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TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

My Hamilton Reminiscences Continued
 —Some Irish Lawyers—Cahill, the Martins, John Sheridan Hogan—Buchanan, Harris & Co., Great Wholesale Merchants—Some More Irish Hotel-keepers—John Bradley, "Billy" Daley, "Alick" Borland—Mrs. Wilson, afterwards Mrs. Beatty, a graceful hostess—"Old Pat" Harvey, the Waterloo soldier—"Make way for the Chequered Store."—Consumption carried the Murphys off like the Smileys. Others for another issue.

I have received word from an unexpected source that my review of the late Mr. Durand's "Reminiscences" and my own recollections give pleasure to your readers, but more especially those of Hamilton, some of whom have a knowledge of the people and circumstances that I recall. I would have given more of these reminiscences in my last only that I was afraid of monopolizing too much of your valuable space. I have yet to mention some persons that were of importance in old Hamilton days and of whom I have a vivid, and in some instances a kindly thought. The lawyer that drew up my indentures as an apprentice to John Robertson, the printer that printed Vicar-General Macdonell's paper "The Catholic" was an Irishman named Cahill—James Cahill. I well remember his face and figure, but he was not remarkable for talent, nor was he in any particular way distinguished. He simply went to swell the professional list of the pioneer Irish of the city at the head of navigation; but I do not think he was affected by the besetting Irish sin and kept a clear head. The most distinguished Irish lawyers in Hamilton, of whom I have any knowledge, were the Martins, father and two sons. I am not sure that the father, Richard Martin, was a lawyer; he was an estate gentleman in Galway and belonged to a noted family, and why he came to Canada with them is what I do not know. Two of the sons, Richard and John, studied law with a Mr. Freeman, I think. Freeman was a leading Hamilton lawyer and was a leader among the Reformers. The Colonel was a genial old gentleman and was very popular, and it was Mr. Hincks that secured his appointment as Sheriff of Haldimand, with the county seat at Cayuga. How long he has been dead I cannot say, but it must be a good many years. The son that was named after himself died in Windsor, Ont., but a few months ago, having acquired a good old age. The Martins are among the people that I call to recollection with pleasure, because there was a good deal of generosity and Irish feeling about them. They have not lived in Hamilton, however, for half a century.

John Sheridan Hogan, he who was murdered at the Don bridge in Toronto, was a resident of Hamilton in my early days there. He went to Hamilton from Toronto when a boy, and was apprenticed to the printing trade, but whom to, I never learned. He next studied law, I think in the office of Sir Allan Napier McNab, but he never reached any distinction as a lawyer. He did acquire some fame as a writer and essayist, having been a contributor to "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine." He did not affiliate with the men of his own blood and lineage, but rather scorned their association. I knew him well. There was a good deal of personal vanity in his make-up. He was a fine figure of a man, tall, good-looking and well-fettered. But he wore his hair in curls like a woman, and that was no fashion for men then, either. In the early fifties he entered the newspaper field in Toronto and started a weekly sheet named the "United Empire Loyalist," which, like many others, some of my own included, turned out a failure. Think of a Tipperary boy attempting to figure in such a role!

I was associated with him later—in the editorial department of Toronto's first daily paper, the "Colonist," after Samuel Thompson became the proprietor of that journal. He was first employed as parliamentary correspondent and afterwards as editorial writer. It was when employed on the "Colonist" that he was elected a member of the Canadian Parliament for the new County of Gray. I do not think he displayed any special merit as a legislator. His sad end, however, was greatly regretted. He was not addicted to in-temperate habits and was a very companionable man. Whenever he went sharply after any politician, as he did after Dr. Rolph, he "polished him off." That was his own pet phrase. When he was the political editor of the Daily "Colonist" "Old-Timer" was the city editor of the same journal. I do not remember that a disagreeable word ever passed between Mr. Hogan and myself. His office in Hamilton was in a small, two-story brick building, situated on the east side of Hughson street, between King and Main streets, but nearer Main street. Hugh B. Wilson, another lawyer and prominent U. E. Loyalist, had his office in the same house; so had Geo. S. Tiffany, the Reform leader. Paola Brown was the janitor and lived with his family in the basement. I do not think there is a vestige of that house left to-day.

I have by no means made mention yet of all the Irish prominent in Hamilton in the early forties. There was the great mercantile firm of Buchanan, Harris & Co., Isaac Buchanan in those days was known as the "Prince of Merchants." He had wholesale stores in Glasgow, Liverpool, New York, Montreal, Toronto and Hamilton, besides other cities that I am not certain about. He was the Reform candidate in Toronto for the first united parliament of Canada in 1841, along with John Henry Dunn and was elected. He was of Highland Scotch extraction, with strong Irish sympathies. Mr. Harris, his chief Hamilton partner, was of Irish birth, but not demonstratively Irish. He was at one time president of the Great Western Railroad Co., and prominent in other enterprises, and probably was at one time president of the St. Patrick's Society. He was a good business man and a good citizen of Hamilton. Alas, both are long since dead. The only Hamiltonian of the early days now alive that I often saw and well remember, is Mr. Donald McKay of Gordon & McKay, wholesale merchants, on Front street, Toronto. He must be now bearing his three score years and thirty. He went to Hamilton from Montreal about 1840.

I wish to make further reference to the early hotel-keepers of Irish nationality, not yet mentioned in these papers. There was John Bradley, who kept the "British Coffee House," a substantial stone hostelry on the east side of the Court House Square and close to the "Gazette" office. I am not aware of the late Mr. Bradley's particular section of Ireland, but I do know he was a good-natured gentleman and a great practical joker. When I was an urchin he once challenged me to run a race with him on the sidewalk in front of his premises and allowed me to outstrip him. He used to delight in telling his guests how a Yankee once got the better of his sagacity by selling him basswood hams and wooden nutmegs, and sometimes exhibited the goods. At another time when the lawyers of the Gore district were having a banquet at his hotel and the toast of the "Bar of Canada" was proposed, Mr. Bradley jumped up to respond and assured them that whenever they favored him with their presence at his bar he would present them with the very best that Canada afforded.

"Billy" Daley I believe I have already referred to. He kept what

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might be called "a road house" on a corner of King street west, opposite the residence of the late Hon. Samuel Mills and did a thriving country trade with farmers and others. It was one of the old-fashioned wooden country taverns, two stories in height with a large hallway in the centre of it, the house painted white, and green Venetian blinds to the windows. He had "good accommodation for man and beast," a warm welcome and a pleasant way with him. He was a person of rotund build and was usually called "Billy." Another man of a good deal the same kind of material was Alexander Borland, whose hostelry was about a mile further west on the Dundas road. Borland seemed to understand his business and what he did not know about hotel-keeping his wife did. Mrs. Borland was a sister of John Hand, the renowned Hamilton printer, reputed to be the fastest compositor in America, in those days, and one of the founders of "The Times" newspaper. The most popular place of entertainment in the forties in Hamilton was the house of Mrs. Wilson, afterwards Mrs. Beatty, on the southeast corner of John and Main streets. Mrs. Wilson was a widow, and the mother of Thomas Wilson, afterwards partner of Sir Frank Smith in London and Toronto, James Wilson, another son, was a merchant in Hamilton at a later date. Thomas Beatty, whom she married when she abandoned her widowhood, was a merchant in Dundas, in partnership with a brother, but he took up his residence in Hamilton after his marriage with Mrs. Wilson. He was a portly man, a good fellow, a pleasant companion, and a good Irishman. Mrs. Beatty was a lady of many graces, a beautiful presence, and a devoted Catholic. It was a favor for boarders to get a room in her house and many unmarried Catholic gentlemen were her guests.

How many Hamiltonians are there now alive who remember "Old Pat" Harvey, the Waterloo soldier, who kept his tidy little drinking place next to Alexander Carpenter's tin and stove shop, and subsequently on McNab street near James. Printers were among his customers and I remember going once to the latter place with the Smiley boys to hear Pat tell about his Waterloo experience. "Pat," said one of the boys, "how did you feel when going into battle?" "At first," said he, "I shivered all over, but when we got into the 'hate' of the thing it was like going to a wedding."

In the forties there was not a tradesman in Hamilton that had more respect or deserved it more than Samuel McCurdy, custom tailor. He made a large portion of the fashionable clothing of the gentlemen of Hamilton. He was a handsome man, he was an intelligent man and a good man, and had a good trade. He was a long time a resident of the town, and I remember how he once regaled me with a tale of his early personal vicissitudes in establishing a foothold in that city. He told me how he assisted John Sheridan Hogan to get apprenticed to a Hamilton printer, but who that printer was has escaped me. He lamented over the scandal many poor immigrant Irish Catholics gave by debasing

themselves with liquor 2 1/2 a time when the stuff was so cheap and plenty. I was at his house at the time in 1847, when news came of the death of Bishop Power and Vicar-General Macdonell in Toronto, and both himself and his good wife were greatly affected by the sad intelligence. The Vicar had been the parish priest of Hamilton for many years and was greatly beloved.

I remember well when "Tim" Murphy and his brothers "Dan" and "John" came to Hamilton to establish a mercantile business. It was, perhaps, in 1844. "Tim" came first. I was looking out of a window in John Robertson's printing office, southeast corner of King and Hughson streets, when I noticed S. Oliver, the auctioneer, who occupied the ground floor of this same corner as auction rooms, crossing King street, accompanied by a strange gentleman, who was short of stature, wore a dress coat and swung his arms. That was my first view of "Tim" Murphy, the gentleman who accompanied Mr. Oliver. Mr. Murphy had a presence that would attract any one's attention. He was a pleasing man in appearance and indicated a large amount of energy, push and "get-there-ness." Presently both gentlemen made their appearance in the printing office and Mr. Oliver introduced Mr. Murphy to Mr. Robertson, the printer. Mr. M. produced the copy of a "whole sheet" poster that he wanted printed. It was headed:

"Make way for the chequered store!"
 It was a grocery business that Mr. Murphy came to establish. "The poster" gave a list of prices for goods that made them far below the prices then prevailing generally in Hamilton. The "chequered store" was not yet painted, but next day a man was at work on the job. It was Miller, who painted Hamilton signs in those days, and a good sign painter he was. The chequered store was on the south side of King street about midway between John and Hughson streets. It was a three-story brick building, with an ample depth. Winer's drug store was next to it, and John Young's grocery store only two or three doors east of it. When the front of the store was all painted in checkers it looked well and it was a great success. All of "Cork Town" flocked to it, and many clerks were employed. It was always full of customers. The three brothers were always busy. There were soon imitations of this chequered store. I found one in Aurora, Illinois, once. It belonged to a Mr. Hurd, a Hamilton man, who had previously been associated with John Winer, the druggist. This Mr. Hurd was Irish too, as his name indicated. He thought it good business to imitate "Tim" Murphy, and put a chequered front on his Aurora drug store. The next move of the Murphys was to open a branch of their business in London, of which Mr. Daniel Murphy took charge, and it, too, was a success. But the career of this branch of the great Murphy clan was not a protracted one. That fell destroyer, consumption, came and cut them down one by one, as it had done the Smiley family that had founded the Hamilton "Spectator." Others of my old Hamilton worthies must remain unnoticed for another issue.

WILLIAM HALLEY.
 Hon. C. F. McIsaac Honored

Hon. C. F. McIsaac, who for nearly twenty-five years represented Antigonish in the Local and Federal Parliaments, and who has just been appointed to the Transcontinental Railway Commission, has just been presented with a handsome silverware cabinet by the members from Nova Scotia in the House of Commons, and with a combination silver and cut glass dinner service by his constituents.

St. Jerome's College

Berlin, Ont., Sept. 14.—At the board meeting of St. Jerome College, Rev. A. L. Zinger, Vice-President for the past three years, was elevated to the position of President, succeeding Rev. Father Fehrenbach, who has filled the post successfully during the past three years. Rev. A. J. Fischer is the new Vice-President.

THREE POPES

Keane—Three Popes Likened to Three Great Saints.

During my life it has been my happy fortune to communicate intimately with three Popes; with Pius IX., Leo XIII. and Pius X., writes Archbishop Keane in The Apostolate. Two of them have left their names indelibly inscribed among the most notable men in history. The third bids fair to make a record in the annals of the Church and of the world no less illustrious than theirs.

PIUS IX.

The first of these ever-memorable experiences took place in 1873. I was then a young priest. With a simplicity suitable to the occasion, it was not in the hall of receptions that Pius IX. saw me, but in a small and plain room as the study of a parish priest. We conversed for fully twenty minutes, with my hands resting on the arm of his chair. His face was that of an aged St. Joseph, the sweetest and most venerable face I had ever seen. And yet, entering into the spirit of the occasion, he did not speak to me of old age, but of youth; nor of the burdens and trials that weighed him down, but of the priestly career that lay before me. With a buoyancy and expansiveness at which I wonder to this day, he spoke to me of his own youth.

