



Public Library
Donates \$100
Jan 3 '06

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR

Toronto Hears Erin's Brilliant Son—Home Rule at Hand—Generous Contributions to the Cause.

On Saturday night a magnificent representation of Toronto's Irishman gathered in Massey Hall to welcome the brilliant patriot, politician and journalist, the Hon. T. P. O'Connor, and to hear from his lips the story of Ireland's possibilities, probabilities and purposes. The meeting was under the direction of the Toronto Branch of the United Irish League, and Mr. M. J. Haney presided. He was supported by Hon. Geo. W. Ross, Hon. Robert Jaffray, Mr. H. H. Dewar, K.C., Mr. L. V. McBrady, K.C., Mr. Frank P. Lee, Mr. J. T. Loftus, Dr. McMahon, Mr. Eugene O'Keefe, Mr. L. J. Cosgrave, Mr. James Conmee, M.P., Rev. Father Kelly, Mr. Joseph Walsh, Mr. T. S. MacMaster, Mr. J. A. Macdonald, Mr. E. J. Hearn, J. P. Downey, M.P.P., Frank J. Walsh, Mr. Wm. Halley, Frank Pelec and Joseph Gibson. Mrs. Blake, wife of the Hon. Edward Blake, was present in the boxes.

Letters of regret from many prominent men were read by the secretary, Mr. L. V. McBrady. The hall was appropriately and richly decorated, the entire platform being carpeted and banked with handsome ferns and palms. Festoons of white, red and green draped the front of the stage and grouped flags and tri-color decorations were placed at intervals round the hall. The welcome "caed nile failthe" stretched out and faced the audience, while the key-note of the meeting was given by the motto "God Save Ireland," which rose above the balcony and fronted those on the platform. The Union Jack, green flags and the harp of Erin were plentifully displayed, and Irish airs from a fine string orchestra gave just the suitable atmosphere to the gathering. Mr. Ruthven Macdonald and Miss Agnes Curran were happy in their choice of songs and were repeatedly encored. The speaker of the evening was introduced in a few complimentary words by the chairman, Mr. Haney, and an address of welcome on behalf of the League was read by Mr. E. J. Hearn. The rising of Mr. O'Connor was the signal for long and continued applause, followed by the silence of expectation, for all "it they were to experience something out of the ordinary in the address to which they were about to listen.

Nor were they disappointed. Calmly and judiciously did this past master in the art of speaking pursue his subject. The things, perhaps, that make the speaking of Mr. O'Connor different to that of others are the simplicity and ease of delivery, the absence of any straining after effects and the great amount of repression, observable throughout. Like the veteran that he is, after a quarter of a century in the political arena, Mr. O'Connor speaks with the patience born of long endurance and waiting. The spasmodic flashes that denote the burning zeal of the neophyte are wanting, but under the smooth and well prepared utterances is always apparent the earnest purpose



We fit in with Thanksgiving more this year than ever before. More really nice things to choose from, and just the styles you want in

- Ladies' Hats
- Ladies' Furs
- Ladies' Coats
- Ladies' Novelties

What you need for Thursday's holiday you will find has been picked out for you in advance. That's what we mean by a watchful and ready store.

Dineen's
CANADA'S LEADING FURRIERS.
140 Yonge Street, TORONTO.

to which continuity is given by the strong hope born of an undying faith in the cause he advocates. The voice of Mr. O'Connor is low and full rather than resonant, and the fact that it penetrates with apparent ease into every corner of its environment, seems due more to its underlying purpose than to its vocal attributes. The address throughout was remarkably temperate and at one or two points marked by contrasts were given and grand climaxes attained, when in a zenith of passionate utterance Mr. O'Connor depicted some incidents in Ireland's story. But even then there was nothing spasmodic, but rather the eruption of a Vesuvius pouring itself forth in heavy voluminous waves impelled by the irresistible forces of its burning fires within. Mr. O'Connor, too, is a man of few gestures, but the raised hand with the palm turned towards his listeners and commanding silence, when the prolonged applause threatened to break the thread of his discourse, bespoke the general and marked him out as a leader of men.

In opening Mr. O'Connor paid a tribute to Hon. Edward Blake, whose residence here gave his visit its chief pleasure. Mr. Blake had offered to leave Toronto if his services were required in considering the details of the coming measure for Irish self-government.

The speaker dated the movement for home rule from 1800, when Henry Grattan closed his speech on the Act of Union, in which he anticipated the evils of the future. Mr. O'Connor had no doubt many statesmen were conscientious in their belief at that time that Ireland would increase in wealth and population. But there was something tragic in the result. The Act of Union had been an unmixed curse to Ireland, to England and to England's empire. How could it be otherwise?

Some were so ignorant as to think that in asking for a parliament in Ireland, a new demand was being made. Though shackled and cribbed and confined, an Irish parliament had existed for centuries before that fatal year of 1800. They were not asking for a new creation, but for a restoration. It had been destroyed by force first and then by fraud.

In the Irish parliament there was not a single Catholic member, yet those Protestant members, landlords and aristocrats, were so filled with the spirit of liberty and freedom that not a single honest man voted for the union. Those who voted for it were bought with place or title.

Mr. O'Connor applied the test by which all schemes and systems of government were tried—"By their fruits ye shall know them." By the test of population, from having nine millions, Ireland had lost more than half.

The second test was that of prosperity. What had been the history of the last 106 years? He did not think that Irishmen themselves really understood what occurred in the great famine of 1846, 1847, and 1848. He had received the distinguished compliment from Mr. Goldwin Smith that until he had read Mr. O'Connor's story of the evictions of that time, he had never appreciated the situation. Along the roads one would see the corpse of an old man, then of a young man, then an old woman, then a young man, a young woman, seven or eight of a whole family that had dropped dead of hunger on the roadside.

The famine had been called an act of God. He contested the proposition. Those same roads were being passed over by wagons carrying corn, cows and sheep, the wealth of Ireland going to England to pay the rack rents, while the men and women were dying on the roadside for want of food.

Referring to the Union, Mr. O'Connor said that since its establishment the population of England had nearly quadrupled and her taxation halved. In Ireland since the Act of Union the population had halved and the taxation doubled.

The health of Ireland was largely under the Local Government Board, which was not responsible to an Irish executive, but to an English Parliament. They were disliked by the people, and they disliked the people, he said.

"I do lay it down as a position which nobody can contest that if we had a government locally born we would have dragged from office any officials who allowed horrors like those of Connemara to exist."

Canada had free speech and other advantages of local government denied to Ireland, he said, and instanced the occurrences of the year 1897 when scenes of national rejoicing marked the Diamond Jubilee in England. All parts of the world sent representatives to pay their tribute. There was one country which expressed no sympathy and sent no greetings.

"In the very same year of the jubilee the government passed a coercion act which differed from the previous ninety in that it was not temporary, but for ever and for ever—the jubilee gift to Ireland."

In England and Scotland and every part of the British empire a man could not be tried for a political offence unless there was an impartial judge and a jury of his peers. Under the coercion act by a stroke of his pen the lord lieutenant could destroy the British constitution in any part of Ireland. Should an Irish politician make a speech he is not

Seeking An Investment?

If you have money you wish to invest safely should like you to consider our

FOUR PER CENT. BONDS

They are much in demand by prudent investors who prefer unquestionable security for their capital. We shall be pleased to send a Specimen Bond, copy of our last Annual Report and all information on receipt of address.

Head Office: Toronto Street, Toronto

CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION

brought before a judge and jury, but before two residing magistrates, who are called in Ireland "removables" because they are absolute dependents and servants of the government of the day.

"An Irish Catholic Nationalist former was tried by twelve Protestant Unionist landlord partisans. It was jury packing in the vilest form."

"I have used the words Catholic and Protestant in no invidious sense," said Mr. O'Connor.

"God forbid that I should say they gave their verdict because they were Protestants or Unionists. But in times of strife it is most dangerous to put by chicanery twelve men of opposite religious belief on a jury to try a prisoner."

Who defended the system? Australia and Canada were colonies prosperous and loyal. Was there a statesman in Canada in favor of the pres-

gave political advancement or inflicted social or political inferiority on a man because of his religious convictions he was always opposed. In Ireland they worked together. There had scarcely been a movement there for home rule which had not been led by Protestants. He mentioned Henry Grattan, Henry Flood, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who died for Ireland; Robert Emmett, Smith O'Brien, John Mitchell, John Martin, Charles Stewart Parnell. He had to admit that in the northeast corner of Ireland a small minority, whose religion he respected, but whose prejudices he deplored, were opposed to home rule. Why should Irishmen not bury their differences, he wondered. Was there any reason why Protestant and Catholic should not work side by side in Ireland?

Referring to the matter of funds Mr. O'Connor said the Irish members



MR. T. P. O'CONNOR

ent system in Ireland? Four times had the Canadian parliament declared in favor of home rule. The night before in Ottawa, when he spoke there in favor of home rule, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, their greatest contemporary statesman, sat in the front benches. They were beginning to think in England that Canada was the greatest of the colonies. Yet this greatest star in the great dome of imperial power was represented by her greatest statesman when he came up and stood by Mr. O'Connor's side and gave his money for the home rule cause.

THE CRY OF THE EMPIRE.

"In one grand chorus there comes from all England's colonies and daughters one united and inspiring cry to unify, to purify and ennoble the empire by giving Ireland her rights and her freedom."

Enumerating the objections to home rule, Mr. O'Connor approached the religious objection with much reluctance. Defining prayer, he said anyone who came in between the individual soul and the All-seeing was a vulgar and sinister intruder who made politics corrupt and religion hypocritical. Therefore, to any system that

received no salary, and they were all poor men, to their honor be it said, for after all, the man who remained in politics for many years and remained poor, was better than the man who went into politics and became rich.

A collection of over \$1,600 was raised in a few minutes and the promise to make it \$2,000 was added.

On resuming after the collection Mr. O'Connor said they had now a large Liberal majority, they had also Sir Henry Bannerman, and every one of the fifty-one members who represented the Labor party was as strongly in favor of home rule as the speaker himself.

There was only one obstacle left—the House of Lords. But with its many faults it had the great virtue of prudence. They would think twice before they rejected or mutilated a measure sent up by the Commons with 190 or 200 of a majority. If the House of Lords would be so foolish as to resist the popular will of the people of England it would be all the better. He would not regret to see the House of Lords and Dublin Castle go down together.

In closing Mr. O'Connor felt justified.

(Continued on page 8.)

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Some Reflections on Old Age and Old Institutions—Bishop De Charbonnel and His Various Church Enterprises—Was the Father of St. Michael's College—The Basilians Its Founders—Many of the Professors and Students That I Remember.

This is the age of the glad hand and reminiscent smile. There are men who live largely in the past, men whose achievements were in bygone days and who seek consolation for what they have been or what they have done. A long life, a useful career, and irreproachable conduct ought always to be recognized and commended. No one ought to be so sordid or begrudging as to refuse recognition to those who have reached a blameless old age and done something to be remembered by. Nor should misfortune be a bar, but a backing, for such as in any way appeal to our sympathies. Recognition should never be withheld from those who have done anything, suffered anything, or hoped anything for the betterment of their fellow men. It is sad to contemplate a condition or a community where those views are not upheld and acted upon, because it creates disappointment and bitterness where should exist only sweetness and light.

Our moral precepts tell us that old age is honorable; in fact there are nations among whose people it is a matter of religious obligation to honor the aged and even worship the dead.

As it is with individuals, so it is with institutions, especially those of an educational kind, that cultivate the mind and create character. It is with a feeling of reverence for the past that I call to mind an institution that was brought into existence here some fifty years ago and more, and to whose establishment I can bear witness, and the faces of whose founders I was familiar with, and many of whose pupils I personally knew, and ought not to be forgotten. I mean Saint Michael's College.

Bishop Count De Charbonnel came to Toronto in 1850. John Carroll, a very old priest, was administrator of the diocese before him. It was considerably disorganized. Bishop De Charbonnel was a religious enthusiast. He undertook to build up church institutions and effect reforms, and in the accomplishment of his designs he drew largely on his private fortune. Some of his clergy needed disciplining; education, both higher and lower, needed a sound basis; temporalities had to be provided; a refuge for the poor and old established, and principles of temperance inculcated among the people. He set about accomplishing these purposes with a heroic will. He was never sparing of himself. No labor was too arduous for him. His ease he never considered. His diocese was a wide one and at first these were no railroads, and when railroads came he rode second class. When an influential parishioner remonstrated with him and asked him why a gentleman of his dignity and position rode in the second-class coaches, he answered: "Ah, my friend, I ride second class because there is no third class!" The clergy were no soubrettes until he came among them. Some of them had farms that he thought they should sell and give the proceeds to the building up of the Church and taking care of the poor. Some of them had horses that he thought too sociable and remained out too late at night. He did not change all these conditions without exciting some enmity. But he was a true apostle and saw his duty as Bishop of the diocese clearly before him, and with him to will was to execute.

He found excellent auxiliaries among members of the laity. Dr. Hayes, a man of fortune and the head of a large family of merchants and students, gave him his services as secretary, and an astute and able secretary he was. Hon. Capt. John Elmsley, our foremost layman, aided him in his educational enterprises, as he had already performed similar services in looking after the Catholic schools and teachers before the good bishop came among us. The Bishop brought the Christian Brothers here and housed them. He brought the Sisters of Charity here and housed

them. This caused some enmity among former teachers, who lost their situations and had to seek employment elsewhere. St. Paul's church had been closed since the Cathedral was made ready for divine service, and he opened it and provided it with a pastor. This pastor was to be the temperance apostle, who would administer the temperance pledge. The House of Providence was built and the old and infirm provided with a home. At the West End St. Mary's temporary church was built and provided with a pastor. Institutions and churches multiplied rapidly. His greatest battle, his most arduous undertaking, was his effort to provide Catholic separate schools for Catholic children. It was a principle hitherto unknown in Canada, and in order to succeed he had to wage a relentless and bitter warfare, in which priests and laymen had to endure vilification and scorn for a number of eventful years. A Catholic parent residing at Georgetown with his family, named Carroll, withdrew his children from the public school on account of some insult or indignity offered to them on account of their religion, by the teacher, and when the good bishop read an account of it in the "Toronto Mirror" newspaper, on which "Old Timer" was then employed, he wrote Mr. Carroll a very strong, approving letter, in which he said "Honor to your blood, Maurice Carroll!" and the Separate school war was on. The "Globe" newspaper and Dr. Ryerson, the Superintendent of Education, took up the gauntlet of battle, and it was a most acrimonious controversy until settled. The only Catholic member of parliament then in Canada West was Hon. Sandfield Macdonald, and I think he was unfavorable to the Bishop's Separate school proposition. Then came Hon. Mr. Scott to parliament from the city of Ottawa, and introduced the first Separate School bill, but it was some time before it became law; and did not have full force until its difficulty gave rise to a confederation of Upper and Lower Canada and some of the maritime provinces in 1867.

Bishop De Charbonnel was not here much more than a year when he set about constructing a college. He brought the Basilian Fathers here for this purpose from France. But the Christian Brothers had already come and commenced an academy, with their house on Queen street, opposite to where the Metropolitan Methodist Church is now, and the few pupils of this academy were turned over to the Basilians, making the basis or beginning of the college, but those were all day pupils. I am at a loss to think who the principal of the Christian Brothers was at the beginning, and the names of the Brothers, but Bishop De Charbonnel brought them here. The Basilians opened their college in an extension of the Bishop's palace, north of that edifice on the west side of Church street. Their names, ever to be remembered, were:

- Very Rev. J. M. Soulerin, C.S.B.
- Very Rev. C. Vincent, C.S.B.
- Rev. Father Malboss, C.S.B.

