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VOL. XII., No. 40

TORONTO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1904

PRICE FIVE CENTS

ENGLAND UNFAVORABLE TO PREFERENCE

Right Hon. James Bryce, addressing the Canadian Club in Toronto on Monday last week, said with regard to the Chamberlain proposal made for creating in England a preferential tariff, which should give certain tariff advantages to the colonies that would not be given to other countries. "I do not intend to discuss that question, of course, for a single moment as a matter of English party controversy, but I think it may be useful and proper that I should tell you what is the attitude which, so far as I can judge, English opinion has taken, and which it is likely to disclose and express at the general election in the next few months.

"English public opinion so far has not shown itself favorable to the idea of a preferential tariff and that is not at all confined to one political party, because, although the Liberal party in England has been practically unanimous on the subject, there are also a large number of Conservatives in England, and many of them of great ability, authority and experience, who take exactly the same view as is taken by the Liberals. I should excessively regret to see any sentiment in England excited by the idea or belief that our working people, the poorest of the poor, the class who depend chiefly upon bread for the support of their life, were being sacrificed to the interests of any class. That is, after all, the part of the case that appeals most strongly to the working classes, and that is the reason why the working classes so far have not shown themselves favorable to this proposal.

"But I will go further and say that those of us who have studied colonial history and the history of commercial negotiations between different nations, and of the working of commercial treaties and of the carrying on of tariff wars, have come to the conclusion that it is very difficult to make these commercial bargains without a risk of misunderstanding, without a risk of disputes, and of provoking ill-feeling. Many of us would feel that if we were to embark upon a series of bargains with the British colonies, promising a tariff rise there against other countries, a lowering here and a lowering there—perhaps being accused of giving more to one colony than to another—we should be entering on an exceedingly dangerous course, which might imperil the relations of perfect friendliness and affection, on which we have hitherto stood. And, therefore, many of us believe that, so far from drawing the bond closely between the colonies and ourselves, a system of preferential tariffs would be more likely to bring about friction. If you will look back to the time when we were giving a preference to Canadian timber and West Indian sugar, you will find that there were constant difficulties cropping up then, and that neither the mother country nor the colonies were satisfied."

St. Francis Literary and Athletic Association

On Tuesday evening last a meeting of the young men of St. Francis Parish was held for the purpose of organizing the St. Francis Literary and Athletic Association.

The object of the new association is the promotion of the religious, moral and physical welfare of the members and in fact all the young men of the parish.

Rev. Father McCann, parish priest, is heartily in sympathy with the movement and has been elected spiritual director.

The officers elected are as follows: President, J. O'Brien; 1st Vice-President, W. O'Brien; 2nd Vice-President, R. Byron; Secretary, E. Kelly; Treasurer, W. E. Blake; Executive Committee—A. Donnelly, G. O'Leary, R. Power, P. O'Byrne, J. J. Wright.

The young men of the church are cordially invited to join the Association.

The marriage of Mr. Alexander Moloney of St. Andrews and Miss Ruby Fitzpatrick, of Cornwall, was solemnized in St. Columban's Church by Vicar-General Corbet.

THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

The opening of the third Eucharistic Congress in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, was one of the most imposing religious demonstrations ever witnessed in the United States. When the Pontifical High Mass was begun the stately Cathedral contained an impressive congregation, including as it did hundreds of prelates and priests from all parts of the country.

Most Rev. Archbishop Farley was the celebrant of the Solemn Pontifical High Mass.

Among the archbishops in the procession were the Most Rev. Patrick J. Ryan, of Philadelphia; the Most Rev. William K. Elder, of Cincinnati; the Most Rev. John Williams, of Boston, and the Most Rev. John M. Farley, of New York.

Bishops from all over the United States were in the long line, among them being Bishop Mac, of Covington, who is president of the Congress; Bishop McDonnell, of Brooklyn; Bishop Allen, of Mobile; Bishop Dun, of Dallas; Bishop Tierney, of Hartford; Bishop Hertsman, of Cleveland; Bishop Colton, of Buffalo; Bishop Richter, of Grand Rapids, Mich.; Bishop Hoban, of Scranton, Pa.; Bishop O'Connor, of Newark; Bishop O'Connell, of Portland, Me.; Bishop Michaud, of Burlington, Vt.; Bishop Gabriels, of Ogdensburg; Bishop Ludden, of Syracuse; Bishop Harjans of Providence, R.I., and Bishop Cusack, Auxiliary of New York. Mgr. Dugas of Albany represented Bishop Burke and Mgr. Joseph Rauner, president of the seminary of Milwaukee, was the representative of Archbishop Messmer of Milwaukee.

Mgr. Lavelle read the official brief of the Pope, as follows:

The Most Rev. John M. Farley, Archbishop of New York:

Beloved in Christ: Since nothing can be nearer our heart than the desire to see the honor and adoration due to the sacrament of divine love extended and increased more and more every day, we are ever ready to use our authority to promote whatever tends to foster this devotion.

Wherefore, we indeed have rejoiced to learn of the proposed Eucharistic Congress to be held the coming month in the City of New York, under the auspices of its illustrious Archbishop, our venerable brother, John M. Farley, who has invoked our paternal interest in this important event.

Most willingly and most gladly do we approve of this excellent means of eliciting public manifestation of the living faith and profound piety which must needs draw down from our Lord blessings in abundance. Furthermore, to all who are interested in the congress, as a pledge of divine favor we impart apostolic benediction and at the same time lay open to them the treasures of the Church. Confiding, therefore, in the mercy of Almighty God and the authority of His Blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul, we graciously, in the Lord, grant a plenary indulgence to all the faithful who take part in the congress, provided they go to confession and receive Holy Communion worthily, and on any day during the congress devoutly visit a church praying the Blessed Sacrament for the liberty and exaltation of the Catholic Church and of the Apostolic See, the extirpation of heresies, the conversion of sinners and the concord of all the Christian powers.

To the faithful of the city as well as of the ecclesiastical province of New York who may be prevented from attending the congress, but who will unite themselves with it in spirit and be interested in its proceedings, we concede a partial indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines provided they visit a church on any day during the congress, praying before the Blessed Sacrament, according to the intentions mentioned above.

Finally, a partial indulgence of 300 days may be gained by all who assist at the congress as well as by all the faithful of the Church and ecclesiastical province of New York, who, at least, contribute of heart, visit a church on any day of the congress, praying before the Blessed Sacrament according to the intentions already indicated.

These indulgences, plenary and partial, are applicable to the souls in purgatory. Anything to the contrary notwithstanding, these presents having force for this year.

Given at St. Peter's, Rome, under the seal of the ring of the fisherman, the 4th day of August, 1904, and the first year of my pontificate.

PIUS X.
ALDOIS CARDINAL MACCHI.
Secretary of Papal Briefs.

Acting on the suggestion made by Rev. Jas. Dougherty, New York, on the first day of the session, the congress, without a dissenting voice, adopted the following:

"Third Eucharistic Congress of the United States, composed of prelates and priests, representative of and giving expression to the sentiment of Catholic America, having in view recent events in France, affecting religion and liberty, before adjoining decides to put itself on record by the following resolutions:

First—We tender to our Holy Father, Pope Pius X., our reverential recognition and profound admiration of his apostolic stam in favor of true human liberty and essential human rights, as against the heinous and threats of an infidel faction that has for the time being unfortunately possessed itself of the government of a once great Catholic nation, and a sister republic.

Second—We sympathize deeply with our much-tried brethren across the water, in the land whose glorious record for so long has been 'Gesta Dei Per Francos,' and we assure her bishops, priests and people that we are heart and soul with them in their battle for right, truth and religion.

The Conservative Path

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A CORRECTION BY FR. WHELAN

The Editor of The Catholic Register:

Dear Sir,—In The Toronto News of the 21st inst., there appears a report of the injunction proceedings in the suit brought by J. D. Gratton against the Separate School Board of Ottawa and in the course of the article in question reference is made to an affidavit filed by Mr. Gratton from which the following extract is taken:

"Even so late as Sunday last the Rev. Father Whelan, of St. Patrick's Parish, Ottawa, took strong ground in his sermon against the action of those members of the Board who insist upon the employment of Christian Brothers in the Separate Schools."

Permit me to say that while I did take strong ground against certain actions of the School Board, which I specified, I did not mention the employment of the Christian Brothers, nor did I allude to them in any way. The English-speaking separate schools are not affected by the proposal to employ the Christian Brothers, and consequently English-speaking separate school ratepayers (myself included) are not concerned with the dispute between Mr. Gratton and the Board.

Yours truly,
M. J. WHELAN,
Ottawa, Sept. 28, 1904.

A Contrast

His Holiness the Pope, who, as Patriarch of Venice, was such a staunch supporter of the Catholic press that he is said to have sold some of the church ornaments to maintain a Catholic newspaper which was in danger of collapse, has not altered his attitude now that he is the Supreme Pontiff.

Quite recently he received a Catholic journalist, and in the course of conversation he took a pen from the hand of his visitor, blessed it and gave it back with the following words:

"Nowadays there is no more exalted mission in the world than that of a journalist. I bless the symbol of your profession. My predecessors pronounced their blessings on the swords and weapons of Christian warriors. I count myself happy to invoke heaven's blessing upon the pen of a Catholic journalist."

We could well wish that the example of the Holy Father were adopted in Catholic circles generally. If it were, the Catholic newspaper would be better appreciated and its representatives would be treated with more courtesy. But it is too much to expect the same large view of the same good taste or the same wisdom and Catholicity of spirit in other quarters as the Catholic journalist finds in the Pope, who considers himself happy to have an opportunity of invoking a blessing on the Catholic journalist's pen.

The Catholic Bishop of Southwark, the Most Rev. Dr. Amigo, yesterday opened a new church of St. Cross in Laner road, Catford. Alderman and Sheriff Sir John Knill attended in state.

"Third,—We condemn with all the emphasis which not only the dictates of natural law, but the instincts moreover, of Catholic faith itself, put upon the action of a clique inspired by the secret societies in exiling and persecuting the religious orders and communities of men and women whose only crime was that they had made a sacrifice of their whole selves, and their very lives to interests of charity, of education and of the common weal of their native land. May the Divine Helmsman, whom we to-day in deepest adoration hail as our Eucharistic King, rise up again and say as He once said to the storms and the waves, 'Peace be still!'"

Bishop Mac announced that the next congress would be held in 1906 in the University of Notre Dame, South Bend, Ind., and the congress of 1907 in Pittsburgh.

CONTRIBUTE TO THE SUPPORT OF YOUR PASTORS

(Contributed.)

In conversation with a Protestant friend the other day, the talk turned on the large amount of money collected by his church not only for local needs, but also for what he termed "Foreign Missions."

"Don't you find it a little hard to meet these continual calls, especially for outside work?" said I.

"I certainly used to at one time," he replied, "but not now."

"By how do you manage?"

"Well," said he, "I will tell you. After we were married, wife and I used to attend church pretty regularly, and it often happened when the plate came round we had nothing to put on it. I used to feel a little mean sometimes, but having so many calls just then for what money we had, we used to say we couldn't afford to give every time. It bothered me quite a bit though, till one day it suddenly occurred to me that this was not so much a question of giving as of paying a debt. For nothing was more certain than that I was in debt to the goodness of God for many things. And since I could not pay, by giving my time or work, I must find another way. I could not get out of paying my other debts by saying I hadn't the money, or I couldn't afford it. If this was a debt it had to be paid the same as any other. That settled it for me. When I went home that night from work I made a little box and hung it upon the wall and since then 10 per cent of all the money I can earn goes into that box. Wife at first thought 10 per cent was too much for us, but I soon convinced her it wasn't. 'How would you manage,' said I, 'if instead of \$1.50 I was only getting \$1.25 a day?' 'O, we'd manage all right,' said she. 'We'd have to.' 'All right,' then, said I, 'you can manage better on \$1.35.' And now," he concluded, "we have no trouble; there is always a dollar in the box for church purposes when needed. Once get it into your mind that this is a debt and if you are honest you will pay it."

Well, thought I, that is pretty good. If a Protestant thinks himself in debt to such an amount what must I, a Catholic, be. Like many others, no doubt, the trouble with me was not that I objected to giving the money, but that I never seemed to have any spare cash when a special need arose. But here was a simple, sensible way out of the difficulty, and one that each and every one of us can make use of if we make up our minds to do so. Let us all get a savings box for church purposes.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier on Patriotism

In the course of his speech at Sorel last week Sir Wilfrid Laurier said: "I have always preached the policy of conciliation. Patriotism is not based upon prejudice. To love your country you need not hate others. This policy of amity, of conciliation I put into practice as soon as I had in my hands the destiny of the country. If the country is prosperous today it is due to the adoption of this policy. Prosperity is the result of peace and conciliation, which permitted us to give all our efforts towards the development of the progress and the prosperity of our common Canada."

The "Grand" Next Week

"KERRY GOW" and "SHAUN RHUE."

Joseph Murphy's followers and numerous friends will welcome the popular Irish actor and his famous plays to the Grand Opera House next week. "Kerry Gow" and "Shaun Rhue" are as popular as ever, possessing romance of plot, stirring action, literary quality, and scenic beauty, besides developing strong plots of human interest. Mr. Murphy is supported by an excellent company, who have for years played the roles assigned to them, and have attained a corresponding degree of proficiency. When one witnesses Joseph Murphy's impersonation of Dan O'Hara the blacksmith, in his beautiful play of "Kerry Gow," there are two qualities so strongly apparent that there is an almost conflict of analysis. As the well-known mixture of old Irish and broken English—which we are pleased to call the "Irish dialect"—falls smooth and full from the lips of the Kerry smithy, we are constrained to believe that the actor is purely ideal in his art; and then, again, when we see the picturesque group as the horses in being fitted with a shoe—just made on the stage by Mr. Murphy—or when we hold ourselves in pleasurable suspense awaiting the arrival of the trained carrier pigeons with news from the race course, we are convinced that the actor is a master of realism. The truth is that Mr. Murphy is simply a conscientious actor who gives his best effort at each stage of his performance, and so is solved the secret of the lasting popularity and prosperity of the only legitimate Irish actor now before the American people.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Wednesday matinee "Shaun Rhue." Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Saturday matinee "Kerry Gow."

JOHN E. REDMOND AT MONTREAL

(From the True Witness.)

Mr. John Redmond's Montreal meeting in the Windsor Hall last evening was in many respects the most striking and important of the series of successful receptions tendered the Irish leader and his fellow-embassadors, Capt. Donelan and Mr. Patrick O'Brien, M.P.s, since their arrival in America. Not only was Mr. Redmond's address marked by passages of exceptional eloquence and interest, but the meeting itself, both in its representative character and by reason of the very distinguished gathering of British and Canadian public men who sat beside Mr. Redmond on the platform, cannot fail to prove of very great value to the cause of the Irish people.

