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TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Back to Hamilton Again—A Bundle of Interesting Old Newspapers and Local Documents Loaned by Mrs. Bird—An Old Assessment Roll—Many Names of Old Timers upon it—A Scandalous Administration of Justice in the Forties—A Convert for a Purpose—Old Papers—The New York Globe and Emerald of 1825—Catholic Emancipation—Catholic Register of Philadelphia, date of 1838—The New World of New York, for 1842—Dublin Freeman's Journal for 1896, containing a Report of the Irish Race Convention of that Year—Many Canadians Present—Old Hamilton Elections—"Charley" Magill and "Paddy" McKinstry, both Irish, Rivals for Mural Honors—"Terry Branigan's Chronicles."

I have been favored by Mrs. Chas. J. Bird of Hamilton, with the perusal of a bundle of papers and documents which to me would be very interesting had I time to give them that attention which their contents merit. Mrs. Bird is a Hamilton-born lady of much intelligence and hospitality. I have an excellent recollection of her father, Mr. John Brick, who was in early days an assessor of that city; also, her uncle, Mr. Timothy Brick, whose election as town councillor in 1844 I well remember, and the lively contest his candidacy caused, his opponent being Mr. Daniel Kelly, an extensive carriage manufacturer of that time. Mrs. Bird, before her marriage, was well known as Susan Brick, and was one of the belles of Hamilton, beautiful, bright and witty. The Hamilton Bricks formed a large family. They were of good Kerry stock and were allied with the Ponsonbys. Her father's name I know as a prominent name among the late Dr. Bird of Lindsay, and I am happy to say they get along well together. They have an only child, Charles, a fine young man, who devotes his spare hours to the cause of union labor and is honored in labor circles. Mrs. Bird has a splendid memory and there are few events in the life of the city of Hamilton that she cannot recall, and 'Old-Timer' is happy to count her and her good husband among his Hamilton friends.

Among the documents that Mrs. Bird has been kind enough to give me is the loan of a Hamilton assessment roll of some year of the early forties. It is minus the cover and one or two of the front pages, so that I am at a loss for the year for which the roll was made out, but think it was 1843 or 1844. I well remember at least one-half of the names of the taxpayers therein mentioned.

The first name written down in this assessment roll is that of Mr. "G. P. Bull," which, if given in full, would be George Perkins Bull. Mr. Bull was a printer and publisher, and edited the Tory newspaper organ, "The Gazette." This Mr. Bull was an Irishman and an Orangeman and was the father of a large and interesting family. Before going to Hamilton he was the owner of a printing office in Toronto, located on King street east. But that was a long time ago. I remember the motto of the Gazette. It was "Fear God, honor the King and meddle not with those who are given to change." It is more than a generation since the Gazette ceased to exist.

The next name is that of Mrs. Thomas Wilson, afterwards Mrs. Thomas Beatty, of whom I have recently made some mention. Her location was the southeast corner of John and Main streets, where she kept a hotel. Mrs. Wilson was an Irish Catholic.

John Smith figures third on the list, on King street east, but I do not remember this particular John Smith. Alexander Bunker comes next. He was a "Yankee" and a grocer, whose place of business was on the south side of King street, near John. He was a genial fellow, but beside Mr. David B. Galbraith, I sur-

mise there are but very few others, if any, who have any recollection of him. Henry Crawford comes next on the King street list, but I have lost my recollection of him. I remember Joseph Mills, though, who was a hatter in Hamilton before Giassco or Bastido came. George Mortimer I have but a slight recollection of. D. B. Galbraith still survives, is a large property owner, and I believe owned the ground on which the Waldorf Hotel stands. He is now close to ninety years of age. He had a brother in business with him in the grocery line, whose name I think was T. W. Galbraith. The Galbraiths were grocers. James Myers, I remember. Henry Magill, I think, was a brother of "Charley," afterwards mayor and member of parliament and of Irish nativity. David Boyle, better known as "Davey" Boyle, was an Irishman and a blacksmith of some intelligence who used to have some "say" in things. Thomas Blair, I remember, but can't tell anything about him now, only that he was respectable and had cows. Charles Willott has escaped my memory, but Andrew McIlroy has not. He was one of Hamilton's early active men. He was a contractor and large property owner. He was Irish and a member of the old town board, and when the "burg" was organized into a city he became one of the first mayors, and if I am not mistaken, was afterwards one of the city's parliamentary members. Conrad Dewey was an American. The Deweps lived on King street east, and included daughters who carried on dressmaking. Stewart McDonnell was connected with the stage coaches. The foregoing all resided on King street east. The assessment roll is entered by wards and these are included in the 4th ward. King street seems to have been a boundary line for all the wards, of which there were four.

On Main street in the fourth ward I find the name of Thomas McIntosh. This man was the father of Thomas McIntosh, the well-known printer of "Banner" days. He lived immediately north of Buchanan, Harris & Co's big wholesale store, and was a weaver by trade. Mrs. Price's name is inserted in the Main street list. I think she was the woman who kept one of the first Hamilton hotels, a cottage-shaped house, behind the square at King and Wellington streets. "Widow Springer," I presume, was the relict of one of the owners of farms on which the city is now spread out. The Methodist "New Connexion" church on Main street comes in here. Ezekiel McCann was an Irishman who owned considerable property on Main and Tyburn streets and an old tenement house that was owned by him stands on the south side of Tyburn street yet. Tyburn street got that name because that street ran behind the jail and a man named Crowley was once hanged there, and Tyburn street in London was a place of execution, and who has not read of the "Tyburn hurdles"? The name of the street, however, in recent years, has been changed to Jackson street, in favor of Hamilton's early business man, Edward Jackson. The "Wesleyan Methodist" church was on the same street. Different kinds of Methodist churches were numerous in those days. There has been a union of some of the branches since. Thomas Atkinson was a butcher, occupying a stall in the old town hall building. Daniel Kelly's carriage factory was on the north side of Main street, a little east of John street. David White was an Irishman and a court-crier, a tall man of imposing appearance.

Catherine street was the home of some of Hamilton's men of importance in those days; for instance, Dr. O'Reilly, on the corner of Catherine and King, a popular physician, and father of the Dr. O'Reilly who was lately superintendent of the Toronto General Hospital. Major Bowen is down for Catherine street, although he owned a farm on the eastern line of the town. He was an unenviable notoriety as a stipendiary magistrate in the forties. Associated with him was another magistrate named Captain Roxberry. Both were ex-military men, and they ran a "justice shop" together on the west side of John street south, near the Court House Square, for all that was in it. It was the greatest travesty on justice ever known, and the poor people of Corktown were the greatest sufferers, as litigation was greatly encouraged among them. The litigation mill was kept running night and day and these men were growing very rich. At last the government "got on" to their scandalous proceedings and closed them up. All kinds of cases were trumped up, and fines and costs were imposed on the most trifling pretenses. The aftermath to

this is also interesting. The choice of a successor to these men was left by the Government to Vicar-General McDonnell, who trusted to his judgment. One reason for this was the disposition of members of his flock, to air their troubles in court. Residing in the next house to the Vicar was another ex-military man, one Captain Armstrong, who purposely ingratiated himself into the good graces of the dear old priest. He had a large family and was very poor. He was aware that whosoever the Vicar recommended to the Government would receive the appointment, and to make sure of the plum for himself, Armstrong and his whole family became Catholics. When Bowen and Roxberry were removed for the position and he got it. He held his court in the old engine house on King William street. He was hardly warm in his seat, however, when he recanted and attended Catholic worship no more. This is one of the religious scandals belonging to Hamilton that is remembered to this day. The pretended conversion of Armstrong was of course for a purpose.

I want to go through this assessment roll because there are many old names yet to be mentioned and commented on, but I have no more space for this matter in this issue.

Among the newspapers lent me by Mrs. Bird are the "Globe and Emerald" of New York, bearing the date of 1825. This is rare and interesting. It was a weekly journal devoted to literature, politics and the arts. It is largely taken up with the discussion of Catholic Emancipation, and Irish grievances generally. Notable is the reply of Lord Brougham to the Duke of York on the emancipation question, which emancipation did not take place until four years later. The principal American sympathizer with Ireland in those days was John Tyler, who became president of the United States. One of the features is a long, loving letter of Bishop England of Charleston, S.C., addressed to Daniel O'Connell. "The Globe and Emerald" is the oldest Irish-American paper that I have any knowledge of.

The Catholic Register of Philadelphia, a few copies of which are among the number, bears date of 1838, and the most important matter they contain is a report of the celebrated religious discussion between Rev. Mr. Gregg, a Protestant minister, and Father Tom Maguire, a Catholic priest, which is reported in full and is very interesting to controversialists.

The New World, which I often read when a boy, bears date of July, 1842. The great feature of that once important literary journal, now before me, is a review of the lives of the "United Irishmen," written by Dr. R. R. Madden, and dedicated to William Henry Curran, Esq.

A copy of the Dublin Freeman's Journal, dated September 5, 1896, contains a verbatim report of the great Irish Race Convention held in Dublin, Ireland, that month and year. A number of Canadians are given prominence in this report, which includes the names of Archbishop Walsh, Rev. Dr. Frank Ryan, Mr. Jas. J. Foy of Toronto; John McKeown of Hamilton; the Hon. John Costigan, M.P.; and Chevalier J. Heney of Ottawa; Rev. Dean Harris of St. Catharines, and a number of other Cana-

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ditions. The Freeman's Journal before me contains also the story of "My Life in Two Hemispheres," by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. The New York World of September 15, 1896, contains a description of Palmer and Buckner's campaign for the sound money Democrats in the Presidential contest of that year, with a letter from Grover Cleveland. The Hamilton Herald of September 20, 1902, contains an account of the mayoralty contest in Hamilton in 1858, between Charles Magill and Henry McKinstry, both Irish, when McKinstry won. Along with this there is an allusion to a small, humorous sheet, then in the possession of Mrs. Bird, entitled "Branigan's Chronicles," which was published by Terry Branigan, the well-known baker, and edited by one "Tom" Fleming, both men being well known to 'Old-Timer' in the days of the sound money movement. The figures are also given in this issue of the Herald. Alas, all the men whose names are here mentioned have long since passed in their checks and disappeared from the scenes of activity and strife, others following in their wake and striving for the bauble of fame.

Meaning of the Word "Chauffeur" Every time I pick up a newspaper," said Colonel Rensen Montague, "I see something about a chauffeur. A chauffeur has run his car at the rate of ninety miles an hour. 'A chauffeur nearly ran over Kaiser Wilhelm.' A chauffeur has been fined for overspeeding, and so on. Now, I will wager a large 10-cent Flor de Swegas cigar that not one person in a thousand who reads those articles or the man that writes them knows the real meaning of the word chauffeur. It is an old provincial French word and was originally applied to robbers who went about the country carrying 'farin' (flour) and torturing farmers to tell where they had hidden their money. It was used as a derisive application by the French to the drivers of the first smoke-wagons and now it has come into general use. The French also use it to designate a fireman or stoker and in English chemistry it denotes a small stove for melting metals. It is entirely out of place when used for the driver of a motor car and he should be called a motorist or something like that."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Little Louise MacPherson, whose mother, Mrs. McPherson, formerly conducted St. Mary's choir, Toronto, has developed into a pianist of the highest class. The little girl—only 13 years old—gave a recital in Butte, Mont., last week, which has attracted much attention from musical critics in the west.

The Toronto house-to-house visitation, arranged by the Ontario Sabbath School Association, is to be made on Wednesday, November 29. A strong executive committee has been formed, representative of Catholic and Protestant churches, including Rev. Father Minehan, and there is therefore to be concerted action in carrying out the plan. The help of 800 visitors and supervisors will be required, the entire work to be done on the one day.

