and of thousands who had never tried it but had been told that it was not as represented.

Therefore Ogilvies must make Royal Household Flour the best flour because they stake their reputation upon it, and if you and thousands of others found it was not the best, Ogilvies would ruin their business.

So Ogilvies make Royal Household Flour the best flour, in their own protection. Incidentally that is your strongest protection—it guarantees you the best flour because the brand carries with it Ogilvie's Reputation.

Ogilvies simply ask a trial—knowing that it will make a permanent friend for Royal Household Flour.

BOOK REVIEW

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D.D., V.G. of Antigonish, has given to the public one more of his scholarly and profoundly interesting works. "Questions of the Day" embraces chapters dealing with Thoughts on the Biblical Question, The Virgin Birth, Mary Ever a Virgin, and The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, every title of which is a synonym for an ever burning question. The standing of the author as one of the greatest theologians of the day, stamps the work with the seal of authority and the philosophy of thought which it embodies is clothed in the scholarly language of simplicity. The latest volume replete as it is with erudition and irrefutable argument, is one of a series of which The Symbol of the Apostles, The Symbol in Sermons, and The Sacrifice of the Mass are others, which place the author amongst those leaders of the day who throw a luminous searchlight upon the dark places of religion and doubt and who leaves the advocates of higher criticism stranded and without support upon the shifting sands of a shiftless sea. The book bears the imprimatur of his Lordship the Bishop of Antigonish, and is published by the Christian Press Association Publishing Company, 26 Barclay street, New York.

LIGHT FOR NEW TIMES.

A very readable book and one containing much practical and useful advice and instruction is "Light for New Times," a work written in the interest of girls and young women by one who has evidently given her subject much thought and who has in view the practical side of this life, while at the same time always keeping in view the eternal life to come. Margaret Fletcher, Oxford, England.

is the author, and the book has a very commendatory preface by W. D. Strappini, S.J. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago; price 60 cents.

The Hunting Season

Get away from your every day life and enjoy a few weeks sport in the highlands of Ontario. Single fare rate will be in effect to all hunting grounds, including the Temagami region. "The Sportsmen's new paradise." For further particulars call on agents.

In Memoriam

Of Mary Meekan, who Died September 26th, 1904

One year is gone, but still we miss her; Never shall her memory fade; Loving hearts will always linger Around the spot where Mary's laid.

Rest, my little friend, rest Within your bed of clay; Death has snatched you from our home, And taken your life away. But God's holy will be done.

Thou wert a sweet and winning friend And wise beyond your years, Thy father's pride, thy mother's joy, For thee, fast fall our tears.

Peaceful be thy silent slumber, Peaceful in thy grave so low, Thou no more will join our number, Thou no more our sorrow know.

Yet again we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled, And in Heaven with joy to greet thee Where no more farewell tears are shed. —A Friend, M. Brennan.

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

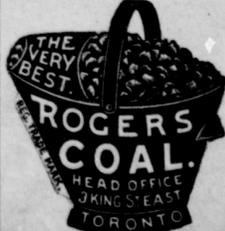
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AN INTERLUDE

"It is typhoid." "It is what? Nonsense." "Typhoid—walking typhoid! It can't be." "It is." The physician examined a small irregularly on his finger-nail, and proceeded to remedy it with his pocket-knife.

no one can tell how this will turn out, and I don't want to leave a prospective wife. Help me, old chap." The patient was nearing the stage of delirium, and the physician humored him.

Examine and Scrutinize



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another. I've been here only a couple of weeks, I know, but you can do a lot of falling in love in a short time when you're ill, and I know that I shall never care for another woman. But I couldn't marry her—

the hand which eluded without seeming to. "Won't you let me hold it for a minute? I'm so weak I seem to be floating right away out of life, and I must have something to hold me back."

dreadful thing, a brother of a third cousin of her dearest friend had had it once—you know the way she talks—Social Register style, hoped it wouldn't leave you scarred, seemed to get it mixed up with smallpox and first love.

light fell full on the blood-red stone. "I think it looks better on this hand." "I don't want it on that hand; I want it on this," and he pointed to the engagement finger.



Plaintips 15c. per Box

A Name for the Baby

(From the Sacred Heart Review.) The extraordinary names which some people attach to their offspring will always be a source of wonderment "as long as the world is a world."