He was the Pope of my youth, and to my youth all his words were addressed. He gave me the compass by which to guide the journey of my life. How faithful I had been to its guidance will be the test by which God will judge me when my work is over.

Just ten years later, in 1883, took place my next visit to Rome and my first interview with Leo XIII. But how different a Pope I found in Leo! Pius had reminded me of a gentle, aged St. Joseph. Leo was like an eagle-eyed St. Paul, ready to cope with all the intellects and all the powers of the world. God had called him to steer the Bark of Peter through a period of specially difficult relations between the Church and the governments of Europe. And it was easy to see Providence had fitted him for the mighty task by endowing him with a genius that was a match for Bismarck and Gladstone and Gambetta and Crispi at their best. And yet, with all that this implies, he was none the less the good and faithful servant to whom Our Lord had entrusted the care of all the lambs and all the sheep of His fold.

LEO XIII.

Leo was the Pope of my manhood. He meant work, work, work—assiduous, vibrating, resolute, intelligent endeavor to realize on earth the kingdom of the Son of God. Contact with him was always like a bugle blast calling to loftier aims and stronger endeavors for good.

Lastly, our Lord has privileged me to confer intimately with Pius X. In studying his character, no one can fail to remark not only the resemblances, but also and especially the dissimilarities, between him and his two great predecessors. In him we see, as in Pius IX., much of the gentle solicitude of St. Joseph. In him we recognize, as in Leo XIII., much of the lofty zeal of St. Paul. But in him we are conscious, above all of the spirit of St. Peter, ever heedful of these words of the Divine Master: "To thee I will give the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven." Not for a moment surely did Pius IX. or Leo lose sight of that divine utterance and of the sublime commission which it implies. But their providential circumstances compelled them to devote very much of their attention to the relations between the See of Peter and the civil powers of the world.

PIUS X.

Pius had to stand to the last in solemn protest against the spoliation of

the patrimony of Peter. Leo hoped and strove, up to his latest breath, to procure the righting of the great wrong through the intervention of the Catholic powers of Europe. Pius X., without either sanctioning the wrong or withdrawing the protest against it, considers it beyond his control, and leaves it utterly in the hands of Providence. His thoughts, therefore, are far above what the powers of the earth have done or may do. The God of the nations will see to that. His own solicitude is only for those spiritual interests and ends which Christ our Lord had in view in establishing the kingdom of God on the earth.

This sublime aim he had expressed in that formula which is the motto of his pontificate—"Omnia instaurare in Christo." This, too, he has repeatedly symbolized by his action during the great solemnities in St. Peter's, on which occasions, instead of wearing the triple-crowned tiara, as his predecessors did, he has worn simply the episcopal mitre, while the tiara was carried by lackeys in the procession that preceded him. He has never forgotten his anguish over that intervention of Austria in the conclave, an event which, humanly speaking, had much to do with his election; and he seems to resent with a sort of indignation any even apparent intervention of the civil powers in the affairs of the Church of Christ.

Fifty Years Wedded Life

An unusually large gathering of friends and relatives took place at Manotick on September 3, in honor of the golden jubilee of Mr. and Mrs. James Mooney. The religious part of the celebration was held in St. Bridget's church, Manotick, where Rev. Father McCauley conferred upon the jubilarians the blessing of His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, together with his own. There was solemn mass, at which the nieces and nephews of Mr. and Mrs. Mooney contributed the music.

At their home, the festivities were most joyous, partaken of by all the children of the old couple, namely, Rev. Sister Ste. Claire, of the Sisters of Mercy, New York City; Mrs. T. D. Byrnes, Mr. Archie J. Mooney, Bradford, Pa.; and Miss Ailie Mooney, Manotick.

Other relatives present were Mrs. John Callanan, Ogdensburg, N.Y., and Mrs. J. C. Driscoll (bridesmaid) Grafton, N.B., sisters, and Mr. John Whelan, Burritt's Rapids, Ont., brother of the bride, Mrs. Thomas Byrnes, Bradford, Pa., sister of the groom and only other survivor of his family.

Sincere regret was expressed that the groomsmen, Mr. Wm. McCarney, is dead. Many reminiscences of former times, pleasant and otherwise, entertained the seniors, while the young people spent a jolly time in music and games.

Among other guests assembled on the festive occasion were Rev. Father McCauley, Misses McCauley, Miss Margaret Byrnes, Bradford, Pa.; Miss Mary Driscoll, Grafton, N.D.; Mrs. John Whelan, Burritt's Rapids, Ont.; Edward Callanan, Ogdensburg, N.Y., and Arthur Byrnes, Bradford, Pa.

STRATFORD

Rev. Father Laurendeau, who has been curate of St. Joseph's church, this city, for nearly two years, has received the appointment of parish priest of St. Augustine, Huron Co., Ont., and leaves this week to take up his field of labor at that place. During Father Laurendeau's residence here he has made himself deservedly popular and his many friends regret his departure. He has taken a deep interest in every laudable undertaking and has been a constant attendant to church duties. He has been very much admired throughout the city for the very great interest he has taken in the little folks in and out of school, and for the many other excellent qualities he possesses for the greater advancement of our holy religion. St. Joseph's parish of Stratford loses in Father Laurendeau a priest of high standing and personal good qualities, and his Stratford friends wish him every success.

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BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

"Ha ha!" roared the fellow, smiting his leg...

"Ay, ay, we shall see, Muster Gashford, we shall see. You won't have to complain of me," returned the other, shaking his head.

"You'll be the death of me," cried Dennis, with another roar. "You will. But what's in the wind now, Muster Gashford?" he asked hoarsely.

"The sooner the better," said Dennis, with another oath. "We shall have to draw up in divisions, our numbers being so large; and I believe I may venture to say," resumed Gashford, affecting not to hear the interruption...

"No doubt," said Gashford, smiling as before. And when he said so, Dennis roared again, and smote his leg still harder, and falling into fits of laughter, wiped his eyes with the corner of his neckerchief...

"You would be cool, I know," pursued the secretary, still smiling, and still managing his eyes, so that he could watch him closely, and really not be seen in turn, "obedient to orders, and perfectly temperate. You would lead your party into no danger I am certain."

"No man alive can doubt it!" "No dead either. Parliament says this here—says Parliament 'If any man, woman, or child does anything which goes against a certain number of our acts—how many hanging laws may there be at this present time, Muster Gashford? Fifty?'"

"The secretary put his hand before his eyes to shade them from the glare of the lamp, and for some moments looked at Hugh with a frowning brow, as if he remembered to have seen him lately, but could not call to mind where, or on what occasion. His uncertainty was very brief, for before Hugh had spoken a word, he said, as his countenance cleared up—"

"Well, say fifty. Parliament says 'If any man, woman, or child does anything against any one of these fifty acts, that man, woman, or child shall be worked off by Dennis.' George the Third steps in when they number very strong at the end of a session, and says 'These are too many for Dennis. I'll have half for myself and Dennis shall have half for himself; and sometimes he throws me one over that I don't expect, as he did three years ago, when I got Mary Jones, a young woman of nineteen who came up to Tyburn with an infant at her breast, and was worked off for taking a piece of cloth off the counter of a shop in Ludgate hill, and putting it down again when the shopman saw her; and who had never done any harm before, and only tried to do that, in consequence of her husband having been pressed three weeks previous, and she being left to beg, with two young children—as was proved upon the trial. Ha ha! Well! That being the law and the practice of England, is in the glory of England, ain't it, Muster Gashford?'"

"The enrollment being completed, and Hugh having been informed by Gashford, in his peculiar manner, of the peaceful and strictly lawful objects contemplated by the boy to which he now belonged—during which recital Mr. Dennis nudged him very much with his elbow, and made divers remarkable faces—the secretary gave them both to understand that he desired to be alone. Therefore they took their leave without delay, and came out of the house together."

"I have no doubt they will," said the secretary. "Well, then, look here," said the hangman. "If these Papists gets into power, and begins to boil and roast instead of hang, what becomes of my work! If they touch my work that's a part of so many laws, what becomes of the laws in general, what becomes of the religion, what becomes of the country? Did you ever go to church, Muster Gashford?'"

"He told him, too, who some of the Lords and Commons were, by name, as they came in and out; whether they were friendly to the Papists or otherwise; and bade him take notice of their liveries and equipages, that he might be sure of them in case of need. Sometimes he drew him close to the windows of a passing carriage, that he might see its master's face by the light of the lamps; and, both in respect of people and localities, he showed so much acquaintance with everything around, that it was plain he had often studied there before; as indeed, when they grew a little more confidential, he confessed he had."

"Ever!" repeated the secretary with some indignation, "of course." "Well," said the ruffian, "I've been once—twice, counting the time I was christened—and when I heard the Parliament prayed for, and thought how many new hanging laws they made every session I considered that I was prayed for. Now mind, Muster Gashford," said the fellow, taking up his stick and shaking it with a ferocious air, "I mustn't have my Protestant work touched, nor this here Protestant state of things altered in no degree, if I can help it; I mustn't have no Papists interfering with me unless they come to me to be worked off in course of law; I mustn't have no biling, no roasting, no frying—nothing but hanging. My lord may well call me an earnest fellow. In support of the great Protestant principle of having plenty of that, I'll, and here he beat his club upon the ground, "burn, fight, kill—do anything you bid me, so that it's bold and devilish—though the end of it was, that I got hung myself. There, Muster Gashford!"

"Perhaps the most striking part of all this was, the number of people—never in groups of more than two or three together—who seemed to be skulking about the crowd for the same purpose. To the greater part of these, a slight nod or a look from Hugh's companion was sufficient greeting; but, now and then, some man would come and stand beside him in the throng, and, without turning his head or appearing to communicate with him, would say a word or two in a low voice, which he would answer in the same cautious manner. Then they would part, like strangers. Some of these men often reappeared again unexpectedly in the crowd close to Hugh, and, as they passed by, pressed his hand, or looked him sternly in the face; but they never spoke to him, nor he to them; no, not a word."

"I say," he began, with a thoughtful brow, "haven't I seen you before?" "It's like you may," said Hugh, in his careless way. "I don't know; shouldn't wonder." "No, but it's very easily settled," returned Sim. "Look at me. Did you ever see me before? You would not be likely to forget it, you know, if you ever did. Look at me. Don't be afraid; I won't do you any harm. Take a good look—steady now. The encouraging way in which Mr.

"What's the use of shooting wide of the mark, eh, old boy!" cried Hugh. "My sentiments all over!" rejoined the hangman. "This is the sort of chap for my division, Muster Gashford. Down with him, sir. Put him on the roll. I'd stand godfather to him, if he was to be christened in a bonfire, made of the ruins of the Bank of England."

With these and other expressions of confidence of the like flattering kind, Mr. Dennis gave him a hearty slap on the back, which Hugh was not slow to return.

"No Popery, brother!" cried the hangman. "No Popery, brother!" responded Hugh. "Popery, Popery," said the secretary with his usual mildness. "It's all the same!" cried Dennis. "It's all right. Down with him, Muster Gashford. Down with everybody, down with everything! Hurrah for the Protestant religion! That's the time of day, Muster Gashford!"

When they had paraded the street and all the avenues of the building in this manner for near two hours, they turned away, and his friend asked him what he thought of what he had seen, and whether he was prepared for a good hot piece of work if it should come to that. "The hotter the better," said Hugh, "I'm prepared for anything."

"The secretary regarded them both with a very favorable expression of countenance, while they gave loose to these and other demonstrations of their patriotic purpose; and was about to make some remarks aloud, when Dennis, stepping up to him, and shading his mouth with his hand, said in a hoarse whisper, as he nudged him with his elbow—

"Don't split up a constitutional officer's profession, Muster Gashford. There are popular prejudices, you know, and he mightn't like it. Wait till he comes to be more intimate with me. He's a fine-built chap, ain't he?" "A powerful fellow indeed!" "Did you ever, Muster Gashford, whispered Dennis, with a horrible kind of admiration, such as that with which a cannibal might regard his intimate friend, when hungry—"did you ever"—and here he drew still closer to his ear, and fenced his mouth with both his open hands—"see such a throat as his? Do you cast your eye upon it. There's a neck for stretching, Muster Gashford!"

Before putting his lips to the liquor which was brought for them, Dennis drank in a loud voice the health of Lord George Gordon, President of the Great Protestant Association, which toast Hugh pledged likewise, with corresponding enthusiasm. A fiddler, who was present, and who appeared to act as the appointed minstrel of the company, forthwith struck up a Scotch reel; and that in tones so invigorating, that Hugh and his friend (who had both been drinking before) rose from their seats as by previous concert, and to the great admiration of the assembled guests, performed an extemporaneous No-Popery Dance.