PROF. J. P. LAUTH SUCCEEDS MR. SCANLAN. In 1888 Mr. Scanlan retired from the post of chief executive, being succeeded by Professor J. P. Lauth, who was then, even as he is now, in the prime of vigorous manhood. Under his guidance the order prospered. The society had now assumed a cosmopolitan caste, including in its membership Irish, German and French Catholics, Polish, Bohemian and Italian Catholics had become members in the meantime and ultimate success was already an assured fact. Mr. Patrick J. Cahill, at the present time Clerk of the Probate Court of Cook County, took up the reins laid down by Prof. Lauth in 1890, and under his regime prosperity also reigned. New courts were organized and new members were constantly added to established courts. If there ever existed a doubt that the order would not succeed it was dispelled by this time. Desirable men became members, all claims were met promptly, and the benefits resulting from membership were manifest on all sides.

MR. JOHN C. SCHUBERT CHOSEN. Conventions were held annually and each court was represented by one

delegate. The order had meanwhile spread to Canada. In 1892, at the Montreal convention, Mr. John C. Schubert was chosen High Chief Ranger, and one year later was re-elected at Chicago. Owing to the rapid growth of the order, it was decided in 1894, at the St. Paul convention, to create state and provincial jurisdictions, and thereafter the method of representation was changed, the state and provincial conventions electing delegates on an aggregate membership basis instead of each court having direct representation as formerly. This proved very successful. With an increasing membership, the conventions were becoming unwieldy under the original system. The new method provided for one delegate for each 500 members in the jurisdiction. The net result was an immense saving in money in the matter of conventions alone.

PLAN OF ASSESSMENT CHANGED. Mr. Schubert stepped aside in 1894, and the writer was chosen to succeed him, no change having since been made in the position of High Chief Ranger. At that time the total membership of the order was 26,579. The agitation to change the plan of assessment brought forth fruit in 1895 at the convention held at Ottawa, Canada. It was a hard and hotly contested battle, but the old level rate plan was forced to give way to the demand for a more progressive method, and a graded system of assessment was adopted. The great trouble here was that the new rate was much too low, it was, nevertheless, a step not only in advance, but in the right direction. It is always a very difficult matter to convince the rank and file of the membership of any society of the necessity of adopting a rate high enough to cover the cost of insurance, and our experience has proved no exception to the general rule.

When our order was established upwards of twenty-two years ago we had nothing to guide us in the matter of rates. Every move made was a guess. We not only did the best we could, but the best we knew how. Now we have more than a score of years of experience behind us and in the language of a distinguished American statesman, "We are confronted by a condition, not a theory." Our present rates are not sufficient. That being the case, it is only common justice to all the young and old—that our system be properly readjusted as soon as possible. If the National Fraternal Congress table of rates be accepted as satisfactory, no man, be his age what it may, will be called upon to pay more or less than the cost of his insurance. That he has paid less in the past is no excuse, why he should now hesitate to pay his just proportion for the future. But therein lies the trouble. He is so accustomed to paying bargain counter prices for his insurance that he insists every day should be a "bargain Friday."

On account of a great barrier of selfishness that clouds our reason, it is sometimes not our best proposition for us to see what our best interests are, but I believe that every reasonable man in our order who has any conception at all of ordinary business affairs, will, upon reflection, agree that in order to afford protection to those dependent upon him, he must pay for that protection something approximating its cost. The Catholic Order of Foresters stands to-day the foremost Catholic fraternal insurance society on the American continent. Its affairs are in the hands of competent and successful business men whose reputation for honor, honesty and integrity is of the highest possible standard. Everything is handled with an eye to economy. The surplus funds of the order, amounting to \$936,360.34, are invested in strictly high class securities. We have paid to date in death claims alone the sum of \$7,815,412.66, not including upwards of \$2,000,000 disbursed for sick benefit and funeral expenses. The present membership is over 118,000. Conventions are held biennially. Every leading fraternal insurance society in the country with singularly few exceptions, has increased its rates to an adequate figure during the past four or five years, and there can scarcely be any doubt that the Catholic Order of Foresters will have the moral courage to do likewise at its next international convention to be held in the city of St. Paul, on the first Monday in August, 1907.

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GROWTH OF THE C.O.F.

In view of the many members of the Catholic Order of Foresters in Canada, the following account from the New York World of the growth and present standing of the Order in the United States, will doubtless prove interesting: The history of the Catholic Order of Foresters since it was organized on May 12, 1883, is a source of pardonable pride to every man identified with the society. It was no easy matter to interest people in a Catholic beneficiary society twenty-two years ago. The fraternal system was at that time an unknown quantity. There was little encouragement held out to Catholics in the early eighties to become members, while they were absolutely forbidden to affiliate with certain organizations which had properly been placed under the ban of the Church. Non-Catholics were organized for family protection and the insurance paid to the dependents of deceased members was recognized as one of the greatest of its kind and lasting benefits. Inducement was held out to the public to become members of these societies and gradually they developed strength and prestige. At first, however, they met with poor success in the matter of interesting Catholics. The first Catholic fraternal insurance society of any note was organized about the year 1873. Others followed, but their growth was slow. Fraternal insurance began to be seriously discussed, and on May 24, 1883, the Catholic Order of Foresters of Illinois was organized in Chicago, its cradle being rocked in Holy Family parish.

MR. JOHN F. SCANLAN, HIGH CHIEF RANGER. Mr. John F. Scanlan, who continues down to the present day to be an active worker in the ranks of the Catholic Order of Foresters, was the first High Chief Ranger. He had the co-operation of many earnest men and although the prospects for success were not always of an encouraging nature, those men determined to continue on their onward march, believing there was a great future in Chicago and the West for a society like the one whose cause they espoused. The great problem was how to obtain members. The scope of the society was at first necessarily limited. The amount of insurance to be paid to beneficiaries of deceased members depended upon the membership of the society the plan being to levy an assessment of one dollar on each member. No death occurred in 1883, but three were recorded in 1884.

As the membership increased, Mr. Scanlan and his lieutenants improved every opportunity to promote the influence of the order and their success is reflected in present-day conditions. From time to time amendments were made to the constitution, progress being the watchword at all times. After the first three deaths which took place in 1884, the sum of \$1,000 has ever since been paid to beneficiaries of deceased members. The good arising from these disbursements was apparent, and as a direct result the membership slowly but surely increased.

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"Because," said the secretary, looking up with something between a snarl and a smile, "because to sit still and wear it, or fall asleep and wear it, or run away and wear it, is a mockery. That's all, friend."

"What would you have us do, master?" cried Hugh.

"Nothing," returned Gashford, shrugging his shoulders. "Nothing, when my lord was reproached and threatened for standing by you, I, as a prudent man, would have had you do nothing. When the soldiers were tramping you under their horses' feet, I would have had you do nothing. When one of them was struck down by a daring hand, and I saw confusion and dismay in all their faces, I would have had you do nothing—just what you did, in short. This is the young man who had so little prudence and so much boldness. Ah! I am sorry for him."

"Sorry, master!" cried Hugh.

"Sorry, Master Gashford!" echoed Dennis.

In case there should be a proclamation to-morrow offering five hundred pounds, or some such trifle, for his apprehension, and in case it should include another man who dropped into the lobby from the stairs above," said Gashford, coldly, "still, do nothing."

"Fire and fury, master!" cried Hugh, starting up. "What have we done that you should talk to us like this?"

"Nothing," returned Gashford with a sneer. "If you are cast into prison, if this young man—here—he looked hard at Barnaby's attentive face—'is dragged from us and from his friends perhaps from people whom he loves, and whom his death would kill, is thrown into jail, brought out and hanged before their eyes, still, do nothing. You'll find it your best policy, I have no doubt."

"Come on!" cried Hugh, striding towards the door. "Dennis—Barnaby—come on!"

"Where? To do what?" cried Gashford, slipping past him, and standing with his back against it.

"Anywhere! Anything!" cried Hugh. "Stand aside, master, or the window will serve our turn as well. Let us out!"

"Ha, ha, ha! You are of such an impetuous nature," said Gashford, changing his manner for one of the utmost good-fellowship and pleasantest rallying. "You are such an excitable creature—but you'll drink with me before you go."

"Oh, yes—certainly," growled Dennis, drawing his sleeve across his thirsty lips. "No malice, brother. Drink with Master Gashford!"

Hugh wiped his heated brow, and relaxed into a smile. The artificial secretary laughed outright.

"Some liquor here! Be quick, or he'll not stop, even for that. He is a man of such desperate ardor!" said the smooth secretary, whom Mr. Dennis corroborated with sundry nods and muttered oaths—"Once routed, he is a fellow of such fierce determination!"

Hugh poised his sturdy arm aloft, and clapping Barnaby on the back, bade him fear nothing. They shook hands together—poor Barnaby evidently possessed with the idea that he was among the most virtuous and disinterested heroes in the world—and Gashford laughed again.

"I hear," he said smoothly, as he stood among them with a great measure of liquor in his hand, and filled their glasses as quickly and as often as they chose, "I hear—but I cannot say whether it be true or false—that the men who are loitering in the streets to-night are half disposed to pull down a Roman chapel or two, and that they only want leaders. I even hear mention of them in Duke street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and in Warwick Street, Golden Square, but common report, you know. You are not going?"

"To do nothing, master, eh?" cried Hugh. "No jabs and halter for Barnaby and me. They must be frightened out of that. Leaders are wanted, are they? Now, boys!"

"A most impetuous fellow!" cried the secretary. "Ha, ha! A courageous, boisterous, most vehement fellow! A man who!"

There was no need to finish the sentence, for they had rushed out of the house, and were far beyond hearing. He stopped in the middle of a laugh, listened, drew on his gloves, and clapping his hands behind him, paced the deserted room for a long time, then bent his steps towards the busy town, and walked into the streets.

They were filled with people, for the rumor of that day's proceedings had made a great noise. Those persons who did not care to leave home, were at their doors or windows, and one topic of discourse prevailed on every side. Some reported that the riots were effectually put down, others that they had broken out again, some said that Lord George Gordon had been sent under a strong guard to the Tower; others that an attempt had been made upon the King's life, that the soldiers had been again called out, and that the noise of the musketry in a distant part of the town had been plainly heard within an hour. As it grew darker, these stories became more direful and mysterious, and often, when some frightened passenger ran past with tidings that the rioters were not far off, and were coming up, the doors were shut, and barred, lower windows made secure, and as much consternation engendered as if the city were invaded by a foreign army.

Gashford walked stealthily about, listening to all he heard, and diffusing or confirming, whenever he had an opportunity, such false intelligence as suited his own purpose, and, busily occupied in this way, turned into Holborn for the twentieth time, when a great many women and children came flying along the street—often panting and looking back—and the confused murmur of numerous voices struck upon his ear. Assured by these tokens, and by the red light which began to flash upon the houses on either side, that some of his friends were indeed approaching, he begged a moment's shelter at a door which opened as he passed, and running with some other persons to an upper window, looked out upon the crowd.

They had torches among them, and

than the dripping of a hundred water-buckets outside the window, or the scratching of as many mice behind the wainscot. I can't bear it. Do go to bed, Migs. To oblige me—do."

"You haven't got nothing to amuse you?" returned Miss Miggs, "and therefore you requests does not surprise me. But Missis has—'while you sit up, mims'—she added, turning to the locksmith's wife, "I could not, no not if twenty times the quantity of cold water was aperiently running down my back at this moment, go to bed with a quiet spirit."

Having spoken these words, Miss Miggs made divers efforts to rub her shoulders in an impossible place, and shivered from head to foot, thereby giving the beholders to understand that the imaginary cascade was still in full flow, but that a sense of duty upheld her under that, and all other sufferings, and nerved her to endurance.

Mrs. Varden being too sleepy to speak, and Miss Miggs having, as the phrase is, said her say, the locksmith had nothing for it but to sigh and be as quiet as he could.

But to be quiet with such a basilisk before him, was impossible. If he looked another way, it was worse to feel that she was rubbing her cheek, or twitching her ear, or winking her eye, or making all kinds of extraordinary shapes with her nose, than to see her do it. If she was for a moment free from any of these complaints, it was only because of her having been asleep, or of her arm being tucked up, or of her leg being huddled up with the cramp, or of some other horrible disorder which racked her whole frame. If she did enjoy a moment's ease, then with her eyes shut and her mouth wide open, she would be seen to sit very stiff and upright in her chair, then to nod a little way forward, and stop with another jerk, then to recover herself, then to come forward again—lower—lower—lower—by very slow degrees, until just as it seemed impossible that she could preserve her balance for another instant, and the locksmith was about to call out, in an agony to save her from falling down upon her forehead and fracturing her skull, then all of a sudden and without the smallest notice, she would come upright and rigid again with her eyes open, and in her countenance an expression of defiance, sleepily but yet most obstinate, which plainly said "I've never once closed since I looked at you last, and I'll take my oath of it!"