Those were the founders of St. Michael's College, while Bishop De Charbonnel was its father. "One day in 1852," said one of the first pupils to the writer, "two men in a strange garb, came into the Christian Brothers' Academy on Queen street, where I was temporarily placed, and ordered myself and another pupil to go along with them to the new college quarters on church street adjoining the Bishop's palace, and remain there. We refused to go with them at first, as we did not know them or what authority they had. They were Fathers Soulerin and Vincent, wearing soutanes, a garb that was altogether new to us at that time." Finally all the scholars of the Academy and the new scholars for the college, were gathered into the new quarters and there were fifteen of them all told. The academy pupils were all day scholars, thirteen in number. The first actual boarders at this time were two—Samuel McCurdy from Hamilton, a son of my old friend, Samuel McCurdy, the tailor, a bright young fellow; and Nicholas Murphy of Brantford, a young man of great promise, and now a well-known attorney and Q.C. What became of McCurdy I do not know, but think he was long since numbered with the silent majority. By degrees the pupils increased and new teachers were added. Among the latter was Father Maloney, Professor of Rhetoric, who was one of the priests who had re-

(Continued on page 5.)



ORIGINAL CHARTER 1854

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

ONE DOLLAR
Starts a Savings account. Interest paid to depositor, or added to account twice a year.

City Branches open 7 to 9 o'clock every Saturday Night.

78 Church Street, 522 Queen Street West.

HEAD OFFICE: 8 King Street West Toronto

I Can Sell Your Real Estate Or Business

No Matter Where Located Properties and Business of all kinds sold quickly for cash in all parts of the United States. Don't wait. Write to-day describing what you have to sell and give cash price on same.

If You Want to Buy any kind of Business or Real Estate anywhere, at any price, write me your requirements. I can save you time and money.

DAVID P. TAFF, THE LAND MAN, 415 KANSAS AVENUE, Topeka, Kansas.

The Buffalo Mines Limited of Cobalt

HAS DECLARED A 12% DIVIDEND

Stock Deal In

A. E. OSLER & CO. 43 Victoria St., Toronto

.....The HOME CIRCLE

ST. MICHAEL'S BELLS.
Old "Michaelmas Day," Feast of St. Michael the Archangel, September 30.
I wonder if the bells ring now, as in the days of old,
From the solemn star-crowned tower with the glittering cross of gold;
The tower that overlooks the sea whose shining bosom swells
To the ringing and the singing of sweet Saint Michael's bells?
I have heard them in the morning when the mists gloomed cold and gray
O'er the distant walls of Sumter looking seaward from the bay,
And at twilight I have listened to the musical farewells
That came flying, sighing, dying from sweet Saint Michael's bells.
Great joy it was to hear them, for they sang sweet songs to me
Where the sheltered ships rocked gently in the haven—safe from sea,
And the captains and the sailors heard no more the ocean's knells,
But thanked God for home and loved ones and sweet Saint Michael's bells.
They seemed to waft a welcome across the ocean's foam
To all the lost and lonely: "Come home—come home—come home!
Come home, where skies are brighter—where love still yearning dwells!"
So sang the bells in music—the sweet Saint Michael's bells!
They are ringing now as ever. But I know that not for me
Shall the bells of sweet St. Michael's ring welcome o'er the sea;
I have knelt within their shadow, where my heart still dreams and dwells,
But I hear no more the music of sweet Saint Michael's bells.
O ring, sweet bells, forever, an echo in my breast
Soft as a mother's voice that lulls a loved one into rest!
Ring welcome to the hearts at home—to my your sad farewells
When I sleep the last sleep, dreaming of sweet Saint Michael's bells!
—Frank L. Stanton.

LAUGH IT OFF.
When you're suffering reversion Till it seems naught but diversion
Is the only thing you need to keep your weary minds intact,
Try a little healthy laughter Good old-fashioned, healthy laughter,
And you'll find it jolly medicine, a tonic, for a fact.
When you can't make any headway,
And each day seems like a dead day,
And the thorns begin to pester till your nerves are shattered, racked,
Stop a bit; get busy quaffing
From the bottle labelled "Laughing"—
Get your fill and then start over—
It's a tonic, for a fact.

Are you grumpy? Are you grouchy?
Do you feel like saying ouchy
Every time some one gets near you?
Have you lost the thing called tact?
Try a cup of sunny chaffing,
Sweetened up with merry laughing—
It's the best thing on the market
For a tonic, for a fact.

HOME.
Shelter thrice sweet for those who claim its care—
Its pains and blessings share;
For friend and kinsman, aye a fireside chair.

Bread for dear lips—the lips we love the best;
Or for the unsought guest,
Or low or high, a portion with the rest.

Light for the close-drawn circle—
cheerful light;
And, glimpsed through curtains white,
A beam for those that traverse the dark night.

Love for the hearts that none can tempt to roam,—
And showered on all who come,
Love's overflow of solace: Such is home.
—Dora Read Goodale, in Harper's Bazar.

DAISY.
The fairest things have fleeter ends;
Their scent survives their close,
But the rose's scent is bitterness
To him that loved the rose!

She looked a little wistfully,
Then went her sunshine way;
The sea's eye had a mist on it,
And the leaves fell from the day.
She went her remembering way,
She went and left in me
The pang of all the partings gone,
And partings yet to be.

She left me marvelling why my soul
Was sad that she was glad;
At all the sadness in the sweet,
The sweetness in the sad.

Nothing begins and nothing ends
That is not paid with moan;
For we are born in other's pains,
And perish in our own.
—Francis Thompson.

GOOD READING.
(Front Catholic Union and Times.)
The general intention of the Sacred Heart League for October is "Good Reading." It is an age of readers. Witness the picture presented in a

city when some awful scandal excites the curious. Every devouring eye has its paper, and the street is more full of purpose than is an audience fused into unity by the burning beams of the orator's glowing periods. From this we can take thought on the power of good reading. In the periodical lives the best part of the man, his thought; it is there to attract, to lead, to influence along the line of the cherished idea. The man with his frailties is not visible, so that his thought is all the more powerful because of his absence. The silent force of the paper, pamphlet or book impresses in seclusion, so that the printed page is as much an adopted child of the reader's mind as it is the heir of the author's genius.

"Truth is diffusive of itself," has been a principle among philosophers from the very beginning, and so the sterling worth of the writer's thought kindles new torches to light intellects and illumine purposes. To please and to instruct is the purpose of every writer; to establish his proposition and to hide the art of so doing is his motive, and while giving true value to give genuine delight. Herein he shows the magic of words as well as the mystery of thought, and he rivets attention in order that he may impart a lesson as does the smiling face of a teacher is useless. The old fellow in Dickens' novel wanted the pedagogue to teach his child "facts," and so does the author who knows his vocation. Yes, he does more; he not only gives facts, but he draws a moral therefrom that is calculated informally but none the less strongly to impart some items of philosophy that will last when the fact is forgotten.

The press to-day does the work of the pulpit, and more. It goes where oft-times the preacher dare not stand. A good book or paper carries in its bosom jewels that no lapidary has cut, for they are spiritual treasures that gleam and glow in human minds and immortal souls.

The press is the impress of society. It is "the abstract and brief chronicle of the time." How necessary, then, that it should exalt and not depress; that it should inspire and not murder the good and the useful. The press is not only for readers, but it makes readers.

Great saints have commenced their sanctity with their books; St. Augustine heard the voice, "take and read!" and, following the heavenly impulse, he sought in the sacred scriptures the foundations for these mental glories that will live as long as the church of which he is a learned doctor. So great is the value of a book that it literally begets powers and sends them on their separate missions.

More is so of a book, how much more is it certain of the journal. Bishop Kettler long since held that "if St. Paul were to live in our day, he would become a journalist." And why? Because, with the interesting data that passing history furnishes, every hour can be made to give the reader a new inspiration to the true, the beautiful and the good.

Of what a woeful neglect, then, is a parent guilty who does not supply good books and papers to his child. The child will read, and if he is not supplied with the true and the correct, he will read false or useless views of life, or the infamous in doctrine and the rotten in morals. A good book always supplements the good father's or mother's work, and gives a taste for correct reading. The absence of this taste for good books is the curse of the day, and its presence is an index of a clean life, of a good home, that, in turn, are in themselves a promise of immortality.

There is no parent that does not doubt of his work in raising his child properly. This doubt is undue when he summons other agencies—the school, where Catholic life is the ideal, but most of all the book where

Up-to-date Cure For Skin Disease

UNLIKE INTERNAL TREATMENT, YOU CAN SEE THE BENEFITS DAILY OBTAINED BY USE OF

Dr. Chase's OINTMENT

The day is past when people will be satisfied with an internal treatment for itching skin disease. It is more satisfactory to apply an ointment and witness the beneficial results, instead of taking medicine and hoping that in time the desired effects will be obtained.

This change of opinion has come about largely through the extraordinary cures being brought about by Dr. Chase's Ointment. Eczema, salt rheum, psoriasis, tetter, scald head and all the dreadful itching skin diseases, which torture children and grown people alike, are not held in such terror since the merits of this great ointment have become known. By its healing, soothing, antiseptic influence Dr. Chase's Ointment cleanses the sores, allays the inflammation, stops the itching and heals the raw, flaming flesh. In the most simple as well as the most aggravated skin irritation or eruption, this ointment is certain to give highly satisfactory results; 60 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Catholic standards of excellence beckon to the young as they face out towards life and all its perils. If Napoleon held that, with the Bible in his pocket and the sword by his side, he could master the world, the child who begins life's march, fortified by good reading, has nothing to fear. The parents need have no dread, for the good periodical will not only lead him from the wrong, but to the right. Read, the good prints, and you will read life's lesson well and wing the mind to the skies whither it is destined.

HINTS TO HEALTH.

(By Samuel G. Miller, M.D.)
This is a season of the year when on every side and at every hour are lurking special dangers to the health of the people who are now, of all times, the most unsuspecting. Many are exhausted by the tasks of developing and harvesting the vast resources of our country, many have been depressed by the intense heat, another great army has returned from tours of recreation and pleasure, while a third-class of no less importance is the host of our youth either beginning or resuming their duties.

The opening of schools is usually followed by increased outbreaks of infectious and contagious diseases, and the time calls for special attention, not from health and school authorities, but also from parents and children, in the adoption and carrying out of all possible precautionary measures against these diseases and their eradication when found. More depends upon the wisdom of the parents than the health authorities or teachers. If parents would see that their children were given a daily bath and provided with warm clothing, if they would furnish them with simple, well-prepared, and healthful food, if they would guard against the besetting fall sin of overeating, if they would see that they have due amount of healthful exercise as well as regular and timely hours of sleep in well-ventilated rooms, children would be better physically, mentally and morally than most of them now are, and there would be fewer doctor's bills to pay.

Of paramount importance is the condition of pure water, ice, milk, and food supplies. At this season of the year, the water-ways, compost heaps, cesspools, and vaults of ordinary country and village homes and even in the outlying districts of our cities are reeking with decaying animal and vegetable matter, all under rapid fermentation. The summer and fall rains wash these poisonous products into the source of our water supplies unless these sources are perfectly protected.

Under the wisest supervision given by health officers and the family concerned, one can never feel entirely sure that he is getting water absolutely pure unless scientific analysis shows it so. When such analysis can not be secured, and there remains any doubt of its purity, the water should be boiled and then cooled by pouring it into a stone or glass jar protected by a dust and germ-proof covering. Any ordinary fruit jar with a well-fitting cover or large-mouthed bottle closed with absorbent cotton, are simple ways of effecting this.

Pasteur that has been filtered, unless a Pasteur filter or one known to be equally germ-proof, is merely cleaner, not necessarily pure. Water as clear as a crystal may still be saturated with typhoid and other disease germs, but boiling makes any water, whether clean or not, absolutely safe.

A most frequent method of rendering water impure is the practice of cooling by direct contact with impure and unclean ice. The use of ice is now so general as to be considered almost as great a necessity as water, and the people should demand from our health authorities more attention than has yet been given to the sources of its supply, as well as to the method of its handling.

Hardly less important than the supply of pure water is that of the supply of pure and unadulterated milk. Much has been done by legislation in late years to assume higher standards in this regard, yet there remains much to be done, especially in eliminating preservatives such as boric acid and formaldehyde, a practice which by our best medical authorities is regarded as highly dangerous to the public health. Milk that has been treated with formaldehyde will keep for days without souring, which is not possible, under ordinary conditions, with milk not thus adulterated. It is well, then, to be very suspicious of the milkman who claims that his milk is so pure that it will not sour.

Everywhere collections of food in transit or on scale are handled by unclean and impure caretakers, and these articles wherever exposed for sale are further subject to infection from dust or flies or other insects coming from some poisonous source. Water-cress especially is frequently gathered from streams reeking with filth, while other green vegetables are taken from impure soil.

All these conditions call for intense care on the part of the housekeeper. The only safe plan is to select as fresh and pure goods as possible and then to cook them before using. One should purchase only from persons who are careful, clean, and free from suspicion of infection. Trust the honest grocer whom you know rather than the push-cart man.

There are few measures in the whole realm of health-promotion equal to the daily bath, and there is nothing so neglected and disregarded by the common people. While it must be said to our shame that the large majority of our American homes are without suitable facilities for bathing, yet, without them much can be done and easily done, in securing in all essentials a healthful bath. Nothing will put the body into such vigorous tone, ready to meet and master the duties of the day, as a cool sponge bath or a full bath in cool water into which possibly a little salt is dissolved.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Daily Spasms.
St. JACOB'S, Ont., Nov. 21, 1905.
Star: a child 6 years old I was subject to St. Vitus Dance and Spasms, and seeing an advertisement of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I decided to try it. Its effect has been wonderful for before using I had 7 spasms almost daily, but since taking this remedy have not had an attack for twelve days, and shall continue its use.

Mr. W. F. Hackey, of Bathurst Village, N. B., says that his little girl had from two to three attacks of fits a day for five or six months, but since she took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic had only one fit in two months and more since.

Mr. C. Noyes, of Brockville, writes that he didn't have a fit in 12 weeks since he took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, while before that he had attacks every week.

A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Free. For patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the Rev. F. PATRICK KOENIG, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Solved. The bath should be followed by brisk rubbing with a rough towel, and finally with the bare hand. All persons require the soap and warm-water bath at least once a week, and such a bath will be necessary daily for all who work and perspire amidst dirt or dust of any kind.

CAUSES OF FAILURE IN SCHOOL.
1. A dirty, littered room.
2. No attention to temperature or fresh air.
3. Keeping on with one thing because you have no fresh, interesting plans to use.
4. Too much written work at one time.
5. Ignoring disorder, when you should attend to every case, meeting carelessness and inattention with persistent demand, and impertinence and rebellion with severity.
6. Not enough preparation of work in schoolroom at intermissions. Not enough scheming at home. — School Education.

FRUGAL HOUSEWIVES.
The wife who would contribute to success must help her husband to save. It is lamentable that there are so many wives who are ready to spend every penny their husbands earn. The fault lies in the fact that no matter what the increase in their husbands' income may be, they are always ready to spend the total in improving their social position. A larger house is taken, more furniture bought, and a great show made in order to let the world know that the husband is rising in the world, as the saying goes.

PRaise IN THE HOME.
There is nothing better for a girl sometimes than a little hearty praise. Many good people conscientiously act on the direct opposite and seem to think nothing better than a little hearty blame. They are mistaken, conscientious in their blame as they may be.

There are blunders enough in life, bitterness and pain enough of it—enough to depress us all and keep us humble, a keen enough sense of failure, succeed as one may and a word of hearty commendation now and then will lighten the load and brighten the heart and send a woman on with new hope and energy, and if she have any reasonable amount of brains at all, it will do her no harm. Children are sometimes heart starved for a little hearty praise. Boys will act up to the estimate put upon them, or at least try to, if they are worth their salt.

SAVE THE CHILDREN.
I appeal to the fathers of families to save the children. The fathers of families can do more to purify the stage than all the mayors and police of the country. The theatre business is like every other business—it seeks to serve the public as the public desires to be served; and when those who produce plays find that decency pays better than indecency the stage will at once become clean and wholesome.

