



The Vesper Sermon

(Written for The Register by H. Adams.)

Great is the power of eloquence, but never is it so great as when it pleads along with nature, and the culprit is a child, strayed from its duty and returned to it again with tears—Sterno.

"Hadden't you better take an umbrella, Roy? I fear we are going to have a storm."

There was an anxious ring in Mrs. Roberts's voice as she uttered these words.

"A storm, Vio? How ridiculous! Why, it's lovely out, a perfect day—a charming afternoon."

"And yet," returned the young wife slowly, "and yet, there is a queer, unusual feeling in the air you know, Roy, I pride myself on being a second Old Probs I feel certain we are going to have a storm to-night."

"Nonsense, Vio. Just see how calm—"

"Remember, Roy, before a storm there is a lull and to-day it is oppressively calm."

"More proverbs, wife. I often wonder where you picked them all up. But I must be off, for," consulting his tiny jewelled timepiece, "it is almost four o'clock and I promised to be at Brighton's at half-past. I'd better get a gat on."

The husband picked up his hat and silver-mounted cane and walked out into the hall.

The lovely young wife followed. There was something so restless and uncertain in the expression of her fair face that even the careless husband remarked it.

"What is it, Vio?" he asked more tenderly than was his wont. "What is the trouble, little sweetheart?"

Violette Roberts caught her husband's hand impulsively.

"Roy," she whispered softly, as she raised her large beautiful eyes, full of earnest entreaty to the young man's face. "Roy, I wanted to ask you to come home early this evening. You will, will you not?"

"Well—er, it depends upon—er—circumstances. By the way, what on earth do you want me home early for, little one?"

"Well—nor don't be angry, Roy—but I wanted to know if—if you would come with me to vesper to-night," she went on bravely.

A deep angry scowl marred Roy Roberts's handsome face, as he cried fiercely, "I thought, Violette, this was a subject never to be mentioned between us. When you married me it was understood that each of us could go our own way. You, Violette, are the first to break our compact. But I might have expected it, all women are religious fanatics."

"Oh, Roy, I didn't mean to make trouble," cried the poor girl brokenly. "I only didn't want to go alone, because people talked so and said hard things about you."

"Let them say," he cried, recklessly, as he jammed his hat upon his curly head and strode away.

Violette Roberts stood long at the richly-draped window watching him disappear. Then she threw herself into a hall chair and went off into a day-dream.

One could easily guess her thoughts. Her mind dwelt upon her husband—her gay, careless husband, who had no religion, and, as the world said, no honor, no principle. She thought of how she had met him, in the dim forest glade, one burning July day, well nigh two years ago. He was the man, she, as a giddy school girl had pictured as her husband. Then she remembered how they had met so often and he had asked her to be his wife, telling her, at the same time, he had no religion, but he loved her. In her almost childish simplicity she had married him, thinking, deep down in her own heart, that home influence and perseverance would work wonders. But alas! the hope of the lovely, guileless wife were doomed to meet a bitter disappointment.

Instead of improving her husband grew worse, until people, even their own friends, called him "Roy Roberts, the infidel."

No wonder Violette Roberts grew sad; no wonder her love was on the wane. With a bitter sigh she thought of the time she had said fondly, "Though everyone should hate you, Roy, I shall love you forever and forever."

And she meant it then.

The little painted clock on the mantel told the hour of seven when Violette Roberts donned her bewitching hat and ordered the carriage for church.

"John," she had told the coachman, "do not come for me unless it is raining."

The servant bowed respectfully to his mistress as she passed under the great grey portal into the dim old cathedral.

An hour later we find Roy Roberts hurrying along the streets.

The beautiful but oppressive afternoon had developed into a dull, ominous night. The moon was hidden behind a mountain of heavy opaque clouds; not a star twinkled in the sky, while darkness, impenetrable darkness, reigned supreme. Presently a long chain of lurid lightning flashed across the sky, only to be followed by a deafening peal of thunder.

Roy Roberts, however, appeared to be unaffected by the storm. He was hurrying along the streets.

It was a lovely night. The storm had blown over, leaving the earth fresher and fairer. Far up in the sky, silvery luna, like a majestic queen, sailed along, attended by her numerous pages, the laughing, twinkling stars. The air was heavy with the odor of wetted earth and the perfume of flowers, while the rain-drops fell like glittering pearls from the branches overhead.

To Roy Roberts the night seemed to be a new world.

He had never thought of death and now, when reminded of it, his whole sinful life arose before him. Every little detail was disclosed, as when lightning suddenly brightens the midnight sky and reveals the landscape to the pale and fearful watcher at the window. Thus he saw his past and shuddered.

Benediction sung, the people filed out, while the organ solemnly pealed forth its last soft notes. In the fast-gathering gloom Roy Roberts knelt alone with his conscience and his God. Two hours later, when he came forth from the church, he was no longer an infidel, a scoffer, but a Christian and a Catholic. His soul had been relieved from its heavy burden of sin in the sacred tribunal of penance. Aye, truly, did he realize that night the meaning of those Scriptural words "Were your sins as scarlet, you may become whiter than snow."

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had burst asunder, so great was the downpour.

Instinctively the man looked around for shelter. On one side of the deserted street lay a row of darkened cottages on the other frowned the massive walls of St. Alban's Cathedral.

"It's my only resort," he soliloquized, as he strode up the asphalt walk.

Quickly he entered the vestibule and then hesitated.

It was quite deserted. Roy Roberts brushed the glistening drops from his hat and wiped his patent-leather shoes on the matting. Then he listened.

He could hear the choir chanting vesper. Somehow that singing awakened memories well nigh dead. It had such a familiar ring in it that the infidel's thoughts flew on to his innocent youthful days when he, too, had joined in the evening worship.

Softly he stole to the door and looked within.

An usher approached him with "A seat, sir?"

Roy Roberts started, flushed and muttered an inaudible reply.

"A seat, sir?" repeated the man in a louder key.

"In a retired part of the church I am a stranger and came in only to escape drenching," replied the newcomer recovering his self-possession immediately.

When seated, his eyes involuntarily roved in the direction of his wife's pew.

Yes she was there—alone! The man's heart smote him as he glanced at the pale lovely face showing beneath the rose-trimmed elegant hat.

"What a beast I am," he commented. "To let such a sweet little wife come alone! What if I am no longer a Catholic, haven't I a right to escort my wife to church?"

But his thoughts came to an end by the organ ceasing.

He glanced towards the sombre, russet-draped pulpit. The speaker was just ascending the steps.

Roy Roberts could scarcely suppress a sneer as he gazed on the priest.

"Great Heaven!" he thought, "What can he have to say. Why, he's only a boy."

Yes, he was only a boy, or at least, not much more. He seemed young, very young and was exceedingly handsome.

How noble he looked in his spotless, lace-trimmed surplice and dark soutan.

Yes, even Roy Roberts, the sceptic, had to confess it. There was a look of mingled scorn and pity on his handsome face as he settled himself back in the cushioned pew to listen.

The church was very still.

Not a sound broke the tomb-like silence save the steady patter of the rain without and the occasional flapping of the branches against the richly-stained windows.

Presently the preachers read his text:

"Now is the accepted time, now is the hour of salvation."

Roy Roberts started. The cynical look vanished from his cold proud face, while a serious light crept into the handsome eyes.

He looked around that magnificent cathedral with its brilliant altars and costly statues; its wrapt, attentive congregation; and then, his eyes roved back to the young priest's face.

Ah! what was the speaker saying? These were the only words throughout that whole sermon that Roy Roberts heard:

"Remember those words, 'Now is the accepted time' Take them to heart, and, hark you, do not procrastinate. Perhaps, who knows, this may be your last night on God's fair earth. How would the angel of death find you? Is your account ready for inspection? If not, remember, 'now is the accepted time, now is the hour of salvation.'"

The sermon was over, the priest had gone.

Roy Roberts sat as one in a trance.

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home and his sad-eyed, lonesome wife. He did not see the brightly-lighted electric car nor hear the motor-man's shrill whistle.

The car was upon him! He staggered and stumbled only to fall beneath the cruel wheels which crushed out his life—the fair and promising life of twenty-four short summers.

To-day, in the Catholic cemetery, a few miles from the city, might be seen a magnificent marble monument surmounting a green flower-spangled grave. And the inscription on it reads:

ROY ROBERTS, Aged 24 years.

"Now is the accepted time, now is the hour of salvation."

POEMS OF POPE LEO XIII.

"The Poems, Charades and Inscriptions of Pope Leo XIII," including the revised compositions of his early life in chronological order, with English translation and notes, by the Rev. Hugh T. Henry, of St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook, Pa., have been brought out in beautiful style by the Dolphin Press, of New York and Philadelphia.

Those who know the Pope, statesman and scholar, as he is reflected in his marvellous Encyclicals, should know the poet, too, if they would truly gauge the great man whom God has given to His Church in these days of storm and stress.

The years of man's life are three-score and ten, says the Psalmist; but if in the strong they be four-score years, and what is more of them is labor and sorrow. When Joachim Pecci was twenty years of age he was a frail and sickly youth. In the book before us we find a poem in anticipation of that early grave to which he seemed foredoomed.

Haggard and wan my face, and laboring is my breath; Languid I walk the way to dusty death.

Why shall I cheat my heart and years a-plenty crave When Atropos compels the dreaded grave?

Rather my soul will speak O Death, where is thy sting? With gladness I await thy triumphing!

Happy the exile's feet to press the Fatherland; Happy the storm-tossed bark to gain the strand.

This was in 1830, and more than the three-score years and ten of man's allotment have since gone over his head. Moreover, it has been in the years of "labor and sorrow"—for he was nearly seventy when he came to the Chair of Peter—that he has done his greatest intellectual work.

His Encyclicals on the chief religious, moral and social questions that concern the human race are of a virile majesty, and show forth beyond all else the strength and comprehensiveness of his genius. But his poems give the tender, pathetic and sometimes playful aspect of his many-sided nature.

It is beyond us to comment on the beauty of the poems in their original Latin and Italian. Everyone knows that the Pope is a rare classical scholar and a lover of the great Italian poets, especially of Dante. The Right Rev. Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, N. Y., in Rome some years ago, with the late Charles A. Dana, obtained for the latter a special audience with Pope Leo XIII. The conversation turned on Dante, and suddenly this white, frail, shadowy old man took up the word and recited page after page of his beloved poet with resonant voice and glowing eyes.

As Father Henry says in his brief foreword: "To the educated man who still retains some interest in the classic rhythms of his collegiate study, such a volume should appeal with special force, as it furnishes a pleasing illustration of modern themes dressed out in the diction of Virgil and Horace."

The poems have been fortunate in their translator, himself a true poet, who has Englished them with a singular fidelity to the spirit and manner of the original.

The first poem in the book was composed by its illustrious author when he was a child of twelve in the Jesuit college at Viterbo. It is in honor of the Provincial Vincenzo Pavoni, the charades, written in his early twenties, are ingenious and musical.

When the illustrious author was Bishop of Preugia, he took pleasure in writing poems, in honor of those among his priests, or the religious under his care, who were distinguished for the virtues of their state. Here is his fatherly praise of a most worthy subject, Sante Petrazzini, parish priest of Ramazzano, who died in 1855, noted for his piety and his charity to the poor.

Dissolved in grief, Religion, Piety, This title placed to thee.

"For twenty years his flock he gently led And generously fed

"Wonderful to help his zeedy flock, He poured Wealth from the scantiest hoard!"

The strength of his family affections is evinced in his poem on the death of his father and mother in the Crisis of Nazareth:

Whose childhood crowded domestic love With glories caught from Heaven.

The sweet sympathy with youth and love—reminding one of the same strain in St. Francis de Sales' epigrams in the "Epithalamium," written for Alphonsus Sterbini and Julia Pizzirani on their nuptials in 1897. We give it entire.

Two hearts—twin altars—claim A single love-lit flame. You ask me whence it came?

Kindred in heart and soul— Love silent on them stole And gained complete control!

