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PRICE FIVE CENT

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Reminiscences of the Late Charles Durand Continued—Hamilton in 1829—Some Mention of Official Characters—The Stinsons and Other Prominent Residents of Early Days—The Owners of the Farms on Which Hamilton is Built—Some First Newspaper Men—The Battle of Stoney Creek and the Owner of the Farm on Which it was Fought—The Town of Niagara in 1835, and Some of its Prominent Residents—A Number of Them Moved to St. Catharines and Some to Toronto.

There are many more interesting things about old Hamilton in the late Mr. Charles Durand's book of "Reminiscences" that I love to dwell upon. He says: "My first visit to stay in Hamilton was in 1829. If I mention who was there, how it was situated, its primitiveness, people may now laugh at me. The old log court-house I have described about to be torn down, was there; one built by Peter Hamilton, where the third building now stands, was commenced. I saw the second one as spoken of in the process of being built, and some incidents that happened in it might be mentioned. Many a poor fellow imprisoned for debt, I have got released by process of law when I commenced to practise from it." There was a very special case of imprisonment for debt in the Hamilton jail that I (Old-Timer) became aware of after Mr. Durand's time, more than fifty years ago. It was that of a woman, I think the mother-in-law of the late Lawrence Devany. She was a business woman and her indebtedness was for business merchandise. At any rate the circumstances were very peculiar, and the imprisonment lasted for several years, while the plaintiff in the case was compelled to pay for the woman's board weekly to the jailer. Mr. Devany once described the particulars of the case to me, but I now forget them. At any rate there appeared to have been a good deal of malignity in the proceedings. That old law of imprisonment for debt was a very cruel one. It was abolished in most of the states of the American Union long ago, and has, I believe, been abolished in Canada too, except in cases of intentional fraud. It was a Canadian—the late Erastus Wiman—who secured its abolition in the State of New York. A Canadian had been kept in prison there for several years with no hope of his release while the law relating to debtors remained as it was. So he went to the New York Legislature and so impressed the members with the iniquity of that law that they abolished it, thus securing the release of his fellow-countryman, an act that redounded greatly to his credit, and to the interest of humanity.

The Jarvis that was sheriff at Hamilton in 1829 was Mr. William Munson Jarvis (one of the numerous Toronto family of that name) who was a brother-in-law of Mr. G. Hamilton of Hamilton. That was before Mr. Allan Macdowell's time in the office. When the Baldwin Administration came into power in the early forties, Mr. Macdowell was turned out of the office for some reason that I do not now remember, and Dr. Thomas, who had been emigrant agent, appointed in his place. I suppose, however, the case was one of offensive partisanship, and Dr. Thomas, being a good Reformer, wanted the place.

"Old and venerable County Judge Thomas Taylor, an English barrister, was the principal legal person. Geo. Rolph of Dundas was Clerk of the Peace, John Law, Clerk of the County Court, George Hamilton, County Treasurer. Mr. Tidd, a six-and-a-half foot tall Irishman, gaoler; Mr. Rolston (living on the mountain), was the Crier of the Court; Matthew Crooks of Ancaster was the standing chair-

man of the Quarter Sessions." Old-Timer has a recollection of only two or three of the parties here mentioned. Taylor, Tidd and Rolph were gone before my time of recollection. Tidd was succeeded by another Irishman named Malone; John Law was yet in office and so was Rolston, who was also an Irishman, whose "Oh, yes; oh, yes," I have often heard, as I was frequently in court to hear the lawyers' eloquence. Rolston was also Inspector of Weights and Measures in the forties. He was a humorous, good-natured, old North of Ireland man, that I had a youthful fancy for. He was a Protestant, while Malone was a Catholic.

"I found Hamilton in 1829 very primitive. Allan N. McNabb was the only lawyer there. Robert Berrie, my law master, lived in Ancaster. William Notman was living, or about to live, in Dundas; he was a well-known Scotchman there for many years."

I have a very good recollection of William Notman as a resident of Dundas. He was a very eloquent man and his practice in the forties extended over the western country, and in him "Sir Allan" found "a foe-man worthy of his steel." He was honored with the appellation of the "Great Orator of the West," and was elected to Parliament for Halton County. He was one of the shining lights of Reform too, and why he was not favored with a Cabinet position I often wondered.

"The Stinsons were peddlars; had not yet opened stores in Hamilton; can't recollect any store unless Leonard's. The Winers, Jacksons, Deweys, Dalys, Bernards, Carpenters, Clarks, Irwins, were there, others about to come. Perhaps Mr. Leonard, the revivalist, may have had a store. George Carey, Mr. Price, (near Wellington street), and Mr. Huffman, had taverns. The English Church (when open) was held in the second court house. Miles O'Reilly came to Hamilton in 1830-31."

The Stinsons—Thomas, James and Ebenezer—were a wealthy and respectable Irish Protestant family, and the richest in landed wealth in Hamilton by all odds, and Thomas Stinson built the first brick block in the town. I used to hear it said they acquired their wealth peddling, but I think Ebenezer was a jeweler. They had lots of thrift and speculated in land all over the west—in Chicago, St. Paul, Omaha and other localities. They made a good deal of their money peddling while the Welland Canal was building. Thomas Stinson, about 1816 or 1817, started a bank in Hamilton, which for a while was prosperous, but came to grief only a few years ago. Thomas Stinson's son, called after himself, became his successor and went to reside in Chicago, and from which city he managed his great western estates. His residence in Chicago was in one of the South Side parks, where he led a bachelor life, but kept a large stud of racing horses. He had an office on Madison street in Chicago, but was seldom there. Paying taxes on so much unproductive property at last embarrassed him, and he went under. Family discord, too, among the Hamilton members, largely tended to their ruin; but their present status I am not aware of. Like all the Hamilton leading Irish families, the Bregas, the Bulls, the Magills, Irwins, etc., they were well-looking, clean and clear-skinned people. The Winers and the Jacksons I have already alluded to. They were good citizens and worthy people. Dewey, too, was an American, who kept a "recess," the name for a saloon before "saloon" was invented. "Bernards" I do not remember; Daly, the jolly Irish tavern-keeper, I have already mentioned; so have I the Carpenters, of whom there were two families. The Irwins, too, were Irish, and a prosperous family. "Irwin's Block" was one of the first

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brick blocks built in Hamilton. It was on the north side of King street, immediately west of John street. I think the first man to occupy the corner store of the block was Mr. John P. Larkin, a dry goods merchant, I think an American, who became a convert to the Catholic faith during Vicar-General Macdonnell's incumbency of the Hamilton parish. After his death his store was occupied by Mr. Connor Tracy, from Toronto, as a shoe-shop. Miles O'Reilly became County Judge. There were two of the O'Reillys, Miles and Hamilton, and then there was Dr. O'Reilly, reputed to be the best physician in Hamilton, who snuffed indignantly, but profuse snuffing was fashionable in those days. Judge O'Reilly's place was in the south-eastern part of the city, on the borders of what was known as "Corktown," because nearly all the residents of the locality were Irish. Judge O'Reilly, in fact all the O'Reillys, were held in high esteem, and some of their successors have held positions of trust. I rather think the O'Reillys came to Canada at the same time as many other well-distinguished families came; the Blakes and Killaras for instance, that first settled down near London.

"Peter H. Hamilton was the principal man of the town; his brother, George Hamilton, the Treasurer. Mrs. George Hamilton (who was a Jarvis) was the first lady of the town, a most excellent and amiable woman. This was about the situation of old Hamilton in 1829. It had no newspaper and scarcely a church." I do not know when old St. Mary's was built, but it was there in 1840, where the Cathedral now stands. I suppose the "Free Press," published by William Smith, was the first newspaper.

It may not be amiss to mention the owners of the farms in 1831 on which the present city of 60,000 inhabitants is built upon. They were those of Messrs. Hughton, Hesse, Hamilton, Springer, Land, Mills, Ferguson, and Kirkandall. All were only in a partially cultivated state. Perhaps the Aikman farm at the east end ought to be included. I think all have streets named after them now. Only a few lots were sold off in the year mentioned. I remember that in the forties Judge O'Reilly and Major Bowen had farms of their own in the East End of the city but I suppose they consisted of portions of farms previously owned by some of those mentioned above.

Mr. Durand's "Reminiscences" have a good deal to say about the Battle of Stoney Creek, fought in 1813. I could add something to Mr. D's information on this matter. Stoney Creek is about seven miles east of Hamilton. It could hardly be called a battle. It was more like a massacre. The Americans were a good deal the more numerous, but it was an unexpected night attack, well carried out. Of course it was bad management on the part of the American officers to allow themselves to be surprised, and a daring piece of strategy on the part of the Canadians. The "battle," so called, was fought on the farm of a Mr. Lewis. Who occupies that farm now I do not know, but I do know that a son of Mr. Lewis, who is a friend of mine, has been residing in Buffalo for many years. The two doctors Lewis, spe-

cialists, on Franklin street, are grandsons. They have a great reputation in their profession. They are all good and true Catholics.