All that is necessary for fathers of families to do is to forbid their children to go to a play unless they are certain that it is, in every respect, a decent one. And there can be no good reason why they themselves should not accompany the children from time to time.

A woman who had failed to receive from a large patent medicine firm a sample of pills for which she had applied, went to the post-office to inquire why the letter (which she believed to have been duly posted) had not reached her. She was served with the customary form on which particulars of her grievance must be stated, and after the words "nature of complaint" she ingeniously wrote "biliousness."

"Are you a married man?" asked the absent-minded lawyer, who was putting a witness through a searching cross-examination.
"No, sir," replied the witness, "I am a bachelor."
"Very well, sir," continued the lawyer. "Now tell me how long you have been a bachelor, and what the circumstances were that induced you to become one."

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

SMOKE CARROLL'S RENOWNED "PREMIER" COIL TOBACCO

Sole Manufacturers P. J. CARROLL & CO. Dundalk, Ireland

Stocked by Joseph Turgeon, 131 Craig St. West, Montreal Canadian Inquiries and Trial Orders will be attended to by T. E. KLEIN

117 Wellington St. West TORONTO

REBUILT TYPEWRITERS
YOSTS \$20.00
BARLOCKS 25.00
REMINGTONS 35.00
JEWETTS 40.00
SEND FOR COMPLETE LIST

SOLE AGENTS VISIBLE UNDERWOOD EMPIRE TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES OF SUPPLIES Duplicating Machines UNITED TYPEWRITER CO. LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST Homestead Regulations

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

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated. HOMESTEAD DUTIES: A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years. (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this act resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

Coal.—Coal lands may be purchased at \$10 per acre for soft coal and \$20 for anthracite. Not more than 320 acres can be acquired by one individual or company. Royalty at the rate of ten cents per ton of 2,000 pounds shall be collected on the gross output. Quartz.—A free miner's certificate is granted upon payment in advance of \$7.50 per annum for an individual, and of \$10.00 per annum for a company, according to capital.

A free miner, having discovered mineral in place, may locate a claim 1,500 x 1,500 feet. The fee for recording a claim is \$5. At least \$100 must be expended on the claim each year or paid to the mining recorder in lieu thereof. When \$500 has been expended or paid, the locator may, upon having a survey made, and upon complying with other requirements, purchase the land at \$1 an acre. The patent provides for the payment of a royalty of 2 1/2 per cent. on the sales. PLACER mining claims generally are 100 feet square; entry fee \$5, renewable yearly.

School of Practical Science ESTABLISHED 1878 TORONTO

DEPARTMENTS OF INSTRUCTION 1-Civil Engineering, 2-Mining Engineering, 3-Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, 4-Architecture, 5-Analytical and Applied Chemistry.

LABORATORIES 1-Chemical, 2-Assaying, 3-Milling, 4-Steam, 5-Metrological, 6-Electrical, 7-Testing. Calendar with full information may be had on application. A. T. LAING, Registrar.

THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY

Incorporated 1851 FIRE and MARINE HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO, ONT.

CAPITAL \$1,500,000 Assets: Income for 1905: Losses paid since organization

DIRECTORS Hon. GEO. A. COX, President. J. J. KENNY, Vice-President and Managing Director. Geo. R. R. Cockburn, Hon. S. C. Wood, Geo. McMillan, Esq., H. N. Baird, Esq., W. K. Brock, Esq., C. C. Foster, Secretary.

WM. A. LEE & SON, General Agents 14 VICTORIA STREET Phone—Office Main 592 & Main 593 Phone—Residence Park 667

ATLAS ASSURANCE CO., LIMITED OF LONDON, ENGLAND ESTABLISHED 1808

CAPITAL \$11,000,000 SMITH & MACKENZIE General Toronto Agents 24 Toronto St.

WM. A. LEE & SON Agents 14 Victoria Street, Toronto Tels.—Main 592 and Main 593 Residence Tel.—Park 667.

FIRE INSURANCE New York Underwriters' Agency

Established 1864 Policies Secured by Assets of \$18,061,926.87

JOS. MURPHY, Ontario Agent, 16 Welby on Street East, Toronto. WM. A. LEE & SON, Toronto Agents, Phone M 492 and 593 14 Victoria St., Toronto

ROYAL INSURANCE CO. OF ENGLAND ASSETS 62,000,000 DOLLARS

PERCY J. QUINN Local Manager. JOHN KAY, Asst. WM. A. LEE & SON General Agents 14 Victoria Street, Toronto

Phones—Main 592 and Main 593 Residence Phone—Park 667

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION ACTS AS Executor, Administrator or Trustee.

The officers of the Corporation will be pleased to consult at any time with those who contemplate availing themselves of the services of a Trust Company. All communications will be treated as strictly confidential. Wills appointing the Corporation Executor are received for safe custody free of charge.

J. W. LANGMUIR, Managing Director. Toronto, Ottawa, Winnipeg.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS Suitable Designs and Subjects for Church Decoration Submitted Luxfer Prism Co., Ltd., 100 King Street West, Toronto

The Children's Page

MOTHER'S CHUM.

They wonder why I run and tell Of every little thing. And say I'm such a baby boy, Tied to an apron string.

When things are in a tangle-up, And tempers snarling, too; When some one needs a whipping bad, (And maybe it is you!)

I'm sorry for those other chaps, I pity ev'ry one; They'd love to have a chum like mine For all they're poking fun.

But mine! She's just the very best Of loving friends to me! And oh, I'm such a happy son, Because we're chums, you see!

NOT ONE TO SPARE.

Which shall it be? Which shall it be? I looked at John—John looked at me. (Dear, patient John, who loves me yet, As well as though my locks were jet),

"Tell me again what Robert said," And then I, listening, bent my head. "This is his letter: 'I will give A house and land while you shall live If, in return, from out your seven, One child to me for aye is given.'"

"I don't believe you could drive Dick," said Doctor Greene. "He needs a steady rein and a firm hand." "Oh, yes, I could," said Jerry, with the assurance of absolute ignorance.

"Well, now, I'll go, sir, and thank you for waiting," Jerry said a few minutes later. "This kind of you to ask me."

"Did you ever drive a horse?" the doctor asked, with some interest, for the boy had given an affectionate pat to Dick, before he leaped into the seat beside him.

"Oh, yes, sir, often, lots and lots of times. Sherwood, the grocer, keeps his horse in a barn back of our house, and I often help harness. Once, when his driver was laid up in the hospital, I drove the delivery cart for nearly a week until he found a man to take his place.

"I don't believe you could drive Dick," said Doctor Greene. "He needs a steady rein and a firm hand." "Oh, yes, I could," said Jerry, with the assurance of absolute ignorance.

"Well, now, I'll go, sir, and thank you for waiting," Jerry said a few minutes later. "This kind of you to ask me."

"Did you ever drive a horse?" the doctor asked, with some interest, for the boy had given an affectionate pat to Dick, before he leaped into the seat beside him.

"Oh, yes, sir, often, lots and lots of times. Sherwood, the grocer, keeps his horse in a barn back of our house, and I often help harness. Once, when his driver was laid up in the hospital, I drove the delivery cart for nearly a week until he found a man to take his place.

"I don't believe you could drive Dick," said Doctor Greene. "He needs a steady rein and a firm hand." "Oh, yes, I could," said Jerry, with the assurance of absolute ignorance.

"Well, now, I'll go, sir, and thank you for waiting," Jerry said a few minutes later. "This kind of you to ask me."

"Did you ever drive a horse?" the doctor asked, with some interest, for the boy had given an affectionate pat to Dick, before he leaped into the seat beside him.

JERRY'S LESSON.

(By Alice Crary.)

Jerry Jones never meant to be lazy. He wasn't by nature, and he wasn't by the theory, although he couldn't have told you even what that dogmatic term meant.

To-day illustrated such a time for Jerry. Dr. Greene, one of the busiest doctors in town, had noticed the bright-faced newsboy from whom he had bought papers.

"But, if you don't mind, sir, I've got my papers first to rid myself of," he exclaimed; "for I can't lose my regular customers just for the pleasure of a trip. Now, there goes one now, you see—Judge Wilson—across the street. I've got to head him off! Excuse me a minute, please!"

"But then," he argued, "newspapers are his business now, just as truly as my practice is mine; and I suppose they ought, as he says, to come first."

"So Dick, the horse, was quiet, and Doctor Greene waited with amused patience, as his small friend disposed, as quickly as he could, of his folded stock.

"Here you are! Times, Express and Daily News! All about the railroad disaster and the factory fire," he shouted, lustily.

"His bright eyes peered into bent faces, his active touch thrust papers into the hands before they were extended, his sharp intuition distinguished probable buyers and selected their choice, before it was ordered.

"He's a success in that line, all right," the doctor decided. "Diplomatic and alert, that's what I want." "Well, now, I'll go, sir, and thank you for waiting," Jerry said a few minutes later.

"Did you ever drive a horse?" the doctor asked, with some interest, for the boy had given an affectionate pat to Dick, before he leaped into the seat beside him.

"Oh, yes, sir, often, lots and lots of times. Sherwood, the grocer, keeps his horse in a barn back of our house, and I often help harness. Once, when his driver was laid up in the hospital, I drove the delivery cart for nearly a week until he found a man to take his place.

"I don't believe you could drive Dick," said Doctor Greene. "He needs a steady rein and a firm hand." "Oh, yes, I could," said Jerry, with the assurance of absolute ignorance.

"Well, now, I'll go, sir, and thank you for waiting," Jerry said a few minutes later. "This kind of you to ask me."

"Did you ever drive a horse?" the doctor asked, with some interest, for the boy had given an affectionate pat to Dick, before he leaped into the seat beside him.

"Oh, yes, sir, often, lots and lots of times. Sherwood, the grocer, keeps his horse in a barn back of our house, and I often help harness. Once, when his driver was laid up in the hospital, I drove the delivery cart for nearly a week until he found a man to take his place.

"I don't believe you could drive Dick," said Doctor Greene. "He needs a steady rein and a firm hand." "Oh, yes, I could," said Jerry, with the assurance of absolute ignorance.

"Well, now, I'll go, sir, and thank you for waiting," Jerry said a few minutes later. "This kind of you to ask me."

"Did you ever drive a horse?" the doctor asked, with some interest, for the boy had given an affectionate pat to Dick, before he leaped into the seat beside him.

"Oh, yes, sir, often, lots and lots of times. Sherwood, the grocer, keeps his horse in a barn back of our house, and I often help harness. Once, when his driver was laid up in the hospital, I drove the delivery cart for nearly a week until he found a man to take his place.

"You needn't really tie him," said the boy, with eager hope. "I can hold him all right, honest, I could. Just try me and see."

"Not this time," said the doctor firmly, "it's too great a risk. Now, Jerry," he continued, "I'll have to be here about twenty minutes or perhaps half an hour. You may sit in the buggy, or, if you wish, you may walk up and down for awhile. Speak to Dick if he gets restless. He heads the voice very quickly," he added, briefly, as he passed into the house.

Now here comes the time of Jerry's problem of activity which I hinted at before. His hardest work was to sit still. He did fairly well for a few moments. Then he saw Tony Isfaro, the Italian, who kept the fruit stand near the City Hall, and he whistled to him. Tony was walking down the street carrying a bunch of bananas and a basket of apples. He laughed when he saw Jerry, and threw an apple. Jerry caught it with prompt dexterity and his teeth were in the juicy sweetness at the next instant.

"You're verra fine," shouted Tony as he passed on. Dick whinnied soon after, and Jerry decided to give him the apple core as a method of economy. Jerry never wasted anything if he could help it, and he generally could! Dick finished it in one swallow, and pawed the ground for action.

"Pooh! I could drive you all right!" said Jerry, walking up and down the walk. Now Dick was an evident accomplice in Jerry's further wrongdoing. He begged, if ever a horse did, for freedom. He whinnied, and coveted his head, he waved his fore-leg with gentle insistence. He pulled at the halter, and he seemed to beseech Jerry to let him walk up and down too. At least that interpretation was the one Jerry wearily recognized, as he untied the strap.

But alas, for broken resolutions! Dick, unloosed, started like an arrow released from a bent bow, and poor Jerry, alive to an evident duty, with a flying leap and an exclamation of dismay, had barely time to jump into the high gig. He reached for the reins, but they had fallen with Dick's first plunge, and were dangling on the ground. Then for the whip—for he must do something, but that was a dire mistake, for the horse was unaccustomed to its use, and the first touch inflamed his high spirit into utter rebellion and a more reckless run.

So, tossing from side to side, past frightened people, they dashed down the street. One or two men tried to catch the dangling reins, but failed. Woman ran up strange porches for safety, and children fled, and poor frightened Jerry clung to the seat, wondering what could happen next.

Something did happen, quite promptly. Dick's stable was the goal he held in his bewildered mind. To reach it he turned sharply at a corner, and the wheel of the gig caught and snapped suddenly, and Jerry was thrown out to the ground. Dick, brought to a standstill by an energetic policeman, panted and quivered, and Jerry, with a broken leg and many bruises, lay limp and suffering on the ground, until the hospital ambulance, summoned by the policeman, came and bore him away to a two-months' enforced seclusion.

And the doctor? Well, he felt angry enough at first, when the word of the accident was brought to him. But it changed to be his service term at the hospital, and the sight of the pale-faced culprit, day by day, and his tears of anxiety and penitence, brought him to feel an interest in poor Jerry after all.

Jerry's mother undertook two more washings about this time, and one was the doctor's, for which she received an abnormal wage! And now a thinner boy, with a slight limp, who has learned well through suffering, the lesson of obedience, hopes soon to go for another drive with the doctor, to discuss delayed plans, and, it is safe to say, he will not untie the horse.—Our Young People.

"If I had a boat," said Dolly Brandon. "I know what I'd name it." "The Princess Gladiola," or something else romantic, I bet," said Tom.

"No, I wouldn't any such thing. I'd name it 'The Tom Brandon,' so there!" "That shows what you know about naming boats! Nobody ever gives a boat a boy's name. You ought to give it a girl's name, a beautiful one, after somebody that's done something fine."

"O Tom," said Dolly, wistfully, "I do hope you'll win the race!" She wished her own name was beautiful; she wished she had done something fine. How lovely it would be to have a boat named after her.

"Hello, Jeff," said Tom, "where did you come from?" "A tall, blonde boy came through the bushes. 'Hello. How are you getting on?' 'There's a lot to do yet, but if you will help, I can get it finished in time.'"

Tom looked about among his tools and odd pieces of wood. "Well, I declare, I forgot the two wooden braces. Dolly! They're in the barn. Run and get them like a good girl, and get back quick as ever you can! I'd go myself but there isn't time. The boats have to go to be entered this evening, you know."

But Dolly was already out of the boat, running away toward home. Although she hated the barbed wire fence and was afraid of cows, Dolly decided to run back with the braces through the meadow and down past Tilly's cabin, because that was the quickest way. When she got within sight of Tilly's cabin, there was Tilly running up the road waving her apron.

"Aw, Miss Dolly, honey! Please, ma'am, fotch de doctah; Jinny upshot de presarve kettle an mos' burn herself to deaf. Run quick, while I try to hesh her cryin'." J dassen't leabe her."

"O Tilly," said Dolly, with panting breath, "I'm so sorry, but I can't." "Oh, yes you kin, honey! Go de brook way! Hit 's de quickes! Run right quick, honey! Oh, my po' chile! My po' little Jinny!"

Dolly stood irresolute. If the boat weren't finished, and it was her fault, what would Tom say? "O Tilly, what made Jinny do it?" she said. "I wish she hadn't." But she was hiding the braces in the blackberry bush and was off across the meadow toward Dr. Carter's home, Tilly calling after her, "God bless you, honey!"