Mayor Laporte, by presiding over the meeting and welcoming the visitors in behalf of the citizens at large, paid a graceful compliment to the Irish people of the city. And in his admirable address he struck the keynote of the meeting when he spoke of the Irish leader as a "great reformer," saying, "your generous and glorious efforts for the cause of your country, your eloquence and your ability have made your name popular not only amongst your own countrymen, but amongst all those who love liberty."

Two spirited addresses were made, one by Hon. Philip Stanhope, Mr. Gladstone's lieutenant in the days of the Liberal struggle for Home Rule, and Mr. Samuel Evans, both members of the British House of Commons. Mr. Stanhope said that never had he allowed a vote in favor of Ireland, whether for Home Rule or land reform, to pass, that he had not voted with the Irish Party; and he expected to enjoy the privilege of voting with them before long for the Home Rule Bill that parliament must concede. Mr. Evans, who represents a Welsh constituency, went further than Mr. Stanhope when he said that no vote he could be called upon to give in the House of Commons would be given with greater satisfaction than that for Home Rule to Ireland. In saying that he voiced the sympathy of the people of Wales, who are more solidly on the side of Home Rule than in Ireland herself, for whereas the representation of Ireland in Westminster is but five to one, the representatives of Wales are ten to one ardent supporters of the policy of Home Rule for Ireland. Home Rule would place Ireland in the rank of the prosperous nations of the world.

It needed but the eloquent address of Hon. Randolph Lemieux, Solicitor-General for Canada, to raise the enthusiasm of the audience to the highest pitch, when he said he was present by request of his honored leader, the Premier of Canada, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, to express again his sympathy, and the sympathy of his colleagues with the Irish cause, and his admiration for the Irish people in Canada and the old land. Mr. Lemieux had formed for Mr. Parnell, and the friendship that it was his privilege more recently to establish with Mr. Redmond and his colleagues for Home Rule, but as a Canadian Liberal he could not stand upon a public platform to raise his voice for Ireland and the Irish people, without paying tribute from his heart to Hon. Edward Blake, that giant in intellect and patriotism who, vast and valued though his services had been for Canadian Liberalism, had freely sacrificed their fruits to labor for Ireland in the ranks of her representative sons.

No wonder that Mr. Redmond, taking advantage of the opportunity to move a vote of thanks to Mayor Laporte, delivered a few passionately eloquent sentences of thanks to the representatives of the French-Canadian people who never failed to range themselves upon the side of Ireland. But he did not wonder at this, as the French and Irish come of Celtic stock, and the name and honor of France are dear to Irishmen to-day as they have ever been.

More Subscriptions

The following names should be added to the list of subscribers to the Irish election fund, through Mr. John Redmond:

Richard Dissette, Toronto \$10.00
E. J. Hearn, Toronto 10.00
J. J. O'Hearn, Toronto 5.00
Dr. T. F. McMahon, Toronto 5.00
Jos. F. Lyndon, Toronto 5.00
M. J. McSweeney, Toronto 2.00
T. J. Conlin, Toronto 1.00
Martin O'Grady, 94 Lock street north, Hamilton 1.00

Leavenworth's New Bishop

An Associated Press despatch from Rome announces that the Pope has ratified the appointment of the Very Rev. Thomas P. Lillis, of Kansas City, Kan., as Bishop of Leavenworth, in succession to the late Rt. Rev. Louis M. Fink.

The Barnabites in Paris

The Barnabite Fathers of the Rue Legendre, Paris, have at last been evicted "manu militari" from their house. The Barnabites, an Italian Order founded in 1534 by Saint Antony Maffei Zaccharia, have long been favorites in Paris, and their handsome church near the Parc Monceau was thronged by rich and poor Catholics on Sundays. Henry Maret, the deputy and journalist who left the "bloc" owing to the tyranny of M. Combes and his friends, has just written an article which appears at the same time as the expulsion of the Barnabites. Here is what this liberal Radical says: "We gain assuredly every day glorious victories over the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine, as well as over the thick battalions of Carmelites, Ursulines, and Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. We disperse these hordes of barbarians with a valour which can only be compared to the heroism of the famous Cuirassiers of Reichshoffen, and the world contemplates with admiration so magnificent a revenge for our disasters."

The last eviction carried out before that of the Barnabites was that of the Oblate Fathers, of the Rue Saint Petersburg. The chief house of the Oblates has now been transformed into a Franco-Canadian hotel.

CHAMBERLAIN FISHING FOR AN IRISH ALLIANCE

A section of the English press discussed the statement of Mr. Redmond that he is in no way troubled as to which of the English parties grants Home Rule to Ireland so long as he gets it. The "Spectator," Mr. Chamberlain's most vigorous supporter during his years of antagonism to Ireland and the Liberals, is beginning to think that the member for Birmingham may actually, in order to carry his tariff proposals, make a compact with the Irish Party on the basis of a measure of Irish Self-Government. "We are by no means certain," says the writer, "that Mr. Chamberlain and the Protectionists might not, in certain eventualities, be prepared to buy National support for Protection by a promise of Home Rule, either under some alias such as 'Devolution,' or 'Provincial Councils,' or even in plain terms." And here, unfortunately, the danger to the Union would be a real one, for Mr. Chamberlain, and the Protectionists might be able to deliver the goods—might, that is, be able to persuade the House of Lords to pass some form of Home Rule instead of demanding a reference to the people at a general election. The Spectator adds that Mr. Chamberlain would have no difficulty in reconciling his Unionist opinions—first, because when his mind is fixed on an idea he sacrifices everything else to it, and second, because in the first Home Rule debate, as Mr. Gladstone conclusively showed, he left his way open to a return to his early Home Rule opinions.

Branch 111, C.M.S.A.

The last regular meeting of this branch was well attended and considerably augmented by several members from the other city branches. After the transaction of regular business and some happy talks from the different members, a game of euchre was indulged in for a couple of hours with varying luck. Evidently Brother McHenry of the Queen City, triumphed and went from the hall rejoicing at his victory over the crack players of the goose pasture branch which he is pleased to style the banner branch of the city. However, the members of Branch 111 are not discouraged and Brother John and his crack players may not have it all their own way next time. It is sincerely to be hoped that all of the city branches will arrange a programme of entertaining and innocent amusements for their winter meetings. Surely there is talent enough of all kinds among the members of the city branches to make all our meetings a source of pleasure for all. Let me remind the members that now is the time to work in order to increase our membership. I think there should be a small fine imposed on each member that does not hand in one application in each branch before the end of the year.

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THE HOODED CLOAK

The cottage stood back a little from the side of the hard, white, dusty road that led to the city. Weary passersby looked enviously at this hot June evening into the cool, green garden, with its roses and lilies and hollyhocks and the strips of peas and cabbages stretching down to the road.

The setting sun threw long shadows from the trees across the garden, and shone goldenly on the evenly-shatched roof, it crept in at the low kitchen window and lit up the flushed face of the girl who stood within, turning the dusky red hair about her forehead to an aureole of burnished copper.

"Thee stood at a long, low table, ironing linen taken freshly to-day from the bleaching-green. As she pressed the hot iron down on the cloth the scent of white clover rose upwards with the steam and filled the kitchen with its sweet, warm perfume.

The girl herself was tall and handsome, blue-eyed and fair, with the common fairness of red-haired people. "Fair and no thanks to her," the peasant woman would say. She was dressed in a cotton gown of dark blue, with little white dots all over it—a shower of hail pattern—which made a brilliant contrast to the auburn of her hair and the roses of her cheeks.

The girl's attire and her surroundings were spotlessly clean and neat. She might almost be one with whom cleanliness was not only next, but before godliness. The newly white-washed walls, the freshly-scraped delf on the dresser, the daintily-frilled and gathered muslin curtains on the windows, all spoke loudly of the love of cleanliness and hard work.

"A wonderful, strin' good workin' girl," Maggie's mother was to be sure, but could and hard, hard as flint—that was what the neighbors said—cold and hard as stone.

She ironed the last piece of linen, folded it, and hung it with the rest on the little wooden clothes-horse before the fire to air. She cleaned the ironing things off the table and set a shining cloth for her father's tea—gold and white china cups and saucers, with glass cream jug and sugar-bowl, plates of bread and butter, a brown earthenware teapot and two newly-laid eggs on a tray.

She began to fold the linen of the horse and lay it in a big cupboard near the fireplace. Her thoughts were busy with the future as she did so—with her marriage, which was to come off "in the later end of the harvest," and all the preparations she must make for it. She has already a store of things laid by.

Just now she was thinking with pleasure of the hooded cloak she meant to get. The "hooded cloak" is a handsome and expensive garment by which the women of the south and west of Ireland set great store. It is made of some handsome dark stuff—soft cashmere or silk, or the like—and is trimmed, especially about the hood, with fur. A woman will get one of these cloaks on her marriage, paying perhaps five or seven pounds for it, and will keep it all her life, often bequeathing it to her daughter, or to her son's wife, when she dies.

Maggie determined that she would not be married without one, though she did not talk about it to anybody. Somewhere there was a hidden, unknown to anybody but herself, a five pound note, the price of two pigs which she had reared, and which she sold a month ago. She would keep it until she could spare a day to go to Cork to buy the hooded cloak, as well as the other things she wanted for her wedding outfit.

As she laid the linen by its place she sniffed the air distastefully. "What an odious smell of mice there is—the dirty little bastards! I must get a bit of fat bacon and set a trap for them to-night," she said.

A shadow darkened the doorway and she looked around. Her face fell a little. "Is it you, Mary?" she said. "I thought it was my father."

"Good evening to ye, Maggie," the other replied. "No, there's no sign of your father yet. I have, only come up the Ballagh road myself just now, and I didn't see him."

It was rather a bedraggled-looking woman who stood at the door with an untidy head-dress and a shabby green shawl thrown carelessly about her. No one would have taken the two to be sisters. The newcomer was about ten years older than Maggie, and she had a weary, tired look in her eyes, as though she were constantly looking for some one who never came.

"Were you waitin' to see my father?" Maggie asked her, a little coldly. "Come in and sit down till I make a cup of tea for ye while ye're waiting."

"No, thank you kindly, Maggie," the other answered. "She came in and took a chair near the door, sat down and wiped her forehead with a handkerchief. Then, after a bit:

"It wasn't my father I wanted to see, either. I just wanted a few words with yerself, Maggie, and I'd be glad to have them said before he comes in."

"Maggie, where would I be gettin' money for the whole of ye?" asked Maggie with an angry frown. "Do ye think I've nothin' at all to do for meself with me bit o' savings?"

"Sure of course I know ye'd be wanting them, and you goin' to be married so soon," the other replied, soothingly. "Ye'd be wantin' a few things for yerself, agra. But sure Mike Tyrrell is a comfortable, seing man, and will be able to give you anything you want by and by. I would not be spending too much money now, gettin' clothes or the like."

"That's all very well," said Maggie, with a scornful toss of her head. "You were never that particular about yerself that ye cared what tags ye had on."

"Well," said Mary after a while, as a last appeal, "I suppose, then, there would be no chance of ye lendin' me a pound or two. The rent comes to two pounds, but if I had the half of it it's likely ye'd be stayin' on. As ye know, Maggie, I'd pay it back to ye. I never cheated ye yet, did I?"

Maggie half-relucted for a moment. She thought of her sister and the four young children left homeless and desolate. Then she remembered how much she wanted that hooded cloak, and she grew hard again.

Her sister saw the hardness in her face and stood up to go. "But I wish ye good luck of yer fine clothes and yer grandeur. And I wish ye joy of your husband. I hope ye'll do better with him than I did with mine," she said, bitterly.

She drew her tattered shawl about her and left the house. It was a month later. The Dorans had been evicted and had left the neighborhood. Old Pat Brennan had wished to take his married daughter and her little children under the shelter of his own roof, but Maggie had fought against it. She had always mastered him, poor man. It would be time enough to do that when she was gone, she said. She didn't want to have her sister's drunken husband knocking the house about, or her dirty children making a mess of everything. And she had her way as usual. She had shut her ears to the tale of her sister's miseries, which many a kind neighbor was only too anxious to regale her with—of how the old man had at length given up drink, all too late, alas, to save them; and how the children had grown thin and gaunt and hunger-bitten. How at last they tramped to the city in the hope of finding employment there.

This morning she was preparing to go into town to buy her wedding clothes. She looked very bright and handsome, dressed in a freshly-made up print gown, and she gazed long and lovingly at herself in the looking-glass as she put the finishing touches to her toilet, and twisted her hair into tight little curls over her forehead with the heated shank of a clay pipe. Personal vanity was one of her weak points.

But she did not look quite happy. She was thinking of her trowsouse still, and also about her sister Mary and her family. She had got news of their whereabouts in the city from a neighbor, who had met Mary while in town on a market errand. The husband had not found employment. Mary looked "thin and bad," and the child she carried in her arms—little Danny—was ill and starved looking. "Plainly," the woman said, "not long for this world." Maggie's heart smote her with a queer unaccustomed pain when the woman said this. Danny, the youngest boy, was her godchild, and the only one of her family she had cared a straw about. Poor sweet-natured, sunny little Danny, with his blue eyes and yellow curls, and innocent round face, dying of starvation in a city slum!

The thought of it troubled her incessantly. She had lain awake nearly all night thinking of the child. She thought, too, with new sensations, about Danny's mother, and of how she must feel about him. Old, half-forgotten memories came back to her of Mary as she had been long ago, when she herself was a small child and Mary nearly a grown woman. How Mary had watched her and tended her night and day the time she had the fever, as her own mother might have done had she lived; how she had tried, after her mother's death, to manage for them all, and she only "a bit of a slip herself," mending and making and saving, and being satisfied to wear liney-woolsey week-day and Sunday that Maggie might go clad on Sundays, at least, in fine blue cashmere. Many thoughts like these kept running through her mind all the night long.

About the hooded cloak Maggie now half changed her plans. She must go to see Mary and the children first, and if they were in such want as she has been told, and if Danny were really so ill, she would give them the half at least, of that five-pound note. She felt relieved when at last she made up her mind thus far. It was like a great weight lifted from her shoulders. And, of course, if Danny wasn't really so bad, she need only give them a few shillings, so she would keep the note and buy the hooded cloak after all. She took wonderful comfort from the last thought.

She opened the cupboard door, stepped up on a chair, and took out from the farthest corner of the upper shelf the little wooden box in which she had so cunningly hidden the five-pound note. Not even her father had known of its existence.

But when she looked into the box, the note, to her horror, was nowhere to be seen. Instead, she found some tiny scraps—mere specks, indeed, of paper which had once been crisp.

The mice, alas, had eaten her five-pound note!

Great Things. From Little Causes Grow.—It takes very little to derange the stomach. The cause may be slight, a cold, something eaten or drunk, anxiety, worry, or some other simple cause. But if precautions be not taken, this simple cause may have most serious consequences. Many a chronically debilitated constitution to-day owes its destruction to simple causes not dealt with in time. Keep the digestive apparatus in healthy condition, and all will be well. Parmele's Vegetable Pills are better than any other for the purpose.