Honor Walsh tells a story about a certain Old Aunt Dooney whose stock of "Algerons" and "Ethelindas" having after a time run out, she evoked the aid of a patent medicine advertisement to help her to evolve something new and high-sounding in the shape of a name for a new arrival in this vale of tears.

How Not to Worry

(By Prof. R. J. Raymond, Raymond Mental Institute, Minneapolis, Min.) The basis of worry is fear, and a lack of faith in ourselves and in the eternal power by which we were created.

Reason is a good thing, but faith is better. If we have faith, we will have reason. Faith is the substance of things not seen. Worry over-chemicalizes our blood, which destroys the tissue of body and counteracts nutrition.

After we have used our reason to rid us of our worry, then we must consciously begin to build a faith, because we will then realize a want of it.

THE GENUINE ARTICLE

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ture that no longer has terrors. You can now affirm with entire confidence that nothing can ever again worry you.

Rest is not quitting The busy career, Rest is the fitting Of self to one's sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion Clear without strife, Fleeting to ocean After its life.

'Tis loving and serving The highest and best; 'Tis onward, unswerving; And this is true rest.

Modern Psychology and Catholic Education

Dr. Pare, of the Catholic University, contributes an article to the September Catholic World, showing how the Catholic Church has ever, implicitly at least, followed the methods put forth by the best students of modern psychology.

A leading characteristic of modern psychology is the importance which it attaches to the sensory processes of mind. We are no longer satisfied with the general statement that all knowledge takes its rise in sensation; nor even with the accurate description of the various sensory functions.

"Now this is precisely what the Church has all along endeavored to do. Whatever philosophers and psychologists may have taught regarding the value of sense-perception, the Church has always recognized the importance of these processes for the development of intellectual and moral activity.

"This law of appreciation is one with which every teacher is familiar. It is the corner stone of an educational theory which has many distinguished advocates in this country. And it bears the sanction of modern psychology.

"We should not forget that a course of study is an object lesson. Whatever it includes is rightly supposed to possess some value. What it excludes is supposed, rightly or wrongly, to be worth little or nothing.

The World is Full of Pains.—The aches and pains that afflict humanity are many and constant, arising from a multitude of individual causes, but in the main owing to man's negligence in taking care of his health.

reach out to eternity, should be awakened and strengthened to such a degree that they may sanctify and ennoble every other interest, every other concern of the human mind.

Catharine Tynan Hinkson Within the last twenty years there has come into being in English poetry written by Irish writers, a distinctly Irish style with something in it of the quality of the old Irish legends, but with more of the grays and greens, the brown and purples of Irish landscape.

Her poetical works are: 'Louise de la Valliere and Other Poems,' 'Shamrocks,' 'Ballads and Lyrics,' 'Cuckoo Songs,' 'Miracle Plays,' 'A Lover's Breast-Knot,' 'The Wind in the Trees,' 'Among her Friends and Her Order,' 'An Isle in the Winter,' 'The Way of a Maid,' 'The Handsome Bransons,' 'Three Fair Maids,' 'A Daughter of the Fields,' 'A Union of Hearts,' 'A Girl of Galway,' 'That Sweet Enemy,' 'The Handsome Quaker,' 'A King's Woman,' 'Love of Sisters.'

When I gits all tired an' polly, An' de woad' seemt goin' wrong, Den I knows I got to sho'ly Git to fishin' good an' strong.

An' I digs my bait dat evin, An' takes down my fishin' pole An' de day-dawn sees me leavin' For dat famous fishin' hole.

On de hook a wum is wigglin' An' I spits on him for luck, An' de cork she soon be jiggin', An' gives dat pole a juck!

An' de mud-cat come a-flyin', An' he lan' up in a tree, But he jes' well stop a-tryin', 'Cause he can't get lost frum me.

O, de catfish ain't no beauty, An' he hain't so great an' gran', But he sho'ly doo his duty, When in de fryin' pan.

Now a white man comes dar by me, Wid his shinin' reel and pole, An' he set down dar right nigh me, An' fling out in dat hole.

Time de minner hit de water, Some'n sho'ly comes to pass— Jes' up an' fa'ly caught her, An' de white man chuckled, "bass!"

O, my Lawd, dat reel went screech-in', An' de water biled wid foam, An' de line flew out, a-reachin', For de bass a-goin' home!

But de man was smilin' tip-top, As he worked dat reel an' pole, While de bass was turnin' flip-flop! "Clear acrost dat fishin' hole."