It was a long way, but she hurried on. When she got to the brook she found it much swollen, and the log bridge had been swept away. The water surged and gurgled and ran on smooth again. She followed the bank trying to find a place to cross. The sunlight was getting mellow and late. Tom must be wondering by this time. She would not go for Doctor Carter, after all. She would go back to Tom. There was no bridge across the brook anyway, and that was excuse enough. She started back through the woods. A long blackberry vine caught at her skirt as though to stop her. "Oh, dear," she said, "what shall I do?"

She turned at last and ran back to the brook. She tried to test the depth of the water with her foot. Then she splashed into the stream, catching her breath as she went. What did it matter about there being no bridge. Tilly had trusted her to get the doctor. The water was deeper than she thought. Half way across she stood shivering and ready to turn back. Then she went on and slipped a little; then the current caught her and she went down, but scrambled up again, and splashed on through. The swift water tugged at her clothes and more than all, she was afraid, very much afraid. She got to the other bank at last, and scrambled up, muddy and forlorn. The woods looked dark ahead of her. She ran on, cold and afraid—up the hill, then to the woods' edge, and there was Doctor Carter's house. At the gate was Dr. Carter's "Jim" mending the fence.

"O Jim," cried Dolly, her teeth chattering, "run and tell Doctor Carter to come over to Tilly's cabin! Little Jinny's hurt!" "Bless gracious, missy, what is you done?" said Jim.

"Oh, I came through the brook because it was quickest. Run, Jim, quick as ever you can, please."

Dolly watched Jim a moment while he ran toward the house, then she started back—not by the woods this time, for the sun was almost down, and she dared not. She must go back by the long way. She hurried on. The wind made her clothing cling to her icily. By and by she began to feel weak, and her head swam. When she got to Tilly's cabin she called that Doctor Carter was coming, and then took the braces from the blackberry thicket. The evening was beginning to darken. A little more, however, and the path to the river would come in sight. She looked up. Tom and Jeff were coming across the hill.

"Tom, Tom," she called, "here are the braces!" "I don't want them," called Tom, sharply. "It is too late! There is no use now! I can't get the boat done, and it's your fault. I'm going over to Jeff's!"

"O Tom!" called Dolly, but her voice somehow felt smothered. Then she forgot to be brave any longer. She looked after Tom and Jeff, then sat down on a stone, and sobbed and sobbed, and could not stop.

Later, old Dr. Carter, driving by, drew rein and looked down at what seemed to be in the dusk a heap of bedraggled clothing by the roadside. Then he got out and stooped over a very limp little figure.

"Pon my soul!" said he, stooping closer, near-sightedly, "if it isn't Dolly Brandon!" He took the limp little body up in his arms. "Wet as a drowned rat! Pon my honor, I believe the world's gone mad!"

He bundled the silent little figure into his buggy and climbed in. Then he drove on at a furious rate, muttering to himself.

Dolly looked around her bewildered. The sunlight was streaming across the red-and-white checks of the quilt on the big bed in her mother's room. She did not quite know where she was. Her head felt so strange and light. Then there was Tom sitting in a big arm chair.

"Hello, Dolly, are you awake?" Tom got up, and leaned over her gently. "Say, Doll, I didn't mean to be dreadfully cross about the braces. It was just plucky of you. Yes it was."

"O Tom, I was too late, wasn't I?" said Dolly. "Don't you bother," said Tom. "I didn't know. I thought you had poked. Jinny is better, and that's because you got the doctor."

Dolly lay still a moment, then she turned to him wistfully. "What name did you choose?" she asked. "The Rowena, in 'Ivanhoe,' you know."

"Did you?" somehow her throat felt tight again. "But I went down this morning and scraped it off."

"O Tom, why?" "I've panted it all over again, and she looks fine. I've called her 'The Dolly Brandon.'"

"O Tom," said Dolly, breathlessly, "you haven't!" But Tom only nodded his head wisely, and pursed his lips in that funny way he had, and said, "Yes, I have."

—L. Porter, in Home Companion.

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effect on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial. Corns cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it, and see what amount of pain is saved.

Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Stomach Cramps, Cholera, Mörbus, Cholera Infantum, Seasickness, Summer Complaint, and all Looseness of the Bowels in Children or Adults. DR. FOWLER'S Extract of Wild Strawberry is an instantaneous cure. It has been used in thousands of homes for sixty years, and has never failed to give satisfaction. Every home should have a bottle so as to be ready in case of emergency.

A POLICE DOG.

"Strike" is the name of a dog connected with a New York police station. He has been known as a cat-hater, but, says a writer in the New York "Times," his tender heart made him the rescuer of an unfortunate family of kittens.

One night the dog went from the station to a restaurant where a waiter gives him his supper every night. Taking in his mouth the package containing the meat scraps for his meal, Strike started back for the station, where the sergeant usually unties the package and gives the dog his food.

Strike had no sooner turned into Hudson street, however, than his attention was attracted by the noise of a cat-and-dog fight. Strike arrived just in time to see a black mother cat killed by a bulldog. Strike dropped his package, tackled the bulldog and in ten minutes choked him to death. Three motherless kittens shivered while their mother's death was avenged. Strike looked at them a minute, then looked at his package of food, then looked at the kittens. He ended by tenderly picking up one of the fuzzy little orphans in his jaws and carrying it to the station, more than a block away.

His entrance surprised the sergeant. "What are you doing, Strike?" he asked. The dog halted before the desk and wagged his tail, and dropped the kitten to the floor. He ran out and returned in a few minutes with another of the kittens, and disappeared a second time.

When he ran out the second time two policemen followed him, and saw Strike take charge of the third kitten as he had of the others, and carry it off to the station.

A REASONABLE THEORY ABOUT CANCER.

There is a peculiar condition of the blood that favors the growth of cancer and neither knife nor plaster will effect a permanent cure without the aid of a constitutional treatment such as ours. Send 6 cents (stamps) and get the booklet and names of those cured without knife, plaster or pain. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

LITTLE ACTS OF KINDNESS.

A beautiful German story relates how one day a little girl named Jeannette witnessed a great army review. Thousands upon thousands of spectators crowded around the stand, before which the Emperor was to watch the passing regiments. While Jeannette was seated on the stand she saw a feeble old woman trying very hard to get where she could see. The little German girl said to herself:

"It is not right for me to sit here, when I am strong and well and can stand, while that poor feeble old woman can see nothing. I ought to honor old age, as I want some one to honor me when I am old."

Then she gave up her seat to the old woman, and went and stood in the crowd. But while Jeannette was standing upon her tiptoes, trying in vain to see, a courier of the Emperor covered with gold lace, elbowed his way to her side, and said:

"Little girl, Her Majesty would be glad to see you in the royal box." When the abashed child stood before the Empress, she graciously said: "Come here, my daughter, and sit with me. I saw you give up your seat to that old woman, and now you must remain by my side."

So God honors those who honor his servants. God especially honors those who honor the aged and seemingly helpless disciples, whose earthly pilgrimages are nearly ended.

THE NICE GIRL.

She has so much to do that she has no time for morbid thoughts. She awakens cheerfully in the morning and closes her eyes thankfully at night. She never thinks for a moment that she is not attractive or forgets to look as charming as possible. She is considerate of the happiness of others, and it is reflected back to her as from a looking glass. She is her own sweet, unadorned,

womanly self. Therein lies the secret of her popularity, of her success. She is always willing to give suggestions that will help some less fortunate one over the bad place in life's journey. She never permits herself to grow old, for by cultivating all the graces of heart, brain and body age does not come to her.

She believes that life has some serious work to do, that the serious work lies very close to the homely, everyday duties and that kind words cost nothing.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE IDEAL FOR BOYS.

It is the ambition of all the boys to be men. Do they think what constitutes manhood? The idea of most boys is that a man is one grown in years and size and free to come and go and act without parental or other restraint. Boys should be taught that these things are not all that constitute manhood. It is something more than mere years and size or parental freedom. True manhood is made up of character, of human excellence, of good behaviour, gentleness, of honesty, of truthfulness, of desire and ability to do good. Whatever that person's calling, his first thought should be to be a man, a useful man, a true man in every respect and at all times. He may be a poor man, so far as the possession of this world's goods is concerned, and yet be an ideal man, a pure man in thought and action, standing before God and man as one determined to do his whole duty to his fellow-creatures as far as his circumstances and ability will permit. A man clean in mind and body may defy the world and be respected by every one. Let boys keep an ideal of this kind of manhood ever before them.

FRIENDSHIP OF ANIMALS.

Sometimes animals which are by nature deadly enemies, such as dogs and cats, strike up a very strong friendship. I have known a cat adopt a puppy and nurse it tenderly, but as a rule they prefer to bite and scratch. A sculptor of animals, a Mr. Harvey, had two pets, a pigeon and a cat, who lived together in great friendship, and had their photograph taken while eating out of the same dish. The pigeon was named Fidgie and the cat was called Toddie. They ate, slept and played together, and when Fidgie died Toddie was nearly broken-hearted, and would never again eat or drink from the dishes from which she and her little playmate used to eat together.

SUGAR COATED PROFANITY.

A lady used the expression "Gee!" the other night. It had never occurred to her that this was taking the name of the Lord in vain, and probably few of the many who indulge in sugar-coated profanity realize that they are swearing.

What is "Gee" though, but a euphemism for "Jesus?" "Dear me!" is nothing but the Latin "Deo Meo" (my God); "For land sake" is "For Lord's sake"; "Drat it!" is "God rot it!"; "Judas priest" is "Jesus Christ"; "Golly," "Gosh," "Gorry," etc., are only corruptions of God; "Darn it!" "Dash it!" "Ping it!" "Name it!" etc., are only variations of "Damn it."

In short, there is probably not an expression of this sort that cannot be traced back to an oath of its origin. Notwithstanding this, you will every day hear people using them thoughtlessly who would be terribly shocked by genuine oath.

As a train was approaching a sea-side resort it parted in the middle and naturally the communication cord snapped also, the end of it striking an old lady on the bonnet. "What is the matter?" she exclaimed. "Oh, the train has broken in two," replied a gentleman who sat in the next seat.

"I should say so," responded the old lady, looking at the broken cord. "Did they suppose a thin bit of string like that would hold the train together?"

PUZZLING.

(Carolina Mischka Roberts in June St. Nicholas.) "It's odd," said Joe, "when Tom comes here, we play what he likes best. 'Cause mother says I must consult The wishes of my guest."

"Yet when I visit Tom, and plan To play what I like most, Then mother says I must give in To Tom, 'cause he's my host!"

President Suspenders. Style, comfort, service. 50c. everywhere.

The Catholic Register

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUB. CO. 117 WELLINGTON ST. WEST, TORONTO

P. F. CRONIN, EDITOR

ADVERTISING RATES

Transient advertisements 11 cents a line. A liberal discount on contracts.

JOSEPH COOLAHAN is authorized to collect among our Toronto subscribers.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 18, 1906.

THE O'CONNOR MEETING.

The meeting to welcome that Irish patriot and far-famed journalist, the Hon. T. P. O'Connor, at Massey Hall on Saturday night, provided an object lesson which all who ran might read.

The generous response to the call for financial assistance for Ireland proved several things. First, that times and circumstances are in an encouraging condition, and secondly, that love for the Old Land is no mere sentiment, but a vital, forceful fact.

HONESTY AND SUCCESS.

The fact that the Ontario Bank is taken over, assets and liabilities, by the Bank of Montreal, is no insignificant matter. If a bank of standing, paying a dividend of six and a half per cent, wipes itself out from the list of financial institutions, one naturally asks what is the hope of the many newer banks which are reaching out to every four corners in the country?

THE FRANCHISE.

Amongst the many humiliating spectacles presented to the public nothing is more deplorable than the evidence in the London election trial. If politics be a game it is one which respectable people will shun.

centres where the directors may invest the money. If these gentlemen are prudent and attentive to business—still more accurately, if those more immediately concerned in the use of the money are honest—then will fair success crown their efforts.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

So the political course of Joseph Chamberlain is run. Illness compels him to seek rest for at least a year, with the prospect of never returning to public life. What must be his thoughts during the months of retirement as he looks back especially on the last twenty years?

THE FRANCHISE.

Amongst the many humiliating spectacles presented to the public nothing is more deplorable than the evidence in the London election trial. If politics be a game it is one which respectable people will shun.

ballot-box stuffing. Unless it is general it cannot be a success. And if it is general it shows a corruption which is due to false education and which is too wide-spread to be eradicated.

Funeral of Father O'Gorman

The following is taken from the account in the Kingston Freeman of the last sad rites over the late Father O'Gorman:

All that was mortal of Rev. Father O'Gorman was laid to rest on Thursday last in the beautiful little cemetery adjoining the church, and facing the River St. Lawrence, on Howe Island, amid the sorrow and bereavement of a loving congregation.

At the conclusion of Mass Rev. Father Walsh of Providence, R.I., pronounced an eloquent eulogy on the dead priest. He referred to Rev. Father O'Gorman's early life when in response to the divine call he entered upon his duties for the priesthood.

His Holiness Leo XIII. made it quite clear that his wish was that the university should be especially for the Catholics of Ontario and that the bishops of this province should have an interest in it.

The body was placed before the altar and Rev. Father Walsh pronounced another eulogy, after which Archbishop Gauthier sang the Libera. The remains were then buried in the cemetery adjoining the Church, the Archbishop conducting the last sad rites.

The Catholic Truth Society of Scotland lately held its annual meeting at Aberdeen. Two important papers by Rev. John Forsyth, of Edinburgh, and Rev. Ellis Rogan, were read. Reports showed a splendid gain for the Church in Scotland during the past year.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA

A Scheme Criticised by Mr. D'Arcy Scott.

(To the Ottawa Journal.)

Editor Journal.—I have read the recently-published Brochure with reference to Ottawa University, which, by the way, I knew absolutely nothing of until after it was distributed through the mail.

Welcomed Home

(Teeswater News.)

The congregation of the Sacred Heart Church extended to Father Corcoran a hearty welcome home on Sunday last. The Reverend clergyman by his genial disposition and manly, unassuming character during his long incumbency here, has won hosts of friends, not only among his own people, but among all denominations in the County of Bruce.

We, your faithful friends and parishioners, of Teeswater, gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity to greet you back with a hearty "adieu mille fois" to your Canadian home from the lands across the ocean.

The Senate of the University of Ottawa could be composed of an equal number of representatives from the two colleges. The president and a majority of the governing body of each college to be English-speaking or French-speaking as the case might be.

The division of the building at present used by the university between the two colleges is a detail which doubtless could be arranged on an amicable basis.

The question of expense should not stand in the way. The university now has an English and a French course and maintains several large buildings so that a division into two colleges should not be more expensive than the present arrangement.

His Holiness Leo XIII. made it quite clear that his wish was that the university should be especially for the Catholics of Ontario and that the bishops of this province should have an interest in it.

I make the above suggestions for what they may be worth in a spirit of friendship and good will towards my French-speaking fellow-countrymen. The establishment of a French college at Ottawa would be of great benefit to them.

But the English-speaking Catholics want an institution of their own and think they are entitled to it, and the best way out of the unfortunate position in which the University of Ottawa now finds itself is the establishment of two colleges as suggested above.

our French separate schools—why not have our English and our French college and obviate further disagreement amongst our people on the university question.

While it is much to be regretted, it is a fact, nevertheless, that the university has for the past few years been going backward instead of forward. It is but a ghostly shadow of the institution presided over in the eighties by the late Father Tabaret when my friend Mr. Vincent and I were classmates together.

Yours truly, D'ARCY SCOTT. Ottawa, Oct. 8th, 1906.

Welcomed Home

(Teeswater News.)

The congregation of the Sacred Heart Church extended to Father Corcoran a hearty welcome home on Sunday last. The Reverend clergyman by his genial disposition and manly, unassuming character during his long incumbency here, has won hosts of friends, not only among his own people, but among all denominations in the County of Bruce.