Everything is possible, but without labor and failure nothing is achieved. Heroes do not make our liberties, but they reflected and illustrated them.

Every day brings its own blessing, hidden, perchance, beneath the cloak of suffering.

WHO WERE THE FOUR MASTERS

It is to be regretted that there are a large proportion of Irishmen for whom the name of "The Four Masters" has but little interest or meaning. The very name seems to carry with it somewhat of a puzzle which does not help to create interest as to whom they were, what they did, or why they were called "The Four Masters." Such a state of affairs shows ingratitude, unintentional or otherwise, to those immortal characters and a culpable neglect of the history of our country.

The names of the "Four Masters" are: Michael O'Clery, chief; Conary O'Clery, his brother; Cocogry O'Clery, a distant relative; Fearfeasa O'Mulconry.

They compiled from scattered manuscripts and documents relating to Ireland, in her own language, what is now called the "Annals of Ireland," or the "Annals of the Four Masters." These annals are a systematically arranged chronology of events in Ireland, from the Deluge to A.D. 1616. The patron of this great work was Fergal O'Garra, lord of Moy O'Garra and Coolavin, in the County of Sligo, who first conceived the idea of collecting the materials, and communicated the same to Michael O'Clery, who, with the others, made the compilation for which they were liberally rewarded by O'Garra.

The work was commenced on the 22nd day of January, 1632, in the convent of the Franciscan Order, in Donegal, and it was finished in the same convent on the 19th of August, 1634.

One of the great institutions of Milesian Ireland was the office of ollamh (pron. Ollav) or historian, which was hereditary in every clan. It was the exclusive duty of these historians to keep a record of all transactions relating to the clan—its history, achievements, triumphs, etc. It was from one of the families who held this office to the royal O'Donnells for some hundreds of years that three of the four masters sprang.

The foundation of this family of the O'Clerys as ollamhs of Tyrconnell has a touch of romance about it. The O'Clerys were descendants from one of the kings of Connauht, and originally belonged to a district in that province called Hy Flachrach, which is comprised within the limits of the present diocese of Kilmacduagh. In the thirteenth century they were displaced by the De Burgos and other Norman adventurers, and forced to migrate, some in the direction of Kilkenny, others northwards to Tyrarley, and others to Brefni O'Reilly.

About the year 1380 one of the descendants which had settled in Tyrarley, a young man of much learning and refinement named Cormac O'Clery, left home with the intention of seeking his fortune and the freedom for which he longed in the country of the O'Donnells, whose soil had not been polluted by the foot-prints of the invaders. On his journey, being forced to seek the hospitality of the Abbey of Assaroe, he was quickly discovered by the monks to be a young man of more than ordinary merit and attainments.

This abbey was at the time a great and wealthy monastery and like all such institutions in Ireland, was remarkable for its hospitality. Young O'Clery, being a cultured and scholarly man, attracted the attention of the abbot, who induced him to remain in the place as a professor of Canon and Civil Law, where he made the acquaintance of Matthew O'Sgingin, the historical ollamh of the O'Donnells, who lived in Kibarron Castle, some three miles from the monastery.

O'Sgingin, then an old man, was so much impressed with the young man's demeanor and scholarly attainments that, having no male issue living, he offered to make O'Clery his son-in-law and heir, on condition that if the marriage was blessed by a son, that son should be brought up as the intended ollamh of the O'Donnells in all the acquirements necessary for the office. The young man willingly accepted these conditions, and fulfilled them faithfully, and from that marriage sprang a line of ollamhs which continued unbroken down to the present day.

Some of these ollamhs were men of great eminence, not only in history but in general literature. The great grandson of Cormac O'Clery was called "Diarmuid of the Three Schools," because he kept a school of literature, a school of history and a school of poetry. The reigning prince of the O'Donnells was pleased to make a further valuable grant of land to the extensive ancestral possessions of this celebrated scholar around Kibarron Castle as a mark of appreciation and to help to maintain the schools and the hospitality for which the place was noted. The school at Kibarron flourished down to the "Flight of the Earls" in the fatal year of 1607. Then, for the first time in the history of Ireland, the despoiler could exercise his will unchecked throughout the land. The lands of Kibarron became the property of the alien, and the school shared the fate of so many other sanctuaries of Celtic learning in Ireland.

The celebrated group of men who have been called "The Four Masters" included three of the illustrious stock which began with the wanderer from Tyrarley—Brother Michael O'Clery, Conary O'Clery and Peregrine O'Clery. Brother Michael in his youth was known as "Tadhg an t-Sleibhe," that is "Tim of the Mountain," a name which has a special significance when chronicles with the struggle in which Red Hugh took such a prominent part.

He had been an accomplished Irish scholar and antiquary before he joined the Franciscans at Louvain, in France, about the year 1607. He was soon afterwards sent back to Ireland by Father John Colgan, lecturer of theology in this monastery, to collect material for the great work, "The Lives of the Irish Saints," which is associated with Father Colgan's name. Brother Michael fulfilled his mission to perfection, but did also a great deal more. He collected materials for the "Annals of the Four Masters" and three other works—"The Succession of the Kings of Ireland," "The Book of Conquests," and "The Martyrology of Donegal." The three latter works were completed before the annals were begun.

Conary O'Clery was a layman with no earthly possessions save his books and learning. Beyond his connection with the Annals there is little or nothing known of him.

FARM HYGIENE

Unsanitary Closets—The Dry Earth System. Department of Agriculture, Commissioner's Branch, Ottawa, Sept. 22, 1904.

Attention was recently called to the fact that out of some 100 to 200 samples of water from farm wells analyzed annually by Prof. Shutt, Chemist of the Dominion Experimental Farms, not one-fourth are found safe and wholesome. By far the greater number have to be utterly condemned, and it seems very evident that a great improvement in our water supplies is necessary. This dangerous condition of many farm wells is undoubtedly due to pollution by unsanitary closets. There is no reason why we should have our farm-houses to-day in the semi-barbaric condition in which so many of them are, with their closets and privies a menace to public health. We may talk about bacteriology, sanitation, and so on, but all that and a great deal more, is included in what we understand by "cleanliness." The lack of cleanliness is primarily a matter of ignorance, and secondarily a matter of laziness.

An Ontario editor, who is a member of the Board of Health in his town and familiar with sanitary conditions in his section, says in effect: "Perhaps the farmers of this district are worse than elsewhere, but of all the farms I have visited during the past few years, I have yet to learn of one closet kept with a regard to common decency, not to speak of hygienic laws. This state of affairs is utterly execrable. In the towns the closets are inspected by order of the boards of health, and the people are gradually being persuaded to adopt the dry earth system. Very few of the left and new ones are being dug. Inspection by county and township boards of health may be impracticable, but the self-respect of farmers and their families ought to mean something in this respect, if regard for health means nothing.

Ordinary shallow wells in the vicinity of the old-fashioned privy pits are almost certain to become contaminated by seepage. The soil is an excellent filtering and cleansing agent, oxidizing inorganic matter rapidly, and tending to check the development of many of the common putrefactive bacteria. But the soil is only able to dispose of a certain amount of contaminating material, and such disposal takes time, so that by heavy rains the contaminating matter may be carried far into the earth below the true purifying layer, and thus soak unchanged into the wells. An old pit which has been closed and covered with earth is almost equally dangerous, as the decaying matter in the large mass of excreta contained therein is a matter of years, unless hastened by the proximity of trees whose roots reach the pit. The contents should be removed and spread upon a field, and the pit left open long enough to permit the decomposition of any organic matter remaining.

If farmers once took time to think of these matters, there would undoubtedly be a great improvement. Windmills are now both cheap and common, and there is no reason why well-to-do farmers should not have a water system in their houses, with all the conveniences and advantages which residents in the cities enjoy from the water works systems there established.

Though not quite so convenient, the dry earth closet is so cheap and so satisfactory from the sanitary point of view that no farmer can discover a reasonable cause for refusing to adopt it. A well laid cement concrete floor will be found by far the easiest to keep in a clean and wholesome condition. A stout box of suitable size, mounted on runners and with a strong hook at one end to which a horse may be attached, makes a receptacle that can be conveniently drawn to the field or barnyard to be emptied. This box may be made wholly or in part of sheet-iron and if the bottom be semicircular in form a kettle of hot water will be found sufficient to loosen the frozen contents in winter. Galvanized iron buckets, larger at the top than at the bottom, are also easy to empty in winter. The nature of the receptacle is largely a matter of convenience; the essential features of the system are the storing and use of a plentiful supply of dry earth, and the emptying of the receptacle regularly. If the contents be spread thinly over the surface of a field, they will be decomposed in a very few days with no danger to the public health.

Ashes should not be used for a substitute for earth, and road dust is very little better. The surface soil of a field or garden that has been frequently cultivated will be found soft and fine. If a little coarse or lumpy material may be run through a gravel screen. It is always advisable to keep a good supply on hand, as it becomes drier and better with age when stored in a bin.

Peregrine O'Clery, the third of the group, was the last historical ollamh of the O'Donnells. He had written a life of Hugh Roe O'Donnell, which from its merits, was largely drawn upon in compiling the Annals. At one time he owned some landed property, but like so many of the "mere gentry" he was dispossessed after the "mercy" day. He finally settled in the barony of Erris, County Mayo, where he died.

Fearfeasa O'Mulconry, the fourth of the Masters, was descended from the great stock of the O'Mulconry's of Ballymulconry in the County Roscommon. They were historical ollamhs to the O'Connors and men of the highest repute in all matters of their profession. Fearfeasa was an eminent Irish scholar and antiquarian.

Besides the four mentioned, there sat at the same table to give assistance and advice Peregrine O'Duigenan, ollamh to the McDermotts and O'Rourkes, and Maurice O'Mulconry, brother of Fearfeasa, who remained with the others only a month.

After four and a half years' unremitting labor the great work was completed on the 10th of August, 1636. The Annals of the four Masters, besides their inestimable historical value, remain as a living monument of the self-sacrifice and devotion to duty which are so common in Irish history, and which are always most conspicuous when the cause seems hopeless.

JOHN J. MADDEN
The Gael.

Table with columns: TENTH MONTH 31 DAYS, DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTIMENT, and THE ROSARY THE HOLY ANGELS. Includes dates for 1904 and various feast days like S. Gregory of Armenia, Most Holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, etc.

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The Swan Song of a Blind Religious. In the Chronicle of the English Augustinian Canonesses Regular of the Lateran published in Edinburgh by Dom Adam Hamilton, O.S.B., the story is related of a poor Irish priest who studied in Louvain and could not tell where to say his Mass, for he had been refused everywhere, and was accepted to say the first Mass in St. Monica's. Many interesting recollections of Mother Margaret Clement appear in these chapters, but none more touching than that of her death. She was blind; she carried herself with humility and subjection to all; she would not even touch an apple without asking leave of her superior. "The more I have gone before you," she said, "in my years and profession the more I must show you example by my life and manners." Sixty years had passed since, when but a child, she had entered the monastery; she had seen her niece—"two pawns to leave in my place"—professed. "And as it were, reflecting of her death, sitting at the high table by the Mother that was then, being very merry in recreation, she said unto her: "Good Mother, give me leave to do as the swan doth, that is to sing you a song now before my death, which the Prioress answered: "Good Mother, let us hear it." And with that she sent out such a voice that the company admired. It was a Dutch ditty, but the matter was on the Spouse and the Bridegroom. That was her last, for she never came to the Refectory after, for the next day she, sitting in the chair in her place, and reading with the convent a dirge for the month, her sickness took her vehemently with a burning fit, yet would she not stir till the Office was out; and then she was last to her call, and lived but four days after."

Loretto Abbey. WELLSINGTON PLACE, TORONTO, ONT. This fine institution recently enlarged to over twice its former size, is situated conveniently near the business part of the city, and yet sufficiently remote to secure the quiet and seclusion so essential to study. The course of instruction comprises every branch suitable to the education of young ladies. Circular with full information as to terms, hours, etc., may be had by addressing LADY SUPERIOR, WELLSINGTON PLACE, TORONTO.

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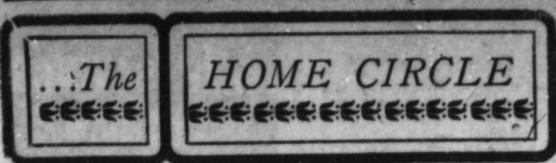
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Modern Preparatory Schools. The best known preparatory schools in the land seek pupils who, at thirteen to fifteen years of age are asked to demonstrate a most limited acquaintance with their native tongue, a meagre knowledge of arithmetic and geography, and perhaps the ability to rattle through the Latin declensions. Your son's fourteen years need show no more (and may show less) than this pitiful inventory demands, and he will be welcomed in-ly to the typical preparatory school, and started expeditiously on the designated grind warranted to carry him safely into the college for which he is labeled. Educationally these requirements are absolutely without significance. There is nothing in them calculated to reveal the lad's mental and moral assets, his development, his outlook; on the one real educational concern—the child's "buried life"—they shed no light.

ST. JOSEPH'S Academy. St. Alban Street, TORONTO. The Course of Instruction in this Academy embraces every branch suitable to the Education of Young Ladies. In the Academy Department special attention is paid to modern languages, French, Latin, Italian and Music. Pupils on completing the normal course and passing a successful examination, conducted by professors, are awarded Teachers' Certificates and Diplomas. In this Department pupils are prepared for the Degree of Bachelor of Science of Toronto University. The Studio is affiliated with the Government Art School and awards Teachers' Certificates. In its collateral Department pupils are prepared for the University, also for Senior and Junior Law, and Primary and Commercial Certificates. Diplomas awarded for proficiency in Photography and Typewriting. For Prospectus, address: MOTHER SUPERIOR.

When washing greasy dishes or pots and pans, Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) will remove the grease with the greatest ease. Fifteen years are thus suffered to elapse without an effort to discover or employ power, after which four years of grinding routine complete the effacement of individuality—Abraham Flexner, in the September Atlantic.

An End to Bilious Headache—Biliousness, which is caused by excessive bile in the stomach, has a marked effect upon the nerves, and often manifests itself by severe headache. This is the most distressing headache one can have. There are headaches from cold, from fever, and from other causes, but the most excruciating of all is the bilious headache. Parmele's Vegetable Pills will cure it—cure it almost immediately. It will disappear as soon as the Pills operate. There is nothing surer in the treatment of bilious headache.



A GOOD WIFE.
A good wife is to a man wisdom, strength and courage; a bad one is confusion, weakness and despair. No condition is hopeless to a man where the wife possesses firmness, decision and economy. There is no outward propriety which can counteract indolence, extravagance and folly at home. No spirit can long endure bad influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He needs a tranquil mind, and especially if he is an intelligent man, with a whole head, he needs its moral force in the conflict of life. To recover his composure, home must be a place of peace and comfort. There his heart renews its strength and opens forth with renewed vigor to encounter the labor and troubles of life. But if at home he finds only jealousy and gloom, is assailed with complaints and censure, hope vanishes and he sinks into despair.