Sweeter its victory, When virtue's laws decree Inviolable loyalty!

At Mary's shrine they bow, A mutual troth to vow In love made hollower now.

What more? I end my lay, Heaven's choicest gifts to pray On this, their wedding day!

Another revelation of human sympathy is in the Pope's poem to his old-time comrades of the Arcadian Society, on the occasion of its bicentenary. It is the greeting of "Neander Hercules"—the name given young Pecci on his admittance to the Academy in 1832. The Society, founded in 1690, was an echo of the Renaissance, and lovers of the classics will find the spirit of that great movement in the poem.

Of the inscriptions written by the Holy Father, the first is for the tomb of his mother, Anne Proserpi, Countess Pecci, whom he eulogizes as "a mother to the poor, most devoted to her children, a matron of the olden piety, a model of domestic virtue, provident and generous."

The last, written in 1883, is on the life he shall lead in his pontificate.

For the rest of my mortal life I am firmly resolved by offering daily the Victim of propitiation, to cleave more closely to God, and with watchful and ever-growing zeal, to labor for the eternal salvation of the souls of men. Forward, then, Leo, Strive, strive to surmount with courage whatsoever obstacle; to endure with patience whatsoever trials, fear not, your life is nearly ended; your race is nearly run, renounce and spurn all that is perishable, aspire to the heights, press forward with constant longing towards thy heavenly Fatherland.

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HEAVEN, Lord, the souls which Thou hast made  
The souls of these so dear,  
In prison, for the debt unpaid  
Of sins committed here.

Table with 12 columns: Day, Month, Year, Name, Office, Time, etc. Title: November THE SOULS IN PURGATORY 1902

Indulgenced Prayer To all the faithful who, with contrite hearts, devoutly make at any time during the year the novena of seven days' devotion in suffrage for the souls in purgatory, with any formula of prayer, provided it be approved by competent ecclesiastical authority...



MY MOTHER. (From The Christian Advocate.) She gave the best years of her life With joy for me, And robbed herself with loving heart, Unstintingly.

the desired stiffness and glass to the cloth without the effect of being starched. Napkins do not require starch, but should be well dampened and ironed until perfectly dry, as all linen must be. Iron napkins singly on both sides, then fold and press again. Tablecloths should be folded once for convenience and ironed two or three times on each side, then rolled or folded until the desired size for the space occupied in the linen closet.

THE POWER OF LOVE. The following story is from a recent English work entitled, "Blessed Be Slavery," by William C. Gannett: "In a pottery factory here there is a workman who had one small invalid child at home. He wrought at his trade with exemplary fidelity, being always in the shop with the opening of the day. He managed, however, to bear each evening to the bedside of his 'wee lad,' as he called him, a flower, a bit of ribbon or a fragment of crimson glass—indeed, anything that would lie out on the white counterpane and give color to the room. He was a quiet, unassuming man, but never went home a night without something that would make the wan face light up with joy at his return. He never said to a living soul that he loved that boy so much. Still he went on patiently loving him, and by and by he moved that whole shop into positively real but unconscious fellowship with him. The workmen made curious little jars and painted diminutive pictures down the sides before they stuck them in the corners of the kiln at burning time. One brought some fruit in the bulge of his apron and another engravings in a rude scrapbook. Not one of them whispered a word, but they put them in the old man's hat, where he found them; he understood all about it.

THE CARE OF LINEN. Care should be taken when putting away napkins and tablecloths that they be arranged in sets. In this way they are always ready for use and it will be found, as much as economical way for all household linen, especially towels and napkins, if they are used in rotation. The upper pieces are taken off, thus leaving the bottom of the pile untouched for months. By using them in this way there will not be the need of washing as when only a few are constantly used. In the laundering of tablecloths put about a dozen tablecloths of cooked starch in a pail of blueing water. This will give ever

Chats With Young Men

OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOUNG MEN. What to do with our boys when they have been to school long enough and must choose a career—this, says The Chicago New World, is a question which presses upon Catholic families in this community more and more. Conditions of living and resources constantly improve, parents are better able to defer for their sons the wage-earning period, and higher education being within reach, the selection of a profession toward which the training is to lead becomes a serious anxiety.

Not long since, one of the largest piano manufacturers of Boston took from the graduating class of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology a young man who had been devoting himself for four years to the study of chemistry. He paid the chemist \$3,000 a year to experiment with glue. His pianos depended for the length of their period of service entirely on the quality of glue that held them together, and in ten years after the day of their issue from the workroom their usefulness and standing in the community was determined by the way they compared with those of Brown or Jones. The manufacturer has been making pianos for more than twenty-five years, and his goods are everywhere accepted as a standard of excellence. He is regarded as knowing everything that one needs to know about the piano business. He could go on running it in the same old successful manner as long as he wanted to, but he could not lift it up a notch and make it better in some one department than the business of his rivals in trade. To do this he must have expert aid; he must have a man who knew all about one particular line and who could create or originate if necessary. Hence, the chemist.

What is true in regard to piano manufacturing is true in regard to nearly every large business in the country. The enormous trusts offer scores of such opportunities for young men who are technically expert in some particular line. Some of the big organizations have gone so far as to say that they did not care what the line was, if the man was exceptionally good and gave promise they wanted him; they could find a place for him. The man who gathers round him the brains and the education of his fellows is going to develop faster than the man who does not.

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

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

YOUNG CATHOLICS SHOULD READ.

The inaugural address delivered at the annual conference of the Catholic Truth Society of England by Right Rev. Bishop Hedley, O.S.B., of Newport, was in substance an eloquent appeal to establish a Catholic press with sufficient power and organization to neutralize the evil influence of the secular press, now ubiquitous and doing infinite harm to the cause of Catholic truth. In the present day, His Lordship said, there was no question more vitally important than that of reading. The working classes seemed to have little time for reading, but they did read just as everybody else read now in these days of the country, as it were, was under a ceaseless shower-bath of news. It did not wait for men to seek it out, it forced them, it followed them, it forced itself upon their attention. A rival press, the Bishop urged, was the antidote to the poison of the secular press, which, though not always utterly unscrupulous, could not be said to be guided by the ordinary moral rules for conscience. To meet the evils of the secular press they must have a rival press. They could not, it was true, have a press with anything like the ubiquity the secular press had, but Catholics had special resources, they were well organized, they had enthusiasm, and though their means for printing and distribution, though their pecuniary means might be relatively small, they could make their influence felt and could overcome many obstacles if they were resolved to promote a rival to the secular press.

MUST CREATE A DEMAND FOR GOOD READING. Passing from the discussion of the supply of good reading, the Bishop dwelt upon another most important phase of the subject, namely, the demand for good reading. "All of us," said the Bishop, "whether priest or layman are doing an excellent thing if we try whenever we can to teach the young to read. I am not, of course, referring to what is taught in the elementary ritual, but to what has to be taught to those who are grown up and are material out of which our Catholic public is being formed. To teach a young man or young woman to read you must lose no time with them. If they get through a year or two after leaving school without reading they will never read. I do not mean they will never read the paragraph press, the sporting and betting paper, the 'scandal' papers and perhaps the short and silly story papers. But they will not read good and salutary reading. You must begin at once with your suitable Catholic literature, with your guild, your society, your club, your good advice. They must be got to feel by degrees that there is a vast region by no means uninteresting that lies outside daily life and material existence and which can be known from books. They must be made to feel that a man or a woman who does not to some extent travel or live in this ideal and intellectual world lives only half a life, nay, not half, but a stunted, poor, and sordid life. They must be shown that their religion is a vast and glorious universe which they only come to know really well by reading. And they must also be taught by experience that one way to sweeten toil and to help a man to a quiet, kind and peaceful life is to take frequent plunges into that world of curious and refreshing reality which is made up of the story of the past and the fancies of men who can think and dream. Doubtless this kind of training will fall most upon the clergy. In my opinion, to teach the young to read is one of the most essential parts of pastoral work.

"But this is a matter in which the laity also, both men and women, can effectively help and it would certainly be worth their while to do so. In what is called social work probably there is not half enough use made of the press. School teachers who retain an interest in their growing up boys and girls should never be satisfied till they have given them a taste for reading. Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul and visiting ladies should have little things ready to attract young persons and to interest the family. And our Sunday schools might profit by the example of non-Catholics and send the children home rejoicing with a penny illustrated magazine or tale. So by degrees with the habit of reading would come the demand for reading, and the Catholic body would stir itself more and more to supply better and better reading. And with high ideals and thorough education there would come from time to time one of those speculative literary productions which would be not only a treasure to ourselves, but an intellectual fact in the great world, which would in some sense enable us to rival that great press of the world, which we on our part would call anti-Christian, but which on its own part admits and boasts that it is anti-Catholic.

OUR CHANCE. "And to keep ourselves in heart we must always remember, that the very growth and spread of the modern press gives us our chance. All the authorities, from Matthew Arnold, who ran the beginning of the cheap press—to Bishop Creighton, who wrote the other day, keep preaching and repeating that education in the true sense of the word is getting more and more rare in the country. People are informed, interested and amused, but not educated. Reflection, principle, character—you have to search very closely to find them; but what you do find is superficial

smariness, the exchange of phrases, a mob-like unanimity in taking a thing up and dropping it again, fits of excitement, insular prejudice and an almost complete ignorance of the venerable past. Here, I say, we have our chance for a piece of strong and unchangeable truth will always go through this flabby modern growth like the thrust of a knife. We have our truth, which can never decay nor be out of date. We have not only our creeds, but our Catholic philosophy, our noble and wide theology and clear and strong ethics, another story of our fathers, doctors and saints. There is not and there never can be a day or an hour in the cause of the development of human thought when these undying virtues, this inalienable treasure, will be powerless to generate light and energy in the confusion and doubt of a world which after all is intended by its Creator to know and to believe. What we have to do is to put weight into our weapons, to see they have an edge and to get hold of them with a man's grasp. The work is worth all our energy. To do it well we can surely afford to brace our sinews, to look over the walls of our own little gardens, to labor seriously, to efface ourselves a little in order to co-operate and so to make straight the way for the advance of that Catholic rival press which is yet, we hope, to play such a mighty part in the history of the coming century."



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THURSDAY, OCT. 30, 1902

THE RECENT IRISH INCIDENT IN WESTMINSTER

Our old country exchanges contain full reports of the recent "scene" in the British House of Commons, to which we referred last week. We gather that the Irish members made a determined effort to secure a hearing for Mr. John O'Donnell, who had served a long term in jail in Ireland, where the constitution is suspended, by order of Mr. Wyndham, Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant. It must be remembered that Mr. Wyndham is the sole governor of Ireland to-day. He sits in the Cabinet, from which the Lord Lieutenant, now a mere figurehead, is excluded. It was to draw attention to outrageous acts of daily occurrence in Ireland, under the Wyndham regime that the Irish members desired to have Mr. O'Donnell heard. There is a further sentence hanging over the head of that gentleman in Ireland, but in England where Mr. Wyndham's "law" does not hold, Mr. O'Donnell is a free man.

Mr. Balfour was afraid to hear the Irish case, and took the first opportunity to apply the gag by reserving the entire session for Government business. Protest after protest came from the Irish benches, all in the most moderate language. Mr. T. P. O'Connor said the Government had silenced the Irish people in Ireland by denying the right of public meeting and jailing the editors of newspapers. In Parliament at least they had hoped the voice of Ireland might be heard. "In this Parliament," he added, "with a fine touch of irony "we have always been told that we can get full justice."