We, your faithful friends and parishioners, of Teeswater, gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity to greet you back with a hearty "adieu mille fois" to your Canadian home from the lands across the ocean.

The Senate of the University of Ottawa could be composed of an equal number of representatives from the two colleges. The president and a majority of the governing body of each college to be English-speaking or French-speaking as the case might be.

The division of the building at present used by the university between the two colleges is a detail which doubtless could be arranged on an amicable basis.

The question of expense should not stand in the way. The university now has an English and a French course and maintains several large buildings so that a division into two colleges should not be more expensive than the present arrangement.

His Holiness Leo XIII. made it quite clear that his wish was that the university should be especially for the Catholics of Ontario and that the bishops of this province should have an interest in it.

I make the above suggestions for what they may be worth in a spirit of friendship and good will towards my French-speaking fellow-countrymen. The establishment of a French college at Ottawa would be of great benefit to them.

But the English-speaking Catholics want an institution of their own and think they are entitled to it, and the best way out of the unfortunate position in which the University of Ottawa now finds itself is the establishment of two colleges as suggested above.

COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA (Maple Leaf Label) Absolutely Pure COWAN'S MILK CHOCOLATE CAKE ICINGS, Etc. Used in Every Household



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed, "Tender for Owen Sound Revetment Wall" will be received at this office up to and including Saturday, October 27, 1906, inclusively, for the construction of a Pile and Concrete Revetment wall, at Owen Sound, Grey County, Ont., according to a plan and specification to be seen at the office of J. G. Sing, Esq., Resident Engineer, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, on application to the Postmaster of Owen Sound, Ont., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for fourteen hundred dollars (\$1,400.00), rest accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party tendering declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

By order, FRED GELINAS, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, September 27, 1906.

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

There is Some Reason for the Greatly Increased Attendance at the



Recent students have taken positions at salaries from \$50 per month to \$1000 a year. Write to-day for handsome Catalogue. We can place you on the road to success. Commence now.

Kennedy Shorthand School. Have you seen a typewriter operated at the rate of 100 words a minute? It is extremely interesting.

You are invited to call and see the world's champion typist at practice. Do not miss the opportunity.

9 Adelaide St. E. TORONTO

A Good Chance. To secure an education that will most quickly and surely fit you for the practical duties of life, is offered by this school.

British American Business College. Y.M.C.A. Bldg., Yonge & McGill Sts., Toronto. T. M. WATSON, Principal.

THE Blonde Lumber & Mfg. Co. Limited. Lumber Dealers, Builders & Contractors.

Church building and plans a specialty. Manufacturers of church seating, altars, pulpits, confessionals and all interior church and house fittings.

Chatham, Ont.



Hearing Tubes and Trumpets. If you are deaf it will pay you to call. Prices right.

Phone Main 2568. F. E. LUKE, REFRACTING OPTICIAN 11 King St. West, Toronto.

Subscription Offer

WE WILL SEND THE CATHOLIC REGISTER FROM NOW UNTIL 1ST JAN., 1908, TO ANY NEW SUBSCRIBER (PAID IN ADVANCE), IN THE CITY FOR \$1.50 AND TO OUTSIDE POINTS FOR \$1.00 FOREIGN \$1.50, INCLUDING POSTAGE.

The Month of October

The summer days are drawing to a close. The flowers, which a month ago blossomed fair and brilliant, are about to bid us adieu for the season.

Could Holy Mother Church have chosen a more appropriate time than this beautiful month of October to devote to that grand—the grandest of all our devotions—the Holy Rosary?

If we look far enough back into the history of Holy Church, we will find the origin of this grand universal devotion. Early in the 13th century Pope Innocent III., who was then the reigning Pontiff, sent St. Dominic to the southern part of France to preach to the Albigenses.

Let us hope that that chain of our "Aves" may bind us To thee and thy Son Who reignest on high!

And there at the gate may the Angel salute us, "Hail full of grace," as He once did to thee, And when golden October at last has passed o'er us,

—K. M. O'Loughlin. Lindsay, Oct. 7, 1906.

Life's Grandest Words

Ascend the highest heaven of earthly joys, Then sink thro' dolor to the depths of hell; Or, take the middle course, where "all is well"

OCTOBER

In the brightness and glow of golden October, When the earth is in beauty, in fulness and power,

When harvest is ripened o'er field and in meadow, When grain has been gathered and sheltered with care;

On Monday the joyful, on Tuesday the sorrows, On Wednesday the glories, and so on again,

On Tuesday the joyful, on Tuesday the sorrows, On Wednesday the glories, and so on again,

On Wednesday the glories, and so on again, Until at the end of each week we have woven

Twice over a sweet triple mystery's chain. Let us hope that that chain of our "Aves" may bind us

To thee and thy Son Who reignest on high! And when its last link has been girdled around us,

The circlet may reach from the earth to the sky. And there at the gate may the Angel salute us,

"Hail full of grace," as He once did to thee, And when golden October at last has passed o'er us,

May our joyful and sorrowful all glorious be. —K. M. O'Loughlin. Lindsay, Oct. 7, 1906.

To Our Lady of the Sacred Heart

Mother of Sorrows, rose of the cross, Blessed thou art, Loving I hail thee, ever anew, Queen of my heart,

Ever a mother to me, Never rejecting each plea, Queen of Angels, hearken to me, Love of my soul,

Stretch o'er me mother, trusting in thee, Thy mantle of gold, Humbly my homage I pay To thee, pure Queen of May.

Ark of the Covenant, Mother of Grace, Fairest thou art, Spouse of the Spirit, mother and maid,

Pierced by His dart, Temple of God, Star of the Sea, Never cease shining, Mary, o'er me, Treasure of God, pearl of the shies;

Gem of His heart; N'er can I think of thee From 'Mim apart. Drawn by thy shining, thee do I hail, Hope of my soul, tossed in life's gale.

The following facts have been proved about the

Manufacturers Life

- (1) It is operated at an especially low rate of expense. (2) Its assets are invested in gilt-edged securities. (3) Its investments have been profitable and its financial strength is exceptionally great, its surplus on policy-holders' account being over \$906,912.

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO, CANADA.

Neil J. McNulty, C.S.B., of Amherstburg, and the Rev. Father Conway, pastor, preached the funeral sermon and paid a warm tribute to the character of the deceased.

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

(Continued from page 1.)

cently became attached to the Cathedral. He was a slight young man of a rather studious cast of countenance, a fine preacher and generally preached at last Mass at St. Michael's.

Some of the dzy scholars were: Edward Heenan, the present venerable Vicar-General of Hamilton Diocese, and pastor of Dundas; Raymond Baby, a nephew of the late Capt. McNamara, a retired military gentleman, residing on Queen street, opposite McCutcheon Square, now the Metropolitan church block, and afterwards a clerk in the Toronto Savings Bank; Sherman E. Elmsley, son of Capt. Elmsley, and long since deceased; Patrick McCurdy, son of the sexton of St. Paul's church and now county judge at Parry Sound.

During the year 1856 the college was removed to Clover Hill, where Hon. Mr. Elmsley had made a donation of ground for both college and church buildings. The buildings at first were no more than about one-third of their present dimensions.

On the whole the alumni members of St. Michael's College have given a good account of themselves, contributing to the church many prominent ecclesiastics—archbishops, bishops, monsignors, vicars and priests, and to the learned professions some of their brightest ornaments.

I have overlooked in the foregoing sketch, however, mention of Father Leverman, a master of studies, whom I did not know. Rev. William Flannery, professor of belle lettres, whom I well knew and appreciated for his talents and his patriotism; Father Rooney, a master of studies, and afterwards pastor of St. Paul's and St. Mary's churches; Father Malbos, one of the original three Basilians who performed the important part of "economic" or provident, was a stout, good-natured person; and I remember well Father Ferguson, a tall, talented and well-looking priest. I have but a poor recollection of Thomas Dowling, now the devoted Bishop of Hamilton, as a student, but who should be mentioned as one who has made his big mark.

A couple of events relating to the college that I have a recollection of were a concert given at the town of Brantford in 1855 for the benefit of the college, at which Mrs. John Beverley Robinson of Toronto gave her valuable services as a vocalist.

The other event was a reception given by the students in the latter part of 1857, to the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, in recognition of his services to Catholic education. An address was presented to Mr. McGee on this occasion and read to him by student Nicholas Murphy. Mr. McGee, in replying, said the event was very gratifying to him, but more especially so as the father of the young gentleman who read the address was one of his earliest friends, and had secured for him his first employment in America as editor of the "Boston Pilot" newspaper. My space is now more than filled and I must close on a subject which it delights me to write about and which enables me to contribute a belated part to the Jubilee services so lately celebrated for both church and college.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

was fifty years in existence. Richard O'Connor I knew well as a boy. He was always serious and studious and has deservedly reached the episcopacy as Bishop of Peterborough. His brother James worked side-by-side with me in the days of old in the "Daily Colonist" office.

Among the students I heard tell of was one Sullivan, one Sam Flinn, and Frank Walsh. Phil Cummings, a well-remembered student, was a brother, I understand, of the well-known detective officer, Sergeant-Major Cummings. Frank McLaughlin and Charles McLaughlin were students from Adjala. I knew them well because they boarded in the same house with me.

John Lee became "Father John" in the course of time, but was not long-lived. His brother Thomas was also a student at St. Michael's. Before his death, which was recent, he was bookkeeper for Mr. Matthew O'Connor. There were two students from Toronto named Malone, whose father I was acquainted with in the early fifties, and who was mail conductor between Toronto and Boston.

On the whole the alumni members of St. Michael's College have given a good account of themselves, contributing to the church many prominent ecclesiastics—archbishops, bishops, monsignors, vicars and priests, and to the learned professions some of their brightest ornaments.

I have overlooked in the foregoing sketch, however, mention of Father Leverman, a master of studies, whom I did not know. Rev. William Flannery, professor of belle lettres, whom I well knew and appreciated for his talents and his patriotism; Father Rooney, a master of studies, and afterwards pastor of St. Paul's and St. Mary's churches; Father Malbos, one of the original three Basilians who performed the important part of "economic" or provident, was a stout, good-natured person; and I remember well Father Ferguson, a tall, talented and well-looking priest. I have but a poor recollection of Thomas Dowling, now the devoted Bishop of Hamilton, as a student, but who should be mentioned as one who has made his big mark.

A couple of events relating to the college that I have a recollection of were a concert given at the town of Brantford in 1855 for the benefit of the college, at which Mrs. John Beverley Robinson of Toronto gave her valuable services as a vocalist.

The other event was a reception given by the students in the latter part of 1857, to the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, in recognition of his services to Catholic education. An address was presented to Mr. McGee on this occasion and read to him by student Nicholas Murphy. Mr. McGee, in replying, said the event was very gratifying to him, but more especially so as the father of the young gentleman who read the address was one of his earliest friends, and had secured for him his first employment in America as editor of the "Boston Pilot" newspaper. My space is now more than filled and I must close on a subject which it delights me to write about and which enables me to contribute a belated part to the Jubilee services so lately celebrated for both church and college.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

BEST QUALITY WOOD AND COAL

OFFICES: 3 KING ST. EAST 415 YONGE ST. 793 YONGE ST. 415 SPADINA AVE. 576 QUEEN ST. WEST 1368 QUEEN ST. WEST 836 COLLEGE ST.



THE ELIAS ROGERS CO. LIMITED

You'll Fancy Yourself in Berlin

or Hamburg or Dresden when you drink O'Keefe's Pilsener Lager. It's our new brew—just like the famous light beers of Germany.

"Pilsener" is the newest of the O'Keefe's brews and it bids fair to be the most popular. Try it.

O'KEEFE'S PILSENER LAGER

"THE LIGHT BEER IN THE LIGHT BOTTLE"

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., Limited

MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED

White Label Ale

TORONTO, ONTARIO

A STRUGGLING INFANT MISSION

IN THE DIOCESE OF NORTHAMPTON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

Where is Mass said and Benediction given at present? IN A GARRET, the use of which I get for a rent of ONE SHILLING per week.

But outside help is, evidently, necessary. Will it be forthcoming? I have noticed how willingly the CLIENTS of ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA readily come to the assistance of poor, struggling Priests.

May God bless and prosper your endeavors in establishing a Mission at Fakenham. "ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton."

Address: FATHER H. W. GRAY, Hempton Road, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgement a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart.

BELLS

Small Alloy Church and School Bells. See our Catalogue. The C. S. BELL Co. Hillsboro, O.

BELLS

See our Catalogue. The C. S. BELL Co. Hillsboro, O.

BELLS

See our Catalogue. The C. S. BELL Co. Hillsboro, O.

BELLS

See our Catalogue. The C. S. BELL Co. Hillsboro, O.

BELLS

See our Catalogue. The C. S. BELL Co. Hillsboro, O.

BELLS

See our Catalogue. The C. S. BELL Co. Hillsboro, O.

BELLS

See our Catalogue. The C. S. BELL Co. Hillsboro, O.

BELLS

See our Catalogue. The C. S. BELL Co. Hillsboro, O.

IT WILL CURE RUPTURE

Thirty Days' Use of the Air

The Air Rupture Cure

Will prove its power to cure the worst rupture. Five minutes' study will show you how and why the Air Rupture Cure must cure, painlessly, safely and quickly.

The Lyon Mfg. Company, Limited

Room 57 435 Yonge St., Toronto

It is endorsed by physicians. Has cured scores of ruptured sufferers. Send for the proof and Special Exhibition Offer.

DRESS WELL

First, then talk business and you'll get a hearing. Don't buy expensive new suits—let me redeem your old ones.

FOUNTAIN, "My Valet"

Cleaner and Repairer of Clothing

30 Adelaide West. Tel. Main 4074

Unrivaled By Rivals

COSGRAVE'S

None Superior ALE Peerless Beverage

COSGRAVE'S

From Pure Irish Malt XXX PORTER For Health and Strength

COSGRAVE'S

A Delicious Blend of Both HALF and HALF Once Tried Always Taken

COSGRAVE'S

ALL REPUTABLE DEALERS

Cosgrave Brewery Co.

Tel. Park 140. TORONTO, ONT.

TEACHER WANTED

For Bymedale R. C. Separate School, Sec. 7, Township Rochester, Essex County. Duties to begin immediately. State qualification and salary required.

M. BYRNE, Sec., Ruscom Station, Ont.

Bells

We would suggest to those churches without a bell that now is the time to see that you have a bell on your church for Christmas time to "Ring out the Glad Tidings."

Then think of the influence of a bell. It not only calls attention to the time and place of worship, but also invites the stranger to take part in the service.

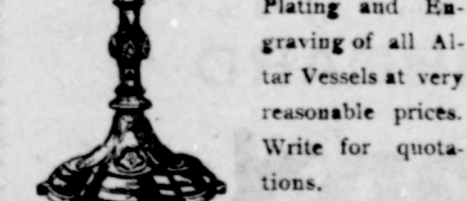
The old established reliable firm, the C. S. Bell Co., Hillsboro, Ohio, is the sole manufacturer of the celebrated Steel Alloy Church Bell.

The Steel Alloy Bell is guaranteed to please.

If you need a bell it will pay you to write to the Bell people for information in detail. They will also assist you in the purchase of a Church Bell by the aid of a Unique Plan which they have to offer.

J. J. M. LANDY

416 QUEEN ST., W.



CHALICES CIBORIA STENSORIA

Gold and Silver Plating and Engraving of all Altar Vessels at very reasonable prices. Write for quotations.

MISSIONS

Supplied with Religious goods. Write for catalogue and quotations. Long distance phone M. 2758.

J. J. M. LANDY

416 Queen St. West, Toronto

The Late Neil McNulty

(Norwood Register.)

On Sept. 19th Mr. Neil McNulty passed away at the advanced age of 83. He was born in 1823 in Tullaghan, County Sligo, Ireland, and in 1829 moved to Coloney in same county.