PROPER WAY TO COOK RICE.
Rice is one of the most easily digested of the dry vegetables, yet it too often comes to the table as a pasty unwholesome appearing mush. When properly cooked it is fluffy and dry with each grain separate and distinct. There are several ways of attaining this result—of these we give the easiest. Wash the rice through several waters, rubbing it between the hands, draining and repeating the washing until the water runs off clear. Have a large kettle filled with boiling water—three quarts is none too much for each cup of rice. For this quantity add one teaspoon of salt. Bring the water to a galloping boil, drop in the rice and cover until the water begins to boil over. Tilt the lid but keep the water at a rapid boil as the motion prevents the grains adhering together. In twelve minutes begin to test, taking out a few grains and rubbing them between thumb and fingers with considerable pressure. Some varieties of rice cook tender more quickly than others, but at most will hardly require more than twenty minutes. Now turn the rice through a colander, draining off every drop of water. Throw a towel or thin cloth over the top and stand over boiling water for ten minutes. Use a fork in preference to a spoon when cooking rice and after steaming turn it lightly into a heated vegetable dish.

RIGHT WAY TO USE DRIED FRUIT
Californians would spurn a mess of dried fruit put upon the stove to stew as has been our custom when we desired to cook them at all. They claim twenty-four to thirty-six hours is none too long to soak the fruit in clear cold water, and those of us who have eaten it after such treatment can substantiate the claim. The soaking restores the fruit to its original size and flavor. The fruit is then allowed to simmer gently for a few minutes in water in which it has been soaked. Try this with California prunes, and you will be surprised at their sweetness, requiring no sugar for the ordinary taste. Perhaps no fruit loses so much of its lusciousness, as the peach in drying, canning or preserving; and yet the dried peaches which have been soaked the prescribed hours, and served with sugar and cream, almost defy detection. Its half-sister the apricot, also is most delectable when so prepared. So many who have tried, and failed to make an appetizing dish for the children from the dried fruits, will find the solution in the soaking for hours and the simmering for minutes. The golden rule is never to throw away water in which the fruit has been soaked, for in it lies half the virtue of your "saucy"; simply rinse the fruit thoroughly before putting it to cook.—Exchange.

"LOVE ME AND TELL ME SO."
We want appreciation and the expression of it in our family. The condition of happiness in the home is love; but love needs to be uttered and expressed. We have no right to take it for granted that our dear ones know how we feel and, therefore, need not be told. Even if they do know, they are all the better for having the old story repeated. When Dr. Hale was in Australia, speaking about this reserve of ours, he said he felt inclined to give to English people this motto: "Love me, and tell me so." And deep down in many a heart—wife's heart, husband's heart, parent's heart, child's heart—there is that same wistful desire, "Love me, and tell me so." That is why so many homes are so cheerless. It is not that husband and wife and children do not love one another, but they never say so—they never tell what they feel.

In this connection—though I have no wish to hold out Carlyle as an awful example—one naturally recalls the miserable story of the Chelsea philosopher's home. He married a woman of brilliant gifts. She devoted herself to Carlyle's interests, gave up her favorite authors to read his notes, relieved him of the drugery and letail of his work—in a sense laid herself a sacrifice on the altar of her husband's fame. And Carlyle took it all as a matter of course and uttered no word of gratitude or love. Jane Welsh Carlyle was of all women in London the most miserable. "He humored me for love and died a broken-hearted woman for lack of it." After her death Carlyle read her journal and realized at last that the woman he had married had been starving all her days for want of affection. Then the old man took the pathetic pilgrimage to her grave, where Froude found him, murmuring: "If I had only known! If I had only known!" Let us beware of committing the same tragic mistake. Fools may sneer at what they term "gush" and "sentiment," but let us not forget that "Love me and tell me so" is one of the secrets of the happiness of a home.—Rev. J. D. Jones.

HOW TO BUY MEAT.
Marketing is one of those branches of the domestic economy which must be learned by doing, just as one must learn to swim by swimming, says a writer in Good Housekeeping. All the papier mache models or cuts of meat, forequarters, hindquarters and roasts are as nothing beside one well-spiced morning in a market, where your marketman, who is, of course, obliging, is cutting up a side of beef or lamb. Get him to tell you when that is to be done and then be willing to display your ignorance by asking about every cut you do not understand or know the use of. Keep yourself posted in the matter of prices and seasonable materials, meat, fish, fruit and vegetables. Learn to buy accurately as to quantity and quality and plan beforehand what you will want, always allowing for a little flexibility in case the particular vegetable or fruit which you desire has risen in price or fallen in quality. The cutting of meat varies widely in the markets of different sections, so that only a few general directions in regard to the uses of certain cuts can be given. For example, a roast of beef may be any one of several qualities or cuts, and a steak will vary in price according to cut, tenderness and flavor. A corned piece of beef may be either a flank cut or a piece of what is called the rattle rand, a part of the forequarter in front of the ribs. This larger piece is subdivided into the "rattle" or upper cut, the middle cut, which is very poor in quality, and the breast, which many people regard the best piece for corned.

A roast of beef is chosen from the sirloin, from the rib cut, or from the back of the rump, which is almost solid meat and an economical cut for a large family; from the top of the round or the fillet, the latter being an expensive though tender cut. For beefsteaks, we can have a cross-cut of the rump, the top of the round or a sirloin steak, the latter being the most expensive of the three, though there are fancy cuts, which call for high prices and which give us no more value. A tough piece of the round may be finely chopped and seasoned and made into hamburger steaks of a very appetizing quality. Another economical dish is the stew which is good if well made. For this any good piece of meat with bone and fat as well as lean, will do—an aitch bone, the upper part of the chuck rib, the flank end of a sirloin roast or the middle cut of the side. For a "boiling piece," which, by the way, should be a "simmering" piece if it is to be tender, a rolled flank is good, while an excellent pot roast is prepared by long cooking of a middle or face cut of the rump. The cuts of mutton or lamb are not so numerous or difficult to recognize. For a roast, we will have a choice of a saddle or loin or leg and for a stew or fricassee, the breast. It is good economy to buy a forequarter if the family is large and the store closet reliable.

No Drinkers Need Apply
(Montreal Witness.)
In Canada the Grand Trunk system informs all its employees that "intoxication, or the use of intoxicating liquors, will be sufficient cause for dismissal," and also "that persons frequenting gambling houses or places where liquor is sold, will not be retained in the service." The Toronto, Hamilton and Buffalo railway threatens any of its servants frequenting saloons, gambling houses or respectable resorts with "immediate discharge," and forbids the use of intoxicating liquors "under any circumstances and at all times." The Intercolonial railway will only employ persons of sober habits, forbids the frequenting of taverns, and holds persons in authority as responsible for the character of their subordinates.

It is no use praying for your debtors if you won't pay your debts. Mgr. Agius, the new Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines, has been consecrated titular Archbishop of Polynya.

Kidney Disease, Bad Circulation.
A License Commissioner, Who Suffered Dreadfully From These Ailments, Entirely Cured by
DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS
Bad circulation of the blood, the usual cause of the extremely painful and dangerous diseases, arises from defective action of the kidneys. The blood cannot possibly be pure and in a fit condition to nourish the body when the kidneys are diseased and fail to filter from it the poisonous waste matter. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, by their direct and healthful action on the kidneys, not only overcome diseases of the kidneys, but by doing so ensure a purifying of the blood. Mr. William B. Best, License Commissioner for the County of Haldimand, and who lives in Cayuga, Ont., writes: "I have been troubled with cramps in my legs. I would awake from sleep in keen distress. The pain would seize me at the ankle and work up the leg almost to the body. "Relieving this trouble to arise from kidney derangements and bad circulation of the blood, I bought some of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills at W. J. Quinsey's drug store and began using them. They benefited me from the very first, and by continuing their use I have been completely cured. I would recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to any suffering as I did. I was so bad that I would have to jump out of bed two or three times during the night." Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

Children's Corner

REASON ENOUGH.
"For goodness sake, Dorothy," exclaimed mamma, impatiently, "why do you talk so much?"
"I guess," replied the little girl, "it's because I've got so little to say."—Philadelphia Ledger.

HER INTEREST IN SCHOOL.
"How do you like school?" asked a father of his little daughter, after her first day.
"I like it awfully!" was the reply.
"And what did you learn to-day?" inquired the interested parent.
"Oh, a lot!" said the child. "I've learned the names of all the boys."

WHAT WAS WRONG?
"Spell 'don't,' Mary."
Mary spelled "D-o-n-t."
"Not quite right," said the teacher; "what has she left out?"
"Jessie's little hand shot up and she proudly spelled, 'D-o-n-prosecute-t!' and wondered why they laughed."

HE HAD A KEEN SCENT.
The neighbor had been requested by Eddie's mother to no longer furnish him with candy as had been her custom. So it happened that on the occasion of the next neighborly call Eddie's disappointment was great. At last he remarked: "It seems to me I smell candy."
Importuned so indirectly, Mrs. A. presented him with a diminutive portion.

Looking at it long and earnestly, Eddie was heard to say: "Could it be possible I smelled so small a piece?"
GOOD-MORNING.
"Sorry your elevator boy has left, Thompson," remarked my lawyer friend to his friend as we walked down the hall-way.
"Yes; nice little chap, wasn't he? I quite miss him."
"Why do you miss him?" I asked my friend as we turned into the street. "The boy in there seems to be able to run the elevator."
"Oh, yes. Well, I don't know. What do you say, Thompson? Why do you miss the last boy more than we usually miss boys?"
"Whv, it's his bright 'Good-morning, sir,' that I miss. It was a pleasant beginning to the day. I came to look for it. This new chap is as dumb as an oyster, runs the elevator all right, though, and 'Good-morning' is not 'in the bond,' I suppose."
"Good-morning, sir." A small thing for a busy man with an important day's work ahead of him to notice; one might think; but it's just these courtesies, the things not 'in the bond,' that make life not only bearable but sweet.

WHICH WAS THE PURTIEST?
They got acquainted while getting a drink at the end of the car. One little girl was dressed in a cheap calico dress, made very plain. Her name was Jennie. The other one said her name was Myrtle. She wore a dress of some rich stuff, ornamented with all those pretty tucks and frills that are so dear to the heart of a little girl. They had been friends for fifty miles, and after a scamper up and down the aisle their mamma called them back to their seats. They stood up in their chairs and drew wonderful designs on the frosted windows. Directly Myrtle's mamma began to prepare to leave the car. She took up a very pretty, soft fluffy cap and tied it on the little girl's head.
"Oh, ain't it purty?" burst out Jennie. "Where did you get it? Did the woman you wash for give it to her?" she asked, turning to Myrtle's mamma. "I have to wear this old one all the winter—and it's a boy's cap, too," she continued, without waiting for an answer. Then, turning back to the window to hide her tears, she began to draw again on the frosted glass, and added, "But my window's the purtiest!"
Myrtle threw her arms around her mamma's neck and whispered something, and her mamma nodded and smiled. Then, taking off the pretty cap, she reached it out impulsively to the poor little girl.
"You can have it for a birthday present, I have another one just like it."
"Oh, can I?" she cried, as her eyes flashed with joy. Hastily putting it on her head, she leaned over the top of her chair and said, "Your window is lots the purtiest!"—Sunday School Times.

DICK, THE ENGINEER'S CAT.
A father and little son were travelling from St. Louis to a town in the western part of the state, and among the things they carried was a small yellow kitten in a basket. They had a sixty-mile ride before they changed cars. The gentleman pulled out a newspaper and began reading. The little boy amused himself by looking out of the window. At last, tired of that, he thought of his pet kitten, and taking him out of the basket, played with him until he went to sleep. The kitten, being left alone, climbed into the next seat and went to sleep.

The train arrived at the station where the man and little boy were to change cars. And the man, folding up his newspaper, took the little boy and his bundles and the empty basket and rushed into the other train. The boy had been awakened so quickly that he had not thought of his kitten.
The first train passed on. At night when it drew up to its final station, the conductor went through the train and found the little yellow kitten asleep on one of the seats. He carried it to the fireman, who was fond of cats. The fireman fed the kitten and put him in the baggage car for the night.
When the train went out the next day the kitten, which the fireman called Dick, went with it. Dick rode in the baggage car for a week or so, when his master took him on the engine with him one day. Dick was quite frightened at first, but soon got over it, and always rode on the engine after that.
One thing very much frightened Dick—that was when he heard another train coming. He would crouch on the floor of the cab at his master's feet, and would remain so until the other train passed. His master had tried in vain to break him of this.

A year passed and Dick was on the same engine with his master, who had been promoted to be an engineer. Dick still appeared frightened at hearing another train.

One day in winter Dick's master was running in the western part of Missouri, when a severe snowstorm came up. They reached one station at 4:30 in the afternoon, and a freight train was due about the same time. They waited fifteen minutes for the freight, and then the conductor decided to go on to the next station, ten miles beyond. So he telegraphed to the next station to keep the freight until he reached there; and receiving no message back that the freight had left that station, he thought it all right, and Dick's train started. It had gone about five miles when Dick suddenly raised his head, listened for a moment, and then jumped to the floor and crouched at his master's feet. The engineer knew that Dick had heard a train. Then it flashed into his mind that perhaps it was that freight. He reached his head out of the cab window and listened, but he could hear nothing but the wind. He had so great confidence, nevertheless, in Dick that he signalled for the conductor. The conductor came and inquired the matter, and when the engineer told him his Dick had acted, he advised the engineer to back the train to the last station. The engineer lost no time in taking the conductor's advice, and backed the train at full speed. They had been in the station about five minutes when in came the tardy freight. They were all agreed that it had been a narrow escape from a serious accident. When Dick's train arrived at the next station they asked why they had not telegraphed back that the freight had already started. The station agent said that he had received no message from the conductor at all. The next day the wires were found broken, so that the station agent had not received the dispatch.

Dick received due praise. His master is very proud of him, and he is a general favorite on that railroad.—Our Dumb Animals.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE

BENEDICTINE SALVE

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS
RHEUMATISM
What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says:
212 King street east.
Toronto, Sept. 18, 1903.

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

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901.
John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont.
DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, yours truly,
(MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

256½ King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts send him to me and I will prove it to him.
Yours for ever thankful,
PETER AUSTEN

198 King street East. Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve.
Yours truly,
GEO. FOGG.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvelous merits of Benedictine Salve 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 Salve 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.

PILES
7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 16, 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 Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles.
Yours sincerely,
JOS. WESTMAN.

241 Sackville street, Toronto, Aug. 15, 1902.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Itching Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times intense agony and lost all hope of a cure. Seeing your advertisement by chance, I thought I would try your Salve, and am proud to say it has made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend it to every sufferer.
JAMES SHAW.

Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am,
Yours, etc.,
ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE,
With the Boston Laundry.

BLOOD POISONING
Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
Dear Sir,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured and then I tried your salve, and with two boxes my foot healed up. I am now able to put on my boot and walk freely with same, the foot being entirely healed. I was also treated in the States prior to going to the hospital in Toronto, without relief. Your salve is a sure cure for blood-poisoning.
MISS M. L. KEMP.