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POLITICAL SITUATION

John Dillon Presents the Present Aspect of Affairs in a Remarkable Address

Speaking at Belfast on Aug. 15th, Mr. John Dillon, M.P., presented a picture of the Irish political situation as it is at the present hour. Mr. John Dillon, M.P., who was most enthusiastically cheered, thanked the meeting for his splendid reception. Dealing with the working of the last session, he said—Parliament, as a legislative machine or as an instrument for criticising and controlling the Government, has absolutely broken down (hear, hear). A recent article in the "Times" admits that the House of Commons has entirely broken down. In the attempt to deny liberty to Ireland the English had to a large extent destroyed their own Constitution. What is the remedy? For the past ten years the ingenuity of Mr. Balfour has been taxed to the uttermost to devise rules for the suppression of the Irish Party and the expediting of business. Again and again the ancient privileges of the House of Commons have been curtailed, and the freedom of discussion, which is the very life blood of a free Parliament, subjected to fresh limitations (cheers). And what has been the result? That this last Session of the House of Commons has, by universal consent, been the most barren and fruitless for thirty years; that the House has lost all control over public expenditure, and that the lesson is rapidly being brought home to the English people that they

CANNOT RULE IRELAND DESPOTICALLY

without inflicting deadly injury on their own constitutional system (hear, hear). And what is the position now occupied by the Irish Party, whether we look at its success in England as a fighting machine, or the hold it has on the confidence of the Irish people? Here in Ireland, in Great Britain, in America, and Australia, we find its power infinitely greater than it was two years ago (applause). In my judgment it is in a far stronger position than it has ever occupied since 1890 (hear, hear). I have observed that in his recent speeches Mr. William O'Brien has devoted considerable space to expressing his sympathy with and compassion for Mr. John Redmond in the difficult position in which he (Mr. Redmond) is placed. To me it seems that this sympathy and compassion is very much misplaced (hear, hear). I think Mr. Redmond would be more fitly made the object of hearty congratulations (applause). No doubt his position for the past two years has been one of great responsibility and great difficulty. But with the help of a loyal Party and the genuine confidence of the country he has overcome these difficulties (hear, hear). Is there anyone, friend or foe, who will deny that Mr. Redmond stands to-day in a far stronger position than he has stood in for a long time since he was first elected to the chair of the re-united Party? And while everyone who has watched the course of events for the past three years must admit that Mr. Redmond's present position is mainly due to his own great ability as the leader and to his admirable devotion to duty (applause), he would himself be the first to declare that he owes much to the loyalty of his Party (hear, hear) and to the generous appreciation of the country for his effort.

TO KEEP THE PARTY UNITED

Where, then, is the justification for all these lachrymose expressions of compassion and sympathy? For my part I think we should all join in offering our heartiest congratulations to Mr. Redmond on his able and successful leadership and to the Irish Party, which, owing to his leadership, and to their own determination not to allow anyone to split their ranks, occupies at this moment both in the confidence of their countrymen and in the estimation of their country's enemies, a position far stronger than any it has occupied since 1890 (applause). So much for the work and the position of the Irish Party and its Leader. But we are asked what of the future; what will all this fighting end in? If this Government is thrown out of power, and the Unionist Party broken to pieces, where does Ireland stand to gain? And what does Ireland stand to gain? Do you place absolute trust in the Liberal Party? And even if the Liberals were to be trusted, what of the House of Lords (hear, hear)? My reply is, in the first place, that I do not place absolute trust in any English Party, and that, in my judgment, there can be no alliance between the Irish Party and any English Party which does not place the granting of a full measure of Nation-

al Self-Government as the foremost plank in its platform (cheers). As for OUR ATTITUDE TOWARDS A LIBERAL GOVERNMENT,

if such should be formed after the general election, that depends entirely on the nature of that Government, who controls it, and what its programme will be. After all, the Liberal Party stands in favor of Home Rule, against Coercion, and in favor of a radical amendment of the Land Act, and against the reduction of the Irish representatives in the House of Commons until Home Rule is granted, and if they go back of those pledges we shall be able to deal with them (cheers). But what we have to deal with for the moment is the present Government and the Unionist Party. The Unionist Party was formed on a policy of 20 years' resolute government of Ireland. Their programme has totally failed, and they have also caused the ruin of the Conservative Party (hear, hear). Mr. Gerald Balfour had an unparalleled opportunity for governing Ireland well under the British system, owing to the division and weakness of the Irish Party for several years, during which there was no serious agitation in Ireland. But his policy failed, and the Unionist Party returned to Coercion. It was stated sometimes that the policy of Mr. Wyndham did not get fair play, I say he got fair play, and much more than fair play, from our side. Those of us who had little faith in his promises were content to place ourselves on record with the most moderate word of warning, and Mr. Wyndham, for a long time had it all his own way, and that was the use he made of his extraordinary opportunity? He broke all the promises on the strength of which the Land Bill of 1903 was allowed to go through the House with the minimum of criticism, and the bonus voted with the consent of the Nationalists. He ran away from all the expectations he had raised on the University question, and in the month of January, 1904, laid down the monstrous proposition that no Government ought to attempt to settle this question without the consent of the Orange party—a proposition so outrageous that it has since been repudiated by Mr. Balfour himself (hear, hear). In September, 1904, he wrote his famous letter to the "Times" repudiating Sir Antony Macdonnell and Lord Dudley, although all that they had done had been done with his knowledge and approval, and after that he was guilty of the unspeakable meanness of being

A PARTY TO THE CENSURE PASSED ON SIR ANTONY MACDONNELL

by the Cabinet for doing what he had done with Mr. Wyndham's knowledge. And last winter he wrote and issued the secret instructions which blocked the reinstatement of the evicted tenants and the division of the grass lands, and which must have been of a most disgraceful character, as is proved by the fact that by no amount of pressure have we been able to get the Government to publish them (hear, hear), although during the debate on the Land Act the most specific promise was given that all instructions issued to the Estates Commissioners would be communicated to the House of Commons (hear, hear). And finally, when called on to face the music and explanation his extraordinary proceedings, he ignominiously ran away, and up to this hour no tolerable explanation has been given of the reasons for his resignation (hear, hear).

MR. WYNDHAM'S RECORD.

Two years ago, at a time when Mr. Wyndham had won a considerable hold on Ireland by his lavish promises during the passing of the Land Bill, the confident belief which he had encouraged that in the Session of 1904 he would remove the grievances of the Irish Catholics in the matter of University Education, Lord Dudley's speeches, and by the rumors which were circulated wholesale throughout the country in anticipation of the King's visit, Mr. Wyndham made a most determined effort to break up the Irish National Parliamentary Party by driving out the men who are described as "sham fighters," "irreconcilables," etc., etc., and constructing a new party, which was to be composed of Lord Dunraven and his friends and the more moderate and sensible section (Continued on page 1.)

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BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

The way was wet and dismal, and the night so black, that if Mr. Willet had been his own pilot, he would have walked into a deep horsepond within a few hundred yards of his own house...

case, that even Mr. Willet was surprised. "You did quite right," he said, at the end of a long conversation, "to bid them keep this story secret. It is a foolish fancy on the part of this weak-brained man, bred in his fears and superstition. But Miss Haredale, though she would know it to be so, would be disturbed by it if it reached her ears; it is too nearly connected with a subject very painful to us all, to be heard with indifference. You were most prudent, and have laid me under a great obligation. I thank you very much."

"The old room," said John, looking timidly upward. "Mr. Reuben's own apartment, God be with us! I wonder his brother likes to sit there, so late at night—on this night too?" "Why, where else should he sit?" asked Hugh holding the lantern to his breast, to keep the candle from the wind, while he trimmed it with his fingers. "It's snug enough, ain't it?"

This was equal to John's most sanguine expectations; but he would have preferred Mr. Haredale's looking at him when he spoke, as if he really did thank him, to his walking up and down, speaking by fits and starts, often stopping with his eyes fixed on the ground, moving hurriedly on again, like one distracted, and seeming almost unconscious of what he said or did.

"Why, what is it the worse for that?" cried Hugh, looking into John's fat face. "Does it keep out the rain, and snow, and wind, and the less for that? Is it less warm or dry, because a man was killed there? Ha, ha, ha! Never believe it, master. One man's no such matter as that comes to."

"What do you mean by splashing your drink about a gentleman's house, sir?" said John. "I'm drinking a toast," Hugh replied, holding the glass above his head, and fixing his eyes on Mr. Haredale's face; "a toast to this house and its master." With that he muttered something to himself, and drank the rest, and setting down the glass, preceded them without a word.

"You are a late visitor, Willet. What is the matter?" "Nothing to speak of, sir," said John. "An idle tale, I thought you ought to know of; nothing more."

John was a good deal scandalized by this observance, but seeing that Mr. Haredale took little heed of what Hugh said or did, and that his thoughts were otherwise employed, he offered no apology, and went in silence down the stairs, across the walk, and through the garden-gate. They stopped upon the outer side for Hugh to hold the light while Mr. Haredale locked it on the inner; and then John saw with wonder (as he often afterwards related), that he was very pale, and that his face had changed so much and grown so haggard since their entrance, that he almost seemed another man.

"Begging pardon, sir," said John, "I knew you sat up late, and made hold to come round, having a word to say to you."

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"Pray," said the gentleman, "are there any inns here about?" At the words "inns," John plucked up his spirit in a surprising manner, his fears rolled off like smoke, all the landlord stirred within him.

"There are no inns," rejoined Mr. Willet, with a strong emphasis on the plural number; "but there's a Inn—no Inn—the Maypole Inn. That's a Inn indeed. You won't see the like of that inn often."

"You keep it, perhaps?" said the horseman, smiling. "I do, sir," replied John, greatly wondering how he had found this out. "And how far is the Maypole from here?"

"About a mile"—John was going to add that it was the easiest mile in all the world, when the third rider, who had hitherto kept a little in the rear, suddenly interposed: "And have you one excellent bed, landlord? Hem! A bed that you can recommend—a bed that you are sure is well aired—a bed that has been slept in by some perfectly respectable and unexceptionable person?"