He was the eldest of the family and only his youngest sister, Mrs. Thos. Myles, of Colorado Springs, Colorado, is living, whose daughter, Miss K. P. Myles, was present at the funeral.

Mr. McNulty was married to Mary O'Leary, of Otonabee, who together with six sons and one daughter, survive him.

His funeral took place on Friday from his late residence to St. Paul's church, Norwood, where High Mass was celebrated by his son, Father

AN EXILE

"Next week is Old Home week," Mrs. Phipps informed the waiting audience. "I'd got the date sort of mislaid; I'd got in my head that it was the week after. The folks is coming from the ends of the earth."

"I guess if 'twas Old Ladies' Homes they was comin' to, they wouldn't be in such a tearin' hurry," said old Mrs. Potter, darkly. She was suffering from "torment in her joints," and viewed the world aggressively in consequence. Mrs. Phipps turned upon her triumphantly.

"Wait till you hear all, Susan Potter! What do you say to Medford's havin' a special day and Senator Long bein' here to make a speech?" "I dunno's I consider that any g'eat—a passel o' folks losin' their heads over Simon Moses Long. Folks 'll go an' make a fine to do, but they don't never one o' em give a thought to a poor old woman shet up in a Home." Mrs. Potter's complaints were never affected by so slight a consideration as change of base.

"It beats all," declared Mrs. Phipps "how some folks can set an' grumble; I believe they'd fault the Angel Gabriel himself. Mebbe if they'd wait till other folks have finished 'twould look better. There's goin' to be speakin' an' there's goin' to be a dinner and we're all goin'! They calculate to send the 'bus round an' take us all."

Susan Potter for once said nothing. Across her old worn face broke an incredulous delight infinitely pathetic, had there been any one to see. Lucy Holbrook was a slender little creature with slider hair folded meekly about her temples. Nobody noticed Lucy very much; she was "one of the fretful, quiet sort," the others said, and considered the poorest of any of them—not so much from poverty of actual possessions as because her imagination was not equal to the task of adorning her past. She had come from an old tumble-down house somewhere out in the country. A fall three years before had seriously injured her hip, and after that a cousin had paid the two hundred dollars that admitted her to the Home. She was real fortunate, she said, to have a beautiful place like this provided for her, and nobody had discovered the passionate homesickness that beat beneath her patient gratitude. So through three endless years she had lived an exile, yearning for the sight of one poor bit of earth. There had been no way before, but now the cars went out to Centerville.

For the next week all the talk was of Old Home Day, and great was the ransacking of trunks and boxes. Mrs. Potter's symptoms became more and more acute as the great day grew near, but that by no means argued her unequal to the festivities. Long before the rising bell rang Wednesday morning she was flying excitedly about her room. "I s'pose 'twas reskin' my life to go," she told Lucy, "but I dunno's I care. All I ask is that the misery will let me have one good day. Would you wear my visite or my crepe shawl? I s'pose I'd better put them pellets in my bag—they're what the doctor gave me to take if I had a turn. Oh, my land, I dunno's I will be able to go!"

She dropped into a chair, fanning herself. Suddenly she turned her keen glance upon her roommate. "Ain't you goin' to wear your de-laine?" she asked. Lucy's delicate face flushed guiltily. "I wasn't—I guess I ain't goin'," she stammered. Mrs. Potter dropped her fan in amazement. "Be ye sick?" she inquired, sharply. Lucy shook her head. "I thought I wouldn't. I can't get round in a crowd like other folks."

"But there's all the speakin' an' the seem' things, an' the dinner," Mrs. Potter's voice rose, incredulously. Lucy turned a glorified smile upon her. "I guess I don't care much about those," she said. Such a staggering announcement almost bereft Mrs. Potter of the power of speech. "My stars!" she ejaculated, faintly. When at last the 'bus vanished down the road a great peace seemed

to fall upon the August world. Lucy looked out upon it with radiant eyes. "Tis going to be a beautiful day," she said. "I do feel to be grateful."

There was half a mile to walk before she reached the trolley—a weary journey for her halting steps, but her eager spirit found everywhere symbols of her joy. When she was in the car, however, and the holiday commotion of Medford was left behind, a different mood fell upon her. Suppose she should find things changed? She never had dared ask. Some one might have bought the place and torn down the old house. A sickness seized her at the thought; then the car swung round a curve and a familiar homestead came into view.

"There's the old Norris place!" she cried, leaning forward eagerly. "I didn't know we passed that. It looks just as it did when I used to go over there on errands for ma, and old lady Norris gave me caraway cookies and seedcake. My sakes, how it all comes back!"

The trolley passed within a quarter of a mile of her home. She signalled the conductor, and when he had helped her down and the car had gone on she stood quite alone in her old world. She looked about her with solemn joy. There was an apple orchard on one side of the road and a cornfield on the other. The cornfield was all a-rustle in the light breeze, and its strong scent filled the air. She was thinking of the snowdrop bush that grew beside the front door. It ought to be in bloom if it hadn't died down. And there would be Canterbury bells—they come up every year—and the barnyard would be covered with gill-go-over-the-ground.

But when she reached the bend in the road where the old house itself came into view, she stood for a moment looking off across the quiet fields. Then, very slowly, she turned and lifted her eyes. Her face was full of awe over the miracle of her happiness. "Oh, Lord!" she breathed, passionately, "it ain't changed! It ain't changed a mite!"

She hurried forward then, stumbling in her eagerness. Through the long grass shone purple gleams of Canterbury bells, and beside the door was a snowdrop bush covered with berries of delicate ivory. She dropped down on the doorstep and sat for a long time wrapped in content, her thoughts wandering back through the fragrant years. Finally she stirred and looked across to the well. It was really past noon, but it was thirst of soul, not of body, that she felt.

"If I could just taste that water once more," she said, restlessly. "There wasn't never any water like that. If there hasn't anybody taken the buckets—" She pushed her way through the tangled grass to the well. The buckets were still there, and far below she could see the brown gleam of water. By stiff, awkward hitches she drew up a dripping bucket and b-t her face to it and drank—a long, thirsty draught.

There is food beyond the wisdom of the chemists. Lucy Holbrook, having taken that long draught of youth, felt suddenly eager and adventurous. It was not enough to see the body of the old house, she must get in—to the heart of it. She tried each of the doors in succession—they were all locked. Baffled, but undaunted, she made the rounds a second time; then she discovered a blind hanging loose from one of the kitchen windows, and in a flash of memory she knew that the lock on that window was broken. If she could only find anything to climb up by—

She hurried to the shed in anxious search, and finally came upon a box, hidden under a pile of chips and dust. She dragged it to the window and mounted it in triumph. Her hip made her wince, but she scorned the pain; with a mighty effort she threw herself over the sill and dropped, panting, into the dim twilight within.

Suddenly the sound of a knocker rattled through the empty rooms. Lucy started, half discrediting her own senses, but when a second appeal came she hurried to answer it. The door sagged from long disuse, but it gave way at last, letting a sudden dazzling parallelogram of emerald and blue into its old framework; and against the vivid background a girl stood waiting. She was a pretty little thing, with slender shoulders and a delicate tinted face.

"I always wondered how this house looked inside," she said. "I didn't know 'twas open."

Lucy's blue eyes met hers with a laugh. "I don't s'pose 'twas what you'd call open," she asserted. "I found a blind off and I climbed in."

The girl repeated the words, "in!" Lucy nodded. "Yes I did, and I'm lame, too. I expect I'll be laid up a while after it, but that don't make no difference. There's 'hings you want so much you've got to have them, come what may."

The girl glanced at her with a startled expression, as if she suspected the words of some inner meaning, but Lucy's quiet gaze reassured her. "I'd like to look it over, if you don't mind," she said. "Certain, dear," Lucy replied, "I'd be pleased to show you—I lived here all my life till three years ago." She turned, leading the way back into the rooms. "I don't suppose it's anything to see—for you," she said, "jest bare walls and rotting floors. But it's all so different to me. This was the sitting room that we're in now—wait a minute and I'll open it up." She threw open one of the blinds, and as she did so a tiger lily thrust its saffron torch in her face. She leaned down and touched it eagerly.

"How they have grown!" she cried. "Ma always said she was goin' to have them rooted out, but she never did. I mind how they bloomed her last summer. She used to set at this window all the time, and one day she got sort o' riled up and said she was sick of seein' the whole

world turned into yaller tiger lilies. And pa, he got up early the next morning to mow them down. He didn't say nuthin' to her—he was goin' to surprise her. I was sleepin' on the lounge in ma's room; 'twas jest about five o'clock an' I thought she was asleep, but suddenly she sat right up an' called me. 'Lucy,' she said, speakin' up real clear, 'you tell pa not to touch one o' them lilies. They was here when I was married an' I want them to be here when I die,' she said. We never could tell how she knew—she couldn't herself; she said she felt it. Pa hadn't touched one when I ran out. And they was all in bloom when she died. Seems if the veil grows so thin sometimes! Ma allus wanted to know things; 'twas 'most like a promise to her that she was goin' to. I can jest think how eager an' happy she's been, learnin' things all these years."

"When I was little, I used to keep my rag babies in that closet," she said, returning to the present with apology in her voice, "and later, my patchwork and fine sewing. The dolls wasn't there very long—ma thought girls ought to learn useful things. I made a shirt for pa when I was ten."

"Oh, my!" the girl said, softly. "I don't like to sew," she added, "I hate it."

"I guess most young creatures do not," Lucy agreed. "I know most of my mates didn't. But I always liked it. It seems if I had such happy things to do all my life."

The girl walked across to the window and stood looking out. "I wish I was that way," she said in a muffled voice. "Mebbe I wasn't always," Lucy replied, wisely. "I guess all young things is made a good deal alike. But it's all sunshine as I look back—bright and quiet and peaceful like this day."

The girl's thin, sweet voice rose into a wail. "I don't want things like this day," she sobbed. "It's dreadful, and I hate it!"

Lucy's wrinkled hand touched the heaving shoulders softly. "There, there, dear," she said, "tell me if 'twill do any good, and don't tell me if it won't."

The girl turned with a sudden vehemence. "I'll tell you—I don't care what you think of me—I've got to tell somebody. All the others went in to the celebration, but I—couldn't. There's somebody that was going to take me and then we quarrelled—he's gone with Alma Davis, and—" She put her face down into her hands and sobbed again.

"We'd been going together almost a year now," the girl sobbed. "David Clark ought to have known I didn't mean it."

Lucy looked at her with startled eyes. "Who did you say 'twas, dear?" she asked. "David Clark," the girl repeated. "One of Lorenzo Clark's boys" sued breathlessly. "Yes," the girl nodded. Into Lucy's eyes came a look of solemn exaltation.

"I guess I've got it all now," she said. "I dunno's I can tell you rightly, dearie—I guess mebbe you've got to live most of your life to understand some things. When I was a girl, something happened to me. I ain't goin' to tell you what 'twas, for that don't matter, but 'twas near enough so that I know the way you are feelin' to-day, an' it lasted for months—mebbe years. All was, that by an' by there came a time when it seemed to me I could be reconciled to it if only I could understand why it had to be. An' I guess I do to-day. Deary, let me tell you something. Men folks ain't like women folks an' never will be. There's things that you can't change any more than you can make a stream run up hill. It's different with diff'rent men—with the Clarks, it's that you've allus got to take the first step if things have gone wrong. Seems if there's something inside them that locks an' won't let the words come out, though they want to make up as much as you do. But if you go first, 'twill come right every time—an' there won't have to be many times, either."

"But I thought I'd got to have some pride. It was 'most killing me—I wanted to make up so, but I thought 'twas his fault, an' so—" "I never yet heard that pride was the greatest thing in the world," Lucy said.

The girl drew a long breath. "Oh, I'm so glad!" she cried. Suddenly she turned in consternation. "Why—haven't you had anything to eat?" she stammered.

"I never thought of it," Lucy replied, simply. "I guess I wasn't thinkin' of anything except seein' the old place once more."

The girl moved swiftly toward the doorway. "I'm goin' to bring you something," she said. "You stay—I won't be long," and before Lucy could reply she was gone.

For a few minutes Lucy waited doubtful—then as the girl did not reappear, she went on through the house. The old beautiful memories were not routed; it was rather as if she had come back to meet her own girlhood and give it its crown.

She was standing at the window of her old room, musing over it all, when

the girl's light step came to the door; her radiant face looked like a flower abloom in the dusk. "If you'll come downstairs," she said, shyly—"I've fixed something. It's picnicky, but it's better than nothin'."

Lucy followed her down, accepting gratefully the chair the girl had brought for her. She had not realized her weariness before, but now she knew that she was both faint and tired. She looked happily across the little feast.

"Ain't it just beautiful?" she sighed. For years it had been her fashion of saying grace. Yet, after all, it was of heart fare that they both partook—neither of them could eat much food; a bright restlessness was upon the girl and Lucy was always the slightest of eaters. In a little while she leaned back, her fragile meal complete.

The girl crumbled a cookie between her fingers; finally she looked up bravely. "Are you sure?" she asked, "about that that you said, you know?" Lucy's eyes met hers with quiet joy. "Yes," she said, "I'm as sure as I am that I am in this house this minute. I dunno but I'm surer."

A few minutes after Lucy seached the Home the 'bus arrived with its load of irritable and disheveled old ladies. The day would gather a golden glow as it slipped back in memory, but the immediate result was the undesirable one of tired and jarring nerves. Susan Potter climbed to her room, groaning at every step. "Here I be, an' here I'll stay till I die!" was her greeting. "I've had my lesson. Such scrougin' an' grubbin'! Oh, my land, how tired I be!"—Mabel Nelson Thurston in The Interior.

The Art of Pleasing

Somebody said it is better to be beautiful than to be good. But it is certainly better to be good than to be ugly. It is better to be charming. A woman cannot charm because she wants to. A man is not agreeable because he sets out to be. Quite the reverse. In effort is failure. The proper effect must like repartee, be spontaneous and unpremeditated. It must be radiated naturally, like light and love. Books there are that pretend to tell how it is done. They do so quite as competently as grasshoppers teach entomology. The ability to charm, to be agreeable, to entertain perfectly, and to be perfectly entertaining, is an art apprehensive only through influences generally prenatal but always prolonged. The mere technique is so volatile that it must be inhaled. Like the Mayfair intonation, little by little, it must be absorbed.

Kings and thugs may abash the amateur in the art of pleasing, but the artist is at home with them. In the ability to do that is the whole secret of the art of pleasing.—Edgar Saltus in the October Delineator.

What Does Not Make a Gentleman

A young man should not make a practice of using slang, and he should never use it in the presence of ladies. To advise a friend to "shut his face" or to "come off the perch" may sound "smart," but it is vulgar, and is fatal to those ambitious young men who feel that their success in life depends on the good opinion of cultivated people. Moreover this habitual slang is likely to crop out at the most inopportune times.

Slang is in bad taste and the slang we borrow from the English is the worst of all—the repetition of "don't you know?" for instance, "I'm going to town, don't you know, and if I see your friends, don't you know, I'll tell them you were asking for them, don't you know,—oh, yes, I shall, don't you know." Imagine an American so idiotic as not only to imitate the vulgar Cockney slang, but to do it in the vulgarst Cockney accent! There was a woman who at dinner said, "Have some soup, don't you know; it's not half nawsty, don't you know."

Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or diarrhoea, and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease. Change of water, cooking and green fruit, is sure to bring on the attacks. To such persons we would recommend Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial as being the best medicine in the market for all summer complaints. If a few drops are taken in water when the symptoms are noticed no further trouble will be experienced.

Red Rose Tea "is good tea"

Just notice the color—a rich amber, which is always a token of quality. Sold by the best grocers in Canada.