Coerced in Ireland and gagged in Westminster, the Irish members would have been untrue to themselves and to the supposed freedom of Parliament had they allowed their protest to drop then and there. Mr. Healy got the advantage of Mr. Balfour's closure by a stratagem in the Government programme of business there was included a railway charter for Uganda. Mr. Healy rose for the purpose of saying a few words on the subject of the Uganda Railway. Speaking as a native of Uganda he congratulated the Government on their intention to find time for the discussion of the proposal to spend money on that distant island. Uganda was a place that had always been foremost in his thoughts, for from their earliest days the people of Ireland had been brought up to love and reverence it and he was delighted to know that the claims of that long-neglected country had at last induced the Prime Minister to hold out to the people of Uganda the hope of having a large portion of the time of the House of Commons devoted to them even at a moment when the whole country was in a ferment over an Education Bill. There must be some reason for the flattering attention shown to Uganda. He believed it was a perfectly crimeless country, and that its administration was in the hands of the most pure-souled Removables that the British Empire could produce. It seemed as though for every nigger or painted savage roaming the woods the Prime Minister had a tear to drop and an appeal to make. There might be something ethereal and ennobling in these glorious and growing altruistic feelings—perhaps there was. Connaught might be starving, but at least the House had an eye of watchful care on the people of Uganda.

It appeared the House to hear this speech upon relevant Uganda and irrelevant Ireland; but it brought the Irishmen no nearer their object. Mr. O'Donnell appears to lack Mr. Healy's fine sense of humor. The speech which he addressed to Mr. Balfour was in a different key. What he said, while shaking his fist in front of Mr. Balfour's nose was this: "Where is that coward, Wyndham? When I speak in Ireland he puts me in jail; when I attempt to speak

here you gag me. You are his accomplice in this cowardly business. I despise you both." Under the circumstances Mr. O'Donnell's words were only human. Much good has come of the entire incident, inasmuch as the Liberal Party have, for the time being, dropped the Education Bill to support the Irish men in their demand for free speech in a supposedly free Parliament. And while we are upon this point we must express our amazement that an alleged Liberal newspaper like The Toronto Globe gives prominence in its daily despatches of Mr. I. N. Ford written for the subsidized New York Tribune in the interests of the Tory party in England. Here is Mr. Ford's despatch of Tuesday:

"The Liberals have been so unsuccessful in mustering their full strength against the Education Bill that they reluctantly decided yesterday to reinforce the Irish members in the attempt to waste the time of the House in side issues not connected with the measure for which the autumn session is being held. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has not led them with spirit and Sir William Vernon Harcourt and Mr. Bryce are the only men on the front bench who appear to be sincere and earnest in offering resistance to the bill which has been so violently denounced by the Non-conformist Ministers. The Unionists are now forecasting a vigorous application of the closure and the shortening of the session."

It is little wonder that Liberals like Hon. S. H. Blake are renouncing the Liberal party in Ontario, when the chief organ of that party is daily engaged in abusing and ridiculing British Liberalism, the mother of true Liberalism in Canada. It is not Hon. S. H. Blake alone who is sick of the "Liberalism" there are hundreds of others who formerly swore by The Globe who now swear at it, whenever they happen to see its front page Premier Ross probably knows thousands of this class of Ontario Liberals—and their number is daily increasing.

RURAL SCHOOL LIBRARIES

We have been greatly interested in the examination of a catalogue of books recommended by the Ontario Department of Education for rural school libraries. Probably the mere idea of public school libraries may suggest an entirely new subject to some of our readers. Little has heretofore been heard of this department of the "new" educational movement in Canada, but it is not likely we think to suffer here more than elsewhere through any want of sympathy. There is no thinking man or woman to-day observing educational and social tendencies, who will question or doubt the importance of cultivating earnestly in the rising generation a love for good books. During the past decade or two the literary world has witnessed a veritable propaganda of licentiousness. Some timid people thought public morals might be overwhelmed by it, so general seemed the demand for books that were redolent of depravity. But the world is not made up of timid people alone. There were others in whom the danger inspired only thought of defensive action. The Public Libraries instead of being a bulwark were in many cases a means of assistance to the enemy. Unclean novels were and are circulating from Public Libraries, and if the complaints so often heard in this regard indicate anything it is next to impossible to remedy the trouble. The School Library lends itself to better and more intelligent regulation. The catalogue before us may be capable of improvement; but to our mind it is appreciation sufficient to say for "that in the list of works given there is ample food upon which a love for good books can be developed. We give the Department of Education every credit for having taken up the movement from which we are not sanguine in expecting much good to result, if a wise policy be followed out. We have no space for details here either of the general movement of the library list so far approved, which embraces folk lore and fable for children, popular and simple works on science and nature, books of description, travel, history, biography and fiction. The list of works of biography and action by no means represents the volumes we place in the hands of our own children; but allowance must be made for variety in taste, and there is a pretty wide field for selection. A few books would be objected to fully by careful Cath-

olic parents. But, of course, if we consider this movement from the Catholic point of view strictly, the only question we have to ask ourselves is, are Catholic schools fairly recognized? We believe so. The claim of Separate Schools upon the Government is exactly the same as that of the Public Schools, and the Catholic inspectors have similar power to make the establishment of these libraries both successful in the eye of the Government and satisfactory to Catholic parents.

We have little hesitation in saying that, judging by the poverty of our Catholic bookshelves and publishers, the love of reading is at a low ebb in the Catholic homes of Ontario. This is not our opinion alone. It is shared in by many competent judges. Parish libraries and reading circles are not unknown, but they are few and struggling. All this but furnishes an additional reason why Catholic schools should be quick to take advantage of the movement to which the Government aid has now been given. Whilst a Catholic library could not be got together from the catalogue before us, it would come when enough interest had been aroused among Catholics themselves to inspire private donations and thus have the school collections more complete from the Catholic standpoint.

ONTARIO SCHOOL SYSTEM AND THE BRITISH NONCONFORMISTS

Last week we published without comment Mr. Davitt's letter in reply to Cardinal Vaughan on the English Education Bill. It is certainly a remarkable thing that such a wide difference of view should exist between them, and that Mr. Davitt has brought the political motive into the discussion. Mr. Lloyd George, M. P., one of the most prominent opponents of the Bill, has had the advantage of observing the Ontario School System, and since Mr. Davitt's letter appeared, has called Cardinal Vaughan's attention to the way in which the religious difficulty has been settled here. Speaking for the English Nonconformists, he says they would approve of every facility for religious teaching, as in Ontario, provided full control of the schools were given to the ratepayers' representatives. Cardinal Vaughan, on the contrary, says the issue of the Bill is this: "Whether or no there shall be national liberty in any public elementary schools in England to teach dogmatic Christianity, that is whether dogmatic Christianity shall be finally banished from all the public elementary schools in this country."

Here again the interpretations of the Cardinal and Mr. Lloyd George are about as wide apart as it is possible for them to be. Catholics in Ontario have every reasonable facility for religious teaching, and Catholics either in England or Ireland would not dream of denying similar rights to the Nonconformists of England. It is only incidentally the question touches the Catholics of England at all. The principal issue is between the Church of England and the Dissenting Protestants. Each of these elements suspects the other of entertaining unfair designs. Catholics have only one principle, that is the right of religion, which means equal rights for all.

THE GOVERNMENT GIVES IN.

Although Premier Balfour was rash enough to repeat his refusal of one day's discussion of the suspension of constitutional liberty in Ireland, the day was conceded on Tuesday after a week of skirmishing. The Liberals stood by the Irish members and the Government fared badly all along the line. Mr. William O'Brien directed the Irish attack and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, the Liberal Leader, poured in heavy shells, one of his best shots being that Ireland has a Crimes Act for its Magna Charta and a Sergeant Sheridan as the embodiment of law and order. Apparently after having drawn the Government into a fight in the open the Irish members are content for the present. Mr. Redmond will soon return from the United States, and the future programme will be decided upon. Mr. I. N. Ford, of The New York Tribune, whose subsidized misrepresentations are daily palmed off upon Canadian Liberals as special despatches to The Globe, has only the silly notion to make that "all fear of the renewal of the diurnal demonstrations which have delayed the business of the country and disgraced the House of Commons is therefore at an end for the present."

THE DOMINION CABINET

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is not likely to suffer any anxiety for the lack of good material to repair the breach in the Cabinet which Mr. Tarte made last week. Another French-Canadian will, of course, be taken in; and our

follow-ers of the Quebec majority can supply an abundance of able men qualified in every respect for the discharge of the highest public duties. Among the men of the day in the neighboring province, however, one stands out in a pre-eminent way and the expectation of both Ontario and Quebec has been turned upon him. This is Mr. Louis Philippe Bauder, Speaker of the House of Commons, the son of a patriot of 1837, and one of the most cultivated members of the elected chamber. Like Mr. Tarte a journalist, he has the still wider experience of an extensive law practice, and his opinions upon the fiscal question are well known to be those of a genuine Liberal. He has been in Parliament since 1891.

We may live in an age of short memories, but few can have forgotten that the Liberal party came into power in Canada with a verdict from the people in favor of a revenue tariff only. If it be true that the manufacturers of Ontario and Quebec have got behind a newspaper high protection propaganda the manufacturers may find themselves even before they know it responsible for the death of the goose that has laid them the golden eggs of the past ten years' prosperity. The people of Canada take a species of patriotic pride in seeing their manufacturers grow rich. They give their legislative and municipal subsidies without number and call them "captains of industry" by way of encouraging them. But there is still a chance that this popular favor might be sadly changed if the bold "captains of industry" should turn conspirators against their good-natured patrons.

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP

How good and easy-going is the public? If there was not coal to burn during the recent anthracite strike, there was abundance of sympathy. And now the public will pay the cost of the war in higher prices for fuel. If a mortgage had been placed upon every householder in the United States and Canada to reimburse the coal barons and the miners to the tune of hundreds of millions of dollars the public would have repudiated responsibility. But there is no remedy for the high price of coal. It is said that we have only to look for it and we shall find good in everything. Let us hope that the public will intelligently seek profit from the lesson of the strike. Its lesson is public ownership and an extension of the principle of the municipalization of public utilities. If people generally have come to a better realization of these things within the past few months, the millions of money that must now be paid to the coal barons and the miners will not be entirely wasted.

ONTARIO CATHOLICS AND THE JUDICIARY

It is rumored that Judge Masson, senior County Court Judge in Huron County, has resigned. We have good reason to understand that justice is now about to be done Judge Doyle, who ought to have been promoted to the senior position when Mr. Masson was appointed. However, we hope to congratulate Judge Doyle on his immediate promotion to the position of senior judge. The long standing source of dissatisfaction with regard to the judiciary of Ontario promises to right itself. Within a short time Judge O'Reilly has been appointed to the senior position in Prescott. Mr. Patrick McCurry Judge in Parry Sound and Mr. Macaulay High Court Judge in the Yukon, the last named at a salary of \$10,000. Judge McGuire has also been promoted recently to the Chief Justiceship of the Northwest Territories. All these appointments have given entire public satisfaction. The same will be the case when Catholics are in the way of taking a more satisfactory view of appointments to the High Court Bench of Ontario. The fairness of the Government thus fair is highly commendable.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Hon. W. Bourke Cockran, at the Boston United Irish League Convention: "The Irish people are the only people in the world who enjoy neither the possession of the soil on which nor the government under which they live. There is no people in the world that does not control one or the other. The Irish own neither their soil nor their government. They have demanded the control of both. We think they have demanded it for seven centuries. They are demanding it now more vigorously, more vehemently and more successfully than ever before. The English Government are determined that they shall control neither their land nor their government. That is the issue. On the one hand the demand of the Irish people that they shall control both their government and their soil and on the other hand the determination of the English Government that they shall control neither."

The Irish magistracy in respect of the religious denominations of its members is a truly wonderful institution. A Parliamentary paper has been issued, containing a return granted at the instance of Mr. P. A. McHugh, M. P., during the earlier portion of the session, in which we are given the names, occupations, religions and dates of appointment of the magistrates appointed for each county, city and borough in Ireland since the year 1895. Needless to say, it shows Catholics to be in a miserable minority. The numbers for the whole of Ireland are, Episcopalians, 1776; Presbyterians, 155; Methodists

37; Society of Friends, 9; Unitarians, 3, giving a total for Protestants of all denominations of 1,011 as against Catholics 251 and other denominations 0. The disparity in the case of individual boroughs and counties is still more marked. There has not been a single Catholic magistrate appointed in the whole of the County of Feinamagh during the seven years. Not strange as it may seem, in one of the boroughs of Cork in Limerick there was only one in Belfast two in Derry, and one in Cavan, only two in each of the counties of Down, King's County, Leitrim, Derry and Tyrone, and only three in Antrim, Armagh, Carlow, Monaghan and Wicklow. In only one instance did the Catholics—namely, the County of Roscommon—where the numbers were 22 to 17.