"We do not take in no tagrag and bobtail at our house, sir," answered John. "And as to the bed itself"—"Say, as to three beds," interposed the gentleman who had spoken before; "for we shall want three if we stay, though my friend only speaks of one."

"No, no, my lord; you are too good, you are too kind; but your life is of far too much importance to the nation in these portentous times, to be placed upon a level with one so useless and so poor as mine. A great cause, my lord, a mighty cause, depends on you. You are its leader and its champion, its advanced guard and its van. It is the cause of our altars and our homes, our country and our faith. Let me sleep on a chair—the carpet—anywhere. No one will reprove if I take cold or fever. Let John Grueby pass the night beneath the open sky—no one will reprove for this. But forty thousand men of his or our island in the wave (exclusive of women and children) rivet their eyes and thoughts on Lord George Gordon; and every day, from the rising up of the sun to the going down of it, same, pray for his health and vigor. My lord," said the speaker, rising in his stirrups, "it is a glorious cause, and must not be forgotten. My lord, it is a mighty cause, and must not be endangered. My lord, it is a holy cause, and must not be deserted."

"It is a holy cause," exclaimed his lordship, lifting up his hat with great solemnity. "Amen!" "John Grueby," said the long-winded gentleman, in a tone of mild reproach, "his lordship said Amen!" "I heard my lord, sir," said the man, sitting up like a statue on his horse.

"And do not you say Amen, likewise?" To which John Grueby made no reply at all, but sat looking straight before him.

"You surprise me, Grueby," said the gentleman. "At a crisis like the present, when Queen Elizabeth, her tomb, and Bloody Mary with a brow of gloom and shadow, stalks triumphant!" "Oh, sir," cried the man, gruffly, "where's the use of talking of Bloody Mary, under such circumstances as the present, when my lord's wet through and tired with hard riding? Let's either go on to London, sir, or put up at once; or that unfortunate Bloody Mary will have more to answer for—and she's done a deal more harm in her grave than she ever did in her lifetime, I believe."

By this time Mr. Willet, who had never heard so many words spoken at one time, or delivered with such volubility and emphasis as by the long-winded gentleman, and whose brain, being wholly unable to sustain or compass them, had quite given itself up for lost; recovered so far as to observe that there was ample accommodation at the Maypole for all the party, good beds; neat wines; excellent entertainment for man and beast; private rooms for large or small parties; diners dressed upon the shortest notice; choice stabling, and a lock-up coach-house; and, in short, to run over such recommendations scraps of language as were painted up on various portions of the building, and which, in the course of some forty years, he had learned to repeat with tolerable correctness. He was considering whether it was at all possible to insert any novel sentences to the same purpose, when the gentleman who had first, turning to him of the long wind, exclaimed, "What say you, Gashford? Shall we tarry at this house he speaks of, or press forward? You shall decide."

"I would submit, my lord, then," returned the person he appealed to, in a silky tone, "that your health and spirits—so important under Providence, to our great cause, our here and truthful cause"—here his lordship pulled off his hat again, though it was raining hard—"require refreshment and repose."

"Go on before, landlord, and show the way," said Lord George Gordon; "we will follow at a footpace." "If you'll give me leave," said John Grueby, in a low voice, "I'll change my proper place, and ride before you. The looks of the landlord's friend are not over honest, and it may be as well to be cautious with him."

"John Grueby is quite right," interposed Mr. Gashford, falling back hastily. "My lord, a life so precarious as yours must not be put in peril. Go forward, John, by all means. If you have any reason to suspect the fellow, blow his brains out."

John made no answer, but looking straight before him, as his custom seemed to be when the secretary spoke, bade Hugh push on, and followed close behind him. Then came his lordship, with Mr. Willet at his bridle rein; and, last of all, his lordship's secretary—for that, it seemed, was Gashford's office.

Hugh strode briskly on, often looking back at the servant whose horse was close upon his heels, and glancing with a leer at his holster case of pistols, by which he seemed to set great store. He was a square-built, strong-made, bull-necked fellow, of the true English breed; and as Hugh measured him with his eye, he measured Hugh, regarding him meanwhile with a look of bluff disdain. He was much older than the Maypole man, being to all appearance five and forty; but was one of those self-possessed, hard-headed, imperturbable fellows, who, if they ever are beat at fisty-cuffs, or other kind of warfare, never know it, and go on coolly till they win.

"If I led you wrong now," said Hugh, tauntingly, "you'd—ha ha ha!—you'd shoot me through the head, I suppose."

John Grueby took no more notice of this remark than if he had been deaf and Hugh dumb; but kept riding on quite comfortably, with his eyes fixed on the horizon.

"Did you ever try a fall with a man when you were young, master?" said Hugh. "Can you make any play at singlestick?"

John Grueby looked at him sideways with the same contented air, but designed not a word in answer. "Like this?" said Hugh, giving his sledge one of those skilful flourishes, in which the rustic of that time delighted. "Whoop!"

"Or that," returned John Grueby, beating down his guard with his whip, and striking him on the head with its butt-end. "Yes, I played a little once. You wear your hair too long; I should have cracked your crown if it had been a little shorter."

It was a pretty smart, loud-sounding rap as it was, and evidently astonished Hugh; who for the moment seemed disposed to drag his new acquaintance from his saddle. But his face betokening neither malice, triumph, rage, nor any lingering idea that he had given him offence; his eyes gazing steadily in the old direction, and his manner being as careless and composed as if he had merely brushed away a fly; Hugh was so puzzled, and so disposed to look upon him as a customer of almost supernatural toughness, that he merely laughed, and cried "Well done!" then sheering off a little, led the way in silence.

Before the lapse of many minutes the party halted at the Maypole door, Lord George and his secretary quickly dismounting, gave their horse to their servant, who, under the guidance of Hugh, repaired to the stables. Right glad to escape from the inclemency of the night, they followed Mr. Willet into the common room, and stood warming themselves and drying their clothes before the cheerful fire, while he busied himself with such orders and preparations as his guest's high quality required.

As he bustled in and out of the room, intent on these arrangements, he had an opportunity of observing the two travellers, of whom, as yet, he knew nothing but the voice. The lord, the great personage, who did the Maypole so much honor, was about the middle height, of a slender make, and sallow complexion, with an aquiline nose, and long hair of a reddish brown, combed perfectly straight and smooth about his ears, and slightly powdered, but without the faintest vestige of a curl. He was attired, under his great-coat, in a full suit of black, quite free from any ornament, and of the most precise and sober cut. The gravity of his dress, together with a certain lankness of cheek and stiffness of deportment, added nearly ten years to his age, but his figure was that of one not yet past thirty. As he stood musing in the red glow of the fire, it was striking to observe his very bright large eye, which betrayed a restlessness of thought and purpose, singularly at variance with the studied composure and sobriety of his mien, and with his quaint and sad apparel. It had nothing harsh or cruel in its expression; neither had his face, which was thin and mild, and wore an air of melancholy; but it was suggestive of an indefinable uneasiness, which infected those who looked upon him, and filled them with a kind of pity for the man; though why it did so, they would have had some trouble to explain.

Gashford, the secretary, was taller, angularly made, high-shouldered, bony, and ungraceful. His dress, in imitation of his superior, was demure and staid in the extreme; his manner, formal and constrained. This gentleman had an overhanging brow, great hands and feet and ears and a pair of eyes that seemed to have made an unnatural retreat into his head, and to have dug themselves a cave to hide in. His manner was smooth and humble, but very sly and slinking. He wore the aspect of a man who was always lying in wait for something that wouldn't come to pass; but he looked patient—very patient—and fawned like a spaniel dog. Even now, while he warmed and rubbed his hands before the blaze he had the air of one who only presumed to enjoy it in his degree as a commoner, and though he knew his lord was not regarding him, he looked into his face from time to time, and with a meek and deferential manner, smiled as if for practice.

Such were the guests whom old John Willet, with a fixed and leaden eye, surveyed a hundred times, and to whom he, each hand, beseeching them to follow him into a wretched chamber. "For my lord," said John—it is odd enough, but certain people seem to have as great a pleasure in pronouncing titles as their owners have in wearing them—"this room, my lord, isn't at all the sort of place for your lordship, and I have to beg your lordship's pardon for keeping you here, my lord, one minute."

With this address, John ushered them upstairs into the state apartment, which, like many other things of state, was cold and comfortable. Their own footsteps, reverberating through the spacious room, struck upon their hearing with a hollow sound, and its damp and chilly atmosphere was rendered doubly cheerless by contrast with the homely warmth they had deserted.

It was of no use, however, to propose a return to the place they had quitted, for the preparations went on so briskly that there was no time to

Table with 4 columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and names of saints. Includes sections for Twelfth, Thirteenth, and Fourteenth Sunday After Pentecost.

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stop them. John, with the tall candles in his hands, bowed them up to the fireplace; Hugh, striding in with a lighted brand and a pile of fire-wood, cast it down upon the hearth, and set it in a blaze. John Grueby (who had a great blue cockade in his hat, which he appeared to despise mightily) brought in the portmanteau he had carried or his horse and placed it on the floor; and presently all three were busily engaged in drawing out the screen, laying the cloth, inspecting the beds, lighting fires in the bedroom, expediting the supper, and making everything as cozy and as snug as might be, on so short a notice. In less than an hour's time, supper had been served, and ate and cleared away; and Lord George and his secretary, with slipped feet and legs stretched out before the fire, sat over some hot mulled wine together.

be no doubt of ours being the true one. You feel as certain of that as I do, Gashford, don't you?" "Does my lord ask me?" whined Gashford, drawing his chair nearer with an injured air, and laying his broad flat hand upon the table. "No," he repeated, bending the dark hollows of his eyes upon him with an unwholesome smile, "who, stricken by the magic of his eloquence in Scotland but a year ago, abjured the errors of the Romanish Church, and clung to him as one whose timely hand had plucked me from a pit?" "True. No—no. I—I didn't mean it," replied the other, shaking him by the hand, rising from his seat, and pacing restlessly about the room. "It's a proud thing to lead the people, Gashford," he added as he made a sudden halt. "By force of reason too," returned the pliant secretary. (To be continued.)