By'm by de fish come sho'ly, An' de white man took his net, An' he push it under slowly, An' de lif' him out de wet!

Den we two sot dar together, An' he gimme half his snack, An' we talk 'bout fish an' wadder, An' 'bout when we comin' back.

An' now an' den we'd wish an' wish Dat day would never pass— Me or-ketchin' reds an' catfish, An' him jes' er-ketchin' bass.

Does you feel lie ain't worth livin'? De like 'Postle Peter do, He say: "Boys, I'm gwyne a-fishin'!"

Now, you go long wid him, too.

A Soothing Oil.—To throw oil upon the troubled waters means to subside to calmness the most boisterous sea.

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In and Around Toronto

GENERAL INTENTION OF THE SACRED HEART LEAGUE.

The intention of the League of the Sacred Heart for the month of October is "Children after school days," or to quote the words of the Messenger, "We are asked to bend our energies to the work of saving youth." Now the real object of education according to a well known writer—Sydney Smith—is, to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures, habits that time will improve on, not destroy; occupation that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful and death less terrible. Now, who will say that the education given the child in the school up to the age of fourteen is capable of doing all this? No thinking person will assert that it is even possible, and the problem then rises as to how the education or development along right lines is to be continued. This problem has confronted educators in the past and still looms up before the educators of the present day, yet no infallible solution is found. His Holiness entering into the true spirit of the matter, asks that a universal appeal for faith and inspiration be made to the "Sacred Heart, in perfect confidence that the appeal will be answered. Meantime the precept to "watch" while we pray, is commended. The League of one at least of our city parishes has been addressed on the subject of the Intention by its Rev. director, and the advice given was that one of the chief means of promoting the proper development of the youth was to watch and see that the home be in all things desirable, to see that it be made so pleasant that no other spot on earth can be found so attractive, to provide entertainment suitable to boyhood and girlhood at the hearth of the home, that parents should remember their own youth when recreation was a necessity, to remember also that outside recreation and pleasures are sometimes legitimate and desirable, in a word, that parents should endeavor to renew their own youth in the youth of their children. In this way the after school development would go on directly under the eye of those who were placed by God as guardians over youth, and undesirable resorts and associations would soon cease to be an attraction for the growing generation, and each home would be a little paradise forecasting the heaven of eternity.

MEN'S MISSION AT ST. BASIL'S.

The following account of the men's mission at St. Basil's has been kindly contributed to the Catholic Register:

The mission services that have been conducted for the past two weeks at St. Basil's Church, came to an end last Sunday evening with a final rally of the men of the parish, who had the second week exclusively to themselves. The services were in charge of Rev. Fathers Cullen and Mulligan of the Redemptorist Order, and if one may judge by the attendance of the men at the services in the evening and at the morning masses, the efforts of the reverend fathers will be productive of good results. The closing exercises were of a most solemn and impressive character. After a dignified and beautifully worded discourse by Rev. Father Cullen on the duties of a Christian, the men renewed their Baptismal Vows. All present stood up and with lighted candles held aloft in the right hand, answered the question of the priest who, standing in the pulpit, held up to view the crucifix attached to his beads and asked, "Do you in the presence of the image of your crucified Saviour in the presence of our dear Lord on the altar, and in the presence of each other, renounce the Devil?" The answer came loud and strong in the deep tones of the men, "I do." "Do you renounce his works?" "I do." "Do you renounce his pomps?" "I do." It was said as though it were meant that they receive grace and strength to keep their promise and asked that they pray for him and his confreres, so that while teaching others they might not themselves become cast-aways.

One immediate result of the mission is the formation of a branch of the Holy Name Society. Two hundred and eighty-one of those attending the mission gave in their names and addresses in signification of their desire to become members of that society. Earlier in the week it was announced by Father Mulligan that 20,000 members of the Holy Name Society met at Newark, N.J., on Sunday, Sept. 17th, and that 10,000 would meet at Brooklyn on Sunday, Sept. 24th. The society is purely religious in character and is intended as a means of assisting those who have taken part in the mission to keep the good resolutions they have made. The officers elected for the new branch of the Holy Name Society are Mr. Elmley, Pres.; Mr. Miller, Vice-Pres.; Mr. W. O'Connor, Sec.-Treas.

ST. MICHAEL'S SANCTUARY OFFICERS.