The organ of the Vatican has it appears, been talking very plainly about Hall Caine's "External City." English Catholics cannot see their way to any such condemnation of the work, if The Tablet expresses their views. Mr. T. P. O'Connor in this week's "M. A. P." remembers making the observation to a friend on the first night of the play, "This can never be produced in Dublin. My forecast," he adds, "was realized sooner than I anticipated. For I see it announced that Mr. Moulton—who knows Dublin well, for he was born and bred there—has requested Mr. Beecham Tree to cancel the contract to produce the play. There I know that Mr. Hall Caine meant to be reverent, and that he is to be counted among one of the most profound admirers of the very striking and venerated figures that now rules the Catholic Church, but all the same, it was impossible for any devout Catholic to accept the portrait of the head of their Church which Mr. Hall Caine has put on the stage."

UNITED IRISH LEAGUE IN AMERICA.

The Great Convention in Boston. Below we publish extracts from the speeches delivered by Mr. John E. Redmond and Hon. Edward Blake at the Boston Convention of the United Irish League, America's greeting to the Irish envoys is also well worth giving in full. It is as follows:

THE GREETINGS OF PATRIOTIC BOSTON

As citizens of the United States of America, and particularly of the City of Boston, founded by men who fled from tyranny and adorned with monuments sacred to freedom, we welcome as brothers the illustrious representatives of the Irish race, who are devoting their lives in a most unselfish manner to lifting from the neck of their beloved country a yoke far more oppressive than that which drove our forefathers to seek "liberty or death."

ENGLAND'S CONDUCT VIEWED WITH HORROR

We view with horror and indignation the conduct of the English government which insults us with the flattering name of "cousins," while it tramples on every vestige of freedom in Ireland and casts into prison, through the instrumentality of courts in which justice is mocked, the representatives of the people for merely proclaiming their just grievances.

NO ALLIANCE WITH A NATION TRAMPLING ON THE RIGHTS OF HUMANITY.

We tender to these representatives our sympathy and support and promise them that no alliance, so far as in us lies, shall ever take place between this "land of the free" and a nation which so tramples on the rights of humanity.

FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF FREEDOM AND PROSPERITY

Resolved, That in this plank of the United Irish League, "The Land of Ireland for the people of Ireland," we recognize the fundamental principle of all human freedom and prosperity.

SELF-GOVERNMENT FOR IRELAND SIMPLE JUSTICE.

Resolved, That government of the Irish people, for the Irish people and by the Irish people is simple justice.

Waterford, in Limerick and so on, and in something like twenty counties the government has absolutely suspended all the really valuable portions of the constitution. They have suspended in all these places the right of trial by jury, and in all those great cities and counties to-day they are trying men for all kinds of vague offenses, not by juries—they cannot trust even their specially and carefully packed juries—they are trying them under the provisions of the coercion act. They have paid and removable servants sent down from Dublin Castle with verdicts in their pockets.

"They have suppressed the right of public meeting. No man, no public man to-day, can go to address a meeting of his constituents or his fellow countrymen without the risk of that meeting being dispersed by force and without the risk of being brought up on a charge of unlawful assembly and convicted in this way by the agents and deputies of the executive government.

"They have attacked the press in Ireland. No national newspaper owner in Ireland knows the moment when he or his editor or the whole of his staff may be flung into prison. Noman knows the moment when, under this coercion law, the agents of the government may break into his office, seize his paper and destroy his property. And so far as the leaders of the people are concerned, why about half the Irish Parliamentary party are at this moment either in prison or waiting their trial by these removable magistrates.

"Now, I mention these things in order to call the British Government as a witness to the truth of my statement, that this movement of ours is a fighting movement.

"Ah, if the movement confined itself to the passing of resolutions and the making of a few harmless speeches here and there throughout the country—if, in other words, the movement were a sham and not a reality, do you think the British Government would incur the odium before the world of suspending the constitution and having recourse to those old methods of barbarism and of tyranny?"

"Now, let me ask the last remaining question. Is the movement a practical one and is it run on practical and sensible and wise lines?"

"Ladies and gentlemen, the United Irish League is simply the logical successor of the Land League. (Applause.) Its members are the same, to some extent its leaders are the same, its policy is the same, and the United Irish League is being run to-day on exactly the same lines, on the same policies that were adopted when Charles Stewart Parnell made the Irish movement feared and respected by every political party in England. (Loud applause.)

"I have heard men say in America that the constitutional movement for the last twenty-five years in Ireland has been a failure. I say deliberately here to-night that a greater delusion was never entertained. A failure? A failure? Yes, perhaps in this sense, that we have not yet achieved that which of course is our ultimate end and object, viz., the creation of a self-governing Ireland. (Applause.) But we are winning many valuable rights for the Irish people, each one of which when it was won became an additional instrument in our struggle for self-government and making itself a success in the near future. And I say the movement of the last twenty-five years has been no failure, but a marvelous success. (Applause.)

SOME OF THE FEW THINGS ACCOMPLISHED BY PARLIAMENTARY AGITATION

"Consider for one single moment what it has achieved. During that time a popular suffrage was won for the Irish people to control the elections and send to the British Parliament a body of 85 or 86 Nationalists out of a total of 100 members. During that time local government has been won for the country, that is, a system has been won whereby all the local affairs and the assessment, levying and expenditure of taxation for all local purposes has been put into the hands of the people themselves.

"That which was in the hands of a little narrow ring of the ascendancy class is now in the hands of the people themselves, and apart from the material point of view from the purely political point of view what an enormous and incalculable gain our movement to-morrow, let the government suppress every branch of the United Irish League in Ireland. Ah there still will be in every city, in every county, in every district, in every parish a body elected by the people, a body of Nationalists ready to carry on the work of the national organization. (Applause.)

"Many millions of dollars of unjust rents have been raised from off the backs of the suffering tenantry of Ireland. Already some 70,000 tenants of Ireland have been changed into decent proprietors, owners of the soil that they till, and if this movement progresses as it is now progressing for a few months longer, in my opinion you will witness a settlement of the Irish land question upon those lines.

"We have now reached this position—that government of Ireland for any set, any length of time by the old methods is an impossibility, and to-day men of all parties in England admit the fact that if Ireland only remains united and if only this movement of ours is strengthened and upheld, a very short time indeed will be necessary in order to achieve the concession, the right, rather, for which we are contending, the right of governing ourselves in our own land. (Applause.)

Let me put another question. What is the alternative to our movement and policy? Well, I confess, I know of no alternative except to fold our hands and do nothing and wait in patience for the coming of the day when the conditions may be so changed as to render it impossible to win our rights, by armed revolution. (Applause.)

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have spoken very often in America, but I can truthfully say that I have never said one sentence here which I have not said in my place in the English Parliament, face to face with the Irishmen. (Applause.)

IRELAND WOULD HAVE RECEIVED COURSE TO ARMS HAD SHE THIS OPPORTUNITY.

"I have said in the English Parliament more than once, and it is a course a commonplace feature of my movement, that the Irish race would be justified, by every consideration human and divine, in having recourse to arms to right their wrongs, if they had the opportunity. (Applause.)

"But it has as much right—aye, in my opinion, far more right than the Canadians had in taking up arms in 1837—but if anybody tells me at this moment, and under the existing conditions in Ireland, that this is possible I say he is either endeavoring to deceive the people or he is ignorant of the facts. (Applause.)

"While we are all waiting for that day to come we are told, forsooth, that we should do nothing, that we are to sit silent and helpless by and see our country day by day bleeding to death, that we are to absolutely refuse to make any use whatever of those weapons, such as they are, which are at our command, and that we are to discountenance and decry every form of popular movement for the benefit of Ireland.

"Ah, fellow-countrymen, that seems to me to be the only alternative before us, and I say here in America to-night that it is not an alternative which can commend itself to the common sense of the intelligent man, and certainly it is an alternative which is rejected to-day by the United Irish people at home.

"I say, therefore, to sum up, this movement is a movement of a united people. I say that it is a manly and a fighting movement, consistent with the highest ideals of our race, and I say that it is a movement running upon a policy and upon a line that have been proved by the experience of the past to be wise and efficacious, and these conditions being fulfilled, we are here to-night to ask with perfect confidence, as we have a right to ask, for support and assistance from the Irishmen of America. (Applause.)

"I make this appeal to-night with confidence, and I say to you in conclusion that if the Irishmen in America support this fund with generosity, as I believe they will, then I am quite convinced that we are very near the day when landlordism will be extirpated in Ireland, and when that happens, believe me, the road will be short and easy toward the transformation of our country into a self-centred, a self-reliant and a self-governing nation, the home of a free and happy people." (Applause.)

HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

The following is a report of the speech delivered by Hon. Edward Blake, M. P. The Hon. Edward Blake, M. P. said: "There has been a great gain since I visited you here in Boston and in Chicago. Ireland has accomplished a change which has taken place from the time when it was difficult to know who to call our friends. We believe that we are engaged in a struggle to preserve the labor of the nation."

"I know of no more conclusive condemnation of the English Government in Ireland than is to be found in a few figures—comprehensive figures. A little more than a half century ago the population of Ireland was about eight millions and a half. Then came the famine, and from then on the population has been steadily diminishing until now it is not much more than four and a quarter millions. Nor does that measure by any means the extent of the loss. It is that much less to-day, but it ought to be that much more, because the Irish are a people who increased rapidly before and who increase all the world over whenever they are planted.

"The natural increase first, and after the natural increase comes the loss of 4,250,000 of those who have inhabited the soil 50 or 60 years ago or their descendants. So if we measure the population of Ireland by that which has obtained in the same period in England, instead of the decrease there should be an increase of 6,000,000, so that the loss is really 10,000,000 of souls.

"This is an absolutely unexampled condition. I defy those who search the records of the world to show in any country since the taking of our suses begun, since there has been a lamentable, deplorable result as a result of the taking of our suses. With what agony of blood and tears, with what suffering has it been depopulated.

"I told the House of Commons at this very session of Parliament that these millions of Irishmen, women and children who were gone, and that they had died of famine and disease on the Irish shores, but that they had risen again as a people, this republic (applause), and that the standing of the Irish in the dream of some Englishmen, an alliance between the Irish and America." (Applause.)

Commencement Day at Ursuline Academy, Chatham.

What a glory comes and goes the year! Sober's spirit is breathing now mellow richness on the clustered trees...

burg, Rev. P. Donahue, C.S.B., P.P. Port Lambton; Rev. P. Langlois, P.P. Tilbury; Rev. Father Herman, O.F.M., and Rev. Father Herbert, O.F.M., of Chatham. A number of the parents, relatives and friends of the pupils were likewise present.

PROGRAMME

Greetings—Choral Class; Duet—Gatop, Schulhoff, Misses A. Carson, A. Bower, L. Murray and B. Brackin, Vocal Solo—"Dreams," Miss M. Gavin, Instrumental Solo—"Aufschwung," Schumann, Miss Mabelle Edmondson.

NEAVE'S Food For Infants, Invalids, and The Aged. Nearly 80 Years' Established Reputation. DR. BARNARDO says: "We have already used Neave's Food in our Home (Hales, Castle and the Village House) and I have no hesitation in saying it has proved very satisfactory." July 27th, 1902.

"Famous Active" Range. Does its work while you do yours. Arrange the fire, put on the cooking and leave it—your "Famous Active" Range is doing while you are doing other work. The "Famous" Thermometer registers the exact heat of the oven. The little hasting door on the oven door gives access to the baking or roasting without cooling the oven, and is put on no other range than the "Famous Active."

The above glad refrain echoed and echoed in the hearts of the pupils. The Pines on the glorious Feast of St. Ursula, October 21st, 1902, for that yearned-for day many successful candidates were to receive on the hands of their revered and red Bishop the laurels won during the past scholastic year.