"So ends, my lord," said Gashford, filling his glass with great placidity. "The blessed work of a most blessed day."

To know is to prevent.—If the miners who work in cold water most of the day would rub their feet and legs with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil they would escape muscular rheumatism and render their nether limbs proof against the ill effects of exposure to the cold. Those setting out for mining regions would do well to provide themselves with a supply before starting.

"Move them, my lord! Move them! They cried to be led against the Papists, they vowed a dreadful vengeance on their heads, they roared like men possessed!"

To remove the smell of paint from a room, leave in it over night a bailful of water into which three or four onions have been sliced. Shut the door and in the morning the smell of paint will have disappeared. Roast a bird with the breast down the greater part of the time; the flesh will then remain more juicy. By adding a few drops of vinegar to the water when poaching eggs they will set more quickly and perfectly. Kerosene should be poured through the drain pipe of a sink at least once a month. It will be found most effective in cutting out collected grease.

"And of a blessed yesterday," said his lordship, raising his head. "Ah!"—and here the secretary clasped his hands—"a blessed yesterday indeed! The Protestants of Suffolk are godly men and true. Though others of our countrymen have lost their way in darkness, even as we, my lord, did lose our road to-night, theirs is the light and glory."

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"Did I move them, Gashford?" said Lord George.

"No—no," returned his lord. "No. Why should I? I suppose it would be decidedly irreligious to doubt it—wouldn't it, Gashford? Though there certainly were," he added, without waiting for an answer, "some plagues ill-looking characters among them."

"When you warmed," said the secretary, looking sharply at the other's downcast eyes, which brightened as he spoke; "when you warmed into that noble outbreak; when you told them that you were never of the lukewarm or the timid tribe, and bade them take heed that they were prepared to follow one who could lead them on, though to the very death; when you spoke of a hundred and twenty thousand men across the Scottish border who would take their own redress at any time, if it were not conceded; when you cried 'Perish the Pope and all his base adherents; the penal laws against them shall never be repealed while Englishmen have hearts and hands'—and waved your own and touched your sword; and when they cried, 'No Popery! No Popery!'—and when they threw up their hats and cried, 'Hurrah!' not even if we were in blood; No Popery! Lord George! Down with the Papists—Vengeance on their heads; when this was said and done, and a word from you, my lord, could raise or still the tumult—ah! then I felt what greatness was indeed, and thought, when was there ever power like this of Lord George Gordon's!"

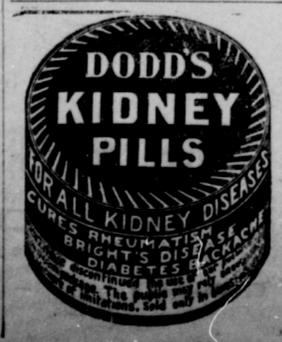
"It's a great power. You're right. It is a great power!" he cried with sparkling eyes. "But—dear Gashford—did I really say all that?" "And how much more!" cried the secretary, looking upwards. "Ah! how much more!"

"And I told them what you say, about the one hundred and forty thousand men in Scotland, did I?" he asked with evident delight. "That was bold."

"Our cause is boldness. Truth is always bold," Gashford said. "Certainly. So is religion. She's bold, Gashford?" "The true religion is, my Lord."

"And that's ours," he rejoined, moving uneasily in his seat, and biting his nails as though he would pite them to the quick. "There can

stop them. John, with the tall candles in his hands, bowed them up to the fireplace; Hugh, striding in with a lighted brand and a pile of fire-wood, cast it down upon the hearth, and set it in a blaze. John Grueby (who had a great blue cockade in his hat, which he appeared to despise mightily) brought in the portmanteau he had carried or his horse and placed it on the floor; and presently all three were busily engaged in drawing out the screen, laying the cloth, inspecting the beds, lighting fires in the bedroom, expediting the supper, and making everything as cozy and as snug as might be, on so short a notice. In less than an hour's time, supper had been served, and ate and cleared away; and Lord George and his secretary, with slipped feet and legs stretched out before the fire, sat over some hot mulled wine together.



Thus cautioned, Mr. Willet, in an oily whisper, recited all that he had heard and said that night; laying particular stress upon his own sagacity, upon his great regard for the family, and upon his solicitude for their peace of mind and happiness. The story moved his auditor more than he had expected. Mr. Haredale often changed his attitude, rose and paced the room, returned again, desired him to repeat, as nearly as he could, the very words that Solomon had used; and gave so many other signs of being disturbed, and ill at

short pause of indecision.

.....The HOME CIRCLE

DID YOU EVER THINK. That a kind word put out at interest brings back an enormous percentage of love and appreciation. That though a loving thought may not seem to be appreciated, it has made you better and braver because of it? That the little act of kindness and thoughtfulness day by day are really greater than one immense act of goodness shown once a year? That to be always polite to the people at home is not only more ladylike, but more refined, than having company manners? That to judge anybody by his personal appearance stamps you as not only ignorant, but vulgar? That to talk and talk about yourself and your belongings is very tiresome to the people who listen? That to be witty(?) at the expense of somebody else is positive cruelty many times? That personalities are not always interesting, and very often offensive? That the ability to keep a friend is very much greater than that required to gain one?

REPOSE OF MANNER. The air of distinguished repose so sought after by our nervous society woman may be acquired by any one if she will remember that the secret of a reposeful manner simply means the power to totally relax. Much of your nervous energy is lost in nervous fighting. One beauty specialist goes so far as to declare that nothing will make wrinkles quicker than the habit of moving and jerking and that nothing is so fatal to beauty as coughing and wheezing. All such habits are really nervous complaints. To cure all these fidgety movements, cultivate the habit of sitting perfectly still, keeping the hands and fingers motionless as long as possible, and relax.

THEIR LAST WORDS. "It is well."—Washington. "I must sleep now."—Byron. "Head of the army."—Napoleon. "Don't give up the ship."—Lawrence. "Let the light enter."—Goethe. "Independence forever."—Adams. "Is this your fidelity?"—Nero. "Give Dayrotes a chair."—Lord Chesterfield. "It is the last of earth."—J. Q. Adams. "God preserve the emperor."—Hayden. "A dying man does nothing well."—Franklin. "All my possessions for a moment of time."—Queen Elizabeth. "It matters little how the head lies."—Sir Walter Raleigh. "Clasp my hand, my dear friend, I die."—Alfieri. "I feel as if I were to be myself again."—Sir Walter Scott. "Let me die to the sound of delicious music."—Mirabeau. "I have loved God, my father and liberty."—Mme. de Staël. "It is small, very small indeed" (clapping her neck).—Anne Boleyn. "I pray you see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself" (ascending the scaffold).—Sir Thomas More. "Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave."—Burns. "I resign my soul to God—and my daughter to my country."—Thomas Jefferson. "I wish you to understand the true principles of the Government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more."—Harrison. "I have endeavored to do my duty."—Taylor. "You spoke of refreshment, my Emilie; take my last notes, sit down to my piano here, sing them with the hymn of your sainted mother; let me hear once more those notes which have so long been my solace and delight."—Mozart. "God bless you, my dear."—Dr. Johnson. "God bless you! Is that you, Dora?"—Wordsworth. "How grand those rays; they seem to beckon earth to heaven" (the sun was shining brilliantly into the room in which he was lying).—Humboldt. "Welcome, Sister Death!"—St. Francis of Assisi.

APPLE, PEACH AND PEAR PRESERVES. When preserving large fruits, select only the best cooking varieties of sound, fresh fruit, which is not over-ripe; pare carefully with a silver knife, and throw immediately into cold water to prevent discoloration. Use equal quantities of fruit and sugar; weigh accurately and cook slowly until tender and transparent. Delicious apple preserves are made by paring, coring and quartering firm, ripe apples. Allow one pound of sugar to half a pint of water; put in a preserve kettle; add the juice and rind of one lemon, and let boil five minutes; put in the apples, and let cook gently until clear; take from the fire; stand aside to cool; when cold, put carefully in jars; boil the syrup slow; pour over and cover closely. In making peach preserves, select large, firm, freestone peaches; pare, cut into halves and remove the stones; weigh, and to each pound allow a pound of sugar. Spread the peaches out on large dishes, and cover with sugar; let stand five or six hours; put into a porcelain-lined kettle and bring quickly to a boil; then let simmer slowly until clear; take up carefully a piece at a time and put into glass jars; let cool; pour over the syrup, and cover. Pear preserves are made in the same manner.

MAKING AND KEEPING FRIENDS "My greatest earthly comfort," wrote one who had been tried by many and unusual adversities, "is the friendship of my friends. I thank God for it, and wonder how it has come to pass that so many and true friends have been vouchsafed to me." That little phrase, "I wonder," explains the friendships that abound in her life to bless it. Who would make friends must be friendly. Who would keep friends must never assume that their friendship is something due to him, but, feeling that he can hardly deserve so great a comfort, and

fearing to lose it by offense or neglect, must safeguard and cultivate it by at least as much effort as he made in the first instance to win it.—Katherine E. Conway.