"The secretary assented to this proposition with the best grace he could assume—it is difficult to feign a true professional relish; which is eccentric sometimes—and after asking the candidate a few unimportant questions, proceeded to enroll him a member of the Great Protestant Association of England. If anything could have exceeded Mr. Dennis' joy on the happy conclusion of this ceremony, it would have been the rapture with which he received the announcement that the new member could neither read nor write; those two arts being (as Mr. Dennis swore) the greatest possible curse a civilized community could know, and militating more against the professional emoluments and usefulness of the great constitutional office he had the honor to hold, than any adverse circumstances that could present themselves to his imagination."

The applause which the performance of Hugh and his new friend elicited from the company at the Boot had not yet subsided, and the two dancers were still panting from their exertions, which had been of a rather extreme and violent character, when the party was re-enforced by the arrival of some more guests, who, being a detachment of United Bulldogs, were received with very flattering remarks of distinction and respect.

"The enrollment being completed, and Hugh having been informed by Gashford, in his peculiar manner, of the peaceful and strictly lawful objects contemplated by the boy to which he now belonged—during which recital Mr. Dennis nudged him very much with his elbow, and made divers remarkable faces—the secretary gave them both to understand that he desired to be alone. Therefore they took their leave without delay, and came out of the house together."

"The leader of this small party—for, including himself, they were but three in number—was our old acquaintance, Mr. Tappertit, who seemed, physically speaking, to have grown smaller with years (particularly as to his legs, which were stupendously little), but who, in a moral point of view, in personal dignity and self-esteem, had swelled into a giant. Nor was it by any means difficult for the most unobservant person to detect this state of feeling in the quondam 'Prentice, for it not only proclaimed itself impressively and beyond mistake in his majestic walk and kindling eye, but found a striking means of revelation in his turned-up nose, which scouted all things of earth with deep disdain, and sought communion with its kindred skies."

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Table for the month of September 1905, showing days of the month, days of the week, and colors of vestments. Includes feast days like Twelfth Sunday After Pentecost and Thirtieth Sunday After Pentecost.

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Tappertit made this request and coupled it with an assurance that he needn't be frightened, amused Hugh mightily—so much indeed, that he saw nothing at all of the small man before him, through closing his eyes in a fit of hearty laughter, which shook his great broad sides until they ached again.

on sounding him, that he was quite ready and willing to enter the society (for he was not at all particular, and would have leagued himself that night with anything, or anybody, for any purpose whatsoever), caused the necessary preliminaries to be gone into upon the spot. This tribute to his great merit delighted no man more than Mr. Dennis, as he himself proclaimed with several rare and surprising oaths, and indeed it gave unmingled satisfaction to the whole assembly.

"Why it ain't!"—Hugh faltered. "Ain't it?" said Mr. Tappertit. "Are you sure of that? You remember G. Varden, don't you?" "Certainly Hugh did, and remembered G. Varden too; but that he didn't tell him.

In fact, a sense of something whimsical in their companionship seemed to have taken entire possession of his rude brain. The bare fact of being patronized by a great man whom he could have crushed with one hand, appeared in his eyes so eccentric and humorous, that a kind of ferocious merriment gained the mastery over him, and quite subdued his brutal nature. He roared and roared again; toasted Mr. Tappertit a hundred times, declared himself a Bulldog to the core, and vowed to be faithful to him to the last drop of blood in his veins.

"You speak like a man," said Mr. Tappertit, "and I'll shake hands with you." With these conciliatory expressions he suited the action to the word; and Hugh meeting his advances readily, they performed the ceremony with a show of great earnestness.

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

"I find," said Mr. Tappertit, looking round on the assembled guests, "that brother What's-his-name and I are old acquaintances. You never heard anything more of that rascal, I suppose, eh?"

JAS. J. O'HEARN PAINTER. has removed to 249 Queen St. W. and is prepared to do Painting in all its Branches both Plain and Ornamental Cheap as the Cheapest Consistent with first class work. Solicit a trial.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. CURE ALL KIDNEY DISEASES. RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, CALCULI, GRAVEL, GOUT, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, BACKACHE, SPRAINS, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, STIFFNESS OF JOINTS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY SYSTEM.

The HOME CIRCLE

WHAT ARE THE THINGS MOST WORTH WHILE.

This is a question anxiously raised by good wives, young and old, who wish to do right, but are unable to decide among the myriad duties that thrust themselves before them which are the ones that are really worth while.

The average wife who reads your magazine is forced through circumstances to do her own work. She is intelligent and would like to elevate her mind to a higher plane than that upon which household rests, but the dressing and feeding the baby or babies, the marking, sewing, mending, ironing, etc., each and all clamoring for first place, distract her brain and cause her to wonder when she lies down at night, "Is it worth while."

In answer to the question, is it all worth while? I can frankly say that in the average home there is a great waste of time and strength on things that are not worth while. Where a woman has all the work to do she should draw the line sharply between essentials and non-essentials. A home should be a place where the conditions are such as should aid in developing each member of the family, physically, mentally, morally and spiritually. The essentials of such a home are sanitary conditions, proper food, order, peace, quiet, recreation and time for mental improvement. This can be secured in nearly every home if the work be systematized and each member of the family shares in the responsibilities and labor of the home.

As to what are the essentials the head of the household must decide for herself. The conditions of life and work control this and it is for the intelligent woman to decide what are the things that can be dispensed with without taking anything from the comfort or well-being of her family.

A simpler style of living would relieve the burdens of many housekeepers. A great deal of time is wasted on the trimming and laundering of clothing and household linen and draperies. A ruffled garment requires at least double the time to iron that would be required for a plain garment. Make underclothing, children's clothing, window draperies, etc., plain and use flat trimming.

But, you say, ruffles are so dainty. So they are, but with all the extra work they involve, are they worth while?

In some houses rooms are filled with things that have no reason for being there. The moving and dusting of these ornaments (?) means the expenditure of a great deal of time and strength in the course of a month. Do they add enough to the pleasure and culture of the family to make them worth while?

I think some photography or other pictures on the walls, a few good plaster casts, bookshelves filled with books, and comfortable plain furniture would be infinitely more artistic and educational, while the care of such a room would not be burdensome. Plain finishes in the furniture and woodwork of our homes would mean less labor in their care. In cooking utensils, good material made in a simple, smooth form would mean a saving of time. Fewer wishes at a meal, but each dish simply and perfectly cooked, would reduce the work of the kitchen one-half.

Now these suggestions for simplified living do not mean careless housekeeping or the elimination of any one thing that is essential to the happiness or growth of the family. On the contrary, they should tend to a more honest and a larger life for all.

My proposition is this: that every member of the family have some daily care or duty connected with the work of the home. It may be very small or light, but the child may be made to feel the importance, beauty and dignity of it.

Teach each member to keep his or her belongings in order. Begin with the young children, letting the first teaching be with the toys. It is due the children that they should have this training, for so much of their future comfort and usefulness in the future depends upon this habit.

When each member of a family has a working interest in the home he or she will be more careful not to disarrange the general order of things, and that will be a great gain, for what housekeeper has not suffered from the careless ignorance of some of the family in disregarding all the rules of the house, particularly the hours for meals, simply because they did not think of the waste of time and the extra steps they made for the weary feet.—Selected.

KINDERGARTEN HINTS.

The conscientious mother ponders Froebel's suggestions in her heart. If she cannot do all she would, she does what she can, with the little ones entrusted to her care. She learns to turn a trifle into something helpful to the growing mind in her charge. The awakening of this soul ought to prove more fascinating and more important than the cleverest book or the most intricate piece of fancy work. Kindergartens who have had experience in both, as a rule, declare they would far rather teach the children of the poor than of the rich. They say the latter are often helpless, selfish, and exacting, while the former accept everything as a delightful privilege; they are helpful and self-reliant, patient, and enjoy the simplest pleasures with a zest charming to behold. The child who is well governed at home is recognized at once by the kindergarten. He starts in his life-race well equipped and with a decided advantage over the poor unfortunate whose earliest training has been neglected by their parents.—Selected.

THE HOME-ACRE.

A sense of pureness in the air. Of a wholesome life in growing things. Trembling of blossom, blade and wings. Perfume and beauty everywhere.—Skies, trees and grass, the very loam, I love them all; this is my home.

God make me worthy of Thy land Which mine I call a little while! This meadow where the sunset's smile

Falls like a blessing from Thy hand, And where the river singing runs 'Neath wintry skies and summer suns.

Million on million years have sped To frame green fields and bowing hills; The mortal for a moment tills His span of earth, then is he dead This knows he well; yet doth he hold His paradise like miser's gold.

I would be nobler than to clutch My little world with gloating grasp. Now, while I live, my hands unclasp, Or, let me hold it not so much For my own joy as for the good Of all the gentle brotherhood.

And as the seasons move in mirth Of bloom and bird, of snow and leaf, May my calm spirit rise from grief In solace of the lovely earth; And though the land lie dark or lit, Let me but gather songs from it.

—George McDonald.

TO MINNIE.

The red room with the giant bed Where none but elders laid their head; The little room where you and I Did for a while together lie

And, simple suitor, I your hand In decent marriage did demand; The great day nursery, best of all, With pictures pasted on the wall

And leaves upon the blind— A pleasant room wherein to wake And hear the leafy garden shake

And rustle in the wind— And pleasant there to lie in bed And see the pictures overhead— The wars about Sebastopol, The grinning guns along the wall,

The daring escalade, The plunging ships, the bleating sheep.

The happy children ankle-deep And laughing as they wade; All these are vanished clean away, And the old manse is changed to-day;

It wears an altered face And shields a stranger race. The river, on from mill to mill, Flows past our childhood's garden still;

But ah! we children never more Shall watch it from the water-door! Below the yew—it still is there— Our phantom voices haunt the air

As we were still at play, And I can hear them call and say: 'How far is it to Babylon?'

Ah, far enough, my dear, Far, far enough from here— Yet you have farther gone— 'Can I get there by candlelight?'

So goes the old refrain. I do not know—perchance you might— But only children, hear it right, Ah, never to return again!

The eternal dawn, beyond a doubt, Shall break on hill and plain, And put all stars and candles out Ere we be young again.

To you in distant India, these I send across the seas, Nor count it far across, For which of us forgets The Indian cabinets,

The bones of anelope, the wings of albatross, The pied and painted birds and beans, The junks and bangles, beads and screens,

The gods and sacred bells, And the loud-humming, twisted shells!

The level of the parlor floor Was honest, homely, Scottish shore; But when we climbed upon a chair, Behold the gorgeous East was there!

Be this fable, and behold Me in the parlor as of old, And Minnie just above me set In the quaint Indian cabinet!

The smiling and kind, you grace a shelf Too high for me to reach myself, Reach down a hand, my dear, and take

These rhymes for old acquaintance sake! —Stevenson.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

DAISY AND GEORGE RUN AWAY

"I think I'll buy a freckled hen with my dime," said Daisy, inclining far back in her little red chair, her little boots high in the air, then I needn't eat a single mortal thing but eggs unless I want to."

"Aw, who cares for an old freckled egg hen," retorted George scornfully. "Our fathers and mothers will get us all the eggs we want. With my dime and a little more I am going to get a few things not good for me, a dark cave with a gypsy man and another robber in it, two cannons, a real live locomotive little enough for me to run, a fireworks store and a motor patrol wagon. Whoopee!" he yelled, so electrified by the thought of the last item he fairly bounced up and down.

"And lots of toy balloons," added Daisy.

"No, I've changed my mind on that now; I'll have a real balloon, not a toy one. How much money must I have to buy all that? As much as \$2, do you think? I have 17 cents, and I am going to earn the rest. Come on, we might as well start now."

"Oh, George, am I going with you? Goody, goody!"

"Yes, and maybe I'll let you get the hen, too," said George, in a burst of generosity, "now come on."

On adventure bent from the moment he had got out of bed, George had prepared himself by putting on his father's evening vest, and Daisy was no less equipped, as she wore her mother's best hat and the pink and white opera bag to match it hung on her arm, stuffed with bursting with currant cookies. They tip-toed through the yard and went quickly down the street.

"I think I shall go to work in an ice cream factory first," said George; "it is getting pretty warm now and by being there I can save most of the money I earn to buy other things for us."

"Hatchets and boy knives and the freckled hen," suggested Daisy sweetly.

"No, siree," corrected George, "it's to be something with lectrissity in it. Oh, say, I know what I'll do, I'll wait until the Fourth of July before I go to work in the ice cream or fireworks stores, and start right in now on the lectrissity. Then we can have all the rides we want on automobiles."

"In nice little red ones like that?" asked Daisy, indicating with her hand a motor carriage drawn up to the curb near by.

"Oh, yes. I didn't see that, but it is the very one we want. Come on and get in. We might as well start now."

"Let us sit in and eat a few cookies first," said Daisy in a cautioning tone, "and, afterward, we can put the lectrissity on and go just a twenty bit because, George, I'm—I'm—I'm 'traided to go fast without our fathers and mothers along."

"I wouldn't be a girl! I wouldn't be a girl!" cried George in disdain.

"I would," said Daisy, "and now, George, go nice and easy and not a bit fast or runny or anything scary."