The nomination and election of officers of St. Michael's Sanctuary Society for the year 1905-6 took place on Sept. 24th, the following being elected:

President—Geo. O'Leary.
Vice-President—E. Erving.
Secy.—Treas.—F. Urago.
Rec.—Secy.—N. McGrath.
Librarian—W. Wright.
Assistant Librarian—A. McLean.
Sacristan—J. Kelley.
Assistant Sacristan—Thos. O'Connor.

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DEATH OF MR. EDWARD STOCK, J.P.

A patriarchal life of exceptional excellence went out with the demise of Mr. Edward Stock, J.P., of Mimico, whose death occurred at his late residence on Church street, on Friday, the 22nd inst., the cause of death being a complication induced by old age, and ending in heart failure. Mr. Stock was in his 91st year and his life from boyhood up was passed in the district where he died, and where he had witnessed the wonderful development in which until a few weeks before the end, he ever maintained a real and active interest. From Kirby, Lancashire, England, Edward Stock, at the age of fourteen years, came with his father to Canada. They settled about a quarter of a mile from the present substantial residence of the family. In those days there were but two houses between Mimico and the Toronto Asylum, and twelve miles through the bush was the shortest route to the nearest church, St. Paul's, Power street, then the only Catholic church in the city. Mr. Stock was confirmed by Bishop Macdonell, the first Bishop of Upper Canada. The entire life of Mr. Stock seems to have been that of exemplary and consistent Catholicity, religion always holding first place in a temperate and well poised life, and of this no greater proof can be given than the fact that almost every member of his large family of children, was taken twelve miles to be baptized on the day of his birth. Every one of the older churches in turn had Mr. Stock as an attendant, and each erection of a sacred edifice westward was looked upon by him as a special reason for thankfulness to God, until the erection of the little Church of St. Leo at Mimico, seemingly left nothing further to be desired, and with Holy Simon he could say, "Now thou canst dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, in peace." Mr. Stock was pre-deceased in 1868 by his wife, Miss O'Hara, whom he married in 1836 and who came to this country to join him. The interest of the deceased gentleman in public matters was always of a practical nature; he served in the Township Council, was a school trustee and a director of the Home and Loan Savings Bank, the weekly meetings of which he attended until a few months before the end.

The funeral took place from the little church of St. Leo on Monday morning, when High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Coyle, P.P., and in the Sanctuary also were Rev. Father Jas. Walsh, St. Helen's; Rev. Father Kelly, St. Mary's; and Rev. Father McCann of St. Francis' Sermons at funerals are now owing to the busy life of the city, seldom heard, but the exceptional long years and edifying life of Mr. Stock merited the touching sermon preached by his pastor, Father Coyle, who took for his text "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I shall place thee over many." The deceased, said the speaker, had been faithful to God, to his religion, to family, to his country and to his neighbor, and doubtless the reward of the good servant was already his; in case, however, the justice of God might yet make any demand, all were urged to pray for the soul of the dear departed. During the Office of the Mass, the O Salutaris was sung by Mrs. James Gormally, wife of a grandson. The pall-bearers were seven grandsons and one great grandson, as follows: Jas. Gormally, Dr. Geo. Gormally, Dr. E. Woods, Dr. W. Woods, Ed. Curtis, Ed. Cullman, W. Cullman and W. Stock. Beside his son and daughters, Mr. Stock is survived by eighteen grandchildren and four great grandchildren. The funeral, under the direction of Mr. W. J. Murphy, was one of the largest that ever left Mimico. The interment was at St. Michael's Cemetery. Among those present were: Messrs. T. Flynn, Eugene O'Keefe, Lieutenant Col. Mason, Hugh Kelly, A. Cottam, J. Cummings, J. Mallon, Geo. Bendingsfield, Jas. Corcoran, Arch. Campbell, M.P., Ed. Hartnett, Mr. Hunter of Hunter & Hunter, Mr. Hill, ex-M.P.P., and Wm. Gormally. R.I.P.

DEATH OF MISS MARY AGNES FAYLE.