PURE WATER. There are a few simple tests that may be applied to discover the purity of drinking water, although as an expert chemist and bacteriologist of the Board of Health puts it, "There is only one absolutely sure way to make water pure and that is to boil it." A good test that can easily be tried is to fill a pint bottle two-thirds full with water, add half a tablespoon of granulated sugar and cover it with a glass stopper or a new cork and place it in the light in a warm room. If the water looks cloudy or milky within forty-eight hours it is impure, but if clear it can be used without any fear of its causing disease.

Another easy test is to put eight grains of a solution of permanganate of potash into an ounce of distilled water. This solution is red and if a drop of it loses color when placed in the half pint to be tested the water is impure. Too many persons do not test water because there is no odor and it is clear, but that is no guarantee of its safety. Boiling water is the only way to have it absolutely pure, since that destroys all living organisms.

SYMPATHETIC LETTERS. A charming woman, who numbers her friends by the legion, assures me that the secret of her popularity lies in pen, ink and notepaper and her free use of the three. "Whenever I hear of anything pleasant happening to one of my acquaintances," she says, "I straightaway write a note and tell them of my pleasure on hearing the good news. In their trouble I sympathize with them and I never let any event go by without sending a little message. It may be only a few words and, indeed, I never write long letters; but I have been surprised to find how much people seem to appreciate a note of that kind. "It takes only a few minutes of my time; yet people seem to think I am going out of my way to be agreeable, and I have come to believe that a bit of notepaper containing a message of sympathy or affection is often more highly prized than a gift."

The writer of these charming little missives forgot to mention that her promptness in sending out these little notes and the delightful way in which they would be worded constitute a pleasure in itself. The chief charm I should say lies in the fact that everyone loves to hear of the interest and sympathy that others take in his or her particular joy or troubles. As a rule people are so self-engrossed that they have neither thought or time for anyone but themselves. It was the affectionate thought of others materialized in the little notes that drew friends by the score about the letter-writer. They felt the interest that she took in them and reflected it back.

Many people complain of not having sympathetic friends. One can not expect to have them until one has developed love, sympathy and helpful qualities that are joy to attract and hold the friendship of others.

It is by trifles such as these little notes or any little deeds of kindness that make our friends to be first attracted to us, for they tell of the kind, loving, heart that prompted the act.

THE DISORDERS OF DIGESTION ARISING FROM TORPID LIVER, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS CURED BY DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS. Most of the ills of every-day life come from derangements of the digestive system. The liver becomes clogged and torpid, the kidneys inactive, and the bowels constipated. The poisonous waste matter is thrown back into the blood stream, and the result is some deadly form of disease. It is not necessary to be continually dosing if you use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. This treatment acts directly and promptly on the liver, kidneys and bowels, and insures their proper working. Indigestion, dyspepsia, kidney disease, backache, liver complaint, biliousness and constipation are the ailments for which Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are most frequently used. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

WHAT IS WORTH WHILE? Whatever adds in even the smallest way to the world's brightness and cheer is worth while. One who says an encouraging word to a disheartened neighbor, gives a look of love to a lonely one or speaks a sentence which may become strength, guidance and comfort to another, does something worth while. It is always worth while to live nobly, victoriously, struggling to do right and showing the world even the smallest fragments of real beauty.

The Most Popular Pill.—The pill is the most popular of all forms of medicine, and of pills the most popular are Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, because they do what it is asserted they can do, and are compact and portable, they are easily taken, they do not nauseate nor gripe, and they give relief in the most stubborn cases.

CHILDREN'S CORNER. A CAT'S TAIL. There was a little kitten once, Who was of dogs afraid, And, being by no means a dunce, His plans he boldly made. He said: "It's only on the land That dogs run after me, So I will buy a cat-boat, and I'll sail away to sea. "Out there from dogs I'll be secure And each night, ere I sleep, To make assurance doubly sure, A dog watch I will keep." He bought a catboat, hired a crew, And one fine summer day Triumphantly his flag he flew, And gayly sailed away. But in midocean one midnight—"Twas very, very dark— The pilot screamed in sudden fright, "I hear a passing bark!" "Oh what is that?" the kitten said. The pilot said, "I fear An ocean greyhound's just ahead, And drawing very near."

"Alack," the kitten cried, "alack! This is no pulpity pup! An ocean greyhound's on my track; I may as well give up!" —Carolyn Wells, in St. Nicholas.

TIM'S "LIVE STORY." "I'm tired of reading!" sighed book-loving Harold, putting down his magazine. "It's awful tedious, mamma, being on the lounge all day." "I know, dear boy," answered his mother, "and you've been very patient. But Doctor Elliott said this morning that if all goes well you will begin to walk about the room in two weeks. I wonder," she added, softly, "if you ever think of Mrs. Murphy's little Tim?" "Tim Murphy? Whew! No, I had not. It's six weeks since I hurt my leg, and it seems ages since I walked. But Tim, why, Tim has never walked at all, has he? And he has to bear it."

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There was silence for a few minutes and then Harold spoke again: "I shall go and see Tim the first thing, as soon as I'm able. I know how it seems not to go about. I wish I could do something for him now." "Why not? Can't you make something for him, to amuse him? You could have your invalid table in front of you to hold your tools, or whatever you want to use, and a chair beside you for an 'annex,' if need be."

"What could I make?" "Let me think. Well, a panorama, for instance." "A panorama? How?" "Oh, a box with a peep-hole at one end and a row of pictures passing through the other. There are all the pictures we've saved for scrapbooks; you could choose from them. And I think there is just the right box in the closet here, yes, this long, dark blue one is the very thing, so stiff and firm, almost as strong as wood, but easier for your knife to cut. At one end, for the front, you want to cut a hole large enough to look through. There was a bit of glass left from the transparencies, which can be pasted inside, and its edges covered with paper. "At the other end, or rather about an inch from the end, cut two slits, one on each side, from the top edge of the box to the bottom. "These are for the paper strip with the pictures to slide through. You will need to cut out a very little of the pasteboard, just enough to let the strip pass through easily. Then you will want to cut off about a third of the cover at the back, to let the light fall on the pictures. The rest of the cover will be fastened down."

Before putting on the cover, Harold napped the inside of the box with dainty white and gold wall-paper. Afterward the outside was decorated with little gilt stars and tiny pictures. A narrow gilt border round the edge of the peep-hole made a neat finish. Two whole mornings were spent over this.

"Now," said Mrs. Roberts, on the third morning, as she brought her work to sit with Harold for their usual forenoon comradeship, "here is the roll of thin paper for the strip. First measure the height of the box." "Seven inches." "Then the picture strip should be six and a half inches wide. This paper will make strips twenty-five inches long, and that is as long as you can conveniently handle. You can leave a small margin at the end of each, and paste them together afterward in one long strip, as long as you like." "But how is it going through the slits?" asked Harold, anxiously. He was all interest, and wanted to get every point well in mind before going too far with the work. "When you have the whole long strip ready, fasten each end by its edge to a stick of wood. You could whittle two pieces of kindling wood fairly smooth, or perhaps your cousin Ralph will turn you two round sticks on his lathe—about twice as thick as a pencil, and ten to twelve inches long. That will leave a few inches above the paper, to hold and handle it by."

"And then?" "Then twist one stick slowly round and round, winding up the strip into a roll, with the stick in the middle, leaving just enough unwound to reach across the box. Slip the picture strip down into the slits prepared for it, and you have it held in place. The empty stick attached to one end will be standing outside the box on one side, and the stick with the roll round it on the other. "To make the pictures pass like a panorama before the eye looking in, turn the empty stick round slowly, winding the strip on to that one, and off the other. And Harold," continued his mother, "if I were you I would not put the pictures on haphazard. Such a famous story-teller as you are among the boys ought to be able to weave the pictures into a really delightful story."

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CHILDREN'S CORNER

There was a little kitten once, Who was of dogs afraid, And, being by no means a dunce, His plans he boldly made. He said: "It's only on the land That dogs run after me, So I will buy a cat-boat, and I'll sail away to sea. "Out there from dogs I'll be secure And each night, ere I sleep, To make assurance doubly sure, A dog watch I will keep." He bought a catboat, hired a crew, And one fine summer day Triumphantly his flag he flew, And gayly sailed away. But in midocean one midnight—"Twas very, very dark— The pilot screamed in sudden fright, "I hear a passing bark!" "Oh what is that?" the kitten said. The pilot said, "I fear An ocean greyhound's just ahead, And drawing very near."

"Alack," the kitten cried, "alack! This is no pulpity pup! An ocean greyhound's on my track; I may as well give up!" —Carolyn Wells, in St. Nicholas.

TIM'S "LIVE STORY." "I'm tired of reading!" sighed book-loving Harold, putting down his magazine. "It's awful tedious, mamma, being on the lounge all day." "I know, dear boy," answered his mother, "and you've been very patient. But Doctor Elliott said this morning that if all goes well you will begin to walk about the room in two weeks. I wonder," she added, softly, "if you ever think of Mrs. Murphy's little Tim?" "Tim Murphy? Whew! No, I had not. It's six weeks since I hurt my leg, and it seems ages since I walked. But Tim, why, Tim has never walked at all, has he? And he has to bear it."

There was silence for a few minutes and then Harold spoke again: "I shall go and see Tim the first thing, as soon as I'm able. I know how it seems not to go about. I wish I could do something for him now." "Why not? Can't you make something for him, to amuse him? You could have your invalid table in front of you to hold your tools, or whatever you want to use, and a chair beside you for an 'annex,' if need be."