At length, after the clock had struck two, there was a sound at the street door, as if somebody had fallen against the knocker by accident. Miss Miggs immediately jumping up and clapping her hands, cried with a drowsy mingling of the sacred and profane, "Ally Loyer, mims! mims! Simon's knock!"

"Who's there?" said Gabriel.

"Me!" cried the well-known voice of Mr. Tappertit. Gabriel opened the door, and gave him admission.

He did not cut a very insinuating figure, for a man of his stature suffers in a crowd, and having been active in yesterday morning's work, his dress was literally crushed from head to foot, his hat being beaten out of all shape, and his shoes trodden down at the heel like slippers. His coat fluttered in strips about him, the buckles were torn away both from his knees and feet, half his neckerchief gone, and the bosom of his shirt was laid to latitudes. Yet notwithstanding all these personal disadvantages, despite his being very weak from heat and fatigue, and so begrimed with mud and dust that he might have been in a case, for anything of the real texture (either of skin or apparel) that the eye could discern, he walked haughtily into the parlor, and throwing himself into a chair, endeavored to thrust his hands into the pockets of his small clothes, which were turned inside out and displayed upon his legs, like tassels, surveyed the household with a gloomy dignity.

"Simon," said the locksmith gravely, "how comes it that you return home at this time of night and in this condition? Give me an assurance that you have not been among the rioters, and I am satisfied."

"Sir," replied Mr. Tappertit, with a contemptuous look, "I wonder at your assurance in making such demands."

"You have been drinking," said the locksmith.

"As a general principle, and in the most offensive sense of the words, sir," returned his journeyman with great self-possession, "I consider you a liar in that last observation you have unintentionally—unintentionally, sir—struck upon the truth."

"Martha," said the locksmith, turning to his wife, and shaking his head sorrowfully, while a smile at the absurd figure before him still played upon his open face, "I trust it may turn out that this poor lad is not the victim of the knaves and fools we have so often had words about, and who have done so much harm to-day. If he has been at Warwick Street or Duke Street to-night"—

"He has been at neither, sir," cried Mr. Tappertit in a loud voice, which he suddenly dropped into a whisper as he repeated, with eyes fixed upon the locksmith, "he has been at neither."

"I am glad of it with all my heart," said the locksmith in a serious tone, "for if he had been, and it could be proved against him, Martha, your Great Association would have been to the gallows and leaves them hanging in the air. It would, as sure as we're alive!"

Mrs. Varden was too much scared by Simon's altered manner and appearance, and by the accounts of the rioters which had reached her ears that night, to offer any retort, or go have recourse to her usual matrimonial policy. Miss Miggs wrung her hands and wept.

"He was not at Duke Street or at Warwick Street, G. Varden," said Simon, sternly, "but he was at Westminster. Perhaps, sir, he kicked a county member, perhaps, sir, he tapped a lord—you may stare, sir, I repeat it—Blood flowed from noses, and perhaps he tapped a lord. Who knows?"

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This," he added, putting his hand into his waistcoat pocket, and taking out a large tooth, at the sight of which both Miggs and Mrs. Varden screamed, "this was a bishop's. Beware, G. Varden!"

"Now, I would rather," said the locksmith, hastily, "have paid five hundred pounds, than had this come to pass. You idiot, do you know what peril you stand in?"

"I know it, sir," replied his journeyman, "and it is my glory. I was there, everybody saw me there. I was there, conspicuous, and prominent. I will abide the consequences."

The locksmith, really disturbed and agitated, paced to and fro in silence—glancing at his former 'prentice every now and then—and at length stopping before him, said:

"Get to bed, and sleep a couple of hours that you may wake penitent, and with some of your senses about you. Be sorry for what you have done, and we will try to save you. If I call him by five o'clock," said Varden, turning hurriedly to his wife, "and he washes himself clean and changes his dress, he may get to the Tower stairs, and away by the Gravesend tide-boat before any search is made for him. From there he can easily get on to Canterbury, where your cousin will give him work till this storm has blown over. I am not sure that I do right in screening him from the punishment he deserves but he has lived in this house, man and boy, for a dozen years, and I should be sorry if for this one day's work he make a miserable end. Lock the front door, Miggs, and show no light towards the street when you go upstairs. Quick, Simon! Get to bed."

"And do you suppose, sir," retorted Mr. Tappertit, with a thickness and slowness of speech which contrasted forcibly with the rapidity and earnestness of his kind-hearted master, "and do you suppose, sir, that I am base and mean enough to accept your servile proposition?—Miscreant!"

"Whatever you please, Sim, but get to bed. Every minute is of consequence. The light here, Miggs!"

"Yes, yes, oh! Go to bed directly," cried the two women together.

Mr. Tappertit stood upon his feet, and pushing his chair away to show that he needed no assistance, answered, swaying himself to and fro, and managing his head as if it had no connection whatever with his body:

"You spoke of Miggs, sir—Miggs may be smothered!"

"Oh, Simmun!" ejaculated that young lady in a faint voice. "Oh, mims! Oh sir! Oh goodness gracious, what a turn he has given me!"

"This family may all be smothered," returned Mr. Tappertit, after glancing at her with a smile of ineffable disdain, "excepting Mrs. V. I have come here, sir, for her sake, this night. Mrs. Varden, take this piece of paper. It's a protection, ma'am. You may need it."

With these words he held out an arm's length, a dirty, crumpled scrap of writing. The locksmith took it from him, opened it, and read as follows:

All good friends to our cause, I hope will be particular, and do no injury to the property of any true Protestant. I am well assured that the proprietor of this house is a staunch and worthy friend to the cause.

George Gordon. "What's this?" said the locksmith, with an altered face.

"Something that'll do you good service, young feller," replied his journeyman, "as you'll find. Keep that safe, and where you can lay your hand upon it in an instant. And chalk 'No Popery' on your door to-morrow night and for a week to come—that's all."

"This is a genuine document," said the locksmith, "I know, for I have seen the hand before. What threat does it imply? What devil is abroad?"

"A fiery devil," retorted Sim; "a flaming furious devil. Don't you put yourself in its way, or you're done for, my buck. Be warned in time, G. Varden. Farewell!"

But here the two women threw themselves in his way—especially Miggs, who fell upon him with such fever that she pinned him against the wall—and conjured him in moving words not to go forth till he was sober, to listen to reason, to think of it, to take some rest, and then determine.

"I tell you," said Mr. Tappertit, "that my mind is made up. My bleeding country calls me and I go! Miggs, if you don't get out of the way, I'll pinch you."

Miss Miggs, still clinging to the rebel, screamed once vociferously—but whether in the distraction of her mind, or because of his having executed his threat, is uncertain.

"Release me," said Simon, struggling to free himself from her chaste but spider-like embrace. "Let me go! I have made arrangements for you in an altered state of society, and I'll provide for you comfortably in life—there! Will that satisfy you?"

"Oh Simmun!" cried Miss Miggs. "Oh my blessed Simmun! Oh mims! What are my feelings at this conflicting moment!"

Of a rather turbulent description, it would seem, for her nightcap had

ELEVENTH MONTH 30 DAYS		THE SOULS IN PURGATORY	
November			
1905			
DAY OF MONTH	DAY OF WEEK	COLOR OF VESTMENTS	
1	W.	w.	All Saints, Holy Day of Obligation.
2	T.	b.	All Souls.
3	F.	w.	Of the Octave.
4	S.	w.	S. Charles Borromeo.
Twenty-First Sunday After Pentecost			
5	Su.	w.	Twenty First Sunday After Pentecost.
6	M.	w.	Of the Octave.
7	T.	w.	Of the Octave.
8	W.	w.	Of the Octave.
9	T.	w.	Dedication of S. John Lateran.
10	F.	w.	S. Andrew Avellino.
11	S.	w.	S. Martin of Tours.
Twenty-Second Sunday After Pentecost			
12	Su.	w.	Patronage of B. V. Mary.
13	M.	w.	S. Nicholas I., Pope.
14	T.	w.	S. Desaleddit, Pope.
15	W.	w.	S. Gertrude.
16	T.	r.	S. Josaphat.
17	F.	w.	S. Gregory the Wonderworker.
18	S.	w.	Dedication of SS. Peter and Paul.
Twenty-Third Sunday After Pentecost			
19	Su.	r.	S. Pontianus, Pope.
20	M.	w.	S. Felix of Valois.
21	T.	w.	Presentation of R. V. Mary.
22	W.	r.	S. Cecilia.
23	T.	r.	S. Clement, Pope.
24	F.	w.	S. John of the Cross.
25	S.	r.	S. Catharine.
Twenty-Fourth Sunday After Pentecost			
26	Su.	w.	S. Sylvester.
27	M.	w.	S. Elizabeth of Hungary.
28	T.	w.	S. Gregory II., Pope.
29	W.	w.	S. Gelasius, Pope.
30	T.	r.	S. Andrew, Apostle.

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been knocked off in the scuffle, and she was on her knees upon the floor, making a strange revelation of blue and yellow curl-papers, straggling locks of hair, tags of staylaces, and strings of its' impossible to say what, panting for breath, clasping her hands, turning her eyes upwards, shedding abundance of tears, and exhibiting various other symptoms of the acutest mental suffering.

"I leave," said Simon, turning to his master, with an utter disregard of Miggs' suddenly affliction, "a box of Miggs' madly affliction, 'a box of Miggs' madly affliction, with 'em. I don't want 'em. I'm never coming back here, any more. Provide yourself, sir, with a journeyman; I'm my country's journeyman, henceforward that's my line of business."

"Be what you like in two hours' time, but now go to bed," returned the locksmith, planting himself in the doorway. "Do you hear me? Go to bed!"

"I hear you and defy you, Varden," rejoined Simon Tappertit. "This night, sir, I have been in the country, planning an expedition which shall fill your bell-hanging soul with wonder and dismay. The plot demands my utmost energy. Let me pass!"

"I'll knock you down if you come near the door," replied the locksmith. "You had better go to bed."

Simon made no answer, but gathering himself up as straight as he could, plunged head foremost at his old master, and the two went driving out into the workshop together, plying their hands and feet so briskly that they looked like half a dozen, while Miggs and Mrs. Varden screamed for twelve.

It would have been easy for Varden to knock his old 'prentice down and bind his hand and foot, but as he was loath to hurt him in his defenceless state, he contented himself with parrying his blows when he could, taking them in perfect good part when he could not, and keeping between him and the door, until a favorable opportunity should present itself for forcing him to retreat upstairs, and shutting him up in his own room. But, in the goodness of his heart he calculated too much upon his adversary's weakness, and forgot that drunken men who have lost the power of walking steadily can often run. Watching his time, Simon Tappertit made a cunning show of falling back, staggered unexpectedly forward, brushed past him, opened the door (he knew the trick of that lock well), and darted down the street like a mad dog. The locksmith paused for a moment in the excess of his astonishment, and then gave chase.

It was an excellent season for a run, for at that silent hour the streets were deserted, the air was cool, and the flying figure before him distinctly visible at a great distance, as he sped away, with a long gaunt shadow following at its heels, and the short-winded locksmith had no chance against a man of Sim's youth and spare figure, though the day had been when he could have run him down in no time. The space between then rapidly increased, and the rays of the rising sun streamed upon Simon in the act of turning a distant corner, Gabriel Varden was fain to give up, and sit down on a door-step to fetch his breath. Simon meanwhile, without once stopping, fled at the same degree of swiftness to the Book, where, as he well knew, some of his company were lying, and at which respectable hostelry he had already acquired the distinction of being in great peril of the law—a friendly watch had been expected him all night, and was even now on the lookout for his coming.

"Go thy ways, Sim, go thy ways," said the locksmith, as soon as he could speak. "I have done my best for thee, poor lad, and would have saved thee, but the rope is round thy neck. So say."