Toronto, April 16th, 1902.
John O'Connor, Esq., City:
DEAR SIR,—It gives me the greatest of pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. 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 Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough.
Respectfully yours,
J. J. CLARKE,
72 Wolseley street, City.

Toronto, July 21st, 1902.
John O'Connor, Esq.:
DEAR SIR,—Early last week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder. I applied Benedictine Salve, and the next day I was all right and able to go to work.
J. SHERIDAN,
34 Queen street East.

JOHN O'CONNOR
198 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO
FOR SALE BY
WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E.
J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. E.
And by all Druggists PRICE \$1.00 PER BOX.

Memory is not so brilliant as hope, but it is more beautiful and a thousand more true.
An uncertain currency, that goes up and down, hits the laborer, and hits him hard. It helps him last and hurts him first.

The Catholic Register

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LOCAL AGENT: JOSEPH COOLAHAN, Is now calling upon Toronto Subscribers.

THURSDAY, OCT. 6, 1904.

A CHIEF ABROAD.

Prof. H. J. Cody, of Wycliffe College, who has been in Europe, lectured on Tuesday evening upon his observations there. He does not, however, appear to be a person capable of deriving much advantage from travel.

The Register assumes to answer this question publicly before the nominations are held. We say there is no representative citizen of Toronto who, undertaking to voice Catholic opinion, would take the responsibility of advocating a Catholic nomination in South Toronto by either party.

MR. R. L. BORDEN IN TORONTO.

Mr. R. L. Borden spoke to a large assembly of his supporters in Toronto on Tuesday evening, and acquitted himself with tact and fairness. He made the Grand Trunk Pacific the chief issue of his campaign and announced a national policy in transportation matters.

The Grand Trunk Pacific was really planned as a Canadian national railway as far as practical statesmanship could venture in our day and generation.

The Dundonald cry was the only other topic of Dominion interest touched upon by Mr. Borden. But he no longer spoke of Lord Dundonald as a heaven-born military leader for Canada.

It is questionable, however, that Mr. Borden is showing better judgment as a Canadian statesman in hitching his wagon to Mr. Chamberlain's shooting star, which is rapidly falling to earth.

But passing from these things it is pleasant to hear Mr. Borden paying honest tribute to the leadership of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. In this he shows an example that should not be lost upon some Ontario newspapers.

AVOID FACTIONIST SPIRIT.

According to persistent rumors reflected in some of the city newspapers one of the campaign calculations for South Toronto is a struggle between Orange and Green. There are many undesirable possibilities in an election upon these lines in this city.

The pending elections mean the choice of the people of Canada between the two political parties. This and nothing more. Every man who casts a vote will cast it for one party or the other.

The Register assumes to answer this question publicly before the nominations are held. We say there is no representative citizen of Toronto who, undertaking to voice Catholic opinion, would take the responsibility of advocating a Catholic nomination in South Toronto by either party.

The newspapers of the city have been publishing paragraphs for weeks saying this, that or the other Catholic will get the Liberal nomination. All we would say is that if the candidate upon whom the choice of the Liberal convention falls is not, by his merits as a party man and a representative citizen, not only a probable winner, but the most probable winner available to the Convention, then the Convention will be extremely foolish to nominate him.

Tolerance is a banner inscribed on both sides. People must be tolerant of the views and interests of others if they themselves expect to be treated with tolerance.

Naturally what we expect to see prevail at the South Toronto Liberal Convention are the views and interests of the Liberal party only. Nor is it complimentary to the Catholic proportion of the electorate that the other side should calculate its advantages upon the chance of a Catholic receiving the Liberal nomination.

THINGS OF THIS WORLD.

There is little that is removed from the attentions of the sensational preacher and still less that is sacred in his eyes. One of the tribe has been scattering round a few remarkable thoughts on suicide.

"I do not pretend to explain why some of the most alert and noble minds have become unhinged, so that they lost the power of judging naturally. But of this I am sure, either that God takes care of them everywhere, or else that He does not take care of them at all.

Every character is the joint product of nature and nurture. For the noblest man who lives there still remains a conflict.

to the deed, not the deed itself, may limit other men's judgments. In the case discussed upon by the Ontario preacher whose words we have quoted, the cause which is typical of so many suicides, was nervous prostration. Most physicians have experience of this terrible affliction; and we venture to say that had a medical practitioner occupied the pulpit in place of the preacher, his reflections would have carried more benefit and comfort to the assembled congregation.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The event of the week in England is a speech by Mr. Balfour in which he intimates that if protection were to be adopted as a plank in the Unionist platform he would refuse to lead the party. But he still endeavors to fence with Mr. Chamberlain by saying he desires a conference with the colonies to talk over preference ideas.

Mr. John Burns, the English labor M.P., contributes to the London Daily News a letter on the relation between drink and crime and lunacy, showing that, on official statistics, Scotland holds an unenviable position. He says: "Scotland is the wealthiest country per head of population, as it is the most industrious people in the world."

A. B. Aylesworth, K.C., has entered the cabinet of Sir Wilfrid Laurier without portfolio. Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick has not tired of public life and stays in the Cabinet as Minister of Justice. He has gone into the campaign in Quebec, where his strength is acknowledged from one end of the province to the other.

Hamilton Diocese

Hamilton, Oct. 3.—Collections are to be taken up in two of the Catholic churches soon, St. Mary's Cathedral and St. Joseph's church, for the reduction of church debt. In the cathedral the collection was taken up last year, and the debt was reduced to \$8,800.

In his sermon at high mass yesterday, Rev. Father Mahoney wanted to see every person entitled to give so; his previous experiences in collecting this money were very trying and he told the congregation that priests were not ordained to be tax collectors. It was no recreation to be soliciting the money, but it was a case of must; moreover, a priest's time was limited; he had every moment of his time taken up, and he therefore hoped that the collection would meet with a ready response from all who were working.

There is a debt of about 10,000 on St. Joseph's church, and as this is a large sum on a church of its size, a liberal response will be required from every family. Each person of the congregation is asked to contribute a day's salary, the same as in the cathedral. A fuel fund is also needed.

Tenderness of Pope Pius

There is a very touching passage in an interview that has just been given by the late Bishop of Laval, Mgr. Geay, to the Paris Matin regarding his interview with the Sovereign Pontiff. "I again knelt and said, 'My Father, your will be done.' As if these words had raised from his soul the weight of all the sins that had been imputed to me, he lifted me from my knees with a sudden tender gesture, and holding my two hands in his continued, addressing me affectionately in Latin—'Ah, thou dost not know how I have suffered at the thought of thy suffering, and of the calamities to which they might give rise. Thou knowest not what sleepless nights I have passed in prayer for thee, but now the good God has granted my prayer. Thou hast come. Thou wert my son, but now thou art my brother. Wherever I may be thou shalt have thy place and if one day I should be reduced to a single mouthful of bread, I would, nevertheless, share it with thee.'"

Every character is the joint product of nature and nurture. For the noblest man who lives there still remains a conflict.

OBITUARY

DEATH OF MRS. CORNELIUS HALPIN, PETERBOROUGH. The death occurred at Peterborough of Mrs. Halpin, wife of Mr. Cornelius Halpin, Lake street. The deceased was an old and respected citizen of Peterborough, she having lived here for a period of about fifty-five years. She was born in Limerick, Ireland, seventy years ago. When she was but a young girl her parents came to Canada to live.

MR. DAVID NEALON, GRAVENHURST. The death of Mr. David Nealon occurred at Brandon, Man., on Monday, September 27th. Although for a few days previous no hopes were entertained of his ultimate recovery, and although Mr. Nealon knew himself the end so near, and one thought of the end so near, and death, as the "thief depicted in the Gospel," came very unexpectedly.

Deceased was stricken with typhoid fever. At first it was claimed he would recover, but the disease took deeper root, and life gave way to a stronger master. Death obtained another victory. Mr. Nealon having received all the rites and blessings of Mother Church, was happy in quitting this Vale of Tears for his better world, where we hope he has received an eternal reward.

Mr. Nealon was sixty-two years of age, and leaves to mourn his loss two sisters and one brother, viz.: Mrs. John Cleary, Miss Nealon and Mr. John Nealon of Toronto; also a wife and a grown-up family of four sons and a daughter. Mr. Edward Nealon of Brandon, Man.; John and Fred of Vancouver, B.C.; Frank and Ada on the homestead at Gravenhurst. All who had the pleasure of Mr. Nealon's acquaintance were heard to speak of his sterling qualities.

The remains were brought to Gravenhurst for interment. The funeral took place on the arrival of the north train on Thursday to the cemetery. Rev. Father Collins performed the last ceremonies at the grave.

The pall-bearers were Mr. G. Homer, Mr. P. L. Clairmont, Mr. P. McDermott, Mr. W. Johns, Mr. W. Bibby and Mr. A. Farkin. A high requiem mass was sung for the repose of his soul in Saint Paul's Church, Gravenhurst, on Saturday morning at eight o'clock. May he rest in peace.

New York Choir Changes Will Be Slow. The following is from The New York Sun: "The new regulations in regard to church music will take effect gradually," said Mgr. Lavelle at the Cathedral yesterday.

Mgr. Lavelle said that as the contracts for soprano and alto soloists in the choir expire the Gregorian chant and the complete male choir will come in. This decree of the Archbishop, founded upon the Pope's letter to the Bishops, throws out of employment in this city 300 women singers, who were paid for their services each Sunday. There are 150 Roman Catholic churches in Manhattan, the Bronx and Richmond and 110 churches outside of the city directly affected by the Archbishop's letter.

Mgr. McGeen, chairman of the committee which made the investigation on Church music and reported to the Archbishop, said to a "Sun" reporter yesterday: "The churches which will suffer most are those in the country, for the pastors have no resources from which to draw male singers. We have the schools and clubs and lyceums of the parish in the city. The demand for the man who can sing will be greater than ever, and while the male singers who are being paid by the pastors to-day will be let out, still these are not nearly enough for Gregorian chant music. Singers must be trained to the reading of the chant music, and many a pastor will now spend a good part of his time in training male voices to the reading of plain chants."

The average salary to women singers in this city was \$40 a month. Mme. Hille, the soprano of the Cathedral, has received \$85 a month for years. Miss Clary, the alto at the Cathedral, who made "Ben Bolt" famous in the original production of "Tribby," receives \$75 a month.

Pauper Patriots in Australia

The Melbourne Advocate publishes a letter from Mr. Grant Grey, Victoria on behalf of two of the companions in exile of the late John Boyle Keilley, the former a native of Cork County, and the latter of Garryduff, near Dungarvan. "These two men," says Mr. Grant Grey, "are now very old, and past work, and I regret to say, in very distressed circumstances. Four weeks ago," he adds, "Thomas Duggan, in his 82nd year, became an inmate of the Old Men's Refuge. The other, James Keilley, aged 76, is living a lonely life under a tent, on a block of land in the neighborhood of Perth. The West Australia Record has started a fund on behalf of these two old Irish patriots, so that they may not end their days as paupers."

The Bishop of Kerry Consecrated

The Most Rev. Dr. Mangan was consecrated Bishop of Kerry on Sunday, 18th inst., in the Cathedral, Killarney. The Mass of Consecration, at which His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Fennelly, Archbishop of Cashel, presided, assisted by the Most Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan, Cork, and Most Rev. Dr. Browne, Cloyne, was followed by a sermon by Very Rev. J. Murphy, C.S.Sp., Blackrock, Dublin.

A difficulty is at the door of every delight.

SCHOOLS

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL. Boys who received testimonials of merit for excellent deportment and application to study during the month of September: Senior Fourth—Wm. Maloney, Edward Foley, Michael Moad, Joseph Fletcher, Charles McCurdy, Joseph Bauer. Junior Fourth—Wm. Ayers, Francis Foley, Thomas O'Brien, Inzie Milne, John McCrohan, Edward Lane, John Barrett, John Cicci, Romeo Grossi. Senior Third—Thos. Shannon, Albert Donville, Harry Sullivan, Albert Cain, Thos. Rial, Eddie Doyle, Leo Ryan. Junior Third—Peter Hailey, Joseph Feeley, Edward Conderan, John Bannan, Russell White, Willie Hand, Albert Massey, Hugh Callaghan, Michael Feeley, Willie Thompson, Fred. White, Francis Corcoran, Willie Allen, Gordon Fenelon, Joseph Owsin, Philip Paquette, Harry Overend, Francis Akrey, John O'Reilly. Boys who obtained the highest marks in the monthly examination: Senior Fourth—1, Wm. Maloney; 2, Michael Moad; 3, Wilfrid Bourdon. Junior Fourth—Inzie Milne; 2, Thomas O'Brien; 3, John Byrne. Senior Third—Thomas Shannon, Harry Sullivan, Leo Ryan. Junior Third—Peter Hailey, Edward Conderan, Joseph Feeley. Senior Second—Wm. Watson, Basil Watson, Patrick Foley.

ST. FRANCIS' SCHOOL.

Honor roll for September, boys' department: Fourth Form—V. Varley, N. MacKintosh, W. Kelly, W. Carroll, V. Corbett, F. McGinn, P. Corbett, S. Jamieson, F. Byron, A. Johnson, F. Bero. Senior Third Form—F. Glynn, J. Finley, E. Glynn, B. Yonder, L. Lambrick. Junior Third—John Brennan, W. Kennedy, F. Durand, C. Finley, L. O'Leary, F. Bartello, E. Broderick, J. Dempsey, J. Wright, J. Jamieson, W. Hennessy, D. McMahon. Senior Second—Jos. Flynn, A. Dickinson, F. Byron, W. Fogarty, F. Polger, N. Carroll, E. Prince, T. Peleisle, W. Murphy, J. Dempsey, J. Kelly. Monthly Examinations: Fourth—1, V. Varley; 2, N. MacKintosh; 3, W. Kelly. Senior Third—1, F. Glynn; 2, J. Finley; 3, W. Rutledge. Junior Third—1, F. Bartello; 2, J. Britton; 3, J. Brennan. Senior Second—1, Joseph Flynn; 2, W. Murphy; 3, N. Carroll.

ST. MICHAEL'S SCHOOL.

September honor roll, Boys' Department: Fourth Form, Sen. Div.—Excellent, C. Lalor, R. Stormont, Good, H. Weatherhead, R. Harmon, O. O'Leary, B. O'Leary, F. O'Hearn, L. Devaney, J. O'Connor, J. Meehan. Fourth Form, Jun. Div.—Good, W. Hutchinson, F. Moran, P. Small. Monthly Examination, Sen. Div.—1, G. Rennie; 2, R. Stormont; 3, R. Harmon. Jun. Div.—1, W. Hutchinson; 2, B. Doyle; 3, P. Small. Third Form—Excellent, F. Meehan, J. Qualey, M. Kelly, D. Stormont, W. Kelly, R. Ferris, Good, G. Baker, A. Gilmore, W. Foley, J. Hughes, E. Cardow, W. Ferris, A. Dear, W. Hickey, J. Deacon.