"Upward—upward let them be waving Lifting the soul toward her place of birth. A Hurby, G. Macdonnell, E. Ouellet, S. Kinsella, M. Thibodeau, D. Peltier, E. Placasceno, E. Bochar, F. Martin, P. Kelly, J. Doyle, J. Wood, M. Joly, L. Beaufort, I. Hurly, C. Cartier, H. Joly, B. Donovan.

Reverend Clergy and their friends it included a touching and appropriate apostrophe to St. Ursula, excellently rendered, and evidenced a warmth of feeling which spoke eloquently for the sincerity of the welcome accorded to all.

Entrance Examination—Presented by Mrs. Mather Tilbury, Ont., awarded to Miss Augusta Macdonnell. Certificates for having passed the Entrance Examination—Awarded to Misses S. Post, E. Ouellette, P. O'Neill, F. Martin, O. Mather and V. Bartlett.

the moral and physical faculties. After giving them some wholesome and fatherly advice His Lordship called upon Very Rev. H. McBrady, C.S.B., to address the pupils, which he did in his pleasant characteristic manner. He concluded by requesting His Lordship to grant a holiday in this favor was gracefully accorded.

"She brought joy to the heart of her husband By her virtue her prudence most rare. Her household was governed with wisdom, In her charity all had a share."

THE "DELL" EMULSION. Extensively used in Hospitals. The most palatable Emulsion made. Very easy to digest. Gives strength to the body. Increases the weight largely. The best Remedy for General Debility, La Grippe, Anæmia, Consumption.

THE RIGHT STEP. Every ordinary cold deserves serious attention. It is only a step from it into emphysema, pneumonia, or consumption; and it is only a short step the other way to recover the cold. Nature and Scott's Emulsion work together to make a cold take the right step. Nature works all the time and Scott's Emulsion works if you use it. Scott's Emulsion cures all kinds of colds.

When gaudy butterflies gambol on the green. Angela Kinna, Elizabeth Weeks, Blossom Drake, Angela Payne, Ethel Donovan and Kathleen Payne.

Very novel and most entertaining was the operetta "Idylls" descriptive of the declining Summer, and the meeting of Autumn and Winter.

Miss Ethel McKerrall is awarded a Certificate for having passed with First Class Honors the Toronto Conservatory Examinations in Harmony and Musical History (Junior Grade).

Although the medicine business should, above all, be carried on with the utmost conscientiousness and sense of responsibility, the unfortunate fact is that in no other is there so much humbug and deception.

Another day now is made sacred. Through with arguish untold 'tis combined. The Feast of Our Lady of Mercy To thy memory now is enshrined.

W. E. A. FANNON, Optical Doctor. EYES CAREFULLY EXAMINED. OFFICE HOURS 7.30 to 9.30 p.m. 210 LANSDOWN AVE., TORONTO.

To the Trade Unionists of Canada and their friends: THE PRINTERS OF TORONTO has always been to avoid, if possible, difficulty with their employers. Believing that trade grievances ARE more satisfactorily settled at the arbitration table than by a strike, the Typographical Union prefer to do their FIGHTING by friendly arbitration. Actuated by this desire, when the T. Eaton Co. started a printing office, the conditions prevailing in it were detrimental alike to the Master Printers and the men, the Union asked FOR an interview with a view of prevailing upon the Company to run their office on fair and legitimate lines. Their request was not only ignored, but the company refused to recognize A very satisfactory agreement entered into between the Employing Printers Association and the Union. Under those circumstances the Union had no alternative but to order a strike (which is still in progress) and call on the friends of organized labor throughout Canada to withhold their patronage from the store till the difficulty is adjusted. PRINCIPLE

Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine—Presented by His Lordship Right Rev. F. P. McEvay, D.D., Bishop of London, awarded to Misses A. Finn and J. Morrison Competitors—Misses V. Phaneuf, K. Sperman and M. Gavin.

Gold Medal for Application and Deportment—Presented by Very Rev. Francis Schaefer, Sec. to Apos. Del., awarded to Miss G. Murphy. Competitors—Misses M. Case, T. McVean, V. Phaneuf, V. Murphy, N. Paddock, J. McVean, D. Brener, L. Murray, B. Hunt, O. Mather, K. Sperman, M. Champagne, F. Askin and G. Macdonnell.

If We Could Make You Understand that we want to send you an Absolute Gift, you would read every word of this Advertisement, and answer it at once. SEND us your name and address on the below request, and we will take pleasure in sending you free of any charge this exquisite gold finished and hard-enamelled Fleur-de-Lis Chatelaine Brooch and Gainsborough Locket. The gift is unconditional, it being a bid for your friendship and good-will.

The Electine Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

# Fate and Marriage

(By Clara Mulholland.)

For human bliss and woe in the frail thread of human life are all so closely twined That till the shears of fate the texture shreds. The close succession cannot be disjoined. Nor dare we, from our hour, judge that which comes behind.

## CHAPTER I.

The little cottage was flooded with sunshine. It poured in at the open windows, lightly curtained with dainty muslin that hardly served to soften the brilliancy of its rays. It fell hotly on the bright carpets, and its warm glare threatened to fade chair covers and photographs. But no one seemed to think of such things.

The children ran up and down the rose-grown porch, singing and laughing, and calling to each other in gay, fresh voices. There was no one in the house to be disturbed by their noise under the windows; not a soul in any of the small rooms wishing to be quiet and peaceful. The whole family was out of doors enjoying the brightness of the flowers, luxuriating in the brightness and warmth of the summer morning.

Under the shadow of a large mulberry tree on the lawn of which the outspread branches and tufted green foliage afforded a cool and shady resting place, Isabel Fane sat stitching industriously at a white-clothed, trimmed splat for her little daughter. A few yards away from her, in his shirt sleeves, a straw hat on the back of his head, a pipe in his mouth, was her big, fair-haired husband, hammer in hand, stooping over one of the beds as he nailed the young tomato plants against the old red brick wall.

"I am really proud of my garden," Isabel said, after a time, taking his pipe from his mouth, and standing up from his work. "To think that two years ago, when we came here, and took the little cottage, the whole of this," waving his hand, "was but a wretched cabbage garden, choked with weeds and rubbish. It really sometimes seems to me like a mystery how the things have grown."

Isabel laughed, a sweet, silvery, happy laugh. "It's all very nice, dear. Thanks to your industry." Her eyes rested gladly on the rose-grown cottage, then wandered over the smooth lawn and across the pretty flower beds brilliant with poppies, roses, stocks and marigolds.

"And you are happy here, my Isabel?" He stole up to her and slipped this arm round her shoulders. "You like England and English ways?" She dropped her work and pulled him down upon the grass beside her chair.

"Yes," smiling into his adoring eyes. "I like England. It is your native land, and all that is dear to me, Archie. But I could be happy anywhere with you. I sometimes tell myself but one thing could trouble me now."

"And that," he pressed his lips to the little hand that lay carelessly upon his arm, "one thing, sweet heart, what may it be?" "The loss of your love—the thought that you," her voice grew very low, "had changed in even the smallest way to me."

He caught her to his breast. "Dear love, while I live such a thing is impossible—could never be. You have all my love and, in all my life, I never loved but you. You know that Isabel have always known it."

"Yes," she lowered her eyes, and her lips trembled slightly. "Yet it pains me sometimes when I remember that I was not, after all, first in your life. The ghost of your dead wife, Archibald, haunts me—and oh! I know I am a foolish, but forgive me. It is my intense love for you makes me so."

He lifted her in his arms, and pressed his lips to hers. "I married Madeline in a fit of mad folly, and bitterly repented doing so very soon. The news of her death was," he breathed heavily, "a relief. My love for you is the one good and holy thing of my life. Let me forget that black spot in my past dear child! Do not spoil the sunshine for us both. We are happy—very happy—is it not so, my Isabel?"

"Very," she said, with a sigh, and a laugh. "So happy that sometimes I tremble. We have not a trouble in the world—you and I?" "I laughed as he caressed her soft brown hair. "Not one. Though, mind you, a little more money would not come amiss. But otherwise here is small, an English home, and would sometimes be glad of more space. Why there isn't an acre in lawn and garden together and the cottage—well, it might be a little roomy, have higher ceilings—"

what the child wants. But don't be too long, for, remember, we have promised to go up the river. It is John's birthday, and we are to lunch in some distant meadow by the water."

When his wife left him, Archibald Fane did not return at once to his gardening, but stood lost in thought absorbed in reflections suggested by her mention of Madeline Delorme, the woman who had caused him years of sorrow, and who had almost wrecked his life. What a fool he had been in his youth! But, after all, there had been some excuse for him. She had been very beautiful, seemed innocent, sweet, confiding. Other men had sought her, made much of, worshipped her, and he had carried off the prize. How well he remembered the complacency he had felt on their wedding day, when he bore her away amidst a shower of rice, followed, he knew, by the envious, angry looks of several disappointed and adoring lovers. But soon, very soon, the scales had fallen from his eyes, and he had seen too plainly what a mistake he had made. The beautiful actress was not what he had thought her. His life was a miserable one, and, after the first six months, became unbearable. Her temper, her falseheartedness, her ill-concealed indifference, were intolerable, and he left her and fled the country. In New Zealand he hoped to forget her name and her existence, and to a certain extent he had succeeded. From time to time, in an English newspaper, he saw her mentioned in some new part, praised and extolled for her grace, beauty, and fine acting. Then for years he had never heard of her again, and gradually ceased to trouble his head about her. Years passed, and one day he made the acquaintance of Isabel Fairfax, the only daughter of a well-to-do farmer, just home from school in Sydney. She was fresh, sweet and unsophisticated, and from the first moment he met her, frank, brown eyes, he loved her. But Madeline Delorme, if living, was his wife, and so he avoided Isabel, kept away from her father's house, and did not care to think or speak of her. But at last, unexpectedly, news came to him of Madeline's death, and life became once more worth living, his heart was full of hope. He was a free man. He might love and marry where he pleased. For some time the joy and relief almost dazed him, and then he fell into a despondent state, and began to doubt the truth of the story. He imagined that the cousin who had written to tell him of her death had been mistaken perhaps deceived.

"For Tristram Fane is not altogether a reliable person," he told himself, "and the story is a strange one. Madeline staying in an Italian hotel that had once been a monastery. Tristram sees her, and leaves her there delighted with her surroundings, the exquisite views, her room, that had once been a monk's cell. He goes away, promising to return. But that night there is a landslide—the hotel goes down into the sea. Not a soul in it is saved, all are drowned—Madeline amongst the rest! What a sudden call! What an awful death! And yet she might have got away—might have been somewhere else when the thing occurred. Oh! it could be true. The uncertainty is maddening. Then he wrote for particulars, some positive evidence of her death, and Tristram's answer, though it was long in coming, was absolutely convincing when it came. He doubted no longer. He was free, and would soon, very soon, be happy."

Without delay he found his way back to the big farm where lived the sweet Isabel Fairfax with her widowed father, and, after some months of deep and tender love-making, she yielded to his entreaties, and, her heart full of shy, happy adoration for her big, eager handsome lover, became his wife.

Several years of bliss went quickly past. Isabel was an ideal wife. Her love inspired her and made her know as it were, by intuition the things he liked and required to make him happy. Their home was cheerful and well kept. Her husband's comfort was always her first and last thought. She gave her own likes and dislikes but small consideration. Then their children came—a boy the first year, a girl the third—and their happiness was complete.

When they had been married eight years Isabel's father died, and his farm was sold. He had lost money of late and when everything was disposed of a few hundreds—a year were all that remained for his daughter. Soon after this Archibald began to yearn for a sight of his native land. His wife saw that his mind was set on this, and she said:

"Then get rid of your farm, which has not been doing too well lately, and let us get away at once." He kissed her tenderly.

"Jerry Otway advises me to go to Kent. He has a charming cottage there in a picturesque village called Sturry. He will let it to me unimpaired at a very low rent, and his mother will have it ready for us when we arrive."