"No, sir, I'm going as fast as I can because I don't like half-fast going. I'm going to race, I am!"

"All right for you, George Young, but if we were killed I'll never speak to you as long as I live, now you see if I do."

"You'd better or I'll not let you play with my rabbits or see me eat four cookies at once."

George began laying about him for something to make the "lectrissity" go. There were several puzzling knobs and handles in view and George pulled this one and pushed that, his brow knitted and an earnest tightness about his mouth, when lo and behold, presently the motor carriage moved and they were gliding along, dodging vehicles and pedestrians as adroitly as could be. It was perfectly grand! Corner after corner was safely rounded, street after street flowed under them and before they knew it they were through it and not only on the verge of the lake, but, oh, horror upon horror, they were in it.

Daisy screamed in terror and clung to George, crying, "Mamma, mamma, I want mamma!"

"Stop hollerin' or we'll be arrested," commanded George.

"Stop, oh, please do stop, George. I want to go to my mother. I—I—don't want to be drowned to-day!"

Manfully George tugged and yanked at the handles, purple with fear and excitement, but the car jumped along, swishing in and out of the water viciously, and the children, crouched together in the bottom of the carriage, realized that they were at its mercy, George at last ceasing in his efforts to control it. Suddenly Daisy lifted her head.

"We must pray, George, we must pray, and then maybe it will stop. Oh, please, sweet, good angels in heaven make it stand still so we can go home to our mothers. Oh, kind angels, please let it, and we will always be good after!"

"Yes, angels, please do," added George, "and I will help all I can by pulling the handles awful hard and by being a good boy forever and ever, amen."

As he finished the car slowed down and soon came to a standstill, and the children climbed out, too bewildered to know which way to turn.

"We are lost all right enough," said George, "and now you will have to pray for the way to go home. I'm bad, and the angels don't like me. You go on and pray, and when we get home I'll give you one of my rabbits."

"Please, angels, take us home!" prayed Daisy on her knees in the sand and gravel. "Our fathers and mothers love us, and don't want us killed or lost or anything. Please take us home."

"All right; just you climb back in

the choo-choo wagon again, and I'll have you there in two toots and a whizz. All aboard!"

The startled children looked up and saw a great, stout, smiling young fellow half-hidden in the rear of the car, and it was evident that he had been there all the time. Daisy grasped the situation quickly and lifted her arms to him with a joyful cry, but doughty George drew back with a pout, exclaiming:

"And was it you all the time, and wasn't I doing it at all?"

"Not for a second," replied the jolly motorman, "and you can be glad of it, for if you had been you would both have been in the lake by this time. Boys can't run these things unless they want to kill themselves."

"We were almost killed, weren't we?" asked Daisy, "but I prayed, and that saved us, didn't it?"

"Well, I prayed too, and helped all I could, and I was pulling the handles awful and maybe I helped the most, for I am the strongest."

"Yes, he is the strongest," assented Daisy, "and he pulled the handles awful much."

"The prayers stopped the machine, all right," said the motorman, "and if it hadn't stopped you two wouldn't be here now, and I am going to take you home on condition that you promise me you will never as long as you live run away with another choo-choo wagon, and you've both got to promise good and hard before I stir a step out of this."

He was so earnest the children were quite frightened and cried:

"We promise, we promise, and now take us right home quick!"

"All aboard, then, and I'll have you there in a whiff. Now, here we are—one, two, three—off we go for home and popper and mommer, and a whole pantry full of cookies and goodies!" And the now happy children were whirled away under the safe guidance of the jolly motorman.

—Alvan A. V., in Western Watchman.

A DOG AND A PARROT.

That reminds me of a very clever compact which has been entered into between a dog and a parrot out in my neighborhood," said a man who had listened to a story about a dog and I doubt if you could find a more forcible evidence of the dog's and the parrot's intelligence than in the compact I have in mind.

"They seem to have established a perfect understanding of each other. How they went about the matter I do not know. I only know that the results are achieved quite as satisfactorily as if the dog and parrot in question were human beings and capable of all the processes of reasoning."

"The parrot's cage is in the back yard. It is close to the ground where the dog can reach the sliding door by rearing up on his hind legs. Between the back yard and front yard there is a gate with a latch on the side towards the front part of the house. As a rule the dog and parrot are kept in the back yard, and the little gate which crosses the alley way and opens into the front yard is generally kept latched. A little while ago the dog and the parrot were found out in the front yard together."

"The man of the house was not a little perplexed to know how they had managed to get out into the front yard. He made up his mind to watch them for the purpose of seeing how they overcome the difficulty. The first thing that attracted his attention was the call of the parrot."

"Promptly the dog, who understood the language, responded. He walked over to the parrot's cage, used his nose to root the slide door up, and let the bird out. The dog then let the door fall back in its place. The parrot flew over to the slide gate, and the dog trotted across the yard in the same direction."

"In a few seconds the parrot was busy with the latch. Using his beak, he raised the latch, and the dog pushed the slide gate open with his nose. Shortly they were both out in the front yard."

"Now, what do you think of that? If that isn't intelligence, what is it? It seems to me to be intelligence of a very high order, and I am willing to put the dog and this parrot bird against anything you can scrape up, for anything less complex than a combination lock of the most improved kind wouldn't count with them.—Selected.

JAPANESE DWARF TREES.

I once saw in Japan some of the most remarkable trees that ever grew. They were hundreds of years old, and not a hundred inches high. The most marvelous collection was in Count Okum's garden near Tokio. Here were pine-trees that started to grow in the seventeenth century, that at the dawn of the twentieth century were not too large to be carried in one hand, pot and all. Others, whose seed was planted about the time when Columbus sailed for America, were already outstripped by saplings planted the year before the last.

In another place was a grove of Liliputian plum trees, gnarled and knotted and twisted by centuries of wind and weather, that were none of them too large to grace a dinner table. More marvelous still, there were other little trees, planted before most of my readers were born, say in the early 'sixties," that were still thriving (it is too much to say "growing") in a teacup, while others planted before Cleveland's first term in office had not outgrown a lady's thimble.

The Japanese are past masters of the art of dwarfing trees. They nip off the tree's roots and pinch its limbs, and starve it with little soil and let it go thirsty and dry, but at the same time keep the breath of life in it, until it becomes the veriest travesty of a tree, a manikin vegetable, with the wrinkled face of an old man on the legs of a little toy.

Infinite patience and skill and time unstinted must have been given thus to stunt and dwarf those grotesque growths.—Francis E. Clark, in Christian Endeavor World.

'Tis Well to Know a Good Thing, said Mrs. Surface to Mrs. Knowwell, when they met in the street. "Why were you here for a week back?" "Oh, just down to the store for a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil," said Mrs. Surface, who hates puns, walked on. But she remembered, when she contracted a weak back there was another customer for Electric Oil.

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.

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.

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

John O'Connor, 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."

John O'Connor, 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.

John O'Connor, Toronto:
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DISHONESTY AND MODERN IDEAS.

The corrupt and corrupting practices of the heads of the great insurance companies of the United States brought to light by the investigating committee of the New York Legislature, must have a deeply disquieting effect upon the minds of the best class of citizens upon the continent, viz.: the men who by effort and sacrifice have taken the best means afforded them of providing for their own declining years and the education and decent maintenance of those dependent upon them.

By the admissions of the officers of the Equitable Life and the New York Life, the fiduciary character of modern insurance is branded with prostitution, and these companies and other great companies, are seen in their fallen state as manipulating and speculative centres of the money power, bartering with parties and politicians and scheming with brokers and bankers for ends that are concerned with anything but the interests of the policyholders.

Here in Canada some newspaper pharisees are striking their breasts with the thick ends of their fountain pens and saying how different are things on this side of the 49th parallel. Things are not different here. They are if anything worse, and may be said to be conducted on curb-stone principles strictly. In every legislature in the land laws are also being framed and pasted upon the statute book, shifting both municipal and other taxation over upon the common people. The manufacturers are whooping it up again for more protection though they are making money faster than it has ever been made in Canada before; and members of parliament are in their train like camp followers wherever they assemble in banquet hall or convention.

But let us not suppose that we have all the rotten humanity of the white race represented in the legislatures of North America. Occasionally we hear a fossil with wistful cry say how quickly they would jail a thieving director or trustee in England. Why some of the schemes that seem new here, are old there. Take the common trick of the New York insurance companies for concealing their accounts in secret trust funds and all that kind of thing. There is an enquiry just now taking place in East Ham, London, where the new borough council is showing up the dishonesty of the former Urban District Council. The new auditor directly charges the old officials with the misapplication of borrowed moneys, illegal charges, concealment and manipulation of accounts and recourse to a secret trust fund whose books were never available to a public auditor.

Exposure will not bring a remedy. The disease belongs not to any one country nor does it arise from the very nature of democratic institutions as some free and easy observers would have us believe. The evil lies in the spread and development of materialistic, selfish and irreligious ideas. God and religion are banned from schools in England, the United States and Canada, and men and women take their place in the modern world without ever having heard or understood either of two most important words for every educated and conscientious person—moral and creed. The result is that employees are sweated to death and dishonor in factories, and every penny over necessity that prosperity could put into the purse of the working man is instantly wrung from his hand by the increase in cost of living and in taxes; the politician all the time standing in with the rich man and the manufacturer, whose organizations have well learned the science of making hay while the sun of prosperity shines.

We do not pretend to say that the mere profession of morality and religion are much better than their denial. Some of the biggest thieves of the period are self constituted professors of a religious life by their own design. In like manner fiduciary companies professing religion and philanthropy as their guiding principles are but whitened sepulchres in the eyes of those near enough to discern the kalsomine. The head and front of the modern evil is the intolerance that secular education has bred of religious authority and the duly chosen representatives of that authority. In the cant phrase of up-to-date journalism, ecclesiasticism has lived its day. No, it has not. A sick and suffering world will be glad to return to ecclesiasticism and dogma to find the cure that a breathless, greedy, selfish generation really needs.

A WONDERFUL CATHEDRAL

A contributor to The London Daily News who has been writing a series of sketches entitled "Sunday Mornings in London," thus describes his impressions—the impressions of a tolerant unbeliever with an eye for the picturesque—of High Mass in Westminster Cathedral.

REV. DR. CLARK ON WAR.

In the inscrutable designs of Providence even war must be right when it makes effective the divine flame of patriotism for the defence of home and native land. But it gives a shock to the Christian mind in time of peace to hear of a worthy clergyman preaching war as a means of progress. This is not religion, but Oriental imperialism. Rev. Prof. Clark's sermon may not have been adequately reported, but as reported it does the true character of the man no justice. There are few clergymen in the country of more broad and generous mind; no one could ever suspect him of a sanguinary spirit. When an imperialist dandy like Sir Gilbert Parker committed the blunder of talking war at the christening of a new province lately, the incident deservedly passed without notice. All the wars that have recently been waged in the world might well provoke any minister of the Gospel to sigh for a lodge of prayer in some vast wilderness.

CRIME AND SLAVERY IN THE RAND.

Bishop Percival of the Established Church has come out in indignant protest against the maintenance of slavery in South Africa, and by degrees Englishmen are getting at the truth about the Rand coolies. The representative of the London Morning Leader reveals a condition of affairs hard to believe possible under a State claiming to be civilized. The correspondent shows that not only are the Chinese systematically subjected to a diabolical system of flogging—the number of cases, he says, averaged 42 a day, including Sundays—but that this is only one of many of the revolting forms of punishment resorted to by the mine bosses in their endeavor to get more work out of their unfortunate victims. When owing to the discussion in Parliament and the impossibility of further denying that flogging did take place it was decided to moderate the practice, other and more ingenious methods of torture found efficacious in China were introduced. Offending coolies were striped naked and tied by their pigtails to a post, in which position they were allowed to remain for hours at a time in bitterly cold weather. In other cases they were tied by the wrists to a beam 9 feet high, so that they were obliged to stand on tiptoe or have their arms wrenched from their sockets, or yet again they were handcuffed over a beam so placed that they could neither stand nor sit. But even these cruelties did not satisfy the demands of the compound managers, for we read that they "are now inventing new forms of punishment."

NEW RECTOR OF IRISH COLLEGE

Very Rev. Dr. O'Riordan, C.C., of Limerick, has been appointed rector of the Irish College in Rome. Father O'Riordan has done noble work among the poor of his native city. The Mayor of Limerick pays him the tribute of saying that his appointment is a loss to Ireland. The sincerity of these words can be understood when it is added that Father O'Riordan had served in London and in Rome, and became one of the best loved priests in his native Limerick during the years he labored there.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Mr. Chamberlain and his following have been demanding that Mr. Balfour should go to the country with the freshly-made Anglo-Japanese treaty to the credit of the Government account. Mr. Balfour, however, knows that nothing can save him and he will cling to office till the last hour.

Mr. T. F. Ryan, the new financial magnate of the Equitable Life, has chosen as his private chaplain Father J. M. White, formerly of St. John's, Nfld., latterly of Montreal, who has suffered a good deal from ill-health.