No fear, and shaking his head in a very sorrowful and disconsolate manner, he turned back, and soon re-entered his own house, where Mrs. Varden and the faithful Miggs had been anxiously expecting his return.

"Now Mrs. Varden (and by consequence Miss Miggs likewise) was impressed with a secret misgiving that

she had gone wrong, that she had, to the utmost of her small means, aided and abetted the growth of disturbances, the end of which it was impossible to foresee, that she had led remotely to the scene which had just passed, and that the locksmith's time for triumph and reproach had now arrived indeed. And so strongly did Mrs. Varden feel this, and so crestfallen was she in consequence, that while her husband was pursuing their lost journeyman, she secreted under her chair the little red-brick dwelling-house with the yellow roof, lest it should furnish new occasion for reference to the painful theme, and now hid the same still more, with the skirts of her dress.

But it happened that the locksmith had been thinking of this very article on his way home, and that, coming into the room and not seeing it, he at once demanded where it was.

Mrs. Varden had no resource but to produce it, which she did with many tears, and broken protestations that if she could have known—

"Yes, yes," said Varden, "of course—I know that. I don't mean to reproach you, my dear. But recollect from this time that all good things perverted to evil purposes, are worse than those which are naturally bad. A thoroughly wicked woman is wicked indeed. When religion goes wrong she is very wrong, for the same reason. Let us say no more about it, my dear."

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The HOME CIRCLE

HELPFUL HINTS.

If one uses a wet chamois skin for dusting furniture, a furniture polish will not be needed. Take a soft chamois skin, wet in warm water—do not use hot—wring out as dry as possible. Use same as duster. It will remove dust and finger marks and leave furniture bright.

Thick milk will polish silver without the trouble of rubbing. Put the silver into a pan, cover with the sour milk and let stand for half an hour. Wash and rinse as usual. Every little crevice will be found bright and shining.

Castors on all heavy kitchen furniture will save strength and aid in keeping the kitchen clean.

Two pads the size and shape of two kettle holders and sewed to a piece of tape, are useful for lifting hot dishes out of an oven.

If a little ammonia is used every few days on brass faucets and tubes they will be kept bright and shining and with much less trouble than if polished only occasionally.

A saucepan in which rice, oatmeal or anything sticky has been cooked may be very easily cleaned by putting in a cupful of ashes when you take it off the fire and then fill with water.

A satisfactory way of preventing fish from tainting a refrigerator or any of the contents is to wrap the fish closely in a cloth wrung out of cold water. This will also prevent it from becoming hard and dry.

The difficulty in frying fish can be quickly overcome if you use plenty of perfect boiling fat. Fry the fish thoroughly and have sufficient fat for it to swim in. Let the fat throw off a blue smoke before using. Drop in only one piece at a time and cook till light brown. Drain on thick paper before the fire for a few moments before serving.

Varnish paint can be kept looking as bright as though freshly painted by soaking in water some time a bag filled with flax-seed and then using it as a cloth to clean the paint.

Engravings are often better framed without a mat. The mat often detracts from the beauty of a picture, instead of bringing out its beauties, as it does with water colors. Landscapes with a great deal of detail in them require an exceedingly narrow frame and as simple as it is possible to find, while, on the other hand, bold, broadly treated subjects require frames that are wide and plain, and large single heads are at their best in frames of either Florentine or rococo moulding, unless they are broadly treated, when a deep, flat frame of either gold or stained wood will serve as the best background and bring out the artistic treatment of the subject.

DON'T WHINE!

Take what comes to you and do your best with it. Make the bravest fight you can; train yourself to see the cheerful side of things, even the funny side of the mishaps you cannot help. Strange complaints with a laugh—a cheery laugh is good for heart and brain, and clears the mists from the eyes of faith. Endure what must needs be endured. Go forward bravely. Try to do some little act of kindness. One day is not a day well spent unless you have tried to send a ray of sunshine into some clouded life. What will you do today? You may be busy here and there with your household cares or the vexatious details of your business, but you should take time to make some one happy.

A SONG OF STRENGTH.

Be strong—
Be not afraid, for sun and moon and star
Lean down from Heaven where the heart's hopes are.
It is their light that make shadows appear,
How foolish, then, to waste the precious fear!
Be strong,
For gentle peace will come at even-song,
When little heartaches bring their joy along!
Be strong!
It matters not how long the gloomy way,
How dark the night that calls loud for the day,
For far beyond white morning's crimson skies
The little road winds on and glad replies—
"Be strong
And I will lead you safe through endless quest,
I led the Master to His land of rest."
Be strong!
This self-same stony path we all must tread,
And all must fight and taste life's crust of bread;
Roses there'll be for some, for others rue,
God flung them on the way for me and you.
Be strong
And consecrate with love life's holy hours,
And let them blossom into snow-white flowers!
Be strong!
Shoulder the trials of thy busy day!
Fight on! Push manly on into the fray
And fight the fight that God means you to fight
And set thy foot upon the path of right!
Be strong
And gentle peace will come at even-song!
Be strong, poor heart of man, be strong—be strong!
—William J. Fischer.
Waterloo, Ont.

MY HEART AND I.

Enough! we're tired, my heart and I.
We sit beside the headstone thus,
And wish that name were carved for us.
The moss reprints more tenderly
The hard types of the mason's knife
As heaven's sweet life renews earth's life.
With which we're tired, my heart and I.
You see we're tired, my heart and I,
We dealt with books, we trusted men.

THE GIRL WHO DOESN'T SUCCEED.

The girl who takes up work as a temporary occupation with her mind on the state of matrimony.

The girl who expects to begin at the top instead of slowly climbing there.

The girl who makes excuses for herself when a boy's pride would come to his aid and help him to overcome the difficulty which she tries to evade.

The girl who airs her grievances to others until she makes a nuisance of herself.

The girl who thinks she is entitled to privileges not granted to her brother.

The girl who is not thorough and conscientious about her work.

The girl who keeps her eye on the clock, fearful that she may give her employer a moment or two overtime.

The girl who spends her nights at parties and arrives at the office in the morning weary and out of humor.

The girl who is always doleful and down on her luck.

The girl who expects to carry on a flirtation or two coincidentally with her work.

The girl who tells everyone she doesn't have to work, but is only doing it to make extra pocket money.

The girl who talks over her employer's business outside of the office.

The girl who criticizes everything and everybody.

The girl who looks upon work as drudgery and has a grudge against fate for forcing her to do it.

The girl who fails to remain womanly and affects mannish qualities.

The girl who spends her money upon clothes instead of good health-bringing food.

The girl who is never on time.

The girl who depends on favoritism to advance her instead of good, honest endeavor.

The girl who constantly "solders" and plays sick.

The girl who is indifferent and listless and cannot even assume an interest in her occupation.

The girl who lacks courage and self-respect.

The girl who feels herself above her position and does not even condescend to fill it adequately.

The girl who tells you all the wonderful things she can do, but never gets right down to doing anything at all.—New York World.

A NATURAL ERROR.

Horrified Stranger—You say that four men were carried away unconscious, three were badly crushed, and the doctors were busy for an hour setting broken limbs? On what railway did the accident occur, sir?

Animated Narrator—Railway? Accident? It was the biggest football game of the season!

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There are certain elements of nature which go to form new blood and new nerve cells—to create new nerve force, the foundation of life, energy and vitality. These elements are so combined in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as to be easily assimilated by the most weakened human body.

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You cannot compare Dr. Chase's Nerve Food with any medicine you ever used, for it cures by the building-up process, whereas most nerve treatments merely soothe and deaden the nerves. Test this treatment by noting your increase in weight.

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

CHILDREN'S CORNER BLOOD HUMORS

PIGS MIGHT FLY.

Dot was only a little girl of seven, but she had a big sister who was eighteen, and wasn't she proud of her? Just now Dot was very lonely, for her big sister, whose name was Alice, was always so busy and so sad that she hardly ever seemed to have time to come and play ball or skipping-rope as she used to do; and mother was very ill in bed, so that Dot sometimes felt very miserable.

For a long time now, Dot and Alice and mother had lived in a pretty cottage in the country. It was only a tiny place, but mother and Alice had set to work when they first came there, and made it look quite delightful with some of the beautiful things they had brought from the big house that Dot could just remember, where she used to have a beautiful big nursery all to herself, and a nurse to look after her. Dot didn't know why they had left the beautiful house, so one day, when Alice was sewing in the little sitting-room in the cottage while mother was asleep upstairs, she said to her big sister:

"Alice, why don't we live in the big house now?"

"What big house, Dot dear?"

"The one we used to live in."

"Do you really remember it, dear?" she asked, taking her little sister on her knee.

"Yes, I think I do, though—I don't remember it very well," said Dot thoughtfully. "But wasn't it ever such a nice big place, Alice?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then why didn't we stay there?"

"Because we hadn't enough money to pay the rent, dear—when daddy died."

Dot looked at her big sister just then, because her voice sounded so queer, and oh! Alice—grown-up Alice—was crying! Dot flung her little arms round her sister's neck and pressed her soft cheek against her pretty curly hair.

"Don't cry, Alice. I'm so sorry I made you cry, Alice."

"It's all right, Dot, I was silly."

"And she gently kissed the anxious little face."

"Oh, Dot," she said, as she held her little sister clasped in her arms, "I wish we had some more money, so that mother could go away to the seaside. Then she'd get better," the doctor says."

"P'raps someone might bring us some money," said little Dot, hopefully.

"P'raps pigs might fly," said Alice with a laugh that sounded just like crying. "There, Dot, I must run and put the kettle on for mother's tea."

Dot went off into the garden very thoughtfully after this. She squeezed herself into a corner by an apple tree, and sat down to think. What did Alice mean by saying that "pigs might fly?"

"They couldn't," said Dot to herself. "I'm sure no one ever had pigs that could fly."

Then Dot had a splendid idea. She jumped up, and hurried off as fast as her legs would carry her through the garden gate, across the meadow, to Squire Benton's farm. He was a very, very rich gentleman who lived in a big house a little way off, but he had this farm because he liked "pretending to be a farmer," Alice said. Now, if anybody was likely to have pigs that could fly, it would certainly be Squire Benton. Dot managed to find the part of the farmyard where the pigs were kept, and she stood anxiously looking over the wall that went all round their house. She was going to watch those pigs to see if they ever did fly.

She had been there rather a long time, and the only thing the pigs did was to grunt and sniff about, when suddenly she heard someone say:

"Well, little woman, how much longer are you going to stay there watching those piggies?"

Dot turned round, and felt rather frightened, for she knew that this gentleman was the squire, because he had often seen him on horse-back.

She walked up to her now, and putting his hand under her chin, gently lifted her face, and looked kindly down into her blue eyes.

"Oh, please, I'm very sorry if I'm in the way, but—but pigs don't fly—ever—do they, Mr. Squire?"

Dot was rather angry when "Mr. Squire" laughed at her, but she stopped quickly, and, taking her hand very gently, he said:

"Come over into the garden, little girl, and I'll tell me what you mean."

Dot trotted off with the squire to the big garden in front of his house, and they sat down together on a comfortable garden seat.

"First of all," he said, "will you tell me your name?"

"Dot," she said.

"Oh, yes, and you and your sister and mother live at Woodbine Cottage don't you, Dot?"

"Yes," she said, "and mother's very ill."

"I'm so sorry, dear." And then, after a little while, he said: "Now tell me why you asked me about pigs flying."

Then Dot told him all about it. As she went on, she felt his big, strong hand hold hers tighter and tighter, and when she had finished, his head was bent down so that she couldn't see his face.

Presently he got up, and said:

"Well, dear, I think it must be past your tea-time. May I walk home with you?"

So Dot and the squire appeared at the cottage door together, and Alice must have been very frightened, Dot thought, for she went quite red in the face when she saw the squire.

Well, after that the squire often came to tea at the cottage, and Alice used to go down to the garden gate to see him off, and one night she came back with such bright eyes, and such a rosy face, that when she went to bed she said:

"To Prevent is Better Than to Repent—A little medicine in the shape of the wonderful pellets which are known as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, administered at the proper time and with the directions adhered to often prevent a serious attack of sickness and save money which would go to the doctor. In all irregularities of the digestive organs they are an invaluable corrective and by cleansing the blood they clear the skin of imperfections.

PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, ERUPTIONS, FLESHWORMS, HUMORS.

Many an otherwise beautiful and attractive face is sadly marred by unseemly eruptions, pimples, blotches, and various other blood diseases.

Their presence is a source of embarrassment to those afflicted, as well as pain and regret to their friends.

Many a cheek and brow—cast in the mould of grace and beauty—has been sadly defaced, their attractiveness lost, and their possessor rendered unhappy for years.

Why, then, consent to rest under this cloud of embarrassment?

There is an effectual remedy for all these defects, it is,

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

This remedy will drive out all the impurities from the blood and leave the complexion healthy and clear.

Miss Annie Tobin, Madoc, Ont., writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending your Burdock Blood Bitters to any one who may be troubled with pimples on the face. I paid out money to doctors, but could not get cured, and was almost discouraged, and despaired of ever getting rid of them. I thought I would give B.B.B. a trial, so got two bottles, and before I had taken them I was completely cured and have had no sign of pimples since."

Burdock Blood Bitters has been manufactured by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, for over 30 years, and has cured thousands in that time. Do not accept a substitute which unscrupulous dealers say is "just as good." "It can't be."

up to Dot's room to say "Good-night," Dot said:

"Why, Alice, you're all red in the face like you were when the squire came home with me."

But Alice only laughed.

After that Dot was told that Alice was going to marry the squire, and then all sorts of wonderful things happened. They all went to the seaside together, and mother came back quite well.

One day Dot said to Alice:

"Have you got enough money to live in a big house again now, Alice?"

And Alice said "yes."

Then Dot asked her not to laugh if she asked her something, and her sister promised that she wouldn't.

"Why did you say 'pigs might fly' when I asked you before about the money? Pigs can't fly, can they?"

"No, dear. This is what I meant: When you said then that someone might give us enough money to live in a big house, I thought it was just about as unlikely for that to happen as it was for pigs to fly. I knew pigs couldn't fly, and I thought I knew that no one would ever be good enough to give us all these lovely things. But someone has, you see."

"Although the pigs haven't begun to fly yet, eh?" laughed the squire, as he came in.

GOOD EXCUSES.

What is much needed for persons "in trouble," and especially for those in flagrant delicta, is a good excuse or an explanation on the spur of the moment for their each having, for example, three gold watches about them. An instance of this kind occurred only the other morning in London. A gentleman was stopped by a policeman at two a.m., and requested to explain the fact of his carrying four umbrellas. It had been a fine day, so that even one umbrella seemed unnecessary. The best account he could give of himself was that his mistress had been out at a party and he was carrying her property home. The inefficiency of an excuse of this sort is really lamentable. In no society do ladies take four umbrellas to an evening party. It would have been better for the poor wretch to have announced himself as a "Japanese nobleman of the first class, who, in deference to Western customs, was wearing four umbrellas instead of four swords." This would, at least, have staggered the policeman as being something out of his beat. In another case, three individuals are found, armed to the teeth, under the pantry table of a gentleman's house, who have no better explanation to give of their position than that "they were getting out of the rain." These excuses are pitiful and almost pathetic.

A Tonic for the Debilitated.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills by acting mildly but thoroughly on the secretions of the body are a valuable tonic, stimulating the lagging organs to healthful action and restoring them to full vigor. They can be taken in graduated doses and so used that they can be discontinued at any time without return of the ailments which they were used to allay.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE Benedictine Salve

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS RHEUMATISM

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

John O'Connor, Toronto:
DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.
S. PRICE.
475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1900.

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont.:
DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be cured again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, yours truly,
(MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.
256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901.

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

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

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

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve.
Yours truly,
GEO. FOGG.
St. James' Rectory, 428 N. 2nd street, Rockford, Ill.

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

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

PILES

241 Sackville street Toronto, August 15th, 1902.

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

Seeing your advertisement by chance, I thought I would try your Salve, and am proud to say it has made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend it to every sufferer.
JAMES SHAW.
Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901.

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

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

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

BLOOD POISONING

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

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

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

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TORONTO, NOVEMBER 16, 1905.

UNITARIANISM.

Our esteemed Unitarian friends have received a jolt in their exclusion from the Federation of Protestant churches to which they had applied for admission and had appointed clerical and lay delegates. This places their isolation in a strong light, but can they wonder at it? and what right have they to feel resentment?

Christians would gladly welcome Unitarians if they could safely do so, and Unitarians had rather be welcomed than be considered pariahs, to be shunned by believers. But there is between them an impasse. If Unitarians are in earnest, so too are the various Protestant denominations; and how shall oil and water be blended? Shall believers allow that faith is of no consequence and that therefore Unitarians are good enough Christians? or, shall Unitarians leave believers in peace, nor longer try to unsettle and efface whatever of faith their neighbors may hold?

We think that neither change is likely to happen. On the one hand we hope that believers may cling to their supernatural faith as their most precious possession, and on the other we fear that reverend Unitarians will continue to fight against faith of whatever kind.

Christianity is nothing if not supernatural, and if divested of its supernatural character would fade and disappear from among men. For 1900 years Christendom has believed that our Redeemer was God made man, and all the mighty Christian works of the ages have been conceived and effected under this belief. The Unitarian idea of a merely natural Christianity is fatuous, absurd and barren, and Unitarians under such a delusion will never accomplish anything or get anywhere. Their aims, to heaven all belief with doubt and negation and to "sweep the country" with a religion of nature alone, are pitiful enough in men otherwise rational.

A favorite though, disrespectful boast of reverend Unitarians will now perhaps have to be abandoned, viz.: that the leaders in other denominations are secretly Unitarians at heart, but dare not admit it and cannot afford to let their flocks know it.

Our Lord urged upon His disciples faith, before all else—ever faith, faith, faith. His entire ministry was full of miracles and He invited and accepted the worship of His hearers. The blessed apostle St. Thomas (to whom all Christians owe so great a debt) had a far better excuse for his doubts than any we can have, and yet he yielded—and fell down—saying, "My Lord and my God!" And did our Lord check him? Nay; He praised him.

Unitarians place our Lord in their pantheon among their great men, as an agitator—good indeed and intelligent for His era, while ignorant of modern inventions and science—but as simply human, and whose words are to be accepted or rejected at each man's pleasure.

This recalls a remark of the late Rev. Arthur B. Fuller (a brother of Margaret) from his pulpit in the Hanover street church. After some transcendental ideas he added: "Per contra, my dear brethren, it is true, that Paul says so and so, but there is where Paul and I differ!"

Throughout the Christian world regret is felt that the political upheaval of the sixteenth century, mis-called the Reformation, resulted in a fracture of religious unity instead of in reform (if it were needed) within the Christian Church. The desire for a return to religious unity grows apace, and, however gradual, success will be reached at last, and it can be accomplished only by reconciliation with the Church of which St. Peter was made the corner stone.

This reconciliation will come about by increase of supernatural faith, not by its diminution or abandonment, and Unitarians, who naturally should wish to be pioneers in the inspiring movement towards unity, bid fair instead to impede or delay it. Sad, that they have never profited by the example and counsel of their great leader, the late Dr. Brownson, of illustrious memory; but they would not follow the light he held aloft, preferring to stumble on in darkness and confusion.

Brownson was a great man—a giant indeed—who knew whereof he spoke and wrote, and had humility enough to seek and grace to find the true faith. He aided many souls and his works will yield fruit for ages to come. James Lowell and Octavius Frothingham have called him a weather-cock because he had boxed the compass of Protestantism in unwearied search after the truth, and this was easier for them than answering him would have been.

Similarly, when glorious John Dryden found out the truth pigmies found for him a base motive, that of currying the favor of a certain noble patron; but the latter died in Dryden's first year of conversion, yet Dryden continued until death devoted to his faith and regretting the disedification caused by his earlier works. Both Dryden and Brownson lived thirty years after becoming Catholics, grateful for their conversion and faithful to the glorious Church.

Unitarians are taught to despise creeds as effete and meaningless (although Catholics find theirs as true and as fresh as on the day when it was declared), but, urged to some statement of belief, they have agreed on one as colorless and as little liable to question as possible, viz.: The Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, discipleship to Christ and salvation by character. Of these four points the first three have been taught during nineteen centuries and among Christians have never been disputed. The last point is open to argument, as to what constitutes a good character. Turks, Chinese and others have a high reputation for probity and honesty, and many natural virtues are widely distributed among mankind. One essential trait of a good character is obedience to legitimate authority. Spiritual authority was conferred by the Messiah upon St. Peter and his successors (verbal your Bibles), and all Christians owe these their spiritual obedience. How does this duty of a Christian of good character strike the Unitarian creed-maker?

By the way, the contrast between Unitarian ministers and laymen is curious. We fancy the latter would not have attempted to build in among people so different from themselves—not to say antagonistic—without first feeling their ground and learning whether or not their presence would be agreeable. Unitarian laymen are as well bred as are the Quakers and as content to leave Christian believers in peace, while to reverend Unitarians anybody's belief in a supernatural revelation is a mortal offence, something indeed that they cannot abide. Then again these are timid and deem Catholics a menace both to Europe and America, and our esteemed neighbor, The Christian Register, disseminates these fears. Also, its chief foreign correspondent lately aspersed me honor and morals of the Archbishop of Naples and his clergy; and, although since shown by us the preposterousness of the charge, no apology has been forthcoming. We commend to reverend Unitarians a study of, and an imitation of, Unitarian lay gentlemen.

CATHOLIC CLUBS FOR YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN.

Since the St. Vincent de Paul Bureau has been established in their quarters, Room 45, Confederation Life Building, it has become more evident that we Catholics of Toronto should do all in our power, spiritual and socially, to help each other along. The Bureau is doing a good work and all of us can assist materially. All information is cheerfully given by Mr. D. Miller, who is in charge. There is also another burning question. For many years the need of Catholic clubs on the lines of the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A., has been apparent. Now with the population of the city becoming so great, it is a dire necessity. Only this week, while in conversation with the principal of one of the leading business colleges, it was brought more strongly to notice. He said among other things: "Boys of the Y.M.C.A. and ladies of the Y.W.C.A. bring to their club rooms others that they chance to meet at their boarding houses, at their place of business, or on the street. The newcomer is introduced at the club-rooms, is taken to the bowling alley, the chess table, etc., etc. The newcomer joins the club, and if inclined to be wild or wayward he or she is surrounded by such influences that tends only to good." Had this gentleman been a Catholic he might have said: "Influences that save a soul."

What are we doing? Will someone make a start? Let us hear from our readers. We will be glad to publish your opinion. It will not be necessary to publish your name.

BALFOUR FOR PREFERENCE.

Of great interest to Canadians is the announcement that Britain's Premier has come out in favor of a policy by which the trade of Greater Britain will be safeguarded. We have heard a great deal of Hon. Mr. Chamberlain—in fact we look upon him as a star among Britain's politicians—and rejoice that his policy is to be adopted. The resolution of the Conservative party, endorsed almost unanimously, at a conference held in London, is the proper direction. The conference declared that these

national and imperial objects should be obtained by such a readjustment of taxation as will, without increasing the cost of food to the poorer classes of this country, tend to secure fairer treatment of British manufacturers by foreign nations, prevent the practice of dumping and largely increase reciprocal preferential trade between the different parts of the British empire. The resolution was carried with only two dissentients.

By giving the Government a freedom to retaliate against unfair foreign competition and so readjust the fiscal policy of England, the British manufacturers will be encouraged and the Empire drawn together by preferential treatment of colonial goods.

DEATH OF REV. FATHER DOYLE

By the death of Rev. Father Doyle, which occurred at St. Vincent de Paul Hospital, Brockville, on Thursday, the Archdiocese of Kingston loses a devoted and zealous priest. Though his death was not wholly unexpected, it has caused widespread and profound sorrow. The sympathetic words heard on all sides are not by any means confined to adherents of the Church of which the dead priest was so devoted a son, but includes all classes, many of whom had learned to esteem the gentlemanly manner. During his residence in Brockville, Father Doyle had not only endeared himself to the members of St. Francis Xavier Church, but to all classes in the community, who could not help but admire him for his upright, sterling character.