"What could I make?" "Let me think. Well, a panorama, for instance." "A panorama? How?" "Oh, a box with a peep-hole at one end and a row of pictures passing through the other. There are all the pictures we've saved for scrapbooks; you could choose from them. And I think there is just the right box in the closet here, yes, this long, dark blue one is the very thing, so stiff and firm, almost as strong as wood, but easier for your knife to cut. At one end, for the front, you want to cut a hole large enough to look through. There was a bit of glass left from the transparencies, which can be pasted inside, and its edges covered with paper. "At the other end, or rather about an inch from the end, cut two slits, one on each side, from the top edge of the box to the bottom. "These are for the paper strip with the pictures to slide through. You will need to cut out a very little of the pasteboard, just enough to let the strip pass through easily. Then you will want to cut off about a third of the cover at the back, to let the light fall on the pictures. The rest of the cover will be fastened down."

Before putting on the cover, Harold napped the inside of the box with dainty white and gold wall-paper. Afterward the outside was decorated with little gilt stars and tiny pictures. A narrow gilt border round the edge of the peep-hole made a neat finish. Two whole mornings were spent over this.

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THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE Benedictine Salve

This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FLEURS 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. 13, 1902.

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

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1900. John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont.: DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be 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.

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts send him to me and I will prove it to him. Yours for ever thankful, PETER AUSTEN.

Peter Austin, writing from Des Moines, Iowa, under date of July 2nd, 1905, says: "Enclosed please find M.O. for \$1.00, for which send me 1 box of your Benedictine Salve. Rheumatism has never troubled me since your salve fixed me up in December, 1901." 198 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG.

St. James' Rectory, 428 N. 2nd street, Rockford, Ill. Mr. John O'Connor: DEAR SIR,—Please send me three more boxes of Benedictine Salve, as soon as possible. Enclose please find cheque and oblige. Yours sincerely, (Signed) FRANCIS P. MURPHY. Cobourg, April 22nd, 1905.

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

PILES 241 Sackville street Toronto, August 15th, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding, Itching Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times intense agony and lost all hope of a cure. Seeing your advertisement by chance, I thought I would try your Salve, and am proud to say it has made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend it to every sufferer. JAMES SHAW. Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901.

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

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

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

BLOOD POISONING Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the upper part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital un cured and then I tried your salve, and with two boxes my foot healed up. I am now able to put on my boot and walk freely with same, the foot being entirely healed. I was also treated in the States prior to going to the hospital in Toronto, without relief. Your salve is a cure for blood-poisoning. MISS I. L. KEMP. Toronto, July 21st, 1902.

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

JOHNO'CONNOR 199 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

FATHER KEMP'S FREE A LAD A BOX OF NERVINE Diseases and ailments bottle to any address For get the medicine FREE! KOENIG MED. CO. 1000 Lake St. Chicago. Sold by Dr. J. J. Conroy, per bottle, 25c for 10.

PERMANENT CURE GUARANTEED, without knife, X-Ray, Arsenic or Acids; no inconvenience. Write for book. Southern Cancer Sanatorium 1820 E. Monument St. Baltimore, Md.

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JOSEPH COOLAHAN: Is now calling upon Toronto Subscribers

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 7, 1905.

CATHOLIC OFFICE-HOLDERS AND THE WHITNEY GOVERNMENT.

The Register is pleased that the Whitney Government has at last encountered one man whose sense of right and wrong is so robust that he will not submit to be branded by hypocrites with the name of partisan.

It is unfortunate that the spoils system in Canada has thrown the color of partisanship upon the public service to a certain extent, that is to say, none but partisans can hope for the favor of cabinets and patronage boards.

Mr. Dawson knows that the charge in his case is conceived in hypocrisy and sectarian bigotry as similar charges against other Catholic office-holders have been not only conceived, but carried out.

Mr. Dawson is a Roman Catholic. He denies having had anything to do with politics since his appointment, beyond acting as returning officer in several Frontenac elections.

ART AND VULGARITY. The English and French pictures loaned to the Fair, which closes this week, are the finest that the Canadian people have ever seen on public exhibition.

OBITUARY: MR. TIMOTHY PICKETT. The death of Mr. Timothy Pickett, a much respected and popular resident of Arthur Township, occurred at his residence on Aug. 24th, at the age of 35 years.

DR. THOS. W. POOLE. The death is announced at Lindsay of Dr. Thos. W. Poole, at an advanced age, he having been a resident of that town for the past thirty-five years.

PATRICK DAWDY. Patrick Dawdy, whose home is at 632 East Barton street, died at the hospital, Hamilton, on Saturday after an illness of several weeks.

MRS. JAS. CALLAGHAN. Mrs. James Callaghan, a respected resident of Hamilton, died on Saturday morning to St. Joseph's church from her home, at the corner of Aberdeen avenue and Garth street. R.I.P.

The London Pride and Shamrock

(The Press, October 21, 1797.) This little piece, far above the average effusions of this kind in the publications of the United Irishmen, bearing the signature of "Trebora," struck me as being the composition of a man of genius and refinement, and of a youthful writer.

BEGGING OF THE RICH.

Mrs. Clarence Mackay, the wife of an American millionaire, heretofore unknown to fame outside the Four Hundred of the Republic's plutocracy, has made a bid for notoriety and has secured the prize. There is a class of well-meaning but short-sighted folk who like more than anything else in the world to provide opportunities for the rich to separate themselves from their money for the advancement of religion.

"Madam—Yours of the 15th has been forwarded me here. In reply, I wish to tell you that I absolutely disapprove of parochial schools of the Romanist faith, and consider them a grave menace to our country.

"KATHARINE MACKAY. "August 17."

Mrs. Mackay not only refused to give the alms, but reviled the beggar and called all her kind a name intended to insult them. Aside from her offensive conduct in this regard she showed her ignorance of the interests of the country whose welfare she professes to have at heart.

"These (meaning the Catholic Indian schools) are the only schools I know of that are doing the Indians lasting good. I am judging by the long results. I have not known any of the girls that have gone wrong in the Indian towns to have come from a Catholic school. Not one.

RICHARD'S HIMSELF AGAIN. The Register and The Globe have not of late been able to see eye to eye on some matters of public concern.

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MONARCH BANK PLANS

"I did not see your exhibit on the Fair grounds," said our reporter doing the National Exhibition, to Mr. T. Marshall Ostrom, manager of the Monarch Bank, yesterday morning. "No," was Mr. Ostrom's laughing response. "We could not get sufficient space for our exhibit, but when we go into business we will get there."

"Then the prospects for the Monarch Bank are satisfactory from your point of view?" "It is perfectly satisfactory," said Mr. Ostrom, "and could not possibly be more so."

"You have then had a good response to your prospectus, and you have made such progress as has satisfied you in all details?" "We are more than satisfied. The subscriptions for our stock are from all parts of Canada, and include all classes of the community, for the business people, as well as the private citizen, seem to realize that the new ideas in banking which we will introduce are such as the public requirements demand."

"Then the Monarch Bank will strike out on new lines, Mr. Ostrom?" "Certainly. A bank to-day must be different to what it was fifty years ago. The conditions of business have changed and the conditions of every-day life are vastly different to what they were, but banks maintain the same hours, and all has been done to meet the new conditions has been the opening of a few branch banks and the keeping open one or two nights a week of the savings branches of an odd branch bank."

"The masses of the people are gradually learning that banking might be to them a great advantage if it could be done at night. Nine-tenths or perhaps more of the salaries and wages of the city are paid long after the ordinary banking hours. In Toronto particularly thousands of these people are laying aside weekly or monthly small sums to enable them to pay for their homes. There is no good reason why these people should not have the chance to deposit their savings in a bank any evening or why they should not have facilities for withdrawing these deposits any night after their day's work is over."

"Then you think these stores and other places of business, as well as many others, would be customers of a bank which opened its doors all day or all night if necessary to accommodate them?" "Mr. Ostrom: "I certainly do. Then just imagine how many people in such a large and rapidly growing city as this are suddenly called on to pay money or to leave the city early in the morning or after the banks have closed, and who have plenty of money on deposit but cannot get it at the time they require it. They have to borrow money or get some merchant or saloonkeeper to cash a check for them before they can start on their journey. The Monarch Bank will be open early and late, and its customers will not have to seek favors from anyone under such circumstances."

"Then your bank will be an accommodation bank, so to speak?" "Only in the sense that it will accommodate itself to the growing needs of that community. It will be run on the strictest business principles, but its doors will not be closed at a certain hour daily simply because such has been the general banking custom for generations. Banking institutions are properly guarded carefully, so far as financial affairs are concerned, but the hours during which a bank does business are no more sacred than the hours of any other business house, and the bank which recognizes this first will meet with popular favor. The idea of the Monarch Bank is to guard its customers' interests and to meet its customers' requirements regarding business hours. If a customer has all his business through at noon he will not stay round longer, but if a customer cannot conclude his business till midnight and then desires to make sure that his cash will be safe through the night the doors of the Monarch Bank will be open and he can deposit his cash and go home having no fear of being robbed on the way or of his premises being burglarized during the night."

"Then you look forward with confidence and satisfaction to the future of the Monarch Bank?" "Most certainly," said Mr. Ostrom, "and we are daily in receipt of assurances of most extensive business connections in all parts of Canada. The reports from Winnipeg, Montreal and other centres are of the most encouraging nature. Business people assure us that the new departure will insure a great volume of custom from the outset and that there is practically no limit to the usefulness of a bank run on up-to-date ideas."

"Are you nearly ready to start business?" was the final question. "Mr. Ostrom stated that every preparation was steadily advancing, that no details were overlooked and that a splendid site was practically secured."