A Death of Vocations

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi at the Church of the Sacred Heart conferred Holy Orders on two members of the Franciscan Order, Rev. Fathers Francis and Arthur on Sunday. After conferring the sacrament His Grace addressed the large congregation. He deplored the fact that very few vocations to the priesthood were recruited in the city, claiming that nearly all aspirants came from the country. He warned the parents to watch with a vigilant eye over the innocence of their children and to keep them in the paths of virtue, for it is only in innocence and piety that vocations to the priesthood are nurtured.

"MARCHING ON TO VICTORY"

Father Yorke writes in the San Francisco Leader the following account of the Mitchelstown Feis, which he witnessed, and of what he saw in a Cork convent:

"There must have been over five thousand persons gathered in Mitchelstown, and a finer, more sober or more orderly crowd it would be hard to find. We saw one drunken man, and he was a red-coated English soldier, for there is a big summer camp on the hills near by, and the country is infested with the 'relics of the Boers.'"

"Reliquias Danaum atque immitis Achilli." "The Feis was held in the open air, in a field surrounded by a high stone wall, such as one sees on the outskirts of the Irish towns. There were four platforms, one for dancing, one for music, one for recitation and story telling, one for examinations in the language. The crowd moved from platform to platform as the spirit stirred them. Standing to one side and taking in the whole scene, it was marvelously picturesque. The sky had become overcast. We were on the slopes almost of Galtee Mor. The clouds lay like great gray fleeces on the sides of the topmost ridge. The green woods of Erin rose before us, line behind line, like the ranks of an army, and there, amidst laughter and amidst tears, were the merry feet of children twinkling to the lively music of the jig or hornpipe, the young men sending out in the mellifluous Southern Gaelic their greetings to Patrick Sarsfield or the son of King James, while the old story teller sat in front of a group who, with sparkling eyes and tense faces, listened to one of the folk tales or old sagas that have their action on these very slopes and by their very rivers, and were told round the hearth of the Gael before Romulus built his city on the Palatine and while Homer's songs were still new in the islands of the Egean Sea."

"What is still more marvellous is that all this is the work of the past six years. There were three other Feisanna going on in different parts of Ireland that Sunday, an almost every day in the summer is signally celebrated somewhere by some language celebration, the whole series culminating in the Great Dublin Oireachtas, where the best of all Ireland meet in competition. Surely, there has been a wondrous change. Poor Eoghan O'Growney is lying at rest in the cemetery of Maynooth, but the spirit which he did so much to evoke is marching on to victory."

"The following day we called at the North Presentation Convent, Cork, by invitation of Sister Angela, Father Casey's sister, and there we saw another of the forces making for Irish Ireland. I well remember a time when to speak of teaching Irish would cast connotation into any properly regulated Irish convent, but to sit and behold! here was Irish in full sway. The convent is situated in one of the poorest districts of the city, and the Presentation Nuns, true to the spirit of their foundress, devote themselves especially to the welfare of the most neglected class. The Rev. Mother told me that they have to give breakfast every morning to hundreds of the children. Only now the rich cities of London and New York are awakening to the fact that thousands of underfed youngsters are herded in the public schools every day. This the Christian eyes of the Irish nuns had seen long ago, and their self-sacrificing hearts had supplied the remedy."

"But the children are a delight. They may be as poor as Job's turkey, but they are as smart as lightning. God has given them a great endowment, and the Sister who showed us a specimen of the Irish teaching by the Gouin method told us that there was absolutely no difficulty in making them understand and remember. We must bear in mind in this regard that these children never hear Irish at home."

"Sister Angela is the teacher of singing, and the work she can get out of the girls is a revelation. And then the dancing! They have two all-Ireland prize winners, and it would rejoice the hearts of the gods of Olympus to see their feet scintillating like the little waves in the sunlight on a clean strand and the tide coming in."

Archbishop Ryan's Difficulty

Mr. J. Ashton Devereux, of Philadelphia, nephew of Archbishop Ryan, who was with the Archbishop in Rome, returned last week. In speaking of his trip Mr. Devereux told of the difficulty Mr. Ryan experienced in being allowed to say Mass at Naples.

"The morning after we landed there from Boston," he said, "Archbishop Ryan and the Rev. John J. McCort, of the Church of Our Mother of Sorrows, in West Philadelphia, went to the nearest church and asked permission of the Neapolitan rector to celebrate Mass. The regulations of the archdiocese of Naples require that before such a privilege is granted to clergymen who are strangers they must furnish credentials. Father McCort readily produced his, duly signed and sealed by the Archbishop of Philadelphia."

"But Archbishop Ryan himself had nothing to show but his visiting card. The Italian rector protested that he could not accept a mere visiting card as an official document, and declared he would lay himself open to suspicion by the diocesan authorities if he violated the rules."

"As a consequence, Father McCort was at once given permission to say Mass, but the Archbishop on the strength of whose signature this was done, was refused the same privilege. In vain did Father McCort urge that Archbishop Ryan was his ecclesiastical superior. The rector would not be swayed. The rules of the diocese had to be kept. The only documentary evidence the Archbishop could have furnished were the papal bulls elevating him to the episcopacy, which a bishop doesn't, of course, carry around with him."

A MODEL WEDDING

(B. H., in Ave Maria.)

The greatest national wedding of Ireland—as the officiating priest put it—since Eva MacMurrough married Earl Strongbow, was the recent one of the young Marquis of Bute and Miss Augusta Mary Monica Bellingham, of Castle Bellingham, County Louth. The bride, whose patriotism is fervent, elected to have the marriage festivities held among her own people, and the rite performed by her own parish priest, Father Patrick Fagan of Kilsaran instead of in the Brompton Marriages of London, where the marriages of Great Britain's Catholic aristocracy generally take place. The alliance of two great Catholic houses of Scotland and Ireland such as the Stuarts and Bellinghams could not fail to arouse interest and sympathy, particularly in the latter country; but Miss Bellingham's popularity suffices to account for the extraordinary concourse of enthusiastic spectators that covered the hills and fields around Castle Bellingham on the auspicious morning."

The road to the little village church, about a mile long, was lined with every possible species of vehicle from donkey carts to motors, and the appearance of the Bute brothers in kilts, cock feathers and oak leaves in their bonnets,—the Stewart emblem,—was greeted with wild cheers of welcome. The Robert Emmet Prize Band from Dundalk, in gorgeous ancient Irish accoutrement, made merry music, to which the Scotch pipers replied by vigorous skirling. The Irish and Welsh and Scotch retainers of both noble families vied with each other in demonstrating that fealty and affection so rarely met with in these days of levelling democracy. Over forty deputations waited on the happy pair, and to those of the address which were delivered in Welsh and Gaelic, the Marquis replied in the same tongues. Among these deputations was one from the Presbyterian congregation of a Scotch town owned by Lord Bute; and the marriage service was attended by clergymen of different sects from England and Scotland, as well as by the local Protestant minister. Indeed the note of religious tolerance was evident throughout, and brought to mind the lines of the great Irish poet to the Catholic Church: "Where shineth thy spirit, there liberty shineth too." These words are as truly in the birthplace of Miss Bellingham.

Sir Henry Bellingham, formerly private chamberlain to his popo Leo XIII., has brought up his family in lordly devotion to the Old Faith. His eldest daughter has embraced a religious life; and Lord Bute's bride has been bred, both figuratively and literally, in the atmosphere of Rome. Indeed it was in the Eternal City that her engagement took place. In person, she is a handsome, vivacious brunette of medium stature, with two remarkably eloquent eyes, expressive at once of good nature and earnest purpose. On the morning of her bridal day she looked serene and beautiful as the sweet seriousness of the face beneath the historic veil which is an heirloom of her grandmother, daughter of the Earl of Gainsborough. The prevailing tone of her attire was simplicity, and she wore no jewelry. Love and blessings surrounded her as she knelt, and fervent prayers for her future happiness were sent up from the humblest of the congregation.

The present Marquis of Bute, although different in many respects from his father, has inherited the chief characteristics of that illustrious convert; among which come first a strenuous devotion to duty, and a fervent attachment to that faith left to him as a more precious heritage than the worldly privileges of nobility and great territorial possessions. Educated in a devout circle, under the wise tutelage of his mother, the boy's earliest impressions were of the spiritual order, combined with the exercise of active benevolence. With no less conscientious exactitude than she had shown in the fulfillment of another sacred trust—her personal consignment of the late Earl's heart to Jerusalem,—this worthy daughter of the Howards formed the mind of her son to all that was pure and lofty. His natural bent being towards a simple outdoor life, he was gratified in this as far as was consistent with a comprehensive course of instruction. His love of big game hunting has taken him as far afield as Central Africa; but the interest in agriculture and mining operations which he has lately developed leads one to anticipate that he will follow his father in all but sedentary pursuits.

The literary tastes of the late Marquis—she was the original of Beaconsfield's "Lothair," wherein Mr. Capel also figures as the ecclesiastical instrument in his conversion—no wise hindered his participation in many successful financial undertakings. That the earldom of Bute is one of the few millionaire earldoms of the British Peerage is due almost much to him as to his father, who devoted nearly half a million sterling to the building of the West Bute dock in Cardiff. To both of them the city owes its prosperity, as it in turn has been to them the main source of their great wealth.

The present possessor of the Bute heritage declared with frank modesty, in the short speech delivered at his coming-of-age banquet: "I have not one object, which is to walk in my father's footsteps and do my duty in like manner." Of a naturally retiring nature, he was not very much in evidence even during the festivities which preceded the wedding at Castle Bellingham, absenting himself from the fashionable crowd whenever he could, to take a quiet stroll in the gardens with his brothers or with Sir Henry Bellingham. A true Scotch patriot, he adheres to the dress and custom of his native land, wearing the kilt when at home, and ordering his household to be awakened every morning by the sound of the bagpipes.

On the morning of his wedding day, the bridegroom, with his mother and brothers, attended a Low Mass at 8 o'clock in Kilsaran Chapel; and at 10 o'clock began the Nuptial Mass, after which the Pope's special blessing was given. The altar, of white alabaster, was beautifully wreathed in lilies; and the choir of the Marlborough Street Pro-Cathedral, Dublin, gave an exceptionally magnificent rendering of the "Veni Creator." Although there were several great church dignitaries present, and although it was expected that, owing

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The Eternal Money Question

Pert young Catholics—and grouchy old ones, too—often affect to be caustic at the expense of their pastor's money-getting proclivities. The fact that churches have to be built, to say nothing of schools and houses for priests and teachers; that the church has to be maintained and priests and teachers fed and clothed—all this seems to make little or no impression on the dense skulls of the grumblers who give nothing, or about that, themselves and then try to quiet their consciences by railing at the priest because he is obliged to perform the never-agreeable duty of asking his congregation for funds with which to defray the oppressive expense account which stares him in the face by day and disturbs his sleep at night. The carpers do not try to realize that the money the priest has to raise is not for himself; that it does not go into his own pocket or bank account; that more often than not he has to go deep into his own meagre funds to make good the delinquencies of his people. I have heard of more than one instance where a person in an excess of personal pride put his name down for a stained glass window, or a station, and then refused to keep the promise he made to God through His representative—and snugly sat Sunday after Sunday looking through a window which bore the inscription, "Donated by Mr. John Blank." Some of these days a priest who is braver than his fellows will tack on to the inscription, "—and not paid for," and Mr. Blank will be less conspicuous. Such people eventually become the most pronounced faultfinders with every effort their pastor makes to raise funds for the church.

Soon after the first of the year the annual statement appears and discloses the fact that the whole of the pastor's salary has been applied to the church debt—this has happened many times right here in Buffalo. Then, again, a priest goes to his eternal reward and it is found that he died so poor that there isn't enough in his estate to bury him, and our wise—but close-fisted—friends grow merrily sarcastic with wonderment over "What became of his money?" An instance of where the priest's money goes came to light the other day in Brooklyn. Father Michael J. Moran, for thirty-five years pastor of the Church of the Nativity in that city, died suddenly about three weeks ago. During his busy years he built the parish church, two fine schools, and a long period named Father Moran handled many hundreds of thousands of dollars, and no doubt he was often made the object of sharp shafts from parsimonious members of his flock. Yet when the good old priest passed away and it came time to look into his affairs it was found that there wasn't a dollar with which to pay his funeral expenses and a collection had to be taken up in the church for that purpose. In this instance the priest's income didn't go to the support of the Church, but into the mouths and onto the backs of the poor. It is related of Father Moran that no one ever came to him for aid and left without getting it; and thus his confiding nature was many a time and oft imposed upon by those who were undeserving. But what matter? They claimed to be poor and in need, and that appeal never found a deaf ear in "Father Mike."