BARRIE CORRESPONDENCE

The many readers of The Register, who formerly lived in Barrie, should be pleased to learn that quite a boom is brightening up the town. At present there is not a vacant house to be found. The owners of residential lots have the contractors over-taxed erecting up-to-date residences. An observer, passing through the streets, can see that old and long forsaken houses are being transformed into neat and comfortable dwellings, while many applicants are anxiously waiting to occupy them. Our popular young mayor and wide-awake aldermen are the cause of all this stimulation, they having wisely encouraged the introduction of the new industries, which have lately been established here. Barrie the "Beautiful" may now add another appellation, Barrie the "Beautiful" and "busy."

Allandale, the well-known name of the sixth ward of Barrie, has lately passed away and in future shall be known as Barrie Junction. Mr. R. McHenry, Mrs. McHenry and baby, of Brockville, and Miss O'Byrne, Toronto, were guests at the Queen's during the past week. Very Rev. Dean Egan announced at mass last Sunday that on the 14th inst. Confirmation will be administered here in St. Mary's church to the qualified candidates.

Miss Cavanaugh of Warminster is in town, the guest of Miss Kearns. Mr. T. Kennedy, architect, spent a few days in Pheleston last week, the guest of his uncle, Mr. M. Kennedy.

Consecration of Bishop Mangan

On September 18th the Kingdom of Kerry, was assembled in its representatives in the Cathedral of St. Brendan, at Killarney, to witness the consecration of a new Bishop for the ancient diocese of Ardferd and Aghadoe. The scenes that were witnessed at Ennis a fortnight ago when Killarney welcomed its new Bishop to his See, were repeated yesterday when the other vacant chair in the Irish Hierarchy was worthily filled. There were grounds for the popular rejoicing that the consecration of Most Rev. Dr. Mangan has evoked throughout the whole southwest. Twenty years of a pastorate in the poorest, though the most beautiful, and may we not say the most intellectual, part of even Kerry, have revealed to the people that manner of man the new Bishop is and what measure of heart he owns.

Prout Centenary Celebration Suggested

Mr. Grattan Flood makes the suggestion that in Cork, at least, the approaching centenary of the author of "The Bells of Shandon" ought to be observed in a befitting way. From Mr. Flood's researches it appears that Fr. Frank Mahoney, or "Father Prout," was born in the city of Cork on December 31st, 1804, and, therefore a suitable commemoration ought to take place to keep green the memory of a most remarkable literary priest.

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Catholics in Australia.

Washington, Sept. 26.—While in Chicago recently I had the pleasure of meeting Rev. Fathers Reginald Eridge and Francis Grace, of Sydney, Australia. The reverend gentleman were on a tour over the world for recreation and study. They intended to stop over in Chicago a few days on their way to the World's Fair at St. Louis. Father Eridge spoke pleasantly of the many experiences he had in this country, and then gave an outline of the condition of the Church in Australia. This he described as eminently satisfactory. He said: "The priests and laity are working together in perfect harmony, especially on the all-important school question. Since the church schools were denationalized, that is, deprived of financial support by the government, their support and maintenance have fallen upon the different denominations. Under the magnificent leadership of Cardinal Patrick Francis Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, a man of great sternness and determination, and by far the most prominent figure in Australia, and Catholics of Australia have accomplished wonders and have far outdistanced the Protestant denominations in their school work. The Protestant schools suffered equally with the Catholic by the act of denationalization, but are now divided on the subject of restoration of government support for denominational schools. Catholics are proportionately stronger in Australia than in the United States. Here they constitute one-seventh of the population; in Australia one-fourth. There are six Archbishops, seventeen Bishops and a total Catholic population of 1,100,000. The diocese of Melbourne furnishes perhaps the best example of the conditions of our schools. This diocese has a Catholic population of about 150,000. There are something over 100 parochial schools, with 20,000 pupils, several industrial schools, with over 600 pupils and besides a number of academies and colleges. I do not know any country in the world that has as fine a school system as Australia. Few people in the rest of the world know anything about us and consider the great island of the antipodes a howling wilderness."

Day of Baptism

O day of glory, when, a child, Illumination's sign, Claims sinful earth an heir of heaven, The Son of the Divine; God's Spirit makes an undefiled, Our glory seals the brow, In Christ we hope, by Him is given The night to conquer now.

Blest day of glory, but for Thee No grace would lead me on, No benefit or Sacrament, Would feed Thy hungry one; In sin, with worldly infamy, How could I hope to stand? But Jesus in His mercy sent The Church its great command.

By faith and love, then, may we learn To anthem with the best, The "Holy" of Angelic choir When all is joy and rest, When Wisdom, Love, and Power burn An incense to the Throne; Where Father, Brother, Holiest Fire, Dwell with Thy Saints as One. George Gwilym.

Sacrilegious thieves who attacked the tabernacle of St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, London, had an unexpected surprise. The main purpose of the burglars was to secure the contents of the tabernacle. They succeeded in removing the last outward covering of beaten and raised brasswork, fully a quarter of an inch in thickness. Then they imagined they would then only have to face the wooden lining of the tabernacle, but, instead, they met with one of Chubb's strongest safes, with a special lock, which defied their violence. The ciborium and the monstrance are vessels of gold and of considerable value.

Be generous. The world loves a magnanimous soul. Large-heartedness is always popular.

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DRESS WELL

Fit them, save business and you'll get the credit. Don't buy expensive clothes until you've refitted your old ones. FOUNTAIN, "My Valet,"

MONTREAL CORRESPONDENCE

(From our own correspondent.)

At St. Patrick's Church high mass was sung by Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan, and the sermon preached by Rev. James Killoran. In the evening Solemn Vespers were sung and a procession around the church was held in honor of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary.

The visitation of the parish will soon take place. Rev. Father Polan, who had been on the sick list for some time is again back at parochial work.

ST. ANN'S PARISH. The Pilgrimage of the Holy Family Sodality, men's branch, was largely attended. They went in procession to the Church of the Sacred Heart.

ST. GABRIEL'S PARISH. High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Fahey and the sermon preached by the pastor, Rev. Father W. O'Meara, who gave an excellent instruction in the devotion of the Holy Rosary.

ST. ANTHONY'S PARISH. The first eucharistic party of the series was an immense success. About \$400 was realized. The next one will take place on Oct. 26th.

THE NIGHT SCHOOLS. The night schools which opened on Monday evening, are being well attended. The government has given a grant of \$5,000.

THE CHINESE MISSION. The Catholic Chinese are being looked after by Rev. Father Hornsby, S. J., a missionary from China.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH. His Grace, Archbishop Bruchesi, before leaving for Rome, will solemnly bless St. Michael's new church at Mile End.

McSHANE'S BELLS are fitting evidence of sterling worth. Over 200,000 ringing round the world.

Thoroughness in Washing. No Stained Edges on Shirt-bands or Cuffs when returned from New Method Laundry.

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"SOCIETY AND DIVORCE"

Sad Pictures That Might be Multiplied by Thousands

In a large Western city there resided a widow and her daughter, both beautiful women. They had large means, good health and good spirits, were devoted to each other, a pride and joy to their friends.

A man, young, wealthy, clever and strong-willed, married a girl of equal wealth and will. Three sons and two daughters were born to them.

When the eldest daughter was 18 she came to America and visited her father. They became fast friends.

Another case of a married man who "fell in love," as he called it, with another woman, secured a divorce in Dakota and married her.

IN MEMORIAM. In memory of our beloved brother, John Joseph Lynch, who died at Belleville on Sept. 7th, 1904.

IF WE ONLY KNEW. To us it seems much more than passing strange How some upon life's wayside way remain To uselessly live out their useless years.

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FARMERS' MARKET.

Grain prices continue to show easiness, and the sales on the street at St. Lawrence Market to-day were at prices lower than those of last week.

Wheat—Lower, 200 bushels of white and 300 of red selling at \$1.04 per bushel, and 200 goose selling at 87c to 90c.

Barley—Firm, 200 bushels selling at 48c to 50c per bushel. Oats—Steady to firm, 200 bushels of old selling at 35c to 40c per bushel.

Dressed Hogs—Arrivals are light. Choice light weights are quoted unchanged at \$7.25 to \$7.75 per cwt.

Hay—Steady to easy, 20 loads of new selling at \$9.50 to \$10.50 per ton and two loads of old at \$12.

Wheat, white ... \$1.04 to 00 do red ... 1.04 to 00 do goose ... 87 to 90

Peas ... 87 to 90 Oats do new ... 39 to 41

Barley do new ... 35 to 39 Rye do new ... 47 to 50

Hay, No. 1 timothy 12.00 to 00 do new ... 9.00 to 10.00

do clover or mixed 7.50 to 9.00 Straw, sheaf ... 12.00 to 0.00

do loose ... 7.50 to 0.00 Dressed hogs, light 7.50 to 7.75

Butter ... 20 to 23 Eggs ... 20 to 25 Old chickens, lb. ... 8 to 10

spring do, per lb. ... 10 to 15 Turkeys, per lb. ... 13 to 20

Potatoes, per bushel ... 75 to 80 Carrots, per dozen ... 15 to 20

Cucumbers, per dozen ... 15 to 20 do pickling, per 100 ... 20 to 25

do per basket ... 50 to 90 Onions, basket ... 40 to 50

do green, per doz. ... 15 to 40 Rhubarb, dozen ... 25 to 00

Lettuce, dozen ... 20 to 25 Radishes, dozen ... 20 to 25

Parsley, dozen ... 20 to 00 Beans, peck ... 30 to 00

The Best of Everything is the result of making the GOOD BETTER and in keeping EVER-LASTINGLY at it.

The Karn Piano

embodies the best teachings of the past and the most progressive and up-to-date ideas of the present. Let us demonstrate the truth of the above statement.

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SEALING TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Pneumatic Tubes for Montreal and Toronto," will be received at this Department until Friday, November 11th, 1904, inclusively, for furnishing 22,000 lineal feet of 10 inch smooth bored straight cast iron piping.

Plans and specifications can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department, and at the Office of John Galt, Chief Engineer, Toronto.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable Minister of Public Works, for two thousand dollars (\$2,000.00), must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party tendering declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By Order, FRED. GELINAS, Secretary Department Public Works, Ottawa, September 29, 1904.

New Pipe Organ Installed The D. W. Karn Co., Limited of Woodstock, have just erected in Knox Church, St. Mary's, a very beautiful little organ which will be opened on October 4th by Mr. Arthur Blakeley of Toronto.

A Medicine Chest in Itself.—Only the well-to-do can afford to possess a medicine chest, but Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which is a medicine chest in itself, being a remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, sore throat, colds, coughs, catarrh, asthma, and a potent healer for wounds, cuts, bruises, sprains, etc., is within the reach of the poorest, owing to its cheapness. It should be in every house.

"Father Prout's" Memory

A correspondent of The Dublin Freeman's Journal, writing in approval of the intention of the people of Cork to honor its illustrious son, Father Frank Mahony, "Father Prout," says: Thirty years ago I saw his body laid to rest under the shade of Shandon Steeple, while the Bells he has immortalized tolled out a mournful note.

Very early in life Frank Mahony left the Jesuit Order, which he at one time intended to join, and became a secular priest. But his writings are full of ardent love for, and warm defence of, the Jesuits, and his finest poem has as its theme the memorable "vigil" at which the young Knight, Don Ignacio Loyola hung up his sword in the Chapel of Our Lady of Montserrat, and devoted his life to the service of her Son.

Light Cure and Cancer Professor Bergmann, the eminent surgeon, has just made a statement at the Dermatological Congress in Berlin which rather discounts some recent speculations and prophecies regarding the light cure of cancer.

HEADACHE Nerveless and Nervousness cured quickly by AJAX AND NEURALGIA CURE. No pain, no depression. Greatest cure ever discovered. (Take nothing else, and get it at once.) All dealers or direct from Austin C. Brown, Ont. Money back if not satisfied.

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GRAND OPERA HOUSE NEXT WEEK JOSEPH MURPHY MONDAY, TUESDAY WEDNESDAY and WEDNESDAY MATINEE MR. MURPHY WILL PRESENT SHAUN RHUE Larry Donovan Shaun Rhue Joseph Murphy Introducing his Wonderfully Successful Song ENTITLED "A HANDFUL OF EARTH" THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY and SATURDAY MATINEE THE KERRY COW JOSEPH MURPHY as DAN O'HARA (The Kerry Blacksmith) WITH THE GREAT FORGE AND RACE SCENES TWO THOROUGHbred HORSES AND THE PETS OF THE LADIES THE Wonderful Educated White Carrier Pigeons

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THE MASTER OF THE MILL

What a picture that church spire with its uplifted cross makes against the sky!

George Bryson smiled as, leaning forward in his armchair, he looked out upon the scene framed by the window of his little study.

The lofty tower and gray walls of the church within a stone's throw of the mills were, however, a novel feature of the panorama.

As I sit here sometimes, when the white wind-clouds drift past the cross, it seems floating in the air, and again at a touch of the sunlight it becomes a cross of flame that sends my memory back to the legend of Constantine and his sign of triumph.

As the elderly gentleman spoke, pleasantly, yet with the languor of one of ill-health, he turned toward his sister, who, flourishing the faintest of feather dusters, stood at the reading-table, flecking imaginary dust from the magazines and newspapers and restoring order out of the chaos in which they were heaped together.



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There is only one practical way of ventilating a range oven, and that way has been adopted in the Pandora—is an actual, positive, working feature, and not a mere talking point.

Fresh air is drawn from the outside through small vents into the oven, while the odors and cooking fumes are forced by the fresh air out through small vents into the smoke flues, and up the chimney.

Puddings, cakes, bread, etc., cooked and baked in a "Pandora" oven are always light, fresh and entirely free from mixed odors and foreign flavors.

Ask your dealer to show you the Pandora Range or write to us for free catalogue before buying any other.

McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B.

the travelled connoisseur. The charitable institutions of the Continent were, moreover, a revelation to me. My own schemes of benevolence seemed petty enough when I saw men and women who had given up every natural tie and joy of life to devote themselves to the service of the unfortunate.

George Bryson, turning on his pillow, looked out upon the calm autumnal sky, the distant hills that were as dark clouds at the horizon, the indistinct masses of the trees, the spire whose cross now seemed merged into the sky.

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ran upon many things. What a strange awakening it must be to find the intellect and spirit as strong as ever and the body nearing the point of dissolution! Do we need other proof of the immortality of the soul?

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Advertisement for 'Koenig's Free' medicine, featuring a bottle illustration and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

"Faith an' I do," she answered, fervently. "Does Father Glenn really believe it?"

"Deed if he didn't he might as well be out at St. Patrick's," was her energetic reply. "But more nor the likes of me and him, the great doctors of the Church, them that spins their lives in the study of the Scriptures an' all knowledge— they believe like the little children you see going to the altar for the first time. You have seen the children yourself, sir, maybe; the boys wearing a white badge over their hearts, and the girls all in white like the fluttering doves?"