The temporary offices of the bank are at 32 Church street, this city.

Branch 298 of the C.M.B.A. intend holding a picnic at Colgan on Wednesday, the 13th inst. It is expected that a large number from Toronto and other outside districts will be in attendance. Amongst the speakers will be Dr. Ryan of Kingston and Mr. M. J. Quinn of Toronto, both of whom will speak on matters pertaining to the Association.

Appreciation of the Japanese. Since the war began people are learning to appreciate the qualities peculiar to the Japanese nation. Just previous to the war there were a few, now there are many thousands, of people who appreciate the fact that there are more good qualities and fewer bad ones than in any other, in the "Japanese" inks, muck-lage, and typewriter supplies. These are made in Canada, and are in a class above all competitors.

Pieces of sponge packed into a mouse-hole will induce the rodents to permanently vacate a house.

A cloth dipped in the white of an egg will brighten leather chairs and bindings.

Solitary meditation is for the soul a breath of air from the heights.

POLITICAL SITUATION

(Continued from page 1.)

of the Irish Party. And in pursuit of this object he had recourse to means which, to put it in the mildest form, ought never to have been used by a man in the position of Chief Secretary (hear, hear). And I agree with Mr. Redmond that if all the details of the intrigue of the autumn of 1904 are ever made public they will prove in the highest degree discreditable to Mr. Wyndham and to those who were associated with him in these operations (hear, hear). In fact of all these things we are told that Mr. Wyndham did not get fair play from us, and that the Nationalist Party co-operated with the Orangemen in driving him out of Ireland. There never were more absurd or baseless charges made against a Party (cheers). In the first place Mr. Wyndham was not driven out of Ireland. He ran away instead of standing to his guns like a man (hear, hear)—betrayed all who put their trust in him—and to this day no plausible reason for his resignation has been made public (hear, hear). The only causes which the public can conjecture to have led to his resignation are the attacks of the Orange Party and the publication by Lord Dunraven of the programme of the Reform Association (applause), unless, indeed, we are to be told that the true cause of Mr. Wyndham's disappearance was the failure of his

PLOT TO BREAK UP THE IRISH PARTY (hear, hear). But what are we to think of the courage of a man who allows himself to be driven from his position by the howls of William Moore, John Atkinson and Co.? No doubt the publication of Lord Dunraven's programme brought the crisis to a head. Lord Dunraven's Devolution scheme was a very poor business—something certainly very far removed from Home Rule (hear, hear)—a plan which, in my judgment, could not be truthfully described as a step towards Home Rule (hear, hear), and one which could not be acquiesced in by any genuine Nationalist (hear, hear), even as a temporary expedient. But it was welcomed by some prominent Nationalists in Ireland as the equivalent of Home Rule—and this injudicious welcome of the Dunraven scheme immeasurably gave the Orangemen immense aid in their campaign against Wyndham (hear, hear). So that if causes are to be sought out for the disappearance of Mr. Wyndham beyond the Orange campaign and his own weakness, they are to be found in the publication of Lord Dunraven's programme and the welcome given to that programme as Home Rule in disguise by Mr. William O'Brien (hear, hear). I do not consider that Lord Dunraven and Mr. O'Brien have inflicted any injury on Ireland by driving Mr. Wyndham out of the country (applause), for I confess I am one of those who think that it is quite as satisfactory to deal with an open enemy like Mr. Long as with a professing friend on whom no one can rely, like Mr. Wyndham. Be that as it may, I trust we shall hear no more of this humbug of driving Mr. Wyndham out of the country (cheers). Mr. Wyndham got not only fair play, but far more than fair play, and the use he made of his opportunity was to resort to secret and not very reputable means to disrupt the Irish Party and set up a new loyal party in Ireland (hear, hear). And what, in my judgment, it is really of interest to the country to know is not why Mr. Wyndham resigned, but what were the details of this plot against the existence of the Nationalist Party; what was its programme, and who was to be its leader? (cheers). Various proposals have recently been made by Mr. William O'Brien to rescue the country and the National cause from the condition of despair and chaos into which, according to him, it has fallen in the hands of Mr. John Redmond and the National Party. I pass over all personal attacks on Mr. Davitt, Mr. Sexton and myself and others, and I shall ask you to briefly consider these proposals; and first of all I would ask you to consider that they are one and all based upon and owe the sole reason of their existence to the assumption that Mr. Redmond's leadership is a total failure (cried of "No, no") and that the Parliamentary Party has for two years been going wrong and doing nothing but mischief. The first thing involved in these

PROPOSALS OF MR. O'BRIEN is a vote of censure on Mr. Redmond and the Party and the admission that it is necessary to call in outsiders to rescue the country and the National cause from the position of despair and chaos into which it has been brought by the Irish Party. I absolutely deny the truth of this assumption. I do not believe there is any deadlock or ground for despair. I do not believe Mr. Redmond's leadership has been a failure, and I do not believe that there is any need to rescue the country from the National Party. I believe Mr. Redmond and the National Party have deserved, and do enjoy, the confidence of the country (loud cheers), and that the country wants no rescue (renewed cheers), but when we come to examine the nature of the scheme for rescue proposed by Mr. O'Brien, the matter assumes a more sinister aspect. Who are to be the rescuers? Lord Rossmore, Lord Castletown, Mr. Talbot-Crosbie, Mr. McMurrugh, Kavanagh, Mr. Tim Healy, and Mr. Sloan (loud laughter). These men are to be called into conference to rescue the country from Mr. John Redmond and the National Party (laughter), and for the purpose, as we are told in Mr. O'Brien's last speech, of "strengthening the hands of the Government to complete the abolition of landlordism and the reinstatement of the evicted tenants." In considering these proposals it is impossible to divorce them from the text of the speeches in which they have been made—and these speeches are from beginning to end bitter attacks on the Party which Mr. O'Brien has left and which he has again and again declared is ruining the country, and which in every speech he makes he seeks to cover with contempt and ridicule (hear, hear). Let us read the terms in which his last proposal is made. Here is

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THE TEXT OF MR. O'BRIEN'S PROPOSAL FOR A CONVENTION

on a new basis:

"There is no reason why Mr. Sloan and the Orange democracy of the North, who have recently declared themselves to be Irishmen first of all, and who are perfectly sound on the question of Redistribution, should not be cordially welcomed by the fellow-countrymen. There is no reason why we should not have Lord Dunraven and his reform Association, who have taken up a perfectly satisfactory position on the Redistribution question, as well as on the land question. There is no reason why we should not have Mr. T. W. Russell and his Presbyterian farmers, who represent a population of half a million. There are such bodies of men representing every class and creed of the so-called loyal minority would speak for that minority, with an authority in the eyes of England that would reduce to insignificance the protests of the Ardilauns and Clonbrocks, and of the Ulster deadheads. Then, of course, I need not say there is no reason why Mr. Redmond and his friends, and Mr. Dillon and his friends, and Mr. Healy and his friends, should not join."

There is no mention of the National Party. Mr. Redmond and his friends are placed on the same level as Mr. Dillon and his friends, and Mr. Healy and his friends are to be kindly admitted at the tail (laughter). The insinuation that I am nursing a faction of friends apart from the Party to which I belong, is of course meant to be offensive, but is too absurd and childish to need comment. The really important thing in this passage is the proof which it affords that

THE REAL PURPOSE OF THIS PROPOSAL IS TO BREAK UP THE IRISH PARTY,

and to set up in its place some miserable reproduction of the All-Ireland Committee, without unity, without discipline, without a genuine National purpose (hear, hear). And then we are told that if we do all these things—if we admit our sins, call in the rescuers, abandon our absurd agitation in deference to the pledge, and open our ranks to the Talbot-Crosbies, Captain Shawe-Taylor, etc., who cannot see their way to join a party encumbered with such narrowing restrictions as a faith in Nationalist Self-Government, and a pledge to sit, act and vote together—Mr. Wm. O'Brien will have no objection to join such a re-constituted joint party. But if all these things were done there would be no Irish Party left worth joining (loud cheers). To me it is a most melancholy spectacle to see a man of Mr. O'Brien's brilliant gifts and splendid record of National service devoting all his energies to a policy of disruption (hear, hear), working with feverish energy to tear in pieces the Party which he did so much to reunite (hear, hear), abusing his oldest comrades and friends in the National movement, and attributing to them the meanest and most unworthy motives (hear, hear) while he covers with praise the new friends who now enjoy all his confidence, and surrendering himself a willing victim to the amazing delusion that he is being hunted down like a "noxious wild animal," and that he is the object of that furious hostility of his old comrades when as a matter of fact there never was in the history of Irish politics a man who was allowed such an enormous licence of attack with so great a freedom from reply or criticism—never a case in which that strong personal affection so long prevented public men from replying to such torrents of invective as we have been subjected to by Mr. William O'Brien during the last two years (cheers). I do not know what Mr. O'Brien's future course will be—whether he will reconsider his position and come to realize that the true path of duty for him is to join the National Party and work for the views he holds inside the ranks of the Party or whether he will continue to assail the Party from outside and invite the country to condemn it. But of one thing I am absolutely clear, that his latest proposal is not a proposal tending towards National unity, but a proposal for disruption, and for the final disruption of the United Party (hear, hear). And whatever may be Mr. O'Brien's future course, we have all cause for hope and congratulation in the fact that in spite of his secession and in spite of the fierce attacks which he has directed against the Party for the last two years, the United Party, the national organization, occupies to-day a stronger position than they did when Mr. William O'Brien was still working in their ranks (loud and prolonged cheers).