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The QUIET HOUR

M. HUYSMANS ON LOURDES.

M. Huysmans, whose compositions are always imbued with vigorous individuality, is putting the finishing touch to a work on Lourdes. The author of "La Bas," "En Rebouts," "La Route" and "La Cathedrale," who has been interviewed by M. Raoul Aubury, of "The Temps," gives a characteristic foreword concerning the pilgrims who frequent the miraculous pool. "I am not writing a novel in the course of which imaginary persons are conducted to Lourdes, but am completing a series of critical studies," says M. Huysmans. "Now and then there are truly miraculous cures at Lourdes; this I firmly believe. But the most striking miracle of all is, to my mind, the fact that the multitude that comes to the places defy with impunity the laws not only of medical science, but of ordinary hygiene. I have made three long visits to Lourdes, and I constantly saw men reeking with sweat plunging after meal-time in almost ice-cold water; I saw children so ill as to be scarcely able to draw their breath dipped into chilly pool; I saw delicate women, regardless of the critical condition of their health, immerse themselves up to their chins in the frigid water. None of these men, women or children appear to suffer the logical consequences of their acts. I saw good, pious, hard-working Sisters of Mercy and honest, noble-minded priests, but flocking about them, like harpies or birds of prey, were vile vendors of trash, which they disposed of at exorbitant prices to confiding pilgrims. The Peres de Lourdes are worthy, hard working and conscientious. I sympathize with them, for they defend the last ramparts of the dignity of this huge religious, popular fair. Emile Zola collected his data concerning Lourdes too hastily. Zola was the victim of one of his influential friends, who excited him against the Lourdes fathers because this trusted adviser had a secret ambition of being able to induce the Government of the republic to expel the fathers and priests, and, when this element was once eliminated, to transform Lourdes into a sort of stock company, abounding in palace hotels, clubs, casinos, with baccarat and petits chevaux; sheds and garages for automobiles, and with American bars dispensing Manhattan cocktails, whiskeys and sodas and other drinks, while bands of red-coated fiddlers played macabre polkas or harrowing cake walks. "No," continued M. Huysmans, "the fathers of Lourdes are doing a noble, unselfish work, and Zola was unjustly prejudiced against them."

THE PRIEST'S VESTMENTS.

How many of our boys and girls know the names of the vestments the priest wears at Mass, and that each one has a special significance? Paste this in your scrap book, or better still, fix it in your memory: The vestments worn by the priest in celebrating Mass are six. 1. The Amice is a white linen veil, which the priest puts over his head and shoulders. It represents the veil with which the Jews covered the face of Jesus when they struck Him. 2. The Alb is a long white linen garment which reaches to the feet of the priest. It represents the white robe that Herod in mockery put upon Our Lord. 3. The Cincture, or Girdle, is the cord tied around the waist to hold up the Alb. It represents the cords with which Christ was bound. 4. The Maniple, worn on the left arm, represents the chains put upon Our Lord, and also the handkerchief with which Veronica wiped His face. 5. The Stole is a narrow band which hangs down from the neck and

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THE PRIESTS OF MEXICO

Mr. F. R. Guernsey, the well-known Mexican non-Catholic correspondent of the Boston Herald, thus speaks of the growth of the Church in that land and of the splendid work of the priests among the poor and ignorant:

After years of depression, but of unremitting work, there is a genuine Catholic revival in this country. One notes it in the interior towns and cities, where there is a continual restoration of church edifices, a growth in the number and character of Catholic schools and a greater activity of the clergy. The Vatican takes a greater interest in Mexican Church matters, and it is now the settled policy of Rome to maintain permanently here a Papal Delegate, or visitor, who will supervise Church matters. The present Papal representative, Monsignor Serafini, Archbishop of Spoleto, Italy, is a remarkably able prelate; venerable, wise, conciliatory, and an excellent man of business. He has acquired a little Spanish, and is perseveringly studying English, recognizing the importance of our language both in Mexico and elsewhere. He is not a haughty and inaccessible prelate, but rather a simple Christian gentleman, whose influence is wholly for good in this country. The high authorities of the Church sustain the republic, and approve the administration of President Diaz. This great change began to make itself manifest during the latter years of pontificate of Leo XIII. That great Pontiff urged the support of the Government here upon the Mexican Bishops and Archbishops. Since that time there has been less of the former bitterness between clericals and Liberals. A handsome residence is to be built here for the present Delegate and all succeeding Papal Delegates.

It is probable that the activity of the Protestant missions here, and the incoming of thousands of Americans, the latter largely from the West and Southwest of the United States, has had an effect upon Catholic Church policy. Undeniably, where missionary effort has been pushed by Protestant sects there has been a stirring of the local Mexican clergy into greater activity. Among enlightened Catholics this is regarded as most salutary. "We needed arousing, needed competition," they will tell you.

It must not be forgotten, however, that Catholics themselves maintain missions here, and that many devoted priests are up in the Sierras and down among the Tabascan, Chiapan and other Indians trying to civilize them; that Jesuit and other missions are held in towns where the poor children are instructed, the faithful stirred to greater zeal, the humblest people married at a merely nominal charge, and other good works carried on. The Jesuit Fathers are active in many parts of the country, and what I have seen of their work satisfies me that they are contributing to the improvement of the public morals. They preach, do mission work and educate the young. How these highly cultivated and most charming men can live in dreary Indian towns and carry on their work, and always with perfect serenity of demeanor, puzzles me. I should make a wild bolt for civilization and Parker House rolls.

I have before me a cutting from the Boston Herald's report of a conference of the Episcopal Woman's Auxiliary at Pierce Hall, Boston, on a recent date. One paragraph says: "Bishop Whittaker, of Pennsylvania, said people who had never travelled in those southern countries have no conception of the difference between the Roman priesthood in Brazil, Mexico and Cuba and the honorable, upright men of that Church in this country. He also spoke of the great help the missionaries had been in the cause of education." I hold no brief for the Catholic Church in Mexico, but am getting into a "frame of mind" over the many laudatory reports about the priests of that Church here. Not all are saints; some are self-indulgent, easy-going men, but so have been some mercantile-minded Protestant missionaries who have never lost sight of the Protestant missionaries in Mexico are good, honest and intelligent men. And I believe that the great majority of the Catholic clergy here are faithful workers in the great Mexican field.

One thing we must admit, and that is the intense devotion to their task of the devout Catholic clergymen. I could fill a small book with instances of their entire self-sacrifice. I have known of priests living meagrely, denying themselves the proper comforts of life, that they might have the more to give to the poor. Right under my observation, to-day, are five priests, all Carmelites, who work hard and who in all weathers are out among their people, often up to 5 a.m., and taking horse to the mountain villages. These young men go into the hut of the man dying of black snailpox, or of the deadly typhus, to administer consolation and the rites of the Church. This is no hearsay; I know it.

I have met Dominican and other priests whose beds have been better than hard boards covered only by a blanket, who had scanty food, and yet who worked with zeal among the poor of their parishes. I have known these men, sat down with them and heard their history of their humble, self-denying lives, seen them tested with charity cases, and of such men tell me no tales of a "corrupt and luxurious priesthood." And was that servant of his Master, who lived in the huts of the poor Indians, satisfied with a handful of tortillas and a cup of milk, a humbug? I saw this devout man, so humble, so devoted to his fisher-farmer flock that he would not accept the hospitality, freely offered him, by wealthy haciendados or great farmers.

Scholarly priests there are whose conversation is most charming and instructive, men with whom it is agreeable to sit at dinner, as high bred and as intelligent as any American priest of the class Bishop Whittaker talks about. Take the case of Father Hunt-Cordes, of this city, a native of New Orleans, a scholar and archaeologist, learned in the language and lore of the ancient Mexicans, who talks with the Indians to-day in Nahuatl, and maintains, aided by the charitable Anclauds, many broad-minded Protestants, a home for working boys in this city.

Last Sunday I saw in a neighboring village 143 little Indian boys and girls who have for weeks been under instruction in Christian Doctrine by five young Catholic ladies of the best families. These children, after their first Communion, heard a discourse, brief and interesting, preached by a Jesuit Father, and then sat down in the great corridor of a private house to a most excellent and nourishing breakfast; each little girl in a new dress and rebozo, or head and shoulder wrap, and each little lad in new hat, blouse and trousers, provided by the well-to-do Catholic families of the town. The young ladies and young men of the upper class waited on these future citizens and mothers at table, and the religious instruction of the whole 143 will be kept up during the year by the same band of young women. And this goes on all over Mexico.

Not long ago a group of Catholic women went to do missionary work in a far southern State down by the Guatemalan border. They nursed the sick, taught the children, sewed for them, and some of these devoted women died of fever contracted in the course of their work. A priest whom I knew, a young man, is to-day an invalid by reason of a pernicious fever caught while on missionary work in a region in the State of Guerrero. These are but a few facts pertaining to Church work in this country.

There are good Protestant missionaries workers, and the medical missionaries do an amount of good that justifies their existence and liberal support. Many Catholic clergymen have testified to the humane service of the Protestant medical missionaries. Put that fact down alongside the others.

Taking the Catholic Church as a whole in this country, viewing its work broadly and in an impartial spirit, one must commend it heartily. It is a great, warm-hearted, brooding mother, doing the best it can with a continually renewed crop of tropical human nature. It is a big fight, and it goes on every day in the year. Priests are human beings, and some of them err at times, but on the whole, taking them at large, what an amount of positive good they accomplish in levelling up the semi-animalistic mass of ignorant and unreflecting people! The old Spaniards who conquered this country made a distinction. White people were "gente de razon," or people who reasoned; Indians were "sin razon," or without reason. We nowadays find that this distinction does not invariably hold good; there are many cultivated men of Indian race. But the big mass of the descendants of the Aztecs and the other tribes are guided by their instincts, reason little, perhaps as much as an elephant, and have to be taken by the nape of the neck and pulled up to a reasonably high plane of conduct. They are not eminent Christians; they are more or less pagans, and if it were not for the big and busy Catholic Church they would be brutish heathens, and truly "sin razon."

Not only is Catholic missionary work going on in southern and interior Mexico, but right here in this city. The big organization does its appointed task; it has little time among every-day humanity for high-flown discussion, and the familiar modern slashing-out of bits of the Bible; it is wrestling with human nature as it is, and don't imagine that human nature, as much better than it was in Rome when St. Paul arrived there. The dainty preacher, the curled darling of the congregation, would be completely out of his element down among the struggling mass of the poor, wanton and ignorant; the raw material of angels, perhaps, but needing centuries of spiritual evolution to get there. Yet among the poor and ignorant are sometimes found quiet, devoted souls like lovely flowers in a barnyard. The "treasure of the humble" is theirs, and the pious priest, discovering them, thanks God that something comes into his life to prevent his utter discouragement.

St. Bernard and the Jews

(Boston Pilot.)

An English contemporary, writing on the feast of St. Bernard (August 20), recalls the fact that this greatest of medieval Saints, the last of the Fathers of the Church, was a great friend of the persecuted Jews. Turks and Jews were oftentimes woefully confounded in the medieval mind, and the latter suffered accordingly during the enthusiasm of the second Crusade, till St. Bernard set himself against this unchristian spirit. Of his services to the race, an eminent Jew of the time writes: "Had not the tender mercies of the Lord sent Priest Bernard, none of us would have survived."

St. Bernard in his championship of the oppressed Jews was like Pope St. Gregory I, who made certain over-zealous Christians return to its owners the synagogue of Terracina, expressing at the same time the axiom, "Coercion is not conversion."

Of the veneration felt for St. Bernard in pre-Reformation days in England we have traces in that notable series, "The Ruined Abbeys of Great Britain," which Ralph Adams Spang is contributing to our esteemed Protestant Episcopal contemporary, The Churchman—a series, by the way, soon to be issued in book form, and likely to have its part in undoing the "National Apostasy," which, even outside the Catholic Church, is now so deeply deplored by men more rational and Christian than the alleged reformers.

St. Bernard has come into popular present-day secular consciousness through the delightful pictures of his many-sided character and marvellous influence in Marion Crawford's novel, "Via Crucis." But it seems best to think now of this Christ-like Saint as the stern opponent of the anti-Semitic spirit, which, in one guise or another, but always plausible, crops up even to-day among Christians.

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The Debutante's Letters

By Reginald W. Kauffman, in The Pilgrim.

Early in my career I found that to be a successful burglar one must de- vise some means of getting at least within earshot of the class best worth robbing.

I never believe in attacking a house just because it looks prosperous. That is where the average burglar fails, since very many houses—and far more than you would think—are there "bluffs," like that of Porthos— fine shells put up to impress the neighbors, but with never a kernel worth the nibbling inside. To "crack a crib" (I detest our English argot, but it alone, sometimes, offers what Stevenson calls "the proper word"), to "crack a crib," I pre- pare with the vague purpose of gathering in only whatever you may chance to find there, is to be like the booted greenhorn who "doesn't aim at any particular place on the moose but just all over him." I rarely do that. I believe in finding a house that contains some specific object— preferably small and necessarily worth while. Such objects, when valuable enough to be written about in the newspapers, are mostly kept in safe deposit vaults, and to learn the existence and whereabouts of those that are kept elsewhere, it is imperative to have some means of getting in touch with possible owners.