"Cheer up," cried Isabel, clapping her hands. "You and Jerry are splendid. I feel that I shall simply adore that cottage."

CHAPTER II. Archibald Fane grasped his hammer and strode back to the tomatoes. "I'll finish nailing these up before I go out. The youngsters must just wait," he said, smiling, and bent down again to his work.

But in a few moments his little son thrust his hand into his, and between looking and scolding managed to make him drop his hammer, and go away to put on his coat. "The lunch is packed," he cried, "and mamma is ready. So come, papa, come."

"Go on with mamma, John. I'm busy, and will follow."

"No, no. Mamma can't row. You must come."

"Little tyrant. I can't get leave to call my soul my own in this place," Archibald said with a good-natured, kindly laugh.

"Well, here goes. I'll have to finish this job when I come home," and, throwing aside the hammer, he followed John into the house.

"A couple of hours will see me back again," he told himself as he washed his hands and brushed his hair. "I need not stay to play games or walk home with them through the meadows. Isabel will be enough for them then."

But though he did not remain to join his children in their games, he did not return to look after his plants, and the tomatoes were left to droop their heads upon the ground, unheeded and forgotten. Archibald Fane had driven his last nail, done his last stroke of work in the garden he loved. But he knew it not. And without thought of coming evil, all unconscious of the fate that lay in wait for him, he followed his wife and children into the sunshine.

A few months later they set out for England, and after a long and fatiguing journey at last reached Sturry. Everything in this pretty, peaceful place delighted them. The cottage was roomy and commodious, and the view from its windows, over wide meadows, across the winging River Stour to distant hills covered with green woods and luxuriant hop gardens, was charming. The air was splendid bracing and invigorating, and to Isabel's joy, the children grew and strengthened as they had never done before. In a few months Archibald purchased the little house and garden from his friend Jerry Otway, and well pleased with his bargain, settled down to improve and beautify the place to the best of his ability. And in a short time he was well rewarded for his trouble.

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A little pony trap conveyed Isabel, Jerry, and the hampers to the boat-house at Ferdwiche. Archibald and John sped on before upon their bicycles. As the small boy rode beside him through the village, the happy father looked at him with considerable pride and complacency. He was a fine lad, not handsome, but bright-eyed, and straightforward in manner and looks.

"Papa, papa, how silent and dreamy you are," cried John suddenly. "Do wake up, and talk about something pleasant."

Archibald swung round, and looked at the boy with an amused smile. "I confess to being dreamy," he said. "I have been so all day. I suppose it is the weather."

"That's a thing I don't understand, papa. Weather never makes any difference to me."

Archibald laughed. "Not yet, John. You see these things depend on the liver." "The person who lives?" John said gravely. "Oh, of course. But you live same as I do. And—"

"But I have lived longer, and so— However, never mind, there are a good many things one doesn't understand at ten."

"Oh, lots. And there's one thing I wanted to ask you about most particular, papa. Do you believe a robin can weep?"

"What a question! My dear boy, I really don't know. Why do you ask?" "Because," John grew very red. "I know it's silly, and I don't believe it's true. But every day lately, just about the same hour, when we're on the lawn reading or having our tea, a robin has perched close beside us, twittering and fluttering about on one of the branches. Harrier declares he is weeping, and that that means sorrow for some of us."

Archibald started, and his bicycle swerved on one side. "Absolute nonsense, child. Don't think of it again, and don't talk of it. Servants say silly things, and have all kinds of foolish superstitions. But you must not believe in them. The robin was only singing, of course."

"It wasn't like singing, papa," John remarked thoughtfully. "But it was silly to say he was weeping."

"Very. Although," Archibald said under his breath, "it's not the saying he was weeping that angers me. It's the monstrous that a girl should tell a child such a thing. I'll give Miss Harrier a piece of my mind when I see her. Such ideas are enough to make the boy nervous and gloomy."

"Here we are," cried John, as they ran over the bridge across the Stour, and he sprang gaily from his bicycle. Let's go down and choose a real good boat, papa. See, there's the Seagull. She's first rate," and pushing his machine into a safe corner in the boat-house garden, he ran down the slope to the water's edge.

The arrival of the pony-trap, the bustle and excitement of getting hampers, children, and wife into the boat, and pushing off up the stream, chased away all gloomy ideas and thoughts, and Archibald Fane threw care to the winds, and very soon became the life and soul of the little party.

By and by they reached a piece of fresh, smooth grass that every one considered perfect, and he ran the Seagull into the bank, and helped his wife and Jerry out of the boat.

"Far-off fields, they say, look green," he said, brightly, pressing Isabel's hand within his own, as she stepped on to the green sward, "and I feared this might not be as beautiful as it looked in the distance. But it is. We could not have found a more enchanting place to sit down in had we hunted for years. So now, let's to work, and set out the good things."

The luncheon party was a merry one. Archibald and his wife were in the best of good spirits, and the children were uproarious in their fun. "When lunch is over let us drive on to the cherry orchards near Littlebourne," cried John. "The fruit is lovely there, and the trees look splendid laden with rosy-cheeked cherries."

"A good idea," said Isabel, "and we can take a basketful home for tea. What do you say, Archie? Will you bicycle there with John?"

"No, dear, I can't. I'm anxious to get back to my work in the garden. So I am going to walk off very soon and leave you."

"But who is to row us back to Ferdwiche?" Her voice was full of disappointment.

He patted her cheek softly. "Thomas Moat, dear. He will soon be here. And you'll all have great fun in the orchard. I'm too old for such frolics, and I really want to finish nailing my tomatoes. I'll be looking out for you at tea time."

She smiled. "Oh! Very well. You have been wonderfully good to stay with us so long."

"Not at all," laughing. "I've enjoyed it all immensely. But I must away now."

As he walked across the meadows toward the road, the direct way back to the cottage at Sturry, he turned several times and waved and kissed his hand to his wife and children.

"What a picture—a happy picture they make," he thought. "To think of sorrow coming near them is impossible in this peaceful place."

The pretty garden looked cool and fresh as he passed by the little path to the rose-covered porch, and entered the cottage.

"It's a sweet spot," he said, crossing the small, square hall. I wouldn't exchange it for a place. And now for my gardening coat and hammer. I'll have everything neat and trim before Isabel and the children come into tea."

On the hall table lay a bundle of letters. "Ah! of course," having looked at them, at first in some surprise, "the second post came at one, and we were already on our way to our breakfast. But," gathering them up, "since they have waited so long, they may wait a little longer still," he examined writing and post-marks, "they may require immediate answers. I'd better read them. Bills. They must wait for Isabel. She is paymaster in this establishment. A New Zealand stamp. From dear old Jerry. Well," seating himself at the table, "I must see what he has to say. His news is always pleasant."

He broke the seal, and with a pang of disappointment found a mere note from his good friend. Then he laughed gladly on seeing what he wrote. "All well here. Enclosed to hand yesterday. Am sailing in vessel that brings this. So will see you soon. Love to Isabel and the bairns.— Yours, ever, Jerry Otway."

"True as eye, dear old chap. The one blot on England, and our happiness has been that Jerry was not near. But now that he is coming things will be perfect. What a friend he was to me in the days gone by. But now for the enclosure from Tristram Fane. Well, this is a surprise. What put it into his head to write? I often wondered where he was. He was always rather a black sheep was Tristram. Yet, 'pon my word, I'd be glad to see him again. A long letter. Some yarn about his or a life, I daresay. The last time I heard from him was telling me of Madeline's death, putting all my fears at rest. How little he guesses I am back in the old country."

He spread out the letter, and glanced carelessly over the closely-written pages. Then, suddenly, he clutched it fiercely, and his face grew white as death.

"It's a lie," he gasped, his hands all cold and clammy, "a ghastly lie. I'll never believe it, never." And then, with a groan of anguish, his head fell forward on his breast. (To be Continued.)

CATARH CAN BE CURED. Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable, and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely-noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and deciding to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 347 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN AND CLUBS FOR BOYS. (Catholic News.) His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan is in every sense one of the ablest prelates in the Catholic Church throughout the world. In England he has ever shown himself to be the fearless champion of the Catholic cause whenever the Church needed a spokesman. Whether he addresses opponents or members of his own faith he is as outspoken as he is convincing. He has not hesitated to point out to English Catholics wherein they are not as well organized as they might be.

Thus in a letter sent from a resort in Germany where he is seeking health to the secretary of the annual conference of Catholic Young Men's Societies of England, Cardinal Vaughan tells of the good work that might be done for the Church among boys who have left school. His words will be read with special interest here in New York, for in this city for some time has been carried on very successfully the apostolate that the Cardinal urges the English Catholics to take up. His Eminence writes:

"Remember that we have three hundred thousand young people who have left our schools and are under twenty-one years of age. The boys especially need clubs and organizations to hold them together—to help, direct and encourage them during the most critical years of adult life. I know of no work the Catholic Young Men's Association could take up more needed, but at the same time more difficult, than that of establishing a strong working apostolate on behalf of the boys who have left school. Other societies, from which much was expected, have failed to achieve this work. Where we have not been disappointed has been among women, who, whether as Ladies of Charity or as workers of the Catholic Social Union, have shown great zeal, intelligence and perseverance. But their work has been for girls and young women. Would that your association might do something for boys and young men."

"I know the difficulty with boys who have left school. They are rougher, coarser, wilder and less easily interested and held together—at least this is frequently so. But have they not frequently been taken the wrong way? Give them, by all means, physical exercises—games, athletics and other amusements—with some useful instruction, all this is needed and responds to their growing faculties and muscles. But there remains something wanting. They are capable of something higher, there is in their breasts a nobler chord that may be touched. They may be touched by an appeal to a sense of chivalry. They have within them a certain tenderness that responds to a mother's heart. Appeal to all this. Place them under the Blessed Mother, who is God's Mother as well as their Mother. Bring the whole position out, in words and ways that boys can understand. The Blessed Mother of God ought to be brought home to these rough lads. Without interfering with amusements and athletics, there may be a warm appeal to their chivalrous nature. Arouse it in behalf of our Blessed Mother. This will require tact, judgment, boldness, courage and love for the Divine Mother, as well as for these boys, who are in reality her children, though they know it not. But I have said enough to suggest a line of conduct which mere natural methods failed to secure. Go to the Mother, appeal to the Mother in loving earnestness. Would it not be a good thing for your association to call for a report every year of the work accomplished by its members for boys? An annual record would keep the idea alive, it would encourage and stimulate efforts in a most important but difficult work. God bless you!"

These words of the great English Cardinal may be regarded as a warm commendation of the work in which so many members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society are engaged in this city. They have organized several clubs for boys here, and these clubs supply the very wants that the Cardinal mentions in his letter. By means of them a great many boys who might stray away from the faith of their fathers are made better Catholics and better citizens and in every way an honor to the Church.

BISHOP JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING. Rome, Oct. 9.—Bishop John Lancaster Spalding, of Peoria, was nominated Archbishop of Chicago to-day.

Bishop Spalding is one of the ablest men in the church. He was born in Lebanon, Ky., June 2, 1840. His first education was received at St. Mary, Ky. He also spent some time in Emmetsburg, and subsequently studied for five years at Mt. St. Mary's, Cincinnati. He studied theology in Louvain University, Belgium, from which he took the title of D.D., and where he was ordained in 1863. He returned to Louisville in 1865 and established a colored church. He afterward became assistant pastor of St. Michael's in the archdiocese of New York, where his fame as a preacher was established in May 1877, he was appointed bishop of Peoria. The bishop has issued two publications of wide under the name of Henry Hamilton. The titles being "America and Other Poems" and "The Poet's Praise."