"Thank you, Margaret. You may go," said Mr. Bryson, closing his eyes. And Margaret, after straightening the counterpane and giving one or two orderly touches to the room, stole away with disappointment in her heart.

"Sure talking so to the likes of this is worse nor casting pearls before swine," she muttered to herself as she hurried back to the kitchen. "Well, we are all in God's hands; and as the master has not been hard on others, may He be good to him!"

"Do you really believe this?" asked the mill-owner when she had finished.

Advertisement for J. E. Seagram, Distiller and Direct Importer of Wines, Liquors and Malt and Family Proof Whiskies, Old Rye, etc. Waterloo, Ontario.

Advertisement for Labatt's Ale and Porter, featuring the John Labatt logo and text: 'Pan-American Exposition Buffalo Gold Medal Awarded'.

Advertisement for The O'Keefe Brewery Co. Limited, Toronto, featuring illustrations of various beer bottles.

EVERY LOAF OF OUR BREAD IS PERFECT Telephone Park 553 and have one of my waggons call with a sample loaf. It Will Only Cost You 5 Cents.

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White Label Ale TORONTO, ONTARIO

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KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS

BY J. HARRISON

Kind Hearts are more than Coronets. And simple faith than Norman Blood.

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CHAPTER X.

Gertrude in a New Role.

She was standing under the chandelier when Hugh first saw her. He had reached Lindsay rather late, as usual, and almost all the guests had arrived before he came down. He looked uncommonly well in his dress-uit, and felt the conscious superiority of fine clothes give a man, Gertrude saw him first and came towards him—not in the old, impulsive fashion, but with a sweet, new, womanly dignity, that sat well on her despite her youth. Hugh held her hand in his, looking gravely into the little face that flushed under his earnest, searching, penetrating glance.

"I can hardly believe that this is my little Gertrude," he began, adopting the gentle tone he had always used to her—as if he were addressing a child. She smiled, and drew her hand away, and he realized that his words were more true than he had intended them to be, for indeed she was not the same. Something had changed her very much, and she stared after her, wondering. Raising his eyes then, he saw Leigh Fenton.

Many men were around her, old and young, standing beside her, listening to her, paying her attention. Hugh tried to judge her as if he were looking at a stranger, in spite of the sudden warmth he felt stealing through his veins. She was of medium height, almost thin, but there was something seductive about her. Her gown was white—not a touch of color to relieve it, until one looked at the glowing eyes and the flaming lips and knew she needed none. Her golden hair was twisted in a ceaseless knot from her fair, low brow. She looked every inch of what she was—a queen among women. She looked a tall, white lily, and her hair was its yellow heart.

A reverent shyness took possession of the man standing watching her with his soul in his earnest gaze. What other woman in God's world had ever been like this—so sweet, so perfect, so noble—

Mrs. Fenton herself interrupted his reflections. She came up to him, resplendent in silk and diamonds, Uncle Eric escorting her across the great waxed floor.

"This is Mr. Lindsay—I recognized you immediately," she said, smiling and holding out her hand. He bent over it with a gallant courtesy. She liked ceremony, and he was ceremonious enough to suit even her. The next moment, it seemed to him, he was standing before his goddess.

She, too, held out her slim, delicate fingers, giving him at the same time such a dazzling smile, such an almost tender smile, that his heart leaped. But he did not have time to say more than the few words conventionally demanded, before Uncle Eric took him away to introduce him to the other guests. Everything seemed indistinct to him after that. He seemed to be moving in a dream. Conscious of nothing but that she was here—and that she had smiled on him. He earned a reputation for staidness and stupidity that night that he did not deserve, for his one aim was to get back to her side quickly, and to do this he was as brief and perfunctory as possible in his intercourse with the others. As soon as he could do so with propriety, he went to her. And now he found another joy awaiting him—he was to take her in to dinner. At table the partner on her left was a deal old man, who persisted in engaging her in conversation, so that Hugh's bliss was not altogether unalloyed. He could notice, however, with what charming patience she listened to him, and strove to make herself uninterested in the good things that were being served. Leigh, with a sigh of relief, turned to Hugh, met his sympathetic glance, and then both laughed, with quiet understanding of what was passing in each other's mind.

"It is so long since we met," she said, keeping her lovely eyes upon him. "I am surprised that you remembered me."

"Are you?" he asked, quite coolly. "I don't think you believe that assertion."

She looked a little astonished, for really this sounded positively rude. She bent over her plate then and vouchsafed him no further speech. Hugh wished he had not been so blunt.

"I did not hear Vertucchi," he ventured after a while. "No?" "Indifferently." "I did. I have heard better."

"Is that so? Well, then, I did not miss so much after all."

Her eyes kindled. "I said I heard better—you probably have not."

"I think we are quarrelling," said Hugh. "I know we are," she answered, and then they laughed again, and after that there was cordiality between them.

"You must not care much for the Manor when you can stay away from it a whole year—you see, I have been listening to your uncle," she said, smilingly. "He often tells father that he cannot understand your indifference to the fine old place."

"But I love every inch of it," he said, warmly. "It has been the home of my people for many generations."

not care much for Lindsay, or for Kentboro. I am seldom home more than a few months at a time—I cannot stand sameness. I have been in Rome, the wonderful city. I think Rome is my Mecca—I intend going again next year."

"You love Rome?" His eyes kindled. "It is one of the shrines I look forward to visiting. Rome, the incomparable, the glorious. It has had its effect on you, I see."

"Everything is so solemn and so old," she said. "I love mysticism and all things ancient."

"You, the incarnation of youth!" he said. He brought his wineglass to his lips. "To you," he murmured, smiling. She smiled also.

"And you have seen the churches and the Catacombs? And the Holy Father?" You surely had one audience with him since you have been so often?"

"I am not religious," she made answer. "I did not care to see him at all, though people do go so absurdly wild over him. It isn't the religious Rome I care about—rather the ruins of the heathen city. I'd like to have lived in Rome before Christianity spoiled its ceremonies and rites, and—"

"We are not in sympathy now," he said, abruptly. "Let us change the conversation. Did you know I was a Catholic?"

"Are you? Really? How funny! I thought Mr. Lindsay was a staunch Protestant like myself."

"He is—I am of the Catholic side of the family."

"And you are in earnest? I can scarcely believe it. You a Catholic! And you thought I was one, probably, too?"

"You seemed so perfect in my eyes I could scarcely believe you anything else," he returned, without hesitation.

"You are very brave to say such a thing to me," she answered, the slow smile he remembered so well parting her lips. "Very brave. But you must remember that one is what one has been taught to be, and let it rest at that. Do not let us become serious—for serious I will not be. I like to take life as it comes—pleasantly, easily, gently. There is so much misery in the world," she said, looking at him with her glorious eyes, and they were the eyes now of a beautiful child. "I could not alleviate it all—therefore I will have none of it. For my heart would ache so over the good I could not accomplish! Puff! what would be the result? I would grow ancient and faded and weary. A few old people would look after me, praising me, but women would pity the forlorn old maid and men flee at my approach."

Her naivete was charming. Hugh would not give himself to think of her sentiments. She was so beautiful and so very sweet, and when her lips smiled so joyously how could he help agreeing with her! And after that all was easy sailing to poor Hugh. All during dinner—and afterwards. When the gentlemen returned the ladies in the drawing-room he made his way to her eagerly and she gave him first place. He was becoming almost blindly wrapped up in her. She was so very lovely, with now a touch of the hauteur which, carried to excess, made Mildred repellent, and again a glimpse of the childishness that had made him almost love Gertrude.

She was among the first to leave, and after she was gone Hugh looked about him, wondering, as lovers have ever done, and as lovers ever will do, what made that seemingly brilliant room so empty and so dull. He thought then of Gertrude—he had not seen her for such a while, and after that glimpse of her when he first entered had totally forgotten her existence. He bit his lip in annoyance at himself and looked for her. She was standing in the deep recess of one of the windows alone. As he came towards her, smiling into her face, he noticed how pale she was and how tired. He wondered what new trouble was pressing on her to bring that weary droop to the little mouth.

"What is it, cousin?" he asked, tenderly. "Are you worried, dear? Uncle Eric—Aunt Estelle—"

"No, nothing like that any more. Aunt Estelle is very kind to me. And Uncle Eric! Well, I cannot say how much we are to each other now."

"I am glad to hear that. You look so tired, child."

"I am tired. What an endless evening it has been!"

"Endless? Endless? Why, it seems to me it has only just begun."

"Instead of being nearly finished! But then you had such a pleasant companion, Cousin Hugh." She spoke apathetically.

"Do you know Miss Fenton?" he asked, eagerly. "Do you meet her often?"

She turned away from that glowing, expectant face, for she could not look at it unmoved. "I do not meet her often. Leigh Fenton and I have little in common. Besides that, she is much older than I am, and she regards me as a child."

"Poor little Gertrude!" laughing and trying to rally her out of her despondency. But she did not smile.

"Do you like her, Hugh?" Her voice sounded muffled.

"Very much, little cousin," he answered. "She is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen—and the most interesting."

"Sometimes, dear mother, love comes like a ray of light—a flash of lightning—in a summer sky. At other times it steals softly, gently, quietly into the heart. Perhaps the latter will be the case with me."

Mrs. Fenton actually snorted. When the girl adopted this mocking tone it always enraged her.

"Don't pose before your mother, Leigh—I am not Hugh Lindsay. Your father selected your sister's husband—she is a happy, contented woman. Be wise. All this foolishness will wear away, once the seriousness of married life overtakes you."

"Why do you wish me to have him? From whom does he derive his future wealth? From that vulgar, impossible aunt of his? Only for his prospects he's as poor as a church mouse. Besides, Gertrude Waring is in love with him."

"Gertrude Waring? When everyone knows Bayard Cameron is just mad about her? Leigh Fenton, are you crazy?"

"I have seen too many girls in love to be mistaken, and I was watching her to-night. She's a hateful little thing, anyhow, and dislikes me from the bottom of her heart. I can stand that if I take the man she loves away from her. It will be a good joke."

She laughed, and her mother's lips curved in a smile of satisfaction—a smile that the next words dispelled. "But why would I marry Hugh Lindsay? I care absolutely nothing for him, and he is all the world to her. Perhaps I shall be magnanimous for once in my life."

"Quixotic notions sit ill on you," said the mother sharply. "Your father has set his heart on the marriage."

"Oh, has he? He has often set his heart on other men—you, too. The trouble is I can't get my heart set on them. When I did care, the two of you combined to make me very miserable. You succeeded. I told you then I should lead you a merry dance and I mean to keep my word. No; I'll do exactly as I please. Perhaps I'll marry Hugh Lindsay—if I do not take the notion to go to Paris to-morrow. Perhaps, even if I stay, I won't marry him."

"But your father—"

It was Mrs. Fenton's misfortune to be a nag, and this nagging had helped to spoil the girl's untrained, naturally selfish disposition.

"It is very well for you to turn up your nose at young men the way you do," she stormed now. "You can quote poetry and be fantastic but you love money just the same, and all the things that money gives you. It is well for you you have a father who will get you everything you want and a mother who slaves herself to death going here and there to play properly, etc., etc."

It lasted during the long ride home. Leigh, settling herself comfortably among the cushions, heard never a word of it. She looked steadily out of the window, her thoughts far away. By-and-bye, the lids drooped over the violet eyes, and in a few minutes her deep, regular breathing showed that she had fallen asleep.

CHAPTER XI.

"The Only Thing in the World."

And now Uncle Eric came forward, playing an important part in the little world that surrounded him. He threw open Lindsay Manor and showed it forth in all its beauty and sumptuousness. It was a royal dwelling indeed, and he made the most of it for his nephew's good. The marriage of the heir of Lindsay to Colonel Fenton's daughter had become the predominant wish of the old man's heart, and as usual with him when he conceived an idea he was doing all in his power to further it. Hugh's evident fascination for the girl pleased him more than words could say. He even went so far as to drive to Kentboro for a private interview with Colonel Fenton, and during that interview he told him, in almost direct speech, what his intentions were in regard to his nephew—so that parental influence might be thrown into the balance. The result was that Colonel Fenton and his wife also saw a great future before their imperious, self-willed Leigh at last.

Meanwhile the young lady was calm and non-committal as ever—so much of an iceberg as to cause them not a little trepidation and many moments of despair. No hints, no innuendoes, not even direct asking, could win from her a single admission of what she meant to do or of what her intentions were.

Aunt Estelle was not quite so pleased with the prospect. She admitted to herself, for she was, with all her faults, honest and unprejudiced, that she did not make the perfect mistress of such a house as the fair, aristocratic ladies whose faces hung in line with hers in the great gallery upstairs. She was primitive in her ideas, perhaps, or she would not have thought such a thing. She looked up to her husband with old-fashioned reverence. Another woman would have been forever throwing up her wealth as the source and beginning of the Lindsay power and prosperity. Aunt Estelle knew that the money invested in this place, her home now, had been trebled by the man to whom she brought it, and who paid her every mark of respect. She appreciated his quiet regard for her. She felt, in her heart, that she came first with him, always. The fact that she had no children had worried her for many years, and perhaps this was why she had a sneaking jealousy of Gertrude. The very thought of Leigh Fenton queening it at Lindsay rather annoyed the good lady. True, she was beautiful and wealthy and patrician—all that could be desired in Hugh's wife. But she had no reverence for her elders; she snubbed her mother, and laughed at her father. Quietly, unobtrusively, but still this conduct, in Aunt Estelle's eyes, was a heinous crime, for she was not used to the ways of society. In her own manner Leigh Fenton imagined that she was kind enough to Mrs. Eric Lindsay. But Mrs. Eric Lindsay felt that she was too hard to understand, and when she looked at her with uncomprehending eyes, the young beauty smiled—as if out of pity for her crass ignorance, gazing down upon her from a lofty height. This nettled Aunt Estelle beyond words. No; she did not think she cared for Leigh Fenton.

And how was it with Hugh? This love had come to him like a revelation. His future seemed bright only when he saw her entwined with it. His future seemed desolate when he thought that, perhaps, she would not love him in return. He had not known how one woman could come into a man's life and

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In and Around Toronto

AT THE CATHEDRAL. The Feast of the Holy Rosary and the celebration of the Feast of St. Michael, the patron saint of the diocese, was marked at the Cathedral by solemn high mass, at which the celebrant was Rev. Father Ryan and the deacon and sub-deacon Rev. Fathers Whelan and Murray respectively. The altars were brilliantly lighted and handsomely decorated and a sermon on St. Michael was preached by Rev. Father Rohleder, Chancellor of the Archdiocese.

TRANSLATION OF MR. J. P. O'NEILL.