To do this I have always used various means, but it is needless to enumerate them here. Enough that I find a reporter's badge useful at large dances, and that I do not over- look the precious privilege of a wide acquaintance among serving-maids. My many undergraduate friendships, I may add, might have proved the best source of all, but, when I took up the profession of house- breaking, I was in circumstances so straightened that I had, for some time, been forced to discontinue all expensive comradeships, and there- after, I made it a rule never to take advantage of any hint which might be dropped on one or the other of the few occasions when I met old friends. A violation of confidence would be bad business ethics, and ever since I first wore mokeskins, I believed in what the English call "playing the game."

Well, to come to the case in point, I also found Anatole's a most fruit- ful place for information, and it was there that I came across the be- ginning of the "Affair of the Debu- tante's Letters." Oh, yes, you do! You just don't know it by that title. It is one of the most delectable cafes in New York, and is pleasantly located somewhere below One Hundred and Sixty-fifth street and somewhere above Park Place, but just what its position in regard to Broadway it would ob- viously be unfair to expect me to dis- close. I call it Anatole's because Anatole is the Christian name of the head-waiter, and because Anatole is one of my best friends—though that he doesn't guess.

Now, the chief charm about Ana- tole's place—not only to me, but to some people whose vocations are quite different from my own—is its private dining-rooms. There many fashionable people gather, thinking that other fashionable people do not know it. Half of the second floor is devoted to these apartments, and their doors lock from the inside.

Also, the walls are thin, and be- hind the Bogureau copies in three of them I have bored convenient holes which Anatole seems to be never discovered. For Anatole is a discreet young man of forty—French, of course—and stands high on my pay-roll. He thinks I am a society reporter for "Town Gossip," which, indeed, in my in- terregate days, I used—

But that's telling. However, to get to the point, when I entered Anatole's one afternoon in June last, I was met by that dear gentleman, his little waxed mustache fairly trembling with emotion.

"In dat Number Two, sir," he ex- plained, "ees M'sieu Vandam am' M'sieu Short—How they call? Char- ley Short! Comprenez M'sieu?" I nodded.

"Ver well. I show them in, en' it seems to me—I can not be certain, but it seem to me—they begin to talk about some big deb of ze cartes. Is it not that there might be—what you say?—a 'story' therein?" There might be and there might not be a story of my sort. Anyhow, I entered Number Four, just next the room occupied by the gamblers, and, merely to keep up appearances, had Anatole himself bring me a bottle and a syphon.

I had heard a good deal of Short, and Vandam I knew by sight. The latter was a mere lad just out of col- lege—by special request of the Dean—whose family, an old and rich one in New York, had, I understood, lately seen fit to place him upon a very meager allowance, because of the ass he had been making of him- self at every roulette and poker table in the town, and whose elder brother, it was gossiped, would soon be announced as the fiance of Betty Wyndham, one of the prettiest and poorest debutantes of the season just passed.

As for Short, nobody knew much that was definite about him, and no- thing that I had heard was greatly to his credit. He had blown into New York a year or two previous, and had at once got in with all of the men and a few of the women in the "horsey" set. He was suspect- ed of selling a sure thing on the races soon and then, he played an excellent hand at "preferance," and he rarely failed to win at the national game of ante-and-draw-one.

Now, by good luck, this precious pair were in a room into which I could look. The hole from Num- ber Four was low and came out through the wall of Number Two just above a little serving-table, where it was partly concealed by some drap- ery and the pattern of the paper.

Of course, I made a reconnaissance immediately. Vandam—a spick and span young- ster with a pasty face, watery eyes, weak mouth, and blonde hair sick- ed down on either side of his narrow head—was sitting at the table—so that his profile was about all that I could see. But Short was directly facing my position, and of him I got an excellent view.

His forehead was low, broad, and wrinkled, with heavy black brows, that almost met, over keen, dark

eyes which bored right into every- thing he looked at, whether it be the glass that he held in his burly fist or the cringing lad on his right. He was, I judged, something under the average height, but so broad and compact as to suggest enormous strength. His skin was dry and thick and dark, his lips heavy, and his nose and jaw like a bulldog's. But what first prejudiced me most against him were his clothes; a huge red ascot tie was held in place about his big neck by a large gold pin in the shape of a horseshoe, and he was dressed in a tight-fitting frock coat, and that abomination of desolation, a pair of shepherd's plaid trousers.

"But how do I know you'll pay then?" he was asking.

"Vandam's thin voice quavered as he answered.

"Why, great guns, I'll have to! Besides, my allowance is due in the morning."

"Yes—I've heard that before."

"Well, but can't you see? I tell you I'll have to pay up then! Here's this dinner in the evening at New- port with Jim's engagement to Betty to be announced, and the ring gone! You know the story; he thought she didn't like the ring he got her the other day, ordered this one, and wired me to bring it along. Why, I've just got to have it, I tell you, when I arrive!"

Short grunted.

"You'll give up sure in the morn- ing?" he asked.

"Sure."

"Well, I haven't got the ring here, but—What security would I have if I did give it up ahead of time? What about that ring on your finger now?"

He nodded at young Vandam's hand, whereon, as I had at once noticed, there shone three stones which no- body but a girl or a politician had any right to wear. Two diamonds and a ruby, the last almost as big as the nail of a woman's little fin- ger—haughty, every one, and en- ough more than to repay any man of my profession for some small trouble in securing them.

Vandam took off the ring and toss- ed it across the table.

"It's worth half again the amount I owe," he said—and I believed him.

"Take it, if you must have security."

Short promptly pocketed the bauble.

"Now," Vandam pursued, "send around for the other one."

"Not much!" snapped Short.

"It's in my safe. You don't need it before morning, anyway. Meet me here at ten with the money and you will get both rings; your own and your brother's."

"But, good Lord, Short—"

The hold-up-man—for I could see that he amounted to nothing more than that—banged the table with his big fist, his dark eyes glowing wick- edly.

"That's all!" he said. "If you are on the level, you won't have anything to lose by the arrangement, and if you ain't on the level—why, this may put you there."

The miserable sucker wriggled hard but he was hooked all right, and the end of it was that he went away leaving Short with both rings and a promise.

That seemed to have ended the mat- ter, and as I was just about to take my eye away from the hole, the door of Number Two was flung almost wide open, and a woman entered.

I remained at my post.

She was young and slight, quietly but fashionably dressed, and, as she raised over her bolero that a veil suspiciously heavy for that season, she revealed a delicate, pretty, proud little face with just such blue eyes and just such a curve to the under lip as—well, as I had known for a month or two in somebody else a couple of long years before.

Short leaped up from the seat which he had just resumed, his evil face all amazement.

"Why—why—" he stammered, and then, catching himself: "Miss Wynd- ham!"

She stood confronting him, obvious- ly aware of the position in which her coming alone to Anatole's had placed her, obviously desperate too, but also obviously unafraid.

"Yes," she said, "I went first to the St. Monica, and they told me you were probably here. I had no time to lose, so I followed."

Short seemed to have regained his composure.

"And to what," he asked with a little half-sneer, "do I owe the honor of this visit?"

"You know very well, Mr. Short, I must have those letters before to- morrow evening."

Short's heavy brows contracted, and his face assumed the same ugly expression it had worn during his talk with young Vandam.

"Indeed," he said, "I thought that I would not part with them be- fore—ahem!—your marriage. How- ever, I presume from what you now say that you have the five thousand in your pocket-book?"

"You do not presume anything of the sort. You know very well that it is impossible for me to lay my hands on any such amount; you knew it when you fixed your price."

"My dear young lady, I know no- thing of the sort, and you must par- don me if I refuse to believe it when it's told me. Here you are about to be married to James Q. Vandam, an extremely rich and generous young man, and yet you shy at five thou- sand dollars? Why, I was talking to his younger brother not long ago, and he never spoke in anything under thousands."

"Mr. Vandam may be wealthy, but I am not, and you know it." "Then there are speculators who would be glad to make an advance on such security—hundreds of them."

"As if I would stoop to that!"

"Oh!" she broke out, throwing away her pride at last, "if you have any heart, any manhood, Mr. Short, you will give me those letters now. I could not think of using my hus- band's money to purchase them any- how. But I can appeal—and I do ap- peal—to you, and I beg you to have pity on me!"

Poor little thing! Of course, she couldn't see that the more desperate she showed her mood to be, the more directly she was playing into the hands of that ugly bulldog.

I don't know what she could have done in the past to get her into such a scrape, but I did want to go in there and break Mr. Short's nasty face. Most men would probably have yielded to the impulse, but, in my profession, the first lesson that one learns is the lesson of waiting. Short couldn't see fool enough to carry those letters on his person, and the only thing that would help this little girl was the possession of what her per- secutor facetiously described as "the precious documents." So I bided my time, and not until Short had re- peated his declaration, and his vic- tim had at last disconsolately re- treated, did I "butt in."

"Shall I see you to your carriage?" Short had sneered.

"No," she had answered, "I liked her for that, too—and sailed out of the room."

Then I sailed out also. I hurried down the front stairs—she had taken the side ones—and met her just at the door of the hansom toward which, her veil still thoughtlessly raised, she was making her way.

I gave her my best bow—she de- served it.

"Miss Wyndham?" I inquired. She looked me over coldly, but I am not a bad figure in my frock coat. "That is my name," she replied.

"Miss Wyndham," she pursued, "I happen to know about your difficulty and I am in a position to recover from Mr. Short what you have—er- lost."

Again she looked me over.

"But," she said, "and I saw her eyes harden—I do not know you."

I made the best of it.

"My misfortune is that, for you, it is much better you never should 'know me' in the sense you imply. However, I am in no way connected with Mr. Short, if that's any recom- mendation." She almost smiled and I, encouraged, went on: "And what is more, I can get you what you have—lost, which is something which no- body else hereabouts can do. I beg you to believe, Miss Wyndham, that I am sincere—I beg you to think that I am honest. It is hardly likely at any rate that, after I have deliv- ered the missing package into your hands, you will ever see me again."

Yet another time that slow blue gaze of hers swept me from head to foot. But I wasn't a bit afraid. I knew that she observed only a well- groomed, well-built young man, with a keen, clean-shaven face, a square jaw, a good nose, and a pair of eyes which, though black, compared not badly with her own.

I was satisfied, and presently I saw that she was, too.

But she was a girl who had her wits about her, like—

"We mustn't stand talking here," she said. "Get into the hansom."

I did, and with a quick word from her, we were off.

"Now," she pursued, as she set- tled herself as far away from me as those cramped quarters would per- mit, "how do you intend to do it?"

I looked at her squarely.

"That," said I, "is something about which I must ask you not to in- quire."

"But, will it be fair?"

"It will at all events be so con- ducted as not to exceed the limits of justice—by which I always mean poe- tic justice."

"And your reward?"

"So far as you are concerned," I answered, blushing "merely the pleas- ure of doing you a service, Miss Wyndham."

"But," she faltered, "it—it's all most unusual. Why, as I said, we have never even met, and I don't as much as know your name!"

There she was again at my name! That was so delightfully—and so an- noyingly!—feminine.

"Miss Wyndham," I replied with my best air of finality, "by men- tioning the question of reward, you have admitted that what I propose to do will be at least a trifling fa- vor."

At that it was her turn to blush.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "of course, I did not mean to oppress —"

"Just let us say no more about that. I owe you some explanation for what you have justly observed to be the unusual phase of all this. I happened to be in the room next to Mr. Short. The walls are—er—thin. I could not help overhearing. I chanced, luckily, to know a way of getting what you want. That is all."

She bowed her head over the big bunch of violets at her breast.

without its dangers.

"Can you by any possibility post- pone your departure until the first train in the morning?—I ask because I can't well see Mr. Short before late to-night."

"Well, as I say, I did send a note to Mr. Vandam just before I left, saying that I might be going to the city to do some shopping, and the servants are still at my aunt's house. I dare say it might be managed."

We had reached a street at which it would be safe for me to alight. Be- sides, I didn't care to have Miss Wyndham seen driving about the streets with a stranger any more than necessary, especially as that stranger's face might some day grace a prisoner's pen.

"Capital!" I assented, as I pre- pared to leave. "There is a train, I believe, at 7:30. Will that be too early?"

She looked at me, smiling; even a debutante in the Charmed Circle is but a woman.

"You are doing me a favor, you know," she reminded me, "What- ever train you name, I shall take."

"Then," said I, "beside the gate at the Grand Central Station at 7:25 to-morrow morning there will be a man who will hand you a package. There will be neither time nor need for you to speak to him. To repeat, we shall probably never meet again. Good-by."

She looked up, startled, bewildered, and put out the dearest—no, the second dearest—little gloved hand in the world.

I couldn't help myself; I took it.