The late Father James Doyle was a native of the parish of Carrick-on-Suir, in the diocese of Waterford and Lismore, Ireland. He was born 36 years ago. When quite young he evidenced a disposition towards the religious life, and after attending the schools of his native place, entered the famous seminary of Mount Mellary, where he took a classical course and graduated with high honor and marked distinction. He then went to the celebrated missionary college, All Hallows, near Dublin, where he pursued a philosophical and theological course. He affiliated with the Archdiocese of Kingston, and in Ireland received minor orders, the sub-deaconate and deaconate. He came to Canada in October, 1898, reaching Kingston the day before His Grace Archbishop Gauthier was consecrated. On December 4th of that year, he was ordained to the exalted office of priest, in St. Francis de Sales church, Smith's Falls, it being the first ordination ceremony that His Grace Archbishop Gauthier conducted after becoming the head of the historic Archdiocese of Kingston. At the same time Rev. Father Mea of Kingston, was ordained.

After his ordination, Father Doyle was stationed at St. Mary's Cathedral, where he won the respect of his ecclesiastical superior, and the people to whom he was delegated to minister, by his untiring zeal in the cause of promoting Christ's Kingdom on earth. As a reward for his arduous duties, he was appointed parish priest of Yonge, Athens and Rockport, and while performing the onerous labors there he was taken sick. The long term in college had told on him, and though he possessed a splendid physique, pulmonary trouble developed, which finally was consummated in death. Though in ill health he was anxious to perform the sacred duties of his sublime calling, and after a short stay in the hospital at Brockville, he resigned his rural charge to become curate to Very Rev. Vicar-General Masterson, at Prescott. He remained there for some months, and finally came to Brockville as assistant to Very Rev. Dean Murray. While there his health grew worse, and he took a trip to his old home in Ireland in the hope of restoring it, but again returned to Brockville last October. He entered St. Vincent de Paul Hospital, and despite the best medical attendance and careful nursing, the malady steadily increased, and in the end he passed peacefully away, surrounded by Very Rev. Dean Murray, Rev. Father Crawley, Trevelyan, and the Sisters of the hospital.

By the death of Father Doyle, not only has Brockville lost a good citizen, the Archdiocese of Kingston a noble priest, but in far away Ireland a devoted mother and two sisters mourn the loss of a worthy son and affectionate brother. Separated so far from the ties that bound him to them makes his early demise even more sorrowful. He is also survived by two brothers living in the United States. To the bereaved family we extend the deepest sympathy.

The late Father Doyle will be greatly missed by his brother priests with whom he was a great favorite. He was not only a profound theologian but a splendid speaker, and combined with both the qualities of a kind, loving Christian gentleman in every sense of the word.

D'YOUVILLE READING CIRCLE

Ottawa, November 10, 1905. Editor Catholic Register:
In spite of the inclement weather the Assembly Hall of the Rideau St. Convent was filled with a large and representative audience, last Monday afternoon, to hear Dr. Waters' great new lecture, *Joan of Arc*. It was a splendid argument for her full triumphant vindication; a vivid, touching word picture of the wonderful life and tragic death of the heaven inspired Maid of Orleans. (Mary Tudor's motto, "Time reveals the Truth," is strikingly exemplified here, for Joan of Arc, burned at the stake as a witch and a heretic, nearly five hundred years ago, stands to-day completely rehabilitated, a character that the lecturer, who will live in the love and veneration of the Christian world forever.)
The impossibility of finding a parallel for her, and the miraculous nature of her mission, were fully insisted upon. The career of Savonarola, who most nearly approaches her, can be explained and understood but how are we going to explain and understand hers, the most marvellous, epoch-making, military career in the history of the world, save as a miracle of God's direct intervention, in the affairs of men, a miracle

of his unceasing thought and care. What arrangement of natural causes can explain the transformation of this simple unlettered peasant girl of 17, into a splendid warrior, familiar with the ways of the field and of the court, who under great stress and trial retained her marvellous poise, and who after the most revolting imprisonment, was able to parry and baffle the fiendish attacks of lawyers and judges? Only the grace of God, said the lecturer, by which all things are possible, can explain this.

He spoke of her girlhood spent in the village of Domremy, as an idyllic poem, a simple tranquil existence, filled with religious and household duties. Her grandmother made herself responsible for Joan's meagre education, and among other things told her, how it was destined that France should be destroyed by a woman and saved by a maid. At the age of thirteen the voices came into her life; from this on the lecturer held his audience spell-bound. He told of her three years of silence during which the voices filled all her mind; how she shrank in panic terror from the superhuman task, they set her; of her first step in obedience, when she went to the Governor Vaudricourt, to obtain access to the Dauphin. His reception of her story, his complete incredulity, his ridicule of what he considered a monstrous impossible proposal, his refusal to treat the matter otherwise than as a good joke is the lecturer stated, one of the best proofs of the miraculous nature of Joan's mission. Here he made a digression, telling of that other woman who was largely responsible for the state of affairs in France, the intriguing Isabella of Bavaria. Continuing, he spoke of Joan's journey to the Dauphin, of her reception by him, then of her triumphant entry into Rheims, a dashing chevalier, clad in white and silver, of her riding into Rheims by the side of the Dauphin with her standard in her hands. Then of the playing out of the miracle play to its predestined end. First a series of stupendous marvels when Joan as commander in chief of the meagre French forces, raised a siege which had defied the whole might of France for seven months. This put an end to the system of foreign interference in French affairs, which had been going on for upwards of three hundred years. In reward she asked nothing for herself, but that her beloved Domremy should be exempt from taxation—one of the few promises Charles is said to have kept. She was not allowed to return to her home, and thenceforward the glory faded. She was captured by the English and sold to the Duke of Burgundy. As they could not condemn her as a prisoner of war, she was tried as a witch and a heretic. In spite of the horrible conditions of her imprisonment, not once did she break down in the courtroom, and in public and private was able to baffle the attacks of lawyers and judges. Condemned in defiance of all law and justice, she was beautiful and brave to the last. Truly touching was the picture the lecturer drew of the martyr's death, how she raised the crucifix to heaven, saying, "My voices were of God; they have not deceived me." He closed with a quotation from Andrew Lang's beautiful defence of the maid "who knew no carnal love nor the touch of fear, a sister saint in a glorious company."

It being the first appearance of the lecturer, before the Reading Circle, since receiving the well-deserved literary honors conferred upon him by the University of Nova Scotia, Mrs. Redmond Quain read a short congratulatory address, and Mr. Marell, Deputy Speaker, in moving the vote of thanks, also warmly congratulated him, paying him an eloquent tribute as a lecturer and a scholar.

Song of the Mountain

Son of all the cities,
With their culture and their code,
What brings you to my doorway
By the lone and starry road?
You may come with seven pack-mules,
You may walk or you may ride,
But you'll never, never know me
Till you come without a guide.

You may come with rod and level,
With compass and with chain,
To parcel me for profit
And barter me for gain;
You may tell my age in aeons
By the scars on drift and slide;
But you'll never, never know me
Till you learn how I abide.

You may range my slopes for silver,
You may wash my sands for gold,
You may tally every jewel,
Till my gems have all been told;
You may cross my wildest canyon,
You may top my last divide,
But you'll never, never know me
Till you watch me wonder-eyed.

You must sleep for nights together
With your head upon my breast,
The companion of my silence,
The receiver of my rest.
You may come with all your wisdom
To subdue me in your pride,
But you'll never, never know me
Till you love me like a bride.
—Bliss Carman.

Thanksgiving

Let us be thankful for the loyal hand
That love held out in welcome to
"our own,"
When love and only love could understand
The need of touches we had never known.
Let us be thankful for the longing eyes
That gave their secret to us as they wept,
Yet in return found, with a sweet surprise,
Love's kiss upon their lids, and, smiling slept.
And let us, too, be thankful that the tears
Of sorrow have not all been drained away,
That, through them still, for all the coming years,
We may look on the dead face of
To-day.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

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TO BE MEMORIZED: A, an, Can, Good, In, He, The, Will, Period.

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Molly on the Patches

It was the night of the Coventry Hunt ball, and Mrs. Grant-Moreby's two lovely daughters, each half hidden in the depths of a huge grandfather's chair, sat in front of the fire. Between them, looking perfectly at ease, although he sat on a chair as if it were a horse, was their guest—the Earl. Oh, how proud they were of this distant young cousin! How indifferently—alas! too indifferently to deceive some practised ears—had they introduced his name to their conversation, and left his convoluted envelopes about, and hung him upon their walls in every attitude which they could wheedle out of him. These portraits of the young nobleman were like himself—unhandsome.

Many Women Suffer UNTOLD AGONY FROM KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Very often they think it is from so-called "Female Disease." There is less female trouble than they think. Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, and a dragging-down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female trouble." Why, then, blame all your trouble to Female Disease? With healthy kidneys, few women will ever have "female disorders." The kidneys are so closely connected with all the internal organs, that when the kidneys go wrong, everything goes wrong. Much distress would be saved if women would only take

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most sunshiny face in the whole assembly close to his shoulder, he felt supremely happy. His partner's step was in perfect keeping with his own. He had scarcely to touch her. She was tall and inclined to be plump, but light as a feather in movement. And to crown all, she was faultlessly attired. The Earl, though he would have scorned to acknowledge it, had a rooted horror of dowds; and beautiful clothing, worn in good taste, always rendered a woman, however plain, pleasing in his eyes. And the girl, to whom one of the M.C.'s had introduced him, was exquisitely clad. They did not talk much. They were enjoying the dance too much for speech. The waltz was one of those which seem so to pulse with their own sweetness that they might have a human heart, from which joy was throbbing. As, toward the end, the music slowed a little, the Earl began to have some conversation with his partner. She had a most bewitching upward curve of her lips. It was the prettiest thing about her face, thought Lord Westingdown. Dimples played at the corners. Another dimple had its home in her round, white chin. Her eyes had the peculiar blue of the cornflower, and were singularly frank. The Earl asked if he might have the pleasure of another dance later on.

"Yes." No one would have called Lord Westingdown plain at that moment. The face that looked down on the bowed head was transfigured by its reverence and dawning love. "Wilfrid, we could scarcely believe our eyes when we saw you twice dancing with Molly of the Patches! She looked quite as if she thought herself 'sweet seventeen,' and she must be some year or older than you." There was a strange, an alarming silence before their cousin spoke. They could only dimly see his face in the dark carriage. Perhaps it was as well. "I do not care what her age is," he said, in a voice which, low as it was, vibrated so strongly that even their amazed ears could not fail to understand. "But I must ask you not to speak of her as Molly of the Patches again to me. In her I have found the one being in the whole world whom I hope to make my wife." Surprise had never before produced silence in the Misses Grant-Moreby. Now it held them in a firm grip, and long breaths of amazement were all the signs which in their gaze of comprehension. Their mother was asleep and therefore undisturbed by the astounding news. The Earl, forgetful, as soon as he had ceased speaking, of his cousin's presence, leaned toward the open window, looking up at the watching stars and pouring out a silent gratitude from an overflowing heart.—Madame.