Below is a translation by Mr. J. P. O'Neill of this city. The original is from the Irish by Rev. Father O'Dineen, M.A., and is descriptive of the world famed beautiful Killarney. It is said that nothing in English can do justice to the expression of thought embodied in the old Celtic tongue but Mr. O'Neill has succeeded in giving such a delightful word picture in the language of the Saxon that the reading of it may introduce the original to the few amongst us capable of understanding it; it may also serve to spur on those seeking to acquire knowledge on the subject. Mr. O'Neill is one of the very few in Toronto who can lay claim to anything like scholarly knowledge of the old tongue. It is his native language of which he is a student and an enthusiastic admirer. The piece of description given below was not sent for publication, but as it is so full of detail and high coloring showing the facilities and possibilities of the Irish tongue in a most excellent way that I have taken the liberty of reproducing it.

It was a fine autumn day, the sun was high in the heavens, and much of the morning dew was dry, when the two travellers left Castle Main. Their way lay beside mountains, woods and the beautiful lakes of Killarney. The autumn sun illuminated the rugged hillsides and the limpid waters of the broad lakes with the brilliant radiance.

The foliage of the trees and shrubbery was assuming a beautifully variegated aspect, and all around the feathered songsters filled the air with the sweetest melody.

The huge shadows of the lofty mountains, it would seem, swam on the vale below, or melted on the placid bosom of lovely Loch Lein. A hundred mountain peaks, clothed with brown heather, proudly and defiantly raised their noble heads, like giants in council and in princely grandeur looked down upon woods, rivers and the ruins of our former glory. On high, as far as the eye could reach, the eagle screamed and, spreading his wings, flew rapidly over deep ravine and precipitous cliffs, and on the bosom of the lake the swan peacefully rested. A hundred rivulets rushed incessantly down the mountain side and dashed into a glittering spray against rugged rocks in their way. A cool, refreshing breeze blew gently from lovely little islands, the brilliant verdure of which gave them the appearance of emerald gems set in the unruined surface of the azure water.

Here and there could be seen a wolf which, with a yelp of hunger, would rush for the woods to seek its prey; and the wild deer's yell was answered by the resounding echo through the mountain clefts. It was a scene calculated to fill the heart with joy and gladness and stimulate the mind to deep meditation.

DEATH OF MISS MARY MEEHAN.

On Monday of last week occurred the death of Miss Mary Meehan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Meehan, of Pheobe street, Toronto. Miss Meehan, who was a most estimable young lady of St. Patrick's parish, had intended to become a religious and for this purpose had entered the Community of St. Joseph at the beginning of the present year. Her health, failing after a very few months, she was obliged to return to her home. During her short stay in the convent she had won the admiration of the community by her cheery disposition and willingness to work and comply with the rules of the house and no praise is too high to express the feeling entertained by the sisters for the young postulant. During her illness of nearly six months she suffered much with wonderful patience and edified all by her courage and piety. The funeral took place from St. Patrick's church on Wednesday, the mass being sung by Rev. Father Derling and the Sodality assisting in the usual way. The interment took place in St. Michael's cemetery. May she rest in peace.

THE ASSESSMENT PAPERS.

The attention of our people is being called to the fact that this is the time to see that the assessment papers are properly marked. In many instances it will probably be found that papers are marked for the public instead of the separate schools, and if the mistake is not rectified, a supporter of the public schools, while perhaps his children are enjoying the tuition and privileges of the separate schools. Now and within the coming week is the time to see to the matter, afterwards it will be too late. Every year cases of neglect in this particular come to light and recent instances outside of Toronto show that negligence in this regard has resulted in losses to the schools of thousands of dollars. It would be well then for each household to take a glance at his papers with a view to seeing that they are properly marked.

ECCLESIASTICAL COLLECTION.

The annual ecclesiastical collection is announced to be taken up in the churches on Sunday next.

TAKING THE CENSUS.

The Redemptorist Fathers in charge of St. Patrick's parish are about to enter upon a tour of their territory for the purpose of taking a census; they will at the same time inaugurate generally the envelope system of collecting for the building purposes of their new church.

FATHER OF A DISTINGUISHED SON.

A few days ago the remains of the late Sergeant Kelly were laid to rest in Mount Hope Cemetery. For some time past Sgt. Kelly was a resident of Toronto. After his death a search among his papers revealed the fact that he was the father of the

Lieut. Kelly of the 18th Royal Irish who was lately mentioned in dispatches for distinguished conduct in Tibet and recommended for promotion. The young officer has also served with much honor in South Africa.

AN ASSOCIATION FORMED.

One more proof is to hand of the activity and enterprise of the people of the new parish of St. Francis. This time it is the young men who are to the front in the formation of a literary and athletic association. At a meeting held last week the preliminaries were arranged and a staff of officers were appointed. Those elected were: Rev. W. A. McCann, P.P., Spiritual Director; President, J. O'Brien; 1st Vice-President, B. O'Brien; 2nd Vice-President, E. Byrne; Secretary, E. Kelly; Treasurer, W. M. Black; Executive Committee, A. Donnelly, G. O'Leary, E. Power, F. O'Byrne, J. J. Wright.

CRUELTY TO HORSES.

My attention has been drawn to the abuse meted out to the city streets. Bathurst street below the bridge is said to be the every day scene of much cruelty. There the road is in very bad condition; twelve inches of mud in wet weather and twelve inches of heavy sand in dry, and what the horses have to contend with. Drivers and those who load the poor animals make no provision for this out of the ordinary state of the road. When the horses under their burdens are unable to proceed farther, owing to the altered conditions, the poor beasts are said to be whipped and lashed unmercifully. A few firms have made provision by sending extra horses to the point named. Those who neglect this, or drivers who abuse the poor animals entrusted to their care could soon be brought to realize that we are living in the 20th century, if only the passersby would take the little trouble which report to the Humane Society involves.

THE LATE MRS. TESTER.

Four weeks Mrs. Tester, mother of Mrs. S. Harris of the East Toronto House, met with an accident by slipping in the yard; the hip was injured and Mrs. Tester never recovered from the injury, but gradually sunk until death released her from her sufferings. The deceased lady before making her home with her daughter in Toronto, had spent the greater part of her life in Dixie. As a young widow with three children to provide for, she became organist of the church and a teacher of music to all the surrounding country. She taught the children to sing, and even at this day the good results of her work remain for a late pastor testifies that she taught them the music and Latin for the church services, and taught them correctly. After coming to Toronto Mrs. Tester confined herself to private life, but her christian example and general intelligence continued to make her numerous friends. The funeral took place from St. John's church on Monday morning. Rev. Father Dods-worth, C.S.S.R., singing the mass, assisted by the boys of St. John's Industrial School. Mrs. Tester had loved to hear the boys sing and on the occasion of her funeral their effort called for the many comments of praise. The interment took place at Mount Hope Cemetery. Father Dods-worth officiating. Mrs. Tester is survived by two sons, Peter Tester of the C.P.R., and Frank Tester of Chicago; she also leaves a daughter, Mrs. S. Harris of the East Toronto House. May she rest in peace.

MISS ELIZA ROSE CHARLOTTA MURPHY.

After a long illness Miss Eliza (Lizzie) Rose Charlotta Murphy was released from her sufferings on Wednesday of last week. Though ill for over a year, some hope had been entertained of her ultimate recovery, and death, when it came, was a sorrowful surprise and shock to her friends. While in health Miss Murphy was an exemplary attendant at St. Helen's church, where for some time she diligently performed the work of Assistant Sacristan. Her devotion to and conscientious practice of her religion, together with her long sufferings had beyond all doubt prepared for her a happy eternity, and it was with the assurance that her loved one had passed to a well earned reward that her friends saw her laid to rest in St. Michael's cemetery. The funeral took place from her home, 170 Argyle St., to the Church of the Holy Family on Friday morning. Rev. Father Coyle, P.P., officiating and saying the Mass of Requiem.

Miss Murphy is survived by her father, Mr. N. Murphy, K.C., and by her bereaved mother, also by a brother, Mr. N. C. Murphy, and one sister, Mrs. Corry Taylor. May she rest in peace.

OUR YOUNG MEN.

The newly formed association of the young men of St. Francis brings to mind a thought that is often uppermost with those in any wise interested in the betterment of their surroundings. No class of the community is the subject of more thought, more comment, more newspaper articles and more theoretical solicitude, and yet no class is practically more neglected than the young men. If this statement seems sweeping, then anyone who wishes to verify it or the contrary, let him but look at our homes, our Sunday schools, and our churches and the evidence of the truth will everywhere meet him. Visits to our city homes as a rule show the young ladies of the household in possession of everything that makes home inviting; the drawing-room, the means of entertainment, the music, even the literature of the house belongs as a rule to the domain of the daughters. On Sunday afternoon the churches and supplemental buildings are crowded with our socialities and similar associations for women and girls. If the girls and young ladies who make up the different parish societies were gathered together they would aggregate several thousands. Anything like a proportionate number of young men, members of church societies cannot be found. Retreats, different meetings and different devotional exercises are often held during the week for the attendance of young women; there are few such for young men. In fact a gathering composed exclusively of young men is outside of college halls, almost an anomaly. For this state of things there is, of course, a cause or perhaps there are

many causes. Beginning with the home, a reason is found in the fact that mothers in the majority of cases, though not always, give greater attention to the education and bringing forward of their girls than they did to that of their boys. To make "a good match" was in most cases thought to be the greatest good that earth could give, so all was done to make the girls everything desirable, while the boys not being hampered by any limitations, were allowed to grow up as best they pleased. Every congregation shows a surplus of girls, educated and refined with tastes and requirements which no ordinary young man could attempt to satisfy; the result is that the young men in the same circumstances as those girls, are afraid to venture near, and the girls in their turn prefer their own society to that of those whom they consider their inferiors. If the boys and girls of every household received equal advantages this state of things would not exist. The boy is father to the man, and despite all the changes that modern life has brought upon society, it is the men of the world upon which the greater part of the world depends. If the boy is allowed to develop into an uncouth and untutored youth, what can we expect from the man? The scarcity of church societies for young men is accounted for by the statement that young men do not take kindly to such association. Those who accept this as generally true take too much for granted. An instance to prove this comes to mind. On one occasion I accidentally came upon the great Cathedral of Notre Dame in Montreal filled and crowded with men and it was only an ordinary meeting on a week-day evening; half an hour afterwards I came upon St. James' Cathedral filled in a similar way. This shows that young men can be drawn together if only the right pulleys be used.

Coming back to our own city we have several examples of success, examples which offer an earnest of what can be done in this direction. St. Mary's, St. Patrick's and St. Basil's have flourishing and effective associations. St. Cecilia's at Toronto Junction formed a society a few months ago; now we have St. Francis'. Why not have one in every parish? To make life pleasant and uplifting to the youths of our parishes would be a pleasant and meritorious work for the men and women of every congregation, a work, too, which would soon have a telling effect. Ways in which all, both men and women, could assist, are everywhere to be found for those who wish to find them. Pleasant rooms, interesting pastimes and an earnest interest shown by others in all that concerns them would do more to attract young men, or unformed youth into that which every man is meant to be, "the noblest work of God."

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

Mr. Cawthra Mulock, son of the Postmaster-General Mulock, had written to J. W. Lavelle, chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Toronto General Hospital, offering a contribution of \$100,000 for the erection of a wing for an out-patient department for the free treatment of the poor, and clinical teaching in connection with that institution. In his letter offering the contribution he says: "To me it appears that the most urgent need at the moment is an out-patient department, in which are the poor to pay for hospital service can be properly treated and in which the clinical teaching so necessary for the school of medicine in connection with the university can be carried on to the satisfaction of the faculty of medicine." The Board of Trustees has accepted Mr. Mulock's generous offer.

Rev. D. J. O'Sullivan, rector of St. Mary's church, St. Albans, Vt., has been re-elected to the Legislature by the Democrats over Colonel A. A. Hall, the Republican's nominee. Father O'Sullivan's majority was 133, the total number of votes cast being 1,135. Father O'Sullivan distinguished himself in the last Legislature by the part he took as Chairman of the Committee on Temperance and was influential in framing and in the passage of the high license local option law.

The unconventional habits of the Pope are still troubling the traditions of the Vatican. Visitors find that His Holiness has a great objection to the practice of kneeling in his presence. He takes care to settle them promptly and comfortably in chairs. Discussing with his Chamberlain the details of some ceremony, Pius X. was reminded that his two sisters, who live in Rome, would like to be present. What seats should be assigned to them? "Seats!" said the Pope, with a smile. "Oh, dear, no!" Send them tickets of admission, and let them take their chance."

The members of the Church of St. Columban's, Cornwall, presented a handsome fur-lined overcoat, a fur cap and a purse of gold to Rev. Father A. A. McRae on the 5th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood.

Hon. Edward Blake in Toronto

Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., arrived in Toronto on Saturday morning last from Murray Bay. The veteran statesman does not show outward traces of his advancing years, and stands as erect and vigorous looking as when he appeared on a Toronto platform a few years ago. His stay in Toronto will be brief.

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Archbishop Langevin of St. Boniface, who has been absent on a tour of Europe and the Holy Land since April last, arrived home to-day. He was greeted at the depot by a large gathering of Church people, and escorted to the Archbishop's palace at St. Boniface, where addresses were presented and a warm welcome accorded.

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TAKE NOTICE

That there will be offered for sale by public auction at the auction rooms of C. J. Townsend & Company, 68 King Street East, in the City of Toronto, on Monday, the 10th day of October, 1904, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, ALL AND SINGULAR those certain parcels or tracts of land and premises situated and being in the City of Toronto in the following manner, ALL AND SINGULAR those certain parcels or tracts of land and premises situated and being in the City of Toronto in the following manner, ALL AND SINGULAR those certain parcels or tracts of land and premises situated and being in the City of Toronto in the following manner...

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THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any eleven numbered section of the Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting a steading, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

ENTRY

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the District in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires he may, on application to the Commissioner of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the Local Agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him. A fee of \$10 is charged for a homestead entry.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES

A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required by the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act and the amendments thereto to perform the conditions connected therewith, under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years. (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this Act, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother. (3) If a settler was entitled to and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence upon the first homestead, if the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead. (4) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

The term "vicinity" used above is meant to indicate the same township or an adjoining or cornering township.

A settler who avails himself of the provisions of Clauses (2), (3) or (4) must cultivate 30 acres of his homestead, or substitute 20 head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have besides 80 acres substantially fenced.

The privilege of a second entry is restricted by law to those settlers only who completed the duties upon their first homesteads to entitle them to patent on or before the 2nd June, 1889.

Every homesteader who fails to comply with the requirements of the homestead law is liable to have his entry cancelled, and the land may be again thrown open for entry.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

Should be made at the end of the three years, before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent or the Homestead Inspector. Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so.

INFORMATION

Newly arrived immigrants will receive at the Immigration Office in Winnipeg, or at any Dominion Lands Office in Manitoba or the North-west Territories information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them. Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, as well as respecting Dominion Lands in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa; the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba; or to any of the Dominion Lands Agents in Manitoba or the North-west Territories.

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—In addition to the Regulations above stated, refer, thousands of acres of most desirable lands are available for lease or purchase from Railroad and other Corporations and private firms in Western Canada.

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