Death is no respecter of persons, and his scythe is wielded as unspyingly over the young and useful as over the old and decrepit, whose day of usefulness is past. This was never better exemplified than in the death of Miss Mary Agnes Fayle, eldest daughter of Mr. V. P. Fayle, who died at her father's residence on Monday morning, Sept. 25th. Some what delicate for some few years, a brief sickness was sufficient to snap the thread of life and take from earth one who in a short period had done a great work. On the death of her mother, eleven years ago, Miss Fayle, then a girl in her teens, took charge of her father's house, and to him and her brothers and sisters, she, until her late sickness, performed the part of a very mother. Her work done quietly and cheerfully, earned her the admiration of all who knew her, and it together with her pious and devout spirit, have doubtless already gained for her a place amongst the blessed in eternity. For her father, and his family, much sympathy is felt, and large numbers called to offer condolences to the bereaved family. The funeral took place from St. Helen's Church on Wednesday morning, when High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Walsh, P.P. Rev. Father Minehan was in the sanctuary, and Father McGrand assisted in the choir. A large congregation attended to pay a last testimony to the dead girl, whom all esteemed and admired. The pall-bearers were six young men: Messrs. J. Boland, M. P. Mallon, W. Pegg, J. Travers, J. Holland and W. Fayle. The interment took place in the family plot at St. Michael's Cemetery. R.I.P.

DEATH OF MR. T. J. LEE.

On September 21st death came to Mr. Thomas Joseph Lee, of 33 Howard street. Mr. Lee had been ill for about ten weeks, but recovery had been hoped for by an affectionate wife and family, until the somewhat sudden call made it evident that longer hope was vain. The deceased gentleman was a son of the late Patrick Lee, surveyor and teacher, and one of a family of twelve children, the late Rev. Father Lee, who died in 1873 being another member. Mr. Lee was born at Niagara-on-the-Lake and was educated at St. Michael's College, where he was a classmate of Archbishop O'Connor, Bishop O'Connor and Bishop Dowling. His education was continued at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, and he was afterwards professor at the College of St. Anne de la Pocatiere, Quebec. He was therefore widely known in clerical and educational circles, and in business he has been familiar for the past thirty years as manager for Mr. Matthew O'Connor, the well known painter. In politics Mr. Lee was a Liberal, and the C.M.B.A. and A.O.U.W. each claimed him as a member. Mr. Lee was a practical Catholic and a man of many excellent and amiable qualities, which won for him many friends, a fact well testified to by the hundreds who visited his home to take

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a last look at their old friend. The funeral took place from the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes on Monday, the 25th inst., and was largely attended. The High Mass of Requiem was sung by Rev. Father Cruise aid in the Sanctuary were Rev. Father F. Welsh, C.S.B., Rev. Father Murray, C.S.B., and Brothers Odo and Michael. The interment was at Mount Hope. Mr. Lee is survived by his widow, one son, John R. Lee, and a daughter, wife of Mr. Henry Nerlich, of Nerlich & Co. Mrs. B. W. Patton of Ottawa, a sister, is now the only surviving member of the family. The Messrs. Fred. Lee, Frank John and W. T. J. Lee, are nephews and Mrs. McTavish and Miss Faany Lee nieces of the deceased. R.I.P.

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CONLIN-KELLY.

In St. Mary's Church, Bathurst street, on Thursday morning, at 8.30 a very pretty wedding was solemnized by the Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann, when Miss Theresa Valerie Kelly was united in marriage to Arthur Thomas Conlin of 493 Parliament street. The bride was assisted by her sister, Miss Margaret, and Mr. Thos. Conlin, brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man.

The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming attire in a tailor-made suit of cream cloth, with hat to match, and wore an ostrich feather boa, the gift of the bridegroom; she carried a bouquet of American beauty roses and maiden hair fern. The bridesmaid looked very dainty in a cream suit and wore a brocaded velvet hat to match; she carried a shower bouquet of pink roses and maiden hair fern.

After the ceremony the happy couple drove to the home of the bride's father, where a sumptuous wedding breakfast was partaken of by the immediate relatives of the young couple. They were the recipients of many expensive and useful presents. The bridegroom's gift to the bridesmaid was a gold locket and chain, and to the groomsmen a pearl scarf pin. Amid showers of rice and good wishes the happy couple left for a trip to Detroit. On their return they will reside at their new home, 43 Beaconsfield avenue.

SUDDEN DEATH OF MR. DANIEL GLYNN.