T. H. ESTABROOKS, ST. JOHN, N. B. WINNIPEG. TORONTO, 2 WELLINGTON ST. E.

Calendar for October 1906, THE ROSARY THE HOLY ANGELS. Includes days of the month, vestments, and feast days like Eighteenth Sunday After Pentecost, Nineteenth Sunday After Pentecost, etc.

VESTMENTS Largest Stock in Ontario FOR CHRISTMAS W. E. BLAKE, Church Supplies. 123 Church St., Toronto. Long Distance Phone Main 2463

RING UP PARK 553 FOR TOMLIN'S BREAD

If per chance the phone is in use, ring again. Success in the battle of life is won by persistence; and with good bread as the leading article of diet you have ten chances to one against your opponent who uses poor bread. If you use "Tomlin's Bread," and you like it, would it not be a kindly act to tell your neighbor about it? "IT'S GOOD"

JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM WATERLOO, ONT.

DISTILLER OF FINE WHISKEYS BRANDS 83 WHITE WHEAT TORONTO OFFICE 30 WELLINGTON EAST C. T. MEAD, AGENT

HOUSEKEEPERS See that you are well supplied with EDDY'S WARES And you will escape a great deal of annoyance, you would otherwise experience with a "2 in 1" or a "3 in 1" WASHBOARD AND AN EDDY FIBRETUB and PAIL Your washday labor can be reduced to a minimum and your comfort correspondingly enhanced.

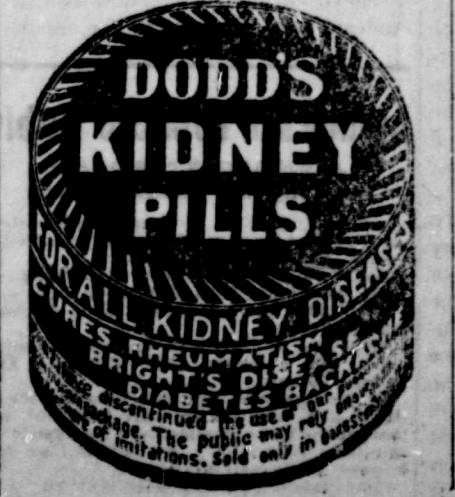
CURED HER BOY OF PNEUMONIA

Newmarket Mother is loud in her Praises of the Great Consumption Preventative

"My son Laurence was taken down with Pneumonia," says Mrs. A. O. Fisher, of Newmarket, Ont. "Two doctors attended him. He lay for three months almost like a dead child. His lungs became so swollen, his heart was pressed over to the right side. Altogether I think we paid \$140 to the doctors, and all the time he was getting worse. Then we commenced the Dr. Slocum treatment. The effect was wonderful. We saw a difference in two days. Our boy was soon strong and well."

Here is a positive proof that Psychine will cure Pneumonia. But why wait till Pneumonia comes. It always starts with a Cold. Cure the Cold and the Cold will never develop into Pneumonia, nor the Pneumonia into Consumption. The one sure way to clear out Cold, root and branch, and to build up the body so that the Cold won't come back is to use

PSYCHINE (Prescribed by Dr. Slocum) 50c. Per Bottle Larger sizes 91 and 95—all druggists. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, Toronto.



THE ONE PIANO That's the expression used by the greatest musicians to mark the exclusive place held by the Heintzman & Co. PIANO MADE BY Yo Olde Firme of Heintzman & Co. For over fifty years we have been giving experience and study to the perfecting of this great piano. Piano Sales: 114-117 King St. W., Toronto

Legal

JAMES E. DAY JOHN M. FERGUSON DAY & FERGUSON, BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS.

LEE, O'DONOGHUE & O'CONNOR BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.

McBRADY & O'CONNOR BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.

HEARN & SLATTERY BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.

LATCHFORD, McDUGALL & DALY BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS

UNWIN, MURPHY & ESTEN C. J. MURPHY, H. L. ESTEN

Architects

ARTHUR W. HOLMES ARCHITECT

Roofing

FORBES ROOFING COMPANY Slate and Gravel Roofing; Established fifty years.

McCABE & CO. UNDERTAKERS 222 Queen E. and 649 Queen W.

F. ROSAR UNDERTAKER 240 King St. East, Toronto

ALEX. MILLARD UNDERTAKER & EMBALMER

E. McCORMACK MERCHANT TAILOR

Dr. E. J. Woods, DENTIST

LABATT'S LONDON ALE AND STOUT

WORLD'S GREATEST BELL FOUNDRY

Brass Band Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.

WHALEY ROYCE & CO. Ltd. 55 MAIN ST.

Educational

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE BERLIN, ONT. COMMERCIAL COURSE; With modern Business College Features.

Loretto Abbey WELLINGTON PLACE TORONTO, ONTARIO

St. Michael's College IN AFFILIATION WITH TORONTO UNIVERSITY

St. Joseph's Academy ST. ALBAN ST. TORONTO

Young Man or Woman who invests in a Business, Shorthand, Telegraphy or English course at CANADA'S HIGHEST GRADE

Business School Dominion College LIMITED TORONTO

PAINTING AND DECORATING Plain and Ornamental

JAS. J. O'FEARN SHOP 249 QUEEN ST. W., PHONE M. 2677

FAIRCLOTH & CO. Phone Main 922

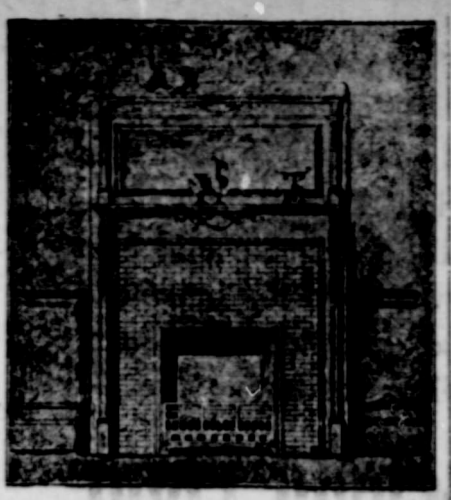
ART and STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS

MEMORIALS GRANITE and MARBLE MONUMENTS

McINTOSH-GULLETT CO., Limited Phone N. 1249

EMPRESS HOTEL Corner of Yonge and Gould Streets TORONTO

Richard Bisette - PROPRIETOR BELL'S



Mantels, Grates and Fire Place Fittings also Floor and Wall Tiles

When decorating your house and changing the fire-place it will pay you to visit our show rooms.

THE O'KEEFE Mantel & Tile Co. 97 Yonge St.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM HUNTERS' EXCURSIONS

SINGLE FARE Going Oct. 9th to Nov. 6th

Going Oct. 25 to Nov. 6th To Penetang, Midland, Lakefield, all points Severn to North Bay, Argyle to Cobocook, Lindsay to Haliburton.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY SPORTSMEN SATISFIED

REPORTS FROM ALL THE GAME SECTIONS OF THE Maritime Provinces

General Passenger Department Moncton, N.B.



A TRIUMPH OF ART In laundry work is what everyone calls the output of this establishment

New Method Laundry Limited 187-189 Parliament St. TORONTO

One of Ireland's Beauty Spots

In the annals of humanity there is no more touching incident of the yearning love for the eradle land than that of the dying Irishwoman to know from the priest if her soul would pass over Ireland on its flight to the home beyond the stars.

The Shrines of Armagh gleam far o'er yon lea, Nor afar is Dungannon that nursed liberty.

Going Oct. 9th to Nov. 6th To all points in Temagami on T. & N.O. Railway.

Going Oct. 25 to Nov. 6th To Penetang, Midland, Lakefield, all points Severn to North Bay, Argyle to Cobocook, Lindsay to Haliburton.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY SPORTSMEN SATISFIED

REPORTS FROM ALL THE GAME SECTIONS OF THE Maritime Provinces

A TRIUMPH OF ART In laundry work is what everyone calls the output of this establishment

New Method Laundry Limited 187-189 Parliament St. TORONTO

graveyard, and yet in the bygone years many a strange foot-step trod thereon from all quarters to visit the crumbling walls for upwards of half a century, old Felix Lynch taught the advanced scholars not only of this but of all the surrounding parishes.

Green be the grass above you, Friend of my early days, None knew you but to love you, Or named you but to praise.

What a trio of great men in this our own day have woven undying chapters around the deeds and names of those Nester chieftains—J. F. Taylor in his fine monograph on Owen Roe, the hero of Penburk; the unconquered Irish rebel, John Mitchell, in his life of the great Hugh of deathless fame; the kindly soggarth, Father Meehan, who so lovingly, in his flight of the Earls, follows them from the lake of the Meadows in Donegal to the last resting place on the aculeum in holy Rome.

'Tis a Marvellous Thing—When the cures effected by Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil are considered, the speedy and permanent relief it has brought to the suffering wherever it has been used, it must be regarded as a marvellous thing that so potent a medicine should result from the six simple ingredients which enter into its composition.

The "Shoneen" (The Catholic Mirror, Baltimore.) The constant and peculiar bane of the Gaelic League Movement is what is known as the Seonin or "Shoneen" that is the creature who is tacitly afraid of being too Irish, and who apes the ways, the speech and the manners and customs of the English in Ireland, to the exclusion from his mind and acts of all things Irish.

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

IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW Thousands of women suffer untold miseries every day with aching backs that really have no business to ache.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

will help you. They're helping sick, over-worked kidneys—all over the world—making them strong, healthy and vigorous.

Price 25 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

In and Around Toronto

RETREAT AT ST. FRANCIS.

A retreat for the members of the Blessed Virgin's Sodality and for the other young ladies of the parish, is now going on at St. Francis.

RECEPTION AT HOLY FAMILY.

At the Church of the Holy Family on Sunday afternoon a reception into the Holy Angels Sodality took place.

GRADUATION OF NURSES.

The annual graduation exercises in connection with St. Michael's Hospital took place on Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Owing to limited space the gathering was confined to the medical staff, the nurses of the institution and the Sisters in charge. Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., conferred the diplomas and medals and Dr. Bingham performed the duties of chairman. Short addresses, congratulatory and giving advice for the future guidance of the graduating class were made by Mr. T. Long, Mr. M. O'Connor and Drs. McPhedran, Bingham, Dwyer, Oldright, Uren, King, McMahon, Marlow and Dickson. Cheerfulness and prudence were the keynotes of most of the addresses. Rev. Mr. Braine paid a tribute to the hospital when he stated that in no single instance had he ever discovered ground for complaint against St. Michael's. Mr. O'Connor, who is one of the Board of Directors, announced the enlargement of the hospital at a near date. He also complimented those in charge on the business-like methods adopted in the setting about of the new work. Consultations with all capable of giving advice on the subject had been held and the results would be an hospital with all modern requirements. Dr. Dickson reminded those present that few hospitals are modern in the best sense of the word, that to be so the very best electrical equipment is necessary. Attention was drawn to the fact that while St. Michael's had the very best position in the city for emergency work, and did a great portion of it, that no recognition was made of this by public grant. The city had given \$200,000 to the new General Hospital and the University \$50,000, and while both city and university benefit by St. Michael's, so far no grant had been given. Before conferring the diplomas the Very Rev. Vicar-General thanked the medical staff for the high tributes to the efficiency of the hospital and of its nurses, and encouraged the out-going graduates to wear a cheerful face if possible, but in any case to do their duty. The meeting adjourned to assemble later in one of the wards turned for the time into a dainty banqueting hall. Red and white roses, the gift of the nurses of the first and second year, adorned the table and an immense cluster of American Beauties, the gift of Mr. Dissette, adorned the buffet. A pleasant hour was spent, the nurses entertaining the medical staff and a few friends. The graduates are:

Miss Ella M. Hamer, Port Arthur.
Miss Sophia Mahoney, Athery.
Miss Virginia Hooy, Blackstock.
Miss Catherine Tighe, Sandhill.
Miss Maude Lalone, Toronto.
Miss Martha Gendron, Penetanguishene.
Miss Emma Allard, Midland.
Miss Katherine W. Ryan, Toronto.

E. J. KYLIE, B.A., LECTURES.

"St. Francis of Assisi" was the subject of a very impressive lecture delivered to the pupils of De La Salle Institute on Friday afternoon by E. B. Kylie, B.A., of Toronto University. Professor Kylie began by conducting his audience in spirit to the little town of Assisi, the birthplace of the gentle Saint. Assisi is a small town in Central Italy and is situated some distance from the railway station. Little or no change has taken place in its appearance since the days of our Saint. The road leading to it is rough and conducts the wayfarer through some of the roughest regions of Italy. The most conspicuous object is the old feudal castle, but that which attracts the most attention is the Franciscan monastery, standing, as it does, on the brow of the hill and holding somewhat the appearance of a fortress. At some distance from the town stands the church of the Portiuncula, or the "Church of the Little Portion." It is built around the little chapel chosen by St. Francis as the cradle of his order.

Saint Francis belonged to an opulent family of the middle class and was the destined heir of his father's vast fortune. He mingled freely with the members of his class and was finally accounted their leader. In the midst of the pleasures and amusements in which he took a leading part, Francis was stricken down with a serious illness. During the course of his sickness the thought occurred to him that perhaps he was not leading the right kind of life. He determined to become a soldier, but on the road the same thought recurred, that perhaps another career had been marked for him. He returned to his home and began distributing his goods among the poor. This line of conduct, so different from the life he led formerly, alienated the affections of his former comrades and so enraged his father that he was cast out of the family. Then the mission of St. Francis began.

He gathered about him a few companions and began to preach to the poor of his native town. One of the first objects to claim his attention was the lepers, who, after being driven out of the town, had taken refuge in the neighboring valley. He ministered to these poor afflicted creatures and cheered them in their sufferings.

With his companions he invaded the country-places, preaching to the peasants, and gaining all hearts by his gentleness and kindness. It was this gentleness and this kindness that endeared him to all and has left his name a by-word for meekness throughout the land.

His love for dumb animals was remarkable. He preached to the birds, telling them to continue to praise God and they gathered in vast numbers on the trees and on the ground to hear him. He called them his brother birds. He used to summon all nature to help him to praise God. Such was the gentle saint of Assisi. He died in the little chapel of the Portiuncula.

Aside from the great order of Friars founded by him, he established one for the people of the world. Men felt that a new influence had entered the lists in behalf of the Church at the founding of this Order.

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered to the eloquent lecturer by Mr. J. B. Scanlon. The lecturer was under the auspices of the Varsity Literary Society of De La Salle Institute.

Following are the officers and members of Varsity Literary Society, De La Salle Institute: Honorary President, Rev. Brother Rogation; Honorary Vice-President, Rev. Brother Simon; Honorary Members—Austin Dee, Thomas Boland, Arthur Leonard and Arthur Ramsperger; President, Jas. Doyle; Vice-President, John Scanlon; Secretary, Wilfrid E. Chase; Recording Secretary, Joseph Torpey; Librarian, Joseph Clarke; Moderator, Brother T. Edward; Members, James Carolan, Edward Dunne, Yvo Johnston, Leo Leonard, O. D. LeRoy, Carroll March, Walter Mogan, John McCabe, John Neville, Stamford Warrington.

The Society meetings are held every Friday afternoon in the De La Salle Lecture Hall. The programme for the fall term consists of lectures, speeches, essays and debates on scientific, historical, literary and political subjects.

WILFRID E. CHASE, Secretary.

A CHARITABLE WORK.

Mrs. McCarthy of Mimico, and her daughters, are engaged in the charitable work of collecting second-hand clothing for the old Indians and children in charge of Rev. O. Charlebois, O.M.I., of St. Michael's school, Duck Lake, Province of Saskatchewan, and will call upon any kind enough to notify them that they have articles of this nature to give for above object. A card, stating the fact, addressed to Mrs. Jane McCarthy, P.O. Box B, Mimico, Ont., is all that is necessary.

REV. DR. TREACY HAS AUDIENCE WITH HIS HOLINESS.