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE. BENEDICTINE SALVE. This Salvo Cures Rheumatism, Felons or Blood Poisoning. It is a Sure Remedy for any of These Diseases. A FEW TESTIMONIALS. 193 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto. DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salvo. I have not served 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 Salvo, 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 Salvo. Yours truly, GEO. FOUGER. Tremont House, Yonge Street, Nov. 1, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure that I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say that your Benedictine Salvo has done more for me in one week than anything I have done for the last five years. My ailment was muscular rheumatism. I applied the salve as directed, and I got speedy relief. I can assure you that at the present time I am free of pain. I can recommend any person afflicted with Rheumatism to give it a trial. I am, Yours truly, (Signed) S. JOHNSON. 383 Victoria Street, Toronto, Oct. 31, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, City: DEAR SIR—I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salvo. It has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been trying to do for years. When I first used it I had been confined to my bed with a spell of rheumatism and sciatica for nine weeks; a friend recommended your salve. I tried it and it completely healed rheumatism right out of my system. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine on the market for rheumatism. I believe it has no equal. Yours sincerely, JOHN MCGROGAN. 475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont.: DEAR SIR—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salvo as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called on 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 Salvo, 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, your truly, (MRS.) JAS. COGROVE. 7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 18, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont.: DEAR SIR—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salvo. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salvo to any one suffering with piles. Yours sincerely, JOS. WESTMAN. 12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 18, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salvo as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salvo a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit. Yours respectfully, MRS. SIMPSON. 65 Carlton Street, Toronto, Feb. 1, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., 193 King Street East: I was a sufferer for four months from acute rheumatism in my left arm; my physician called regularly and prescribed for it, but gave me no relief. My brother, who appeared to have faith in your Benedictine Salvo, gave me enough of it to apply twice to my arm. I used it first on a Thursday night, and applied it again on Friday night. This was in the latter part of November. Since then (over two months) I have not had a trace of rheumatism. I feel that you are entitled to this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salvo in removing rheumatic pains. Yours sincerely, M. A. GAGAN. Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salvo thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salvo and it cured me. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud and grateful for so long it has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am, Yours, etc., ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, with the Boston Laundry. 25 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, Dec. 16, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five dollars in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salvo, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just about to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salvo for three weeks, I was able to go to work 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 forever thankful, PETER AUSIEN. Toronto, April 19, 1902.

Mr. John O'Connor. DEAR SIR—I do heartily recommend your Benedictine Salvo as a sure cure for rheumatism, as I was sorely afflicted with that sad disease in my arm, and it was so bad that I could not dress myself. When I heard about your salve, I got a box of it, and to my surprise I found great relief, and I used what I got and now I can attend to my daily household duties, and I heartily recommend it to anyone that is troubled with the same disease. You have this from me with hearty thanks and do with it as you please for the benefit of the afflicted. Yours truly, MRS. JAMES FLEMING. 18 Spruce Street, Toronto. Toronto, April 16th, 1902.

J. O'Connor, Esq., City: DEAR SIR—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salvo. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salvo as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough. Respectfully yours, J. J. CLARKE. 78 Woolsey Street, City. 119 George Street, Toronto, June 17th, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq. DEAR SIR—Your Benedictine Salvo cured me of rheumatism in my arm, which entirely disabled me from work; in three days, and I am now completely cured. I suffered greatly from piles for many months, and was completely cured by one box of Benedictine Salvo. Yours sincerely, T. WALKER, 119 George Street, Toronto.

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**CHILDREN'S CORNER**

**AUTUMN SCHOOL WORK.**

By this time schools all over the country have got under way, and already three classes of students have declared themselves—those who work and those who loaf and those who do not belong entirely in either of the other two classes.

The worker can take care of himself anywhere, but to the loafers and those who tend to idleness, especially such as have entered higher schools where the freedom is broader than they have known before, any one who has been brought through the trial can give a brief bit of advice.

Get as much work and as good work safely behind you by Christmas as reasonable application and the routine of the school will permit.

The unwary student looks off at the final tests in June, when his successes and failures will be scored up against him, and thinks the ultimate reckoning for his year's work is a long way ahead, there is plenty of time, he foolishly tells himself, to bring his rank up if he does not begin well.

But a school year is short, and a bad start is likely to make for a bad end. The work is done at the beginning of the year is not only an earnest of the kind of effort the student is capable of all the year, it is a gross quantity of things accomplished that need not be done again.

In the autumn days the mind which has rested during the summer can be driven hard; indeed, with little driving it will do good service. It is much more difficult to do in the spring what should have been done in the autumn, and neglected work made up in the last desperate scramble is sure to be of poorer quality than if it is done when it is due to be done.—Youth's Companion.

**SECOND-CLASS BOYS.**

You can hardly imagine a boy saying, "I am going to be a second-class man. I don't want to be first-class and get the good jobs, the high pay. Second-class jobs are good enough for me." Such a boy would be regarded as lacking in good sense, if not in sanity. You can get to be a second-class man, however, by not trying to be a first-class one. Thousands do that all the time, so that second-class men are a drug on the market.

Second-class things are only wanted when first-class can't be had. You wear first-class clothes if you can pay for them, eat first-class butter, first-class meat and first-class bread, or, if you don't, you will you could. Second-class men are no more wanted than any other second-class commodity. They are taken and used when the better article is scarce or is too high priced for the occasion. For work that really amounts to anything first-class men are wanted.

Many things make second-class men. A man manacred by dissipation, whose understanding is dull and slow, whose growth has been stunted, is a second-class man, if, indeed, he is not a third-class man. A man who, through his amusements in his hours of leisure, exhausts his strength and vitality, who till his limbs tremble like leaves in the wind is only half a man, and could in no sense be called first-class.

Everybody knows the things that make these second-class characteristics. Boys smoke cigarettes to be smart and imitate older boys. Then they keep on because they have created an appetite as unnatural as it is harmful. Men get drunk for all sorts of reasons; but whatever the reason, they cannot remain first-class men and drink. Dissipation in other forms is pursued because of pleasures to be derived, but the surest consequence is that of becoming second-class, below the standard of the best men for any purpose.

Every fault you allow to become a habit, to get control over you, helps to make you second-class and puts you at a disadvantage in the race for honor, position, wealth and happiness. Carelessness as to health lifts the ranks of the inferior. The submerged classes that the economists talk about are those that are below the high-water mark of the best manhood and womanhood. Sometimes they are second-rate or third-rate people because those who are responsible for their being and their care, during their minor years were so before them, but more and more so it becoming one's own fault if, through life he remains second-class. Education of some sort, and even a pretty good sort, is possible to practically every one in our land. Failure to get the best education available, whether it be in books or in business training, is sure to relegate one to the ranks of the second-class.

**FOURTH CLASS BOYS.**

This beautiful bird is known mainly as "Quail on toast," but its usefulness and interest of habit it holds a high place among our birds. As an insect destroyer it is of some economic importance that in Wisconsin, where it has been practically exterminated, attempts have recently been made to re-establish it, so the "fourth class" is being given a new lease of life.

**FOURTH CLASS BOYS.**

As each moth lays multitudes of eggs the destruction of a moth at the right time prevents the hatching of an army of worms which would otherwise destroy large fields of corn and grain. It would be wise for other States to follow the example of Wisconsin and introduce fresh quail in the old haunts where they have been thoughtlessly exterminated and protect them by proper laws properly enforced. There are few prettier sights than a family of old quail with their young walking about fearlessly in a woodland meadow, a slight breeze to save now difficult to see. The bird's domestic life is particularly interesting. Dr. Brewer, in his biographies of North American birds, gives a graphic account of a meeting with a brood. "They did not see me until I was close upon them, when the old bird flew directly toward me and tumbled at my feet, as if in a dying condition, giving at the same time a shrill whistle, expressive of intense alarm. I stooped and put my hand upon the extended wings and could easily have caught him. The young birds at the cry of the parent flew in all directions, and the devoted parent soon followed them, calling to them in a low cluck."

**FOURTH CLASS BOYS.**

One summer day a dozen years ago a twelve-year-old boy was seated behind a small desk in the ante-room of a New York "morning" newspaper office. He was one of the regular force of office boys. One of these had the day before gone away, a fact which had in some mysterious way been noised abroad, and during the day a score of other boys had been in to apply for the place. None of them had been engaged.

Shortly before 6 o'clock another boy appeared, about the age of the one who sat in the room.

"I heard you want to get another office boy," said the newcomer.

"The boy in the chair looked the other over carefully without replying. The applicant was a clean, manly-looking little fellow, with frank blue eyes. The office boy went into the inner room and then the assistant editor appeared. "What's your name?" he asked, briskly.

"Walter Simmons, sir," answered the boy.

The man rapidly questioned him further, and looked at his letters of recommendation. In a moment the boy was engaged.

"You'll go on the night force," said the editor. "Begin to-night at 6 o'clock—you'll get off somewhere around 3. There'll be a couple of the old boys here to tell you what to do."

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, moving toward the door.

As he stepped from behind the desk the editor noticed that he was bare-footed. "Here, where are your shoes?" said the man. "You'll have to hurry if you've got to go home after them."

The boy looked down and hesitated. Then he glanced up at the man and said: "I haven't any shoes sir."

"No shoes? Well, we can't have a bare-footed office boy. Can't you get some?"

Again the boy hesitated. "I'll try my best, sir," he said, with a slight tremor in his voice.

"All right. Turn up here at 6 with shoes on and the place is yours—otherwise we'll have to get some other one else," and the editor hurried away.

The boy walked slowly out to the head of the stairs. He paused here and gazed wistfully back into the ante-room. Then, catching the eye of the boy inside, he turned and ran down the steps.

"Hi, there! Hold on, kid!" came a voice from the head of the stairs. He turned on the first landing and saw the other boy looking down at him.

"What's the reason you ain't got any shoes?" asked the office boy.

"All worn out and thrown away. I've been out of work a month, and my mother's sick."

"Got any stockings?"

"Yes, one pair," and he gazed down at his bare legs below his short trousers.

"Well, you must be about my size. I have a pair of shoes I might lend you for a week till you draw your pay. What'd'ya say to that?"

"You wouldn't ask me if you knew how much I want the place?"

"Well, you skip home and get the stockings. Come right back and wait where you are. You'll have to hustle if you get back by 6."

Walter certainly did "hustle," he was back several minutes before 6, and stood panting on the landing, half afraid that the other would not keep his word. The next moment his new-found friend looked down at him.

"Sit right down there," said the office boy. "Put on the stockings and I'll be along at 6."

Walter did as he was told, and as everybody went up and down by the elevators he was not disturbed. In a few minutes the office boy came, sat down beside him and began taking off his shoes.

"This is the only pair I've got," he explained. "Nothing very stylish about them, but if they'll do on my feet, they'll do on yours. They cost a dollar anyhow, and you want to be careful of them—no skating on the floor or kicking the desk legs. Try that one."

"That fits all right," answered Walter.

"Now get up on quick. My mother's sick and I've got to go."

**FOURTH CLASS BOYS.**

When loud the bumble bee makes haste—Delated, thriftless vagrant, And golden rod is dying fast, And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

When gentians roll their fringes tight To save them for the morning, And chestnuts fall from satin burrs Without a sound of warning,

When on the ground red apples lie In piles like jewels shining, And redder still on old stone walls Are leaves of woodbine twining,

When all the lovely wayside things Their white-winged seeds are sowing, And in the fields still green and fair Late aftermath are growing,

When springs run low, and on the brooks, In idle golden freighting, Bright leaves sing noiseless in the hush Of woods, for winter waiting,

When comrades seek sweet country haunts, By twos and threes together, And count like misers, hour by hour, October's bright blue weather.

O suns and skies and flowers of June, Count all your boasts together, Leave loveliest best of all the year October's bright blue weather.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

**FOURTH CLASS BOYS.**

O suns and skies and clouds of June, And flowers of June together, Ye cannot rival for one hour October's bright blue weather.

**FOURTH CLASS BOYS.**

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**JOHN LABATT'S Pan-American Exposition BUFFALO GOLD MEDAL ALE AND PORTER**

Awarded LABATT'S ALE AND PORTER Surpassing all Competitors

**J. E. SEAGRAM**

DISTILLER AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS and MALT and FAMILY BRANDS

Whiskies, Old Rye, Etc.