OLD AND NEW JAPAN

The most remarkable fact in the world's history to-day is the progress Japan has made in modern education. It is as marvelous as her equipment and marshaling of fleets and armies. It was only in 1859 that the finishing touches were put on their elementary school system, and already there are 3,376,716 children in the primary and 618,110 in the high schools. Both sexes are included and the school programmes are, with one exception, exactly like those of Europe and America. No religion is taught, but America and Europe are rapidly tending in the same direction. In that respect Japan leads. Instruction is obligatory and free; the school age clause is vigorously enforced; private schools are permitted, but only to teachers holding certificates; home instruction requires a permission from the Mayor. Meantime the whole country is crazed with the desire to study; and school teachers devote themselves to their work for \$8 a month. Each commune has its high school to which promotion is made from the superior primary schools. These schools are for both sexes. In the girls' high school there are alone 6,799 pupils. Added to all this there are five technical schools which have courses of law, civil engineering and medicine, and finally, two universities, one at Tokio, the other at Kyoto. At the universities expenses are extremely low, being about a fourth of what they would be in Europe; Tokio has the largest number of professors. It may be of interest to say, in passing, that one of Tokio's founders, Dr. Chamberlain, recently became a Catholic, as did Dr. Von Korber, the professor of philosophy. The term for medicine is four years, that of law is still undetermined, for the other studies three years. In Kyoto there is only one foreign professor, and Tokio is getting rid of outsiders as fast as possible. There are sixteen there yet, twelve of whom are German, two French and two English. The special students who have been sent to the various countries of the world will soon return, and the corps will be exclusively native. Their bent is largely to applied science. How they satisfied that propensity Kuro-patkin and Rojostevsky can tell better than anybody else. However, law and medicine seem to predominate over civil engineering in Tokio. For metaphysics they have not only no taste but absolute contempt; and the explanation is easy. For hundreds of years the Japanese were Shintoists, that is pantheists. Then Confucianism invaded the country from China; Confucianism is materialism. When Europe battered down the gates of the nation and the Japanese youths went out to learn what the Western world would tell them, they learned only the teachings of Hegel, Schopenhauer, Comte, Spencer, Renan, etc. Christianity had no effect on them. Then the devil got his innings for the millions of souls St. Francis Xavier saved in Japan three centuries ago. The Japanese came

to us and we gave them Atheism. "They ask for bread and we give them a stone." Nevertheless the philosophy they got suited them. Morality is taught in all their schools; but only morality such as many of our own pedagogues want, namely: morality without religion, without conscience, without sanction, without knowledge of God with no belief in a future life. The Nirvana annihilates the Japanese. It is a common saying in Japan, "that it would be easy to make them Christians if it were not for the Ten Commandments." Before 1897 polygamy was authorized by law and the number of concubines for the nobles was fixed. The law in vigor now makes no mention of that, but the old custom is adhered to. The heir presumptive to the crown is the son of a concubine, and his right of succession was solemnly recognized in 1889, a short time after the adoption of the constitution. Families until a short time ago gave up their girls to be geishas at twelve or thirteen and no one was shocked. Why not? Did not Taine tell them that a good philosopher need not occupy himself with the moral order and could neglect the immoral and anti-social consequences? And was not Comte living like a Japanese with his French Geishas? Never was a soil better prepared for a pernicious philosophy. Their beautiful country satisfies them and they do not look beyond. They have been taught to be patriotic from their youth, and they adore the state. It is stateolatry in its most perfect expression and the way they immolated themselves for it shows the intensity of their belief. It is one of the most stupendous, sudden and startling triumphs of materialism. While grappling with it in Europe, the Church finds it exulting and crowned with glory in Japan, and the whole world applauding. She has had worse foes before and has succeeded in winning them to better views of life than material prosperity.—St. John's Quarterly.

Miss Josephine R. Sullivan

In an interesting article on "Some Catholic Journalists," Charles J. O'Malley, the post-editor of the New World, the official paper of the Catholic archdiocese of Chicago, calls the following tribute to one of the unassuming workers in the ranks of Detroit journalists:

NO DOUBT ABOUT 'ROBT. BOND'S CASE'

HE WAS CURED OF BRIGHT'S DISEASE BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. Doctor's said there was no hope for him but he is a Well Man Now. Mount Brydges, Ont., Nov. 13. — (Special).—That Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Bright's Disease completely and permanently has been clearly shown in the case of Mr. Robert Bond, a well-known resident of this place. Mr. Bond does not hesitate to say he owes his life to Dodd's Kidney Pills. "My attending physician," Mr. Bond states, "said I was in the last stages of Bright's Disease and that there was no hope for me. I then commenced to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and no other remedy. I used in all about twenty boxes when my doctor pronounced me quite well. I have had no return of the trouble since." Bright's Disease is Kidney Disease in its worst form. Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure it. They also cure milder forms of Kidney Complaint. "Miss Josephine Byrne Sullivan is the assistant editor of the Michigan Catholic, of Detroit, and her deft touch is seen on nearly every page of that able paper. Miss Sullivan was born in Stratford, Ont. She gathers news from nearly every Catholic source and practically writes it, and the result is an exceedingly agreeable weekly. In recent years Miss Sullivan has written considerable fiction, and one of her stories, "Father Joseph," has made the round of practically the English-speaking world. Whatever she touches is attractively presented." Miss Sullivan has conducted the children's department of the Michigan Catholic for the past eleven years. A volume of stories from her pen will be published in October. She is a sister of Miss Kathleen A. Sullivan, of Chicago, whose volume of poems, "Memories," was recently reviewed in The Free Press.

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RELIGIOUS CONDITIONS OF AMERICA

I learned that, broadly speaking, one half of the people of the United States professed no denominational creed, while the other half was divided into two nearly equal groups, of Catholics on the one hand and of Protestants—chiefly Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Baptists—on the other. President Roosevelt states, in his book on New York, that the Methodists and Baptists are the most numerous in the country districts, while the Catholic Church holds the first place in the cities. The division still holds good. We might complete it, however, by saying that the Episcopalians and Presbyterians are most numerous in the large cities, and, unlike the Catholics, are found as a rule among the wealthy classes. Most of the negroes are Protestants, chiefly Baptists.

What is especially striking is the fact that one-half, or even more, of the people of the United States are non-sectarian, i.e., belonging to no religious denomination whatsoever. The reader will perhaps be less surprised when he learns that no one is considered as belonging to a church unless his name is subscribed on the church books and he fulfills his spiritual and material obligations. We must grant that if we reckoned in the same way our European countries and especially France, would not make any better showing. I must say, however, that the facts mentioned above do not imply that the American people are without deep religious sentiments. Even the non-church-goers, for the most part, believe in God and in the immortality of the soul, they sincerely take part in the prayers of the nation offered up to God on solemn occasions, and more than that, they love the Gospel, and what might be called their natural religion is always Christian in its outward manifestation. A great many of them say their prayers, and very few of them are ignorant or fail to recite the Lord's Prayer. The out-and-out unbeliever, who boasts of his unbelief, is rarely met with in the United States, and so far as our French anticlerical, he is absolutely unknown. I have gone over a great part of the country, and have bought at random every kind of newspaper, without ever hearing or reading a word against religion, although the discussion often concerned ecclesiastical events or issues, like the school question.

But still the bald and disquieting fact remains, that in this country one-half of the people are absolutely without any positive religion. It is not, as with us, that they have abandoned the faith and the religious practices of their childhood; on the contrary, the people as a rule have been born and bred in this sad state. And while in a certain way they are worse off than our unbelievers, in whose souls there always remain traces of the religion they have abandoned, yet on the whole their condition is preferable, for never having had the faith, they are without the bitterness of prejudice, and if religion ever happens to be presented to them in its true beauty, as it always ought to be, their souls respond quickly to it, because of the innate longing for God which is deep down in their hearts. As far as one can judge by appearances, their state is merely the result of circumstances. Their parents, if Catholics, lost their faith merely because they came to the country at a time when the Church was not organized well enough to take care of them; and if Protestants because of finding the Church deprived of the support of the State, and receiving no spiritual direction, they soon broke up into all sorts of fantastic and contradictory sects.

Will this state of things continue? Will it even grow worse? It is difficult now to answer these questions, but no one can doubt their importance to the moral and religious future of the United States. Up to the present the people have lived, and for a time will continue to live, on the remains of the old religion, all their education, books, customs, and institutions being permeated with the Christian spirit of their ancestors.

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This disease from which so many suffer gives the average physician a great deal of trouble. The best medical men have endorsed "PSYCHINE," and recommended it in scores of the most obstinate cases. It has never failed in a single instance to give prompt relief, and a permanent cure when directions have been followed. The system of cure is entirely different from any of the old "purgative pills, powders or tablets." A few doses will remove the tightness and weight on stomach. Taken regularly it positively cures general distress, flatulency, nervousness, coated tongue, heartburn and palpitation. If you have never used "PSYCHINE," don't hesitate a moment longer. Ask your nearest druggist.

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But, to use in modified form, the famous image of Renan, if we can be content with the shadows of a reality, what will become of those after us who possess only a shadow of a shadow? Without the fear of the love of God, without the check which restrains their wicked inclinations, or the spur which incites to generous impulses, what will become of the American of to-morrow? How will he overcome the temptations of pride which the progress of science will surely bring and how will he withstand the evils that material progress will emphasize day by day.

From "In the Land of the Strenuous Life," McClurg & Co., Chicago.

This is doubtless a serious problem, and those Americans who feel they are in some way responsible for the nation's future, realize it full well. To maintain at all costs the religious ideal, and the Christian standard above wealth, material well-being, and power—this is the one chiefly insisted upon in their discourses by the leaders of American public opinion, by the most clear-sighted and eminent of her sons, like President Roosevelt of Bishop Spalding. It is indeed good that all Christian bodies should work against this great danger of irreligion; and it is consoling to see that without sacrificing their own belief, the Christian churches in America respect one another, and even at times unite in combating some great evil, as for instance, the vice of intemperance. It would certainly be a welcome task for me to describe all the good done by the various Protestant sects, and if I have little to say on the subject here it is for the very obvious reason that I gathered my information chiefly in my visits to Catholics. At the same time, however, it is admitted that the Protestant churches in the United States are far from exercising the same moral influence that is exercised by the Catholic Church. Not only does she count nearly as many adherents as all the other churches combined, but she has also a far more powerful influence upon the people. By her sacraments, especially by Confession, she combats intemperance, lust and other vices, with a strength that the most beautiful discourses of Protestant ministers can never equal. By her numerous schools, club-houses, asylums, orphanages, hospitals, refuges and good works of every kind founded and fostered by the many religious people who devote their lives thereto, she reforms and aids and elevates the working-classes who still make up the bulk of her people. But the chief service to the state, perhaps, is her work among the immigrants, for which many far-sighted Catholics have praised her highly. Within the last year there have come to the United States nearly a million Europeans, half of whom are Catholics, two hundred thousand of the poorest have come from Italy alone, most of them possessing little more than the ten dollars required by law. If the church had not been on hand to receive them, to watch over them, to offer them some sort of moral refuge, to teach their children religion, and at the same time the English language and American customs, one could hardly view without dismay the possible misery and crime to come from this ignorant and abandoned multitude. The opinion men influence of the moral and national accounts in great measure for the peculiar esteem in which she is held in the United States, and which places her beyond question above all the other churches in the minds of the people. Of course there are other reasons to account for this fact, which surprises even the best disposed foreigners; for example, her divine constitution, her discipline, her clear and logical teaching, and the prestige that many of her leaders have acquired in a country almost fanatical in its worship of personal power and enthusiasm over its great men. But to pursue these considerations would carry us too far. Let us say, however, that America, far from being, as we had been led to expect, a Protestant country in which the Catholic Church was respected, proved to be, in our opinion, a country half Catholic and half Christian, in which Catholicism holds the highest place. From "In the Land of the Strenuous Life," by Abbe Felix Klein, of the Catholic University of Paris. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

March they have a sale on the 17th and 18th at some private house in London.

The headquarters of our County Meath industry is at Navan. The President is Mrs. Everard, the wife of Colonel Everard, the man who re-introduced the cultivation of tobacco into Ireland. He planted 100 acres with it last year, and it has grown splendidly and proved very profitable. I have a specimen of it in my booth.

"We have seventy members of our association, all women, each of whom pays a yearly due. We conduct nine lacemaking classes, with from six to sixty girls in a class. The classes are held in the school-houses, courthouses or any other convenient place in the different villages. We have a thoroughly accomplished and well paid lacemaker as teacher of each class. One of our classes, that of Mrs. Everard's, has been in existence seven years, older workers leaving as they acquire the art, and younger ones entering. Our drapery work has taken the highest medal four successive years at the Dublin horse-show. No charge is made in our classes. The material is furnished to the girls, and as soon as the work is good enough to sell it is bought from them."