Many were shocked and sorry to learn of the death of Mr. Daniel Glynn, which occurred at his home, 36 Ossington avenue, on Monday evening after an illness of but a few hours' duration. Mr. Glynn, who was seventy-six years of age, was a native of Limerick, Ireland, but came to this country when a boy and had ever since lived in Toronto. All his working years had been spent in connection with the railroad, but for some years he had lived retired. A better neighbor or a man of more gentle and friendly disposition than that of Mr. Glynn it would be hard to find. He was a practical Catholic and died fortified by the last rites and consolations of the Church. An affectionate husband and father is mourned by his widow, six sons and three daughters. Mr. James Glynn of Gladstone avenue, is his only surviving brother. The funeral takes place this morning (Thursday) from St. Francis Church to St. Michael's Cemetery. R.I.P.

SEPTEMBER WEDDING.

At 8.30 o'clock, Wednesday morning, Sept. 20th, a very pretty wedding took place in St. Mary's church, Bathurst street, Toronto, when Mr. Edward J. Curry, 728 Ontario street, was united in marriage to Miss Josephine M. McSweeney, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. McSweeney, 38 Kensington avenue. After the nuptial mass, the ceremony was performed by Vicar-General McCann. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Nellie, while the groom was assisted by Mr. W. O'Connor, Little Helen McSweeney, niece of the bride, acted as flower girl. The bride wore a gown of pearl grey silk eolienne over tulle and the bridesmaid was dressed in a pretty Nile green silk eolienne, over tulle also. After the ceremony the wedding party proceeded to the residence of the bride's parents, where a sumptuous breakfast awaited them, after which the happy couple left on their honeymoon for New York. The bride's going away costume was navy blue broadcloth, with a pretty toque to match. The young couple, who are very popular, were the recipients of numerous and costly presents, among which was a check for \$300 from the bride's father. The groom's gift to the bride was a Persian lamb coat. To the bridesmaid a pearl ring, to the groomsmen a pearl pin, and to the flower girl a gold chain and locket. The Catholic Register wishes Mr. and Mrs. Curry every happiness, long life and prosperity.

COSTELLO-GRANT.

At St. Basil's church on Wednesday, Sept. 6th, 1905, Ethel Rosemond, third daughter of the late Mrs. Walter Grant, was married to Mr. John Law Costello, eldest son of James E. Costello of London, Ont. Rev. Father Kelly officiated.

KING-NICHOLSON.

On Sept. 20th a quiet but pretty wedding took place at St. Paul's church, Power street, the contracting parties being Miss Daisy Nicholson, only daughter of the late Mr. John Nicholson of 136 Sumach street, Toronto, and Mr. Robert E. King of Simcoe County, Rev. Father Hand, P.P., officiating. The bride, who was daintily attired in white lace over tulle, was given away by her brother, Mr. Edward Nicholson, and was attended by a cousin, Miss Ida Power of Chicago, prettily gowned in white silk. Mr. John Jennings King, a brother, supported the groom. Mr. and Mrs. King spent their honeymoon in Chicago and other American cities.

ST. MICHAEL'S POPE'S MILITIA.

The election of officers for the year 1905-'06 of the Junior Commandery of St. Michael's Pope's Militia took place Sept. 24th. The following were elected: President, W. Wright; Vice-President, E. Lockhart; Secretary,

Treasurer, A. McLean; Promoters—L. Devaney, W. Hickey, A. McLean, W. Wright, E. Lockhart, F. Moran.

DEATH OF MR. PATRICK O'BRIEN.

Amongst recent deaths is that of Mr. Patrick O'Brien, aged seventy-six, who died at his home, 76 William street, and whose funeral took place from St. Patrick's church on Monday morning. R.I.P.

ST. HELEN'S SCHOOL.

The following boys have been inscribed on the "Roll of Honor" for their good conduct and application during the month of September. Form IV.—Very good—Chas. O'Connor, Jos. Foley, F. Reddin, C. Bishop, J. O'Connell, A. Gallagher, Jos. Storey, Good—W. Girkin, H. Tracey, W. Kerr, A. Fayle. Form III.—Very good—J. Griffin, F. Ellard, E. Boisseau, F. Newton, T. Plumbtree, P. Austin, P. Hynes, A. Maloney, J. Gibson, E. Brennan, J. Cowan, H. Ellard, J. Kelly, L. O'Byrne, E. McGeough, V. Colgan, F. Newton, G. Storey.

A few days ago Judge O'Leary was banqueted by the people of Lindsay. Presentations of a gold-headed cane and fur coat were also made by the friends of the departing judge. In thanking his friends the judge hoped that his new duties at Port Arthur may prove as happy as the twenty-five years spent in Lindsay.

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