ALSO MANUFACTURERS OF THOSE RENOWNED BRANDS: "OLD TIMES" and "WHITE WHEAT"

Conceded by Connoisseurs to be the Choicest Flavored Whiskies in the Market.

J. E. SEAGRAM, WATERLOO, ONT.

**OUR BRANDS**

The O'Keefe Brewery Co. Limited TORONTO

**THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., Limited**

MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED **White Label Ale**

Their other brands, which are very fine, are:

INDIA SPECIAL, AMBER, JUBILEE, CROWN SPECIAL, XXX PORTER and HALF-AND-HALF.

The above brands can be had at all first-class dealers.

**MONUMENTS**

Best work and best designs at low prices in Granite and Marble. Monuments We are the largest Manufacturers in the Dominion.

The McIntosh Granite & Marble Co. Limited 1110 & 1121 YONGE ST. (Terminal Yonge St. Car Route). Telephone North 1260. TORONTO.

**THE BROWN BROS. LIMITED**

51-53 Wellington Street West, Toronto.

**MEMORIAL STAINED GLASS WINDOWS AND HOUSEHOLD ART GLASS**

Robert McCausland, Limited 50 Wellington St. W., - - Toronto

**My Valet**

FOUNTAIN TABLET Dress Suits to Rent

30 Adelaide St. W. Phone Main 399.

**COSGRAVE BREWERY CO.**

OF TORONTO, Limited

Maltsters, Brewers and Bottlers TORONTO.

Are supplying the trade with their superior

**ALES AND BROWN STOUTS**

Brewed from the finest Malt and purest brands of Hops. They are highly recommended by the Medical Faculty for their purity and strengthening qualities.

Awarded the Highest Prize at the International Exhibition, Philadelphia, for Purity of Flavor and General Excellence of Quality. Orange Medal, Paris, 1876. Medal and Diploma, Antwerp, 1885.

Brewing Office, 295 Niagara St. TELEPHONE PARK 140.

**F. ROSAR Undertaker.**

340 King St. East, Toronto. Telephone Main 1041.

**McCabe & Co. UNDERTAKERS**

Telephone Main 222 QUEEN STREET EAST.

**ALEX. MILLARD UNDERTAKER & EMBALMER**

378 300 YONGE STREET TORONTO.

**FIRST AID POND EXTRACT**

FOR Burns, Bruises, Swollen, Blisters, or any sort of Pain.

Good Internally and Externally.

CAUTION: Do not use on children or on the face.

Prepared by J. E. Seagram, Waterloo, Ont.

Sunlight Soap will not burn the nap off woollens nor the surface off linens.

# SUNLIGHT SOAP

REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Mark.

### OBITUARY

#### DEATH OF A WELL KNOWN ENGLISH PRIEST.

From London comes news of the death of Father James Lawless, who for over twenty years has been in charge of the Parish of SS. Mary and Joseph, Poplar. The Solemn Requiem Mass at the funeral was sung by the Right Rev. Dr. Brindle, D. S. O., an old school-fellow of Father Lawless. A panegyric was delivered by the Very Rev. Dean Vere, in the course of which he dwelt at considerable length on the virtues of the lately departed priest. The attendance at the cemetery was extremely representative of both rich and poor, those present including His Lordship the Bishop of Exmouth and the Right Rev. Mgr. Canon Featon, V.G., the Mayor of Poplar, who wore his robes of office.

His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, who was unable to be present, sent a letter, which was read by Dean Vere, in the course of which the Cardinal spoke of Father Lawless' love for his Faith and his flock, and asked for the prayers of the faithful on his behalf.

his behalf. As the procession passed from the church to the cemetery over half a mile of the route was lined by thousands who had at one time or another been recipients of Father Lawless' practical sympathy.

#### MR. JOHN J. MURPHY

Much regret has been occasioned by the death of Mr. John J. Murphy, of St. Paul's Parish. He was a comparatively young man and his death came as an unexpected shock to a large number of friends.

#### DEATH OF MGR. CONNOLLY, ST. JOHN, N. B.

We regret to learn of the death of Very Rev. Monsignor Thomas Connolly, at St. John, N. B.

About three weeks ago the aged priest began to show signs that his end was approaching. He had suffered attacks at various times of late years, but from these he rallied with remarkable vigor in a man of his years. Still, this latter indisposition took on the aspect of permanency and real seriousness.

The Very Rev. Monsignor Thomas Connolly was the fourth child of James and Dorea Connolly. His mother was a convert to the faith. Of the ten children to the union all of them are dead except Miss Connolly, who resided with him. Monsignor Connolly was born on March 1, 1823, on Duke street, near the corner of Germain street, in St. John City.

On the second Sunday (9th) in July, 1818, he was ordained priest by the Rt. Rev. W. Dollard, D. D., the first Bishop of New Brunswick.

On July 10, 1898, he celebrated his golden jubilee. Monsignor Connolly was the celebrant of Solemn High Mass, with Rev. W. F. Chapman, of Woodstock, deacon; Rev. J. J. Walsh, of Holy Trinity Church, subdeacon, and Rev. Thomas Lavery, of George, master of ceremonies. Rev. H. A. Moncton preached the sermon.

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

**OIL-SMELTER-MINES.**  
Dividend-Paying Mining, Oil and Smelter Stocks, Listed on the Exchange, with full particulars, sent free on application.

**DOUGLAS, LACEY & CO.,**  
Bankers & Brokers, 120 Wall Street, New York.

#### ST. BASIL'S CATHOLIC UNION.

A large number were in Attendance at the regular meeting of St. Basil's Catholic Union on Monday evening. Mr. E. V. O'Sullivan presented the report of the delegates to the Inter-Catholic Club Debating Union. Congratulations were offered to the delegates for the entirely satisfactory manner in which they settled the many useful and urgent suggestions of this society; it was also a matter of favorable comment that Mr. E. V. O'Sullivan has been elected President of the Inter-Catholic Club Debating Union.

On a motion of Mr. M. G. Kernahan it was decided that the regular meetings of this Union be opened with prayer. The secretary was also instructed to procure suitable stationery for the Union.

Mr. Hugh V. Ferguson, a former member of the Society, read a descriptive paper of South Africa. This most interesting paper of Mr. Ferguson's own production gave a picturesque description of Johannesburg, Pretoria and Natal and of the changes wrought by the recent war. Mr. Wm. O'Connor read a magazine article entitled "The Clean Linen Cloth." The article gave various scientific explanations of the Holy Shroud in Turin. The paper was well received.

M. GREGORY KERNAHAN, Sec.-Treas.

#### POPE LEO AND TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

To the Editor of The Register: Kindly publish the accompanying letter, on the temperance question, written by our illustrious Pope Leo XIII., to Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minnesota. It is to be found in Temperance Truths, published by the Temperance Publication Bureau, 415 West 59th street, New York. It will, I am sure, serve as an inspiration and encouragement not only to those who are privately inculcating the truly Catholic cardinal virtue of temperance by word and example, but also to those who are agitating the formation of an efficient temperance society for Canada similar to that of the United States. Thanking you sincerely in advance, I remain, etc.,

#### TEMPERANCE.

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.  
To Our Venerable Brother, John Ireland, Bishop of St. Paul, Minn.: Venerable Brother—Health and Apostolic Benediction.

The admirable works of piety and charity by which our faithful children in the United States labor to promote, not only their own temporal and eternal welfare but also that of their fellow-citizens, and which you have recently related to us, give to us exceeding great consolation. And above all, we have rejoiced to learn with what energy and zeal, by means of various excellent associations, and especially through the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, you combat the destructive vice of intemperance. For it is well known to us how ruinous, how deplorable is the injury, both to faith and to morals, that is to be feared from intemperance in drink. Nor can we sufficiently praise the prelates of the United States, who recently, in the Plenary Council of Baltimore, with weightiest words condemned this abuse, declaring it to be a perpetual incentive to sin and a fruitful root of all evils, plunging the families of the intemperate into direct ruin, and dragging numberless souls down to everlasting perdition; declaring, moreover, that the faithful who yield to this vice of intemperance become thereby a scandal to non-Catholics, and a great hindrance to the propagation of the true religion.

Hence, we esteem worthy of all commendation the noble resolve of your pious associations, by which they pledge themselves to abstain totally from every kind of intoxicating drink. Nor can it at all be doubted that this determination is the proper and truly efficacious remedy for this very great evil; and that so much the greater are the dignity and influence of those who give the example. But the greatest of all in this matter should be the zeal of priests, who, as they are called to instruct the people in the word of life, and to mould them in Christian morality, should also, and above all, walk before them in the practice of virtue. Let pastors, therefore, do their best to drive the plague of intemperance from the fold of Christ, by assisting and inspiring all who are engaged in this noble work.

# Straight Testimony

ITS STEADILY INCREASING SALE

# "SALADA"

Ceylon Green Tea is PURE, DELICIOUS AND WHOLESOME. It is displacing Japan tea just as "SALADA" black tea is displacing all other black teas.

Sold in Lead Packets only. 25c. and 40c. per lb. All Grocers.

**Delightful as a Beverage**

As a stimulant or fortifier use the Toronto Brewing and Malt Co.'s Ale and Extra Stout, stand unrivalled—the purest and most wholesome beverage extant.

—Sold by all dealers—hotels and cafes

**Toronto Brewing Co.**

**You May Need**

## Pain-Killer

For Cuts Burns Bruises

Cramps Diarrhoea All Bowel Complaints

It is a safe, safe and quick remedy. There's only one PAIN-KILLER. PREPARED BY F. B. DAVIS. Two sizes, 50c. and 80c.

#### THE MARKET REPORTS.

Wheat is Higher—The Live Stock Trade. Tuesday Evening, Oct. 28. Toronto St. Lawrence Market.

The street market was quiet and steady today, with few changes in prices. The total receipts of grain were heavier, amounting to 4,800 bushels. Wheat—Market was steady to firm; 300 bushels of white and 300 bushels of red were unchanged at 70c. and 68c. respectively. Oats—Market active and firm; 2,000 bushels of white and 2,000 bushels of red were unchanged at 44c. and 42c. respectively. Corn—Market active and firm; 1,000 bushels of white and 1,000 bushels of red were unchanged at 38c. and 36c. respectively. Hay—Market active and firm; 1,000 tons of timothy were unchanged at \$14.00 and 1,000 tons of clover were unchanged at \$12.00. Straw—One load of wheat sold 60c lower at \$1.00. Dressed Hogs—Steady and unchanged at \$8 to \$8.25 per cwt.

**Cheese Markets.** Campbellford, Oct. 28.—At the Campbellford Cheese Board today, 980 cheese were offered. Sales—Watkins, 800 at 11 1/2c.

**Toronto Live Stock.** Business was by no means brisk at the Toronto Cattle Market today, although the demand for some of the lines of cattle. The question of ocean space causes a great deal of concern, and the market is not in a position to absorb the immense number of cattle now being sent to the markets of the country there with a view to exportation. In the afternoon, however, the market was better. Exporters and butchers' cattle were in the market, and the buyers being light in the afternoon, the market was quiet. Sheep were steady, lambs were lower and calves and hogs were unchanged. The Toronto market today included 2,110 sheep and lambs, 14 calves and 578 hogs.

Export Cattle—Cattle from England are not at all encouraging and the demand is slow. The offerings continue heavy and they include some very good cattle, but the market is not in a position to absorb them. For the old purchases made by dealers here, there is no outlet as the accumulation of stock is a depressing factor in the situation. In the day's receipts were a number of Manitoba cattle, a great many of which were fit for export, and were offered for sale, however, and were not taken. The market was dull enough. Prices are steady, picked lots are in better demand of course, but they are not in the market. The market is not in a position to absorb the immense number of cattle now being sent to the markets of the country there with a view to exportation. In the afternoon, however, the market was better. Exporters and butchers' cattle were in the market, and the buyers being light in the afternoon, the market was quiet. Sheep were steady, lambs were lower and calves and hogs were unchanged. The Toronto market today included 2,110 sheep and lambs, 14 calves and 578 hogs.

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