Why Catholics May Not Attend Protestant Services

The question may sometimes be asked, "Why do Catholics give missions to non-Catholics, and especially invite Protestants to hear Catholic doctrine expounded by Catholic priests, when at the same time Catholics resent any attempt to get Catholics to attend a Protestant service?" The answer is simply this, says the Sacred Heart Review: Protestants are invited by Catholics to listen to explanations of Catholic doctrine, because Catholics know that Protestants can attend without violating any principle of Protestantism which is a religion of private opinion. Disclaiming infallibility both for himself and for the denomination to which he may at present be giving his allegiance, a logical Protestant must necessarily be in the attitude of a seeker after truth. On the other hand, a Catholic, not resting his faith on varying and fallible witnesses, but on the infallible Church, believes that he possesses an absolute certainty that this Church is the one Church and the only Church that Jesus Christ established. This fact is as clear and unshaken in his mind as the mathematical proposition that two and two make four. It admits of no question, no shadow of a doubt. The logical Protestant is and must be a seeker after truth; the Catholic believes that he has already found it. The Protestant, therefore, can take part in any religious service, for he knows not at what turn he may receive more light to cause him to change his present denomination for another, but the Catholic, because of the facts stated, cannot, without violating the essential principle of his faith, take part in the religious service of any church but of that which he believes to have been instituted by Christ. Participation, therefore, in a Protestant service is, to the Catholic mind, not merely a question of liberality, or toleration or broad-mindedness; it is a question simply of right and wrong.

"Add A Step"

"O father! my sword is too short, I know!
And how can I win the day
When, hand to hand, I must meet the foe
And keep him—with this!—at bay!"

"Say not, weak boy, that your sword is too short,
But add a step to its length!"
Was the Spartan father's stern re-
-tor!
As he tested the young lad's strength.

Ab! many a time in the battle of life
When we murmur, disheartened and sad,
O'er our poor short swords, we might
win in the strife
Had we courage the step to add!
—E. E. Brown, in October St. Nicholas.

The St. Nicholas in 1906

The "Pinkey Perkins" stories by Captain Hammond of West Point, which have been appearing in St. Nicholas during the past year, have been gathered into book form and appear from The Century Co's press. These stories have been very popular with the young folks, and it is said that Capt. Hammond has been prevailed upon to continue them, and to write more of Pinkey's experiences for the coming year of St. Nicholas.

A DISTINGUISHED FAMILY.

Stranger in Town—Sis, why don't you get your hair cut?
Sis—"Cause when I get a little older I'm goin' to be a Circassian beauty; father is the fan-lipped-buzzard, and mother is the Sumatran cork chewer, and I've got a sister what can swaller terbacker an' tie her ear into a true lover's knot."

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School of Practical Science TORONTO

The Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering of the University of 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.

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 has the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

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:

- At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years.
- 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 homesteader of this act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
- If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements of this act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

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

Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST MINING REGULATIONS.

Coal—Coal lands may be purchased at \$10 per acre for soft coal, and \$200 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 \$750 per acre for each individual, and from \$50 to \$100 per annum for a company, according to capital.

A free miner, having discovered mineral in place, may locate a claim 1,500 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 of PLACER mining claims generally, are 100 feet square; entry fee \$5, renewable yearly.

A free miner may obtain two leases to dredge for gold of five miles each for a term of twenty years, renewable at the discretion of the Minister of the Interior.

The lessee shall have a dredge in operation within one season from the date of the lease, and shall return therefor \$500 per annum for each mile of river leased. Royalty at the rate of 2 1/2 per cent. collected on the output after it exceeds 10,000,000.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Companies

THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY
Incorporated 1851

FIRE and MARINE

HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO, ONT.

CAPITAL \$2,000,000

Assets \$ 3,545,000
Annual Income 3,675,000
Losses paid since organization 37,000,000

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MANAGING DIRECTOR
Geo. R. R. Cockburn
Hon. S. C. Wood, J. K. Osborne,
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W. R. Brock, Esq. C. C. Foster, Secretary.

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14 VICTORIA STREET
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Phone—Residence Park 667.

ROYAL INSURANCE CO. OF ENGLAND

ASSETS \$62,000,000. DOLLARS

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ATLAS ASSURANCE CO., LIMITED
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Residence Tel.—Park 667.

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Head Office—TORONTO

Some Salient Features from Report of 1904.

Insurance in force	\$7,646,798.35
Increase, 24 per cent.	\$1,474,192.85
New Insurance issued	\$2,258,157.00
Increase, 26 per cent.	\$600,958.75
Cash Income, Premiums, Interest, etc.	\$283,546.51
Increase, 26 per cent.	\$57,366.09
Total Expense, Payments to Policy-holders, etc.	\$106,931.19
Interest Revenue alone more than pays Death Claims.	
Death Claims during year	\$38,517.00
Rate per 1,000 means insurance in force	5.56 per cent.
Average annual Death	Rate 14 yrs. 2 1/2 mos. - 3.54 per 1000
The lowest rate on record for any Company of same age.	
Reserve (being in excess of Gov' standard)	\$744,074.49
Increase, 23 per cent.	\$139,726.12
Total Assets for Policy-holders security, bal.	\$1,253,216.05
\$1.67 for every dollar of liability, including Reserve.	
Net Surplus on Policy-holders Account	\$84,141.56
Reserves for seven years on Hm. table, Interest at 3 1/2 per cent.	
Interest earned on mean Net Assets,	6.33 per cent.

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E. MARSHALL, Secretary.
DAVID FASKEN, President.

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Corner of Yonge and Gould Streets TORONTO

TERMS: \$1.50 PER DAY

Electric Cars from the Union Station Every Three Minutes.

RICHARD GASSIOTE - PROPRIETOR

EARN THIS WATCH

The easiest thing in the world. Hundreds of boys have done it and they say it is fun a dandy—lastingly polished silver watch case, strong steel and gold watch, decorated porcelain dial, heavy bevelled crystal lens, minute and second hands of fine box steel and gold works given absolutely true readings.

Picture Post Cards
Elegant pictures, beautifully colored, and like wall-paper, send name and address and we'll mail 10 sets postal.

Sell them at 10c a set (4 sets in a set, return money, and we'll promptly send you the balance when they're gone.)

COLONIAL ART CO.
DEPT. 1162 TORONTO



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Life Building, 60 King St. West, Toronto.
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OTTAWA, ONT.
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UNWIN, MURPHY & ESTEN
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ONTARIO LAND SURVEYORS, ETC.
Surveys, Plans and Descriptions of Property,
Disputed Boundaries Adjusted, Timber Limits
and Mining Claims Located. Office: Corner
Richmond and Bay Sts., Toronto. Telephone
Main 1136.

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ARTHUR W. HOLMES
ARCHITECT
10 Bloor St. East. TORONTO
Telephone: North 1260.

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FORBES ROOFING COMPANY—
Slate and Gravel Roofing; Established
forty years. 153 Bay Street. Phone
Main 53.

McCABE & CO. UNDERTAKERS
222 Queen E. and 649 Queen W.
Tel. M. 2338 Tel. M. 1406

F. ROSAR UNDERTAKER
240 King St. East, Toronto
Telephone Main 104.

Late J. Young ALEX. MILLARD
UNDERTAKER & EMBALMER
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MAIN TORONTO

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Most Artistic Design in the City
PRICES REASONABLE
WORK THE VERY BEST

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Phone N. 1249 1119, Yonge St
TORONTO

E. McCORMACK
MERCHANT TAILOR
27 COLBORNE STREET
Opposite King Edward Hotel

Established A. D. 1856.

ROBERT McCAUSLAND LIMITED
86 Wellington St. West
Toronto, Canada

Memorial Stained Glass Windows

References:
St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto,
The Foy Memorial and Sir Frank
Smith Memorial Windows,
St. Mary's, Toronto, etc.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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EARN THIS WATCH

The easiest thing in the world. Hundreds of boys have done it and they say it is fun a dandy—lastingly polished silver watch case, strong steel and gold watch, decorated porcelain dial, heavy bevelled crystal lens, minute and second hands of fine box steel and gold works given absolutely true readings.

Picture Post Cards
Elegant pictures, beautifully colored, and like wall-paper, send name and address and we'll mail 10 sets postal.

Sell them at 10c a set (4 sets in a set, return money, and we'll promptly send you the balance when they're gone.)

COLONIAL ART CO.
DEPT. 1162 TORONTO

In and Around Toronto

A TRIPLE MISSION.

The entire Catholic population of Toronto may at present be spoken of as under the influence of the missions now in progress and conducted by the Redemptorist Fathers in St. Paul's, St. Mary's and St. Helen's parishes.

AN INTERESTING EVENT.

The marriage of Miss May Murphy of St. Basil's parish, daughter of Mr. J. J. Murphy of the Crown Lands Department, to Mr. George Arthur Calvert, a bare account of which appeared last week, was an event requiring more than a passing notice.

PRESENTATION TO ST. LEO'S ORGANIST.

On Sunday, Nov. 12th, the congregation of St. Leo's in Mimico, had a reluctant farewell to their organist, Miss Alice Daly, who has had charge of the choir for some time past.

THE VALUE OF THE SCHOOL.

Catholic Colleges have suffered from ignorant fault-finders and equally ignorant or narrow-minded supporters. More than all from that almost slavish adherence to tradition which goes by the name of conservatism.

\$15 VALUE for \$6.95. 173 Grand Singing and Playing Machines Must Be Sold at Once. It's the biggest value that has ever been offered in the talking machine business.

St. Mary's Catholic Literary and Athletic Association.

On Tuesday evening, at the club rooms on Bathurst street, the club held a most successful so-called, the main feature of the occasion being the distribution of the prizes won on Saturday last.

Catholic Snobs.

Thackeray is the great authority on snobs, as Carlyle is the great authority on shams. But there is one type of snob which was unknown to the great English caricaturist.

WE SEND ONE "SAMPLE WATCH" ONLY TO ANY ONE PERSON. OUR \$10.50 WATCH, ONLY \$3.65. Don't send a cent of money.

TO BE PUBLISHED THIS WEEK. Irish History and the Irish Question. By PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH.

Days and Nights in the Tropics. By REV. W. R. HARRIS, D.D. Author of "History of the Niagara Peninsula, etc."

MORANG & COMPANY LIMITED. 90 Wellington Street West, TORONTO. NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

CHRISTMAS. Buying now while our stock is at its best is a pleasure instead of a labor during the rush. The Jewelry Parlors JAS. D. BAILEY.

DURING RECENT MONTHS THE ELLIOTT Business College. TORONTO, ONT. W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal.

Black Fur Neckware. Sets of black fur are very becoming to a large majority of people. Holt, Renfrew & Co. 5 King St. East Toronto.

TEACHER WANTED. Roman Catholic for the Downeyville Separate School, 1905. HENRY MATHEWS, Secy.-Treas.

Luxfer Prisms. For more light. Ornamental Windows. For beautifying the Home. Memorial Windows. For decorating the Church.

DRUGS At Wholesale Prices. REG. PRICE OR PH. PRICE. Dean's Kidney Pills, 50c. Ferrous Pills, 50c.

DEATH OF A LITTLE GIRL.

The accidental death of Leslie McMahon, the two-year-old daughter and youngest child of Dr. and Mrs. T. F. McMahon of Bathurst street, has called forth commiseration and regret on every side.

DEATH OF MRS. BABE.

After a long and trying illness the death of Mrs. Frank Babe occurred at her home, Jane street, Toronto Junction, on Monday, the 13th inst. Mrs. Babe was known throughout the district as a generous and amiable woman and an excellent neighbor.

United Empire Bank of Canada.

In our last issue we published the prospectus of this new commercial enterprise. The Directorship is an especially strong one, and with the management in the hands of Mr. Geo. P. Reid, formerly General Manager of the Standard Bank, success is assured.

THE Auld Brig O' Ayr Saved.

Lord Rosebery and other common Burnetts have gained their point, and the famous 'Brig' of the poet's verse has been meantime saved from the hand of the vandal.

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The Oriental Rug Renovation Co. (National Building) 129 King St. East, Toronto, Opposite St. James Cathedral. A WORD IS ENOUGH TO THE WISE. Rugs and carpets beautifully Washed, Repaired and Stretched.

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