Many will read with pleasure the account found in the "Irish Catholic" and republished below, of the doings abroad of Dixie's much loved parish priest, and one of the most esteemed and brilliant theologians of the Archdiocese of Toronto, Rev. Dr. Treacy. To the people of the Cathedral Parish especially, where for a number of years Father Treacy worked so strenuously and successfully, the following will make pleasant reading. During a much needed holiday, Dr. Treacy has had an audience with His Holiness, and in the course of the interview in keeping with his unselfish character, Father Treacy thought not of favors for himself, but for his friends. So we see it is Rev. Father O'Keefe, parish priest of Cappawhite, County Tipperary, Ireland, the native place of Father Treacy, who is remembered at the feet of His Holiness. It may be taken for granted, too, that the people of Dixie were not forgotten and that when Father Treacy returns he will bring with him rare spiritual blessings, received for them by their ever thoughtful pastor.

"The congregations at Cappawhite at both Masses on Sunday, 16th inst., were addressed by the Rev. Dr. Treacy, P.P., Dixie, Toronto, a native of Cappawhite, who said: 'I had the honor of a private audience with His Holiness Pope Pius X., on the 5th inst., and took advantage of the occasion to present the literary works of your parish priest, Father O'Keefe, to His Holiness. These were 'Moral Discourses,' 'Sermons at Mass,' and 'Self-Teacher of Music and Singing.' The Pope inquired of me if the good pastor had been able to write these books and still was able to perform his parish duties. I replied, 'Yes, your Holiness; and you will see by the criticisms of the high ecclesiastical authorities given in the books, notably, Cardinals Newman, Manning and Vaughan, and also Archbishop Croke—how strongly they are recommended to the public.' The Pope then carefully examined them and the criticisms. 'The Musical Chant,' said he, 'is a most important subject in our time, and one which I deemed necessary to write about recently in an encyclical letter addressed to the Universal Church. Tell him from me that I bless him, and his works, his family, and his parishioners; and to show my approbation, I hereby give the Apostolical Benediction. He then took his gold pen and with his own hand (which he rarely does) wrote the following—Dilecto filio eiusque operibus Apostolice Benedictionem ex operibus Apostolice Benedictionem ex animo impertimus. Pius P.P.X.' (Translation—'To our beloved son, and to his works, from our soul, we impart the Apostolical Benediction. Pius X., Pope.')"

"Father O'Keefe then ascended the Altar and said:

"My Dear People—I desire in my own name and in yours, to thank the Very Rev. Father Treacy, P.P., To-



If your flour doesn't act right whom do you blame? The grocer? He didn't make it. The travelling salesman told him it was good and somebody else told the salesman. When you buy

Royal Household Flour

your protection comes from us. We make it, know its goodness and guarantee it to both you and the grocer. It is always sold under our name and trademark, so you cannot go wrong. Ask your grocer for Royal Household Flour. It's the key to better living.



Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd.
MONTREAL.

"Ogilvie's Book for a Cook," contains 130 pages of excellent recipes, some never published before. Your grocer can tell you how to get it FREE.

ronto, for the great and unexpected favors which he has so kindly brought to this, his native parish, from Rome to the Sovereign Pontiff, the Supreme Visible Head of the Catholic Church. And without my asking, he has voluntarily brought these favors. It is a rare honor for an author to have his books presented to the Vicar of Christ, and to have the Pope himself sign with his own hand the Apostolical Benediction upon the books themselves and upon the author; and still more, through them, do I rejoice that a child of this parish has brought from the Pope a message that I should impart the Papal Benediction also to all the members of my parish. In writing these three books, 'Moral Discourses,' 'Sermons at Mass,' and the 'Self-Teacher of Music and Singing,' I spent almost all the spare moments of a busy missionary life for five and thirty years. Night and day I worked at this labor of love, and often thirteen hours out of the twenty-four. And three years and a half of that time Providence ordained that I had to work over a guano store. God gave me strength to do so, and I felt that I was working, and that I should work for the salvation of souls both far and near; any gold or any earthly honor could not pay me. I yearned to cast the bread upon the running waters. I wrote exclusively for the honor and glory of God. For, as the Psalmist says, 'Not to us, O Lord, not to us, but to Thy Name, give glory.' The Saviour condemned the man that buried his talent in a napkin in the ground. He forbids us to hide our light under a bushel. And he says, 'Let your light shine before men so that all who see your good works may glorify their Father who is in Heaven.' As I have often preached to you, and as I have written also in my books: We have nothing of good but what necessarily comes to us from God. It would therefore be ignorance and pride to lose our head, or to ascribe any good to ourselves as coming from ourselves. All we can claim as our own are our sins; and we should do penance for them, and in all humility make reparation to God for them. I have only to add that words fail me to express my heartfelt gratitude to His Holiness for the great honor he has done me, and for the favor which he has graciously bestowed upon me and my parishioners. Father O'Keefe then gave the Apostolical Benediction, the whole congregation kneeling."

dearest friends, did everything in his power to stay the hand of death. Rev. Father John Lilly, irremovable rector of the Immaculate Conception Church of Springfield, Mo., one of his oldest and most intimate friends, reached the hospital just 10 minutes after his death.

FRIEND TO SING MASS.

Father Lilly, who was associated with Father Kielty when he was pastor of St. Paul's church in Rall County, Mo., in 1861, will sing solemn requiem Mass over the bier of his friend, and the priests of the diocese will chant the offices of the dead. The funeral oration will be delivered by the venerable Father Charles Ziegler, rector of St. Malachy's church, who is himself one of the oldest priests in the diocese. The absolution ceremonies will be conducted by Archbishop Glennon.

Father O'Reilly will have charge of the parish until the appointment of Father Kielty's successor.

When he went to the hospital he hoped that he would soon be able to return to his parishioners, who loved him almost to veneration. The Franciscan Sister in charge of St. Anthony's soon realized that his condition was more serious than he believed, and began to prepare for the end. There was a constant stream of priests and friends to the hospital during his sickness, and he received them all as long as his strength would permit. He lapsed into unconsciousness about four days before his death. The end was peaceful and painless.

Father Kielty was born in the town of Boyle, Roscommon, Ireland. Certain records say he was born in March, 1830, which would make him 76 years old. He moved with his parents to Manchester, England, when he was seven years old. Before he grew to manhood he family came to America and settled at Cincinnati. There young Kielty fell in with the Jesuits, was enamored with the life of the clergy, and decided to become a priest. He was sent to the novitiate at Florissant, St. Louis County, and later graduated from the St. Louis Diocesan Seminary in Carondelet. He was ordained a priest in 1860.

SOON HAD CATHEDRAL CHARGE.

His first assignment was as assistant pastor of St. Lawrence O'Toole's parish. In 1861 he went to Ralls County and became pastor of St. Paul's Church, but he made such rapid strides in the priesthood that two years later he returned to St. Louis and took charge of the old Cathedral. He remained in charge of that important parish until Dec. 5, 1865, when he was transferred to the Church of the Immaculate Conception, which then stood at Eighth and Chestnut streets. He was transferred to the Church of the Holy Angels in February, 1869, and remained in charge there until his death.

When Father Kielty was pastor of the old Cathedral and the Immaculate Conception parishes, they were the most important in the city. At the time of his transfer to Holy Angels' Church many of the wealthiest and most prominent men in the city were on its roster. Although the center of wealth moved westward and Father Kielty's parishioners at Holy Angels finally came to be among the poorest in the city, yet he always maintained his close relations with the old French families, whose acquaintance he formed in earlier life. As his fashionable congregation gradually left him, and poorer and less stylish people came to worship in his church, there was not the slightest change in the faithful priest.

ARGUED WITH INGERSOLL.

Father Kielty was known from ocean to ocean as a wit and scholar. He was ready at all times to defend his faith. He gained wide notoriety about fifteen years ago by taking issue with Robert G. Ingersoll on the ethics of suicide. The celebrated agnostic lecturer made the statement that suicide did not constitute a sin. Father Kielty wrote a sermon on the subject, the principal point of which was that sin was an offense against God; that Ingersoll, being an infidel, did not believe in God, and therefore had no conception of what constituted sin, and no right to presume to instruct the public on that subject. He once engaged in a newspaper

United Empire Bank of Canada

HEAD OFFICE
CORNER OF YONGE AND FRONT STREETS
TORONTO

IDLE MONEY—Funds awaiting investment, accounts of individuals, firms, corporations, fraternal organizations, charitable associations and ecclesiastical societies are invited. Careful and painstaking attention is given to all accounts, whether large or small.

GEORGE P. REID,
GENERAL MANAGER

controversy with a well known Episcopal clergyman on the legality of Napoleon's divorce from Josephine. Throughout the discussion, which lasted several months, Father Kielty ably upheld his belief that marriage can be dissolved only by death.

Father Kielty's greatest love was his books. During his life time he collected one of the finest private libraries in St. Louis. About a year ago he presented the entire library, consisting of more than 2,000 carefully selected volumes, to St. Louis University. The library consisted of historical, polemic and ecclesiastical works, and it is now known as the Kielty addition to the library of the university. It was in accordance with his plan to administer his estate before his death that he gave the library to the university. In talking about its disposition, he once said that he intended to put it where he thought it would do the most good for the education of the Jesuits of St. Louis.

COLLECTED MORE BOOKS.

His library was a part of his life, and his intimate friends thought he began to decline immediately after the volumes he loved so well were transferred from his little parish home to the university. He said when he saw the books going that he had lost his best friend. During the last year of his life he collected about 300 additional volumes, and these are now in his room. It is said that he read nearly all of them.

In his early days Father Kielty had a desire to become a Jesuit. He has always had a high regard for the Order, but found that he preferred the more active life of the secular priesthood to that of a Jesuit teacher.

Father Kielty was a great lover of game chickens. During the last 25 years he kept a large flock of particularly fine chickens around his premises. At the time of his death he had many beautiful chickens of the Irish fighting stock, which were presented to him by the late Charles Turner. Although he was fond of this breed of fowl, he never permitted a cock fight, though some of his parishioners often jocularly challenged him to pit his finest roosters against their fighters. He told his friends so often that his own gameness was due to eating the eggs of game chickens that he came to believe it. This was one of his witticisms that became a part of his daily life.

Once when a party of friends had gathered around he made some eggs. The eggs in the concoction had been laid by his game chickens.

"This is what makes me so game," he remarked, pressing the goblet to his lips.

WIT TURNED AWAY WRATH.

The wit of the aged priest often served him well. A priest's duties are not always light or pleasant. Sometimes parishioners call in a greatly perturbed state of mind. Sometimes they even say harsh things to their pastor. It mattered not how angry a parishioner might be when he called on Father Kielty, he was always sent away in a happy frame of mind. A witty retort at an opportune time always served to pacify the caller, and it was the weapon the priest used most effectively in defending himself against attack.

His witticisms and quaint sayings were the delight of the coterie of intimate friends who gathered occasionally at the parochial residence to pass an evening with him. His silver jubilee in 1885 was almost a state-wide affair. Father Kielty desired to have a quiet celebration in his parish to commemorate his 25 years' service in the priesthood. His friends took the arrangements out of his hands and made the occasion one that he never forgot. The distinguished men of the city and state gathered at the church to pay their respects to the priest, who was then in the zenith of his power and influence as a clergyman. The Holy Angels' Church was at that time one of the most fashionable in the city. Father Kielty, though he could have had a better charge at any time, would never desert the old post. He remained loyal to his parish to the end.

He was twice nominated for the office of Bishop. His constant friend, Archbishop Kenrick, did everything he could to promote his success, but he was defeated in the first instance by the late Patrick A. Feehan, who died in Chicago a few years ago after having attained great eminence in the church, and in the second by Bishop John Lancaster Spaulding of Peoria.

Father Kielty had no near relatives living in St. Louis. Practically his entire estate consisted of his books.

LOVED BY PRIESTS AND PEOPLE

He was loved as few men are. He had the faculty of making and retaining friends. During his last sickness thousands of friends called at the parochial residence of the hospital to inquire about his condition. His fellow-clergyman were greatly devoted to him on account of his profound learning, his wide experience and his remarkable wit.

Rev. Father Ziegler, who will officiate over the casket of his dead friend, has been longer in the service than Father Kielty. Only recently Father Ziegler's eyesight was re-

stored after his parishioners, as he said, "took Heaven by storm" with their prayers. Fathers Ziegler and Kielty were young men together and both have served the entire period of their priesthood in the St. Louis Archdiocese.

The little church of the Holy Angels, where Father Kielty spent the greater part of his life as a priest, is one of the least imposing in the city. It was erected many years ago before church architecture in St. Louis had approached its present standard. Its weather-beaten walls show plainly enough that a wealthy congregation no longer worships there. The priests of the city who have seen Father Kielty stand by his little church during its waning power have loved him for his loyalty to his people, whose interests he could not forsake to seek those better able to reward him.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR

(Continued from page 1.)

fied in giving as a final message: "The hour of Ireland's deliverance is at hand."

A vote of thanks was moved by the Hon. G. W. Ross, who said they had had a great speech from Mr. O'Connor, and voiced himself loudly in favor of Home Rule, which was at the root of all constitutional government. The message he would send to the British House of Commons was "Trust Ireland." Mr. J. P. Downey, M.P.P., in seconding the vote of thanks, paid glowing tribute to Mr. O'Connor and his fellow-members, who had sacrificed so much for Ireland, and pointed out in strong terms the ability of the Irish to govern themselves.

SPENT SUNDAY IN TORONTO.

Mr. O'Connor was the guest of Mr. M. J. Haney, Elm avenue, Rosedale, on Saturday night. On Sunday Mr. E. J. Hearn accompanied him to the Grange for luncheon with Goldwin Smith. A visit was then paid to Hon. Edward Blake. Returning to the King Edward, Mr. O'Connor received a number of callers, including Hon. J. J. Foy and Justice and Mrs. Anglin. At 5.30 Mr. O'Connor left for New York. He was escorted to the station by the United Irish League committee. Before going he expressed great pleasure with his Toronto visit and particularly with his reception at Massey Hall on Saturday night.

ADDRESS TO MR. O'CONNOR

To Thomas Power O'Connor, Esq., Parliamentary Representative of the Scotland Division of Liverpool, Envoy of the United Irish League to America:

Dear Sir,—This public meeting of citizens convened under the auspices of the United Irish League extends to you a hearty welcome to the capital of Ontario. In doing so we once more re-affirm our confidence in the principles and policy of the United Irish League, and in the Irish Parliamentary Party.

We ask you, one of his most distinguished Lieutenants, to convey to Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P., leader of that party, an expression of our satisfaction with the splendid unity and patriotism that continue to characterize the constitutional struggle for government in Ireland according to Irish ideas.

It is with pride beyond expression we have so long witnessed that magnificent capacity for organization which enables the law-loving people of Ireland to press their glorious cause for victory gradually on, but with certainty by peaceful democratic means.

At various periods of stress since the late beloved Michael Davitt first raised his inspired voice in the land and Charles Stewart Parnell arose to face the problems of Ireland, the citizens of Toronto have with undiminished enthusiasm sent forth, when called upon, both sympathy and material support to the Irish people and their self-sacrificing leaders. At now when the hour seems very near for the fulfilment of years of hope and of great labor, in this critical situation our earnest wish is that the measure promised by the Government of the day may in no sense fall short of a complete scheme for the settlement of the Irish question—Home Rule.

Enjoying as we do the blessings of home rule in Canada, we are convinced, as we always have been, that such a measure will bring contentment and prosperity to Ireland, and prove in the best interests of the Empire.

Permit us one expression of personal delight in your visit, and of congratulation upon the results of the magnificent convention you have just attended. It is a great pleasure to us that you have come to the city of our own Honorable Edward Blake, whom may God preserve for the honor which his great name has conferred upon Canada, and the untold service which we know he has given and will continue to give Ireland to the end.

L. V. McBRADY, Secretary.
J. T. LOFTUS, Treasurer.
H. J. HANEY, Chairman.
E. J. HEARN,
Chairman of Committee.