"But," she began, "I want to thank you. I—"

"Good-by!" I hurriedly repeated, and dived into the crowd.

I don't like revolvers, and I sel- dom indulge in the absurdity of a disguise. The former are but a short-cut to the gallows, and the latter is but a flaming sign of felo- nious intent. However, this was, on the face of it, a pistol-and-beard affair. A man as much seen about New York as I am can't walk into a first-class apartment-house, rob a suite, and expect to escape unrecog- nized.

On reaching Mr. Short's apartments after being admitted to the house by the door-boy, whom I told I was a doctor, I demanded the papers from the safe, to have a pile made of them in the fireplace, and to have them burned. But first, I demanded, he turn over to me the ring belonging to Mr. James Q. Vandam and the one his brother gave you this afternoon."

He lied, he swore, he cringed, but I kept at him, and in ten minutes, by a shot that tore his black tie, I had gained my end. The two rings and Miss Wyndham's letters were in my pocket, and the rest of the former contents of the safe was a small pile of white ashes on the hearth.

Then I tied and gagged the miser- able blackmailer in a Morris chair and left him, putting the key to his rooms in my own clothes as I went downstairs.

"Find Mr. Short all right?" asked the door-boy as I passed through the lower hall.

"I left him all right," I condition- ally replied. "He wants you to bring him up some water in half an hour—and here's a dollar for you."

So the job was done, and if ever I could have slept the sleep of the just it was after settling the case of Mr. Charles Reeder Short.

But there was one element in the affair that troubled me. The sneak had said that the letters were writ- ten to him. Of course I wouldn't have believed his statement, yet, though I would not have read a line of the epistles for a good deal of money—and for a variety of rea- sons, I had seen, as he handed me the envelopes, that they were endor- sed in accordance with his statement.

And that, as I say, worried me. It had been unpleasant enough to sup- pose that so seemingly sweet a girl as Betty Wyndham would ever have written any letters which she would regret, but that for her correspond- ent she should have chosen a black- guard like Short—this was more than I could stand.

Bothered or not bothered, however, I had to be at the Forty-second St. Station at 7:25, and there I, accord- ingly, appeared, on time to the min- ute, as is my invariable rule in all matters of business.

She was waiting for me—the same trim little figure of yesterday, the veil daintily thrown back and show- ing all the beauty of her pale, proud face.

"You've got them?" she asked with a smile and a catch in her voice that somehow went with a smile of that sort.

I bowed and presented her with two packages. I found that it would be necessary to talk after all.

"Here," said I, "are two small bundles. The larger contains the things in which you have been in- terested, the very little one is an ar- ticle which I shall ask you to hand, as soon as you arrive, or as soon as you see him, for he will probably not be there until afternoon—to the younger Mr. Vandam. He will un- derstand; it is something for his brother which he secured and then inad- vertently dropped—in the gutter."

"It is—"

"It is something," I interrupted, "which I shall ask the privilege of holding a secret until you have been told about it by the more fortunate Mr. Vandam."

Then there came a pause, an awk- ward silence. All about us people were hurrying through the train- shed—legions of them—and there she and I stood silent, and as alone as if we had been together on a desert island. I was content to wait for her to speak, and she was trying hard to say the thing on which she had set her mind.

At last she made the leap.

"I want to thank you—oh, I want to thank you so very much!" she stammered, "and I don't even know the name of the person to whom I owe so great a service."



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"Then," she said very bravely, "I shall naturally possess a limited supply of words and her language will not always be well chosen. Some of us are so singularly unfa- miliar with what is going on about us. No one can have too many daily newspapers. Current events at home and abroad, discoveries, in- ventions and the various things that belong to the forward march of civilization should interest girls as well as men. Be interesting. Whether you are clever or brilliant matters little if you are interesting and have a cer- tain charm of manner. Shy and silent girls are not necessarily devoid of charm. The most popular girl is not always the one who is read- iest of speech. She who is witty at the expense of others, who is cut- ting in her remarks, who places oth- ers in an embarrassing position, who not long remain a favorite in any company. The shy, silent girl will never offend in this way. The first thing for the silent girl to do then, I would suggest, is to become a reader of good and interest- ing literature. She should be an in- tent listener and then speak when an opening occurs in the conversa- tion, having something to say of course. Every spoken word will give her confidence and confidence is the cure for shyness. THE ART OF HAPPINESS. If you want to be really happy you must try first of all to cultivate cheerfulness, even when misfortune as- sails you. A difficult task certainly at first, when there is not the faint- est sign of a silver streak in the black clouds! But once you have learned the value of cheerfulness, you will discover that there is a pleasant side to most circumstances—even to life's trials. Happiness consists in being brave- face things manfully, and never go under. The black waves of trouble are only, alas! too prone to engulf us, but a little resistance, a little fortitude, will enable us to weather the storms of illness or pecuniary loss. There is a certain fighting in- stinct in us that should enable us to conquer difficulties and make the best of them. How to Cleanse the System.—Par- melec's Vegetable Pills are the result of scientific study of the effects of extracts of certain roots and herbs upon the digestive organs. Their use has demonstrated in many in- stances that they regulate the action of the liver and the kidneys, purify the blood, and carry off all morbid accumulations from the system. They are easy to take, and their action is mild and beneficial.

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THE COWARD

"He is a coward," the people of Brillon used to say, pointing to Adolphe Canelle as he passed down the one street of the French-Canadian village trailing a string of freshly-caught dore. "He has been so coddled by his mother, the Widow Canelle, that a young calf has more pluck. He is afraid to go to the lumber shanty in the winter—can do nothing but catch fish. He has no courage—he is a poor cur."

well that place where there were no rocks and a smooth swoop of water after the curl-back under the plunge. He wheeled and hurried to where Cameron laughed with his friends. "M'sieu Cameron," he began, with shaking voice, "you give feety dollar for run de dam? I run de dam—me, wit' my canoe. You give me feety dollar?"

greatest feat of canoeing known to twenty countries! "By thunder! you're a brave lad," said Contractor Cameron, as he paid the money. "But don't ever do that again."

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But to go over the dam! Yet how often he had thought that it might be done. But now, how angry was the foam! What a horrible height it was! Ugh! He shivered—and yet fifty dollars—his mother! He knew

Adolphe? This was not the old Adolphe. He had a new spirit in him. He was no longer a poltroon. It was a man who paddled, who guided the canoe with wonderful skill through the mad swirls of rapids on to Brillon! On to his mother! To money! To a friendly village proud of her son! To the fame of the

When writing, state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss. Give fullest possible address as goods and watches are frequently returned to us through the post, marked "Can't be found." Our own full address is C. S. BORG, Mgr., Clerk, 9, Kingwood Station, Chicago, Ill.

Fill in your name (in full) on this form, or if you prefer, copy the form on a sheet of paper, sign it and post to us in an envelope.

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KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS. Members of the Knights of Columbus of Ottawa, Montreal, Sault Ste. Marie, Quebec, and Bay City, Mich., were cordially entertained by the Knights of North Bay on Labor Day.

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

THE COWARD "He is a coward," the people of Brillon used to say, pointing to Adolphe Canelle as he passed down the one street of the French-Canadian village trailing a string of freshly-caught dore. "He has been so coddled by his mother, the Widow Canelle, that a young calf has more pluck. He is afraid to go to the lumber shanty in the winter—can do nothing but catch fish. He has no courage—he is a poor cur."

In and Around Toronto

MISSION AT ST. BASIL'S.

Beautiful, lovely, fine, grand, were some of the adjectives applied to the mission now going on at St. Basil's...

DEATH OF MR. THOS. P. COFFEE

The news of the death of Mr. Thos. P. Coffee which occurred in London, England, has caused regret and surprise to his numerous friends...

Mr. Coffee was the son of Irish parents, who settled in Guelph in 1846, and was born on March 17, 1860...

In 1902 Mr. Coffee married Madeleine, daughter of the late Mr. Bernard Hughes. Mrs. Coffee died about eighteen months ago...

Deceased leaves, besides his father, one of Guelph's oldest residents, two sisters, Mrs. Kehoe of Nebraska, U. S., and Miss Coffee of Guelph...

OBITUARY

MRS. J. H. KELLY, OTTAWA.

The death occurred on Wednesday at her home, 212 Waverly street, of Mrs. J. H. Kelly, wife of Mr. J. H. Kelly of the public works department...

The funeral took place on the 15th inst., at 8.30 o'clock from her late residence to St. Patrick's church and thence to Notre Dame cemetery...

MRS. RAPP, HAMILTON. The funeral of Mrs. Nellie Rapp took place from her home, 49 West Murray street, on the 15th inst...

MRS. CONLON, HAMILTON. The funeral of Mrs. Annie Conlon took place this morning from her late residence, 38 Shaw street, to St. Lawrence Church...

JOHN BALDELLI, HAMILTON. The funeral of John Baldeffi, the Italian who died as a result of injuries received in an explosion, took place from Dodsworth's parlors...

OUT OF TOWN WEDDINGS. DRAPER-MAHONEY. On the 14th inst. Miss Agnes Mahoney, second daughter of Mr. John Mahoney, of Ottawa, was married to Mr. Patrick M. Draper...

STEGER-BRAULT. A quiet wedding took place on Tuesday, the 12th inst., at 7.30 a.m., at St. Mary's Church, when Mr. Louis J. Steger of Toledo, O., and Miss M. Oville Brault of Newcastle, were married...

DR. WALLACE IMPROVING. The news of an improvement in the condition of Dr. M. Wallace is everywhere received with a genuine feeling of thankfulness. Late reports of the serious illness of the talented and genial physician had brought sorrow to the hearts of his many personal friends...

REV. FATHER WILLIAM FRASER. Rev. Father William Fraser, lately ordained in Italy, is on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser of 260 Bellwoods avenue, before starting for the field of his work in far off China. Rev. Father John Fraser, another son of the family, has already served several years on the Chinese Mission.

Stop!—Not Thief, But Subscriber. The undersigned having started eastward on a collecting tour for the "Catholic Register," hereby gives notice to all concerned that during this week he can be seen with the naked eye on some of the beautiful streets of the town of Cobourg...

FOUND AT LAST. Mr. McGill, Analyst of the Dominion Inland Revenue Department, after an analysis, reports that the best English and American goods are inferior to the Canadian-made brand known as "Japanese" writing ink.

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Most people do not realize the necessity of absolute purity in flour—great care is taken to use only pure milk, pure water, etc., but flour, that one thing that forms the greatest part of their food, is taken on chance—but they are learning better.

As Royal Household Flour is the only flour in this country thoroughly purified and sterilized by electricity it is not worth while to give it at least at trial.

It bears the stamp of the most responsible makers. You can have no better guarantee than the Ogilvie Flour Mills Co.

An Expert in Plain Chant

The new Cathedral of Covington, Ky., is the first church in this part of the country to adopt absolutely the recommendations of the "Motu Proprio" of Pope Pius X. on church music. Bishop Maes has engaged Prof. Harold Becket Gibbs, of London, England, one of the foremost authorities on Gregorian music in the world...

Count De Brazza Dead.

Paris, Sept. 15.—The Minister of the Colonies to-day received a cable despatch from the Governor of French West Africa announcing the death of Count de Brazza, the explorer, who had been seriously ill at Dakar. The Minister notified Countess De Brazza, saying that France had lost one of her most glorious citizens. President Loubet also telegraphed his condolences to the Countess.

As President of Typographical Union, local No. 102, Mr. Draper has been an active worker in the interests of the present great agitation for the 8-hour day. Mr. Draper has occupied the chair of the Allied Trades and Labor Council of Ottawa for several terms, is now its treasurer, and has represented the local Typographical Union at most of the International Conventions held for some years past.

Pierre Paul Francois Camille De Brazza, Count De Savorgnan, was born on a vessel in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, Jan. 26, 1852. Educated in the Jesuits' College, Paris, he entered the French navy and was naturalized as a Frenchman in 1874. The following year he was sent to explore the basin of the River Ogoewe, Western Africa, and in 1879 he commanded another expedition for the African Association, and founded the towns of Franceville and Brazzaville. The Government sent him in 1883 to consolidate French authority and he became Commissary-General of the new settlements in 1886. He led still another expedition in 1891, which kept him abroad for six years.

Following the ceremony a wedding reception took place at the Granby home on East Ferris street. All parties will reside in this city.

Board and Room wanted for a young lady, in good Roman Catholic family, within half-hour's walk of Toronto University buildings. References exchanged. Address Box 407, Stratford.

TWO REMARKABLE RECORDS. ELLIOTT Business College. TORONTO, ONT. The attendance at the opening of the Fall Term was five times as great as that of a year ago...

THE Kennedy School. We have trained several thousands of stenographers. They send us 99 per cent. of our students—a good recommendation. We place every student immediately upon graduation...

FURRIERS. To H.M. Queen Alexandra H.E.H. Prince of Wales. About Furs for 1906. Did you ever think of the advantage of buying furs by mail?

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