The QUIET HOUR

A CANTICLE TO THE SACRED HEART. O ye seraphs bright, full of love and light...

spotted by the shadow of a cloud, and no wrinkle of grief or anger is seen in her forehead. Her eyes are the eyes of doves for meekness...

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Room 7, Queen City Chambers 32 Church St., Toronto

PROSPECTUS

Banking in Canada

Banking, as regulated by the "Bank Act" is recognized as perhaps the safest and most profitable business in Canada. The returns of existing banking institutions to shareholders, after setting aside a portion of the yearly earnings as a reserve fund, have ranged for the past ten years from 7 to as high as twelve per cent. per annum. The chartered banks in Canada in existence for many years have regularly paid substantial dividends yearly. A bank commences to earn profits for its shareholders from the first. Its assets are not locked up in a plant and stock in trade, as is the case in a mercantile or manufacturing business, but are in a position to be instantly turned into money. It would be difficult to find any business in Canada which has been so uniformly successful as banking or which has paid with regularity year by year such high dividends to investors. This is in a large measure due to the excellent provisions of the Bank Act, which prevents the organization of any weak financial institutions. These provisions are now even more stringent than in the past.

Banking Hours Too Short

It is a matter of common knowledge that heretofore persons doing business with any chartered bank in Canada have been seriously handicapped, by reason of the banking hours being too short, and there appears to be no reason why these hours should not be extended. In other words, the bank should not be kept open day and night, so as to accommodate its customers. At the present time if a business man wants to get a cheque cashed after 1 o'clock, trouble and inconvenience are experienced and the business man is seriously handicapped. He is forced to go to a store or hotel and is put under the unpleasant necessity of being compelled to ask a favor of some friend, owing to the early closing of the chartered banks. In many cases in large industries, employees have no opportunities of getting their pay cheques cashed at a chartered bank, owing to the early closing of banks on Saturday, and in many cases persons receiving large sums of money are inconvenienced by the early closing of the banks, being unable to deposit the same in a chartered bank, and consequently such persons run considerable risk by being compelled to keep such deposits at their office or place of business.

Night and Day

It is believed that all this trouble and inconvenience, arising from the early closing of the chartered banks, at the present time, in Canada, can be remedied by the opening up of a bank such as the present one, which proposes to keep open day and night, with the exception of Sundays and public holidays. Only recently a bank to keep open day and night was organized in the City of New York and its success has been phenomenal, as the convenience and increased facilities for handling business immediately appealed to the merchants and general public. The prospects for business on the lines above-mentioned, therefore, appear to be good and when we look at the immense development of resources and trade in Canada, there would seem to be no reason why a modern, up-to-date bank, such as the present one is intended to be, should not have a prosperous career from the start. It is felt that present conditions generally indicate an extended period of prosperity and the business world of Canada is filled with new projects and enterprises, which must bring about large expenditures. The field for the most profitable operation of a new bank on the lines mentioned is so great that those concerned in the Monarch Bank of Canada feel that there is ample justification for its incorporation and venture to predict that its success will be assured from the outset.

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The Bank will be fitted up with all modern conveniences and there will be a special department for ladies, which department will be in charge of an efficient porter.

The gentlemen who have consented to become Directors are thoroughly representative of the various important branches of the industrial and commercial interests of Canada. They are in close touch with these interests and are in a position to give the best advice on all matters of business with which the bank may become concerned.

Arrangements have been made whereby the office of General Manager will be filled by a well-known and experienced banker.

Stock of the Monarch Bank of Canada

It has been decided to offer the stock of The Monarch Bank of Canada at a premium of 25 per cent. This premium, it is confidently anticipated, will allow the bank to commence business with its capital intact, together with a considerable reserve fund after paying organization expenses.

The Bank after having made the necessary deposit of \$250,000 with the Dominion Government and after having received the proper authority from the Treasury Board, will immediately commence business.

Its Head Office will be in Toronto and branches will be opened at other points from time to time when, in the discretion of the Directors, favourable opportunities occur.

Terms of Subscription

The terms of subscription are \$10.00 to be paid on account of \$25.00 premium on each share upon the signing of subscription and \$5.00 on account of the \$25.00 premium on each share upon allotment and \$30.00 on account of each share of stock upon allotment and the balance of stock to be paid in seven equal monthly payments of \$10.00 each per share on the first day of each and every month of the seven months immediately succeeding the date of such allotment, and the balance of \$10.00 on the premium on each share on the first day of the month next succeeding the date of the last monthly payment hereinbefore mentioned. Interest at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum up to the date fixed for payment will be allowed on payments made in advance of such date.

The Provisional Directors reserve the right to reject or allot any subscription in whole or in part.

Applications for Stock

Applications for stock may be made to The Monarch Bank of Canada, Toronto. Cheques, drafts, money orders and other remittances on account of subscriptions for stock should be made payable to The Toronto General Trusts Corporation, Toronto, until the sum of \$250,000 of capital stock is paid up, in addition to the calls on premium thereon, and thereafter the balance of payments on stock and premium shall be payable to The Monarch Bank of Canada, Toronto.

Subscription Form

For further information or forms of subscription for stock address The Monarch Bank of Canada, Toronto

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STRATFORD ITEMS

Mr. J. M. McGowan, of Chicago, is in the city.

Miss Josephine B. Sullivan, of the "Michigan Catholic," is holidaying at the parental roof.

The Separate School has re-opened for the fall term with an increased attendance.

Mrs. Harry Barkwell and children have returned to the city after a two weeks' holiday trip to Dundas and Hamilton.

Miss Kathleen A. Sullivan, Foreman avenue, has returned to Chicago to resume teaching, after having had a pleasant vacation in and around Stratford.

Miss May Kehoe of Logan, who has been visiting in the city for some time, has returned home.

Mr. C. McIlhenny is advertising his grocery business for sale, having taken over the management of the Stratford wholesale grocery.

Mr. J. J. Blair leaves this week to resume his studies at the Sandwich College.

Mr. George T. Jones has been sworn in by Police Magistrate as a county constable. Mr. Jones is also deputy license inspector for this city.

Good Catholic foster-homes wanted for a few girls and boys, ages twelve to fourteen years. Also homes for young children from six months to four years. Among the latter there are some particularly attractive children who would make childless homes happy. Apply to William O'Connor, Inspector Neglected and Dependent Children's Department, Toronto.

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The Marriage of Katinka

"I shall take my white lady's-cloth gown," I repeated, obstinately.

"You don't need it no more than what you need two heads," maintained Nichola.

"But it is the first visit that I've made in three years, Nichola. I argued, and it is the first best dress that I've had for—"

"Yah!" Nichola denied, "you've got four sides of a closet hung full. An' where you goin' but down on a farm for three days? Take the kitchen stove if you must, but leave the dress here. You'll be laughed at for fashionable!"

I wavered and looked consultingly at Peleas.

It is one sign of our advancing years, we must believe, that Peleas and I dislike to be laughed at. Our cold servant scolds us all day long and we are philosophical, but if she laughs at either of us, Peleas grieves and I rage. Nichola's "You'll be laughed at for fashionable" humbled me.

Peleas, the morning sun shining on his white hair, was picking dead leaves from the begonias in the window, and pretended not to hear. Peleas is far more in awe of Nichola than I, but it angers him unexpressibly to be told this.

I looked longingly at my white lady's-cloth gown, but Nichola was already folding it away. It had ruffles of lace and a chiffon fichu, and was altogether most magnificent. I had had it made for Enid's wedding, and, as it had not been worn since, I was openly anxious again to appear in it. Had not Peleas said that it became me like my wedding-gown?

And now, upon occasion of this visit to Cousin Diantha at Paddington, Nichola threatened me with remorse if I so much as took it with me. I would be "laughed at for fashionable!"

However—Peleas continuing to pick dry leaves in a cowardly fashion—there would have been no help for me had not old Nichola at that moment been called from the room by the poultry wagon which drew up at the door like a god from a cloud. Our suit-case, carefully packed, lay open upon the bed, with room enough and to spare for my white lady's-cloth gown.

"Peleas!" I cried, impulsively. He looked up inquiringly, pretending to have been vastly absorbed until that moment.

"If I get the gown in," I cried excitedly, "will you strap the bag before she gets back?"

Peleas wrinkles his eyes adorably at the corners when he chooses. He did this now, and it was the look that means whatever I mean.

In a twinkling the gown was out of the drawer and tumbled into place in a fashion that would have scandalized me if I had been feeling less adventurous.

Peleas, whose hands could have trembled with no more sympathy if he had been expecting to appear in the gown, too, strapped the bag and together we descended the stairs, Peleas carrying it. In the hall we met Nichola.

"You needn't to hev brought it down," she granted, graciously.

We passed her in guilty silence. That afternoon Nichola put us on our train, and stood on the platform to see the last of us, her gray hair blowing. Not until our coach had rolled past her could I feel certain that at any moment her keen old eyes might not pierce our bag, to our undoing.

"If only there is actually a chance to wear the dress," I confided to Peleas, "it will make it all right to have taken it."

"What a frightful principle, Etzarel!" said Peleas, quite as if he had not helped. And besides, she had either done extent to white lady's-cloth, is a man the one to apply it?"

We were met at Paddington Station by something Cousin Diantha called "the rig." It was four-seated and had flying canvas sides which seemed to billow it on its way. From an opening in the canvas Cousin Diantha herself thrust out a red mitten, while the bony driver was conducting us across the platform. Our Cousin Diantha and Peleas—the mince-pie and plum-pudding branch of the family; we can never think of her without recollecting her pantry and her oven. And whereas some women have ever the air of having just dressed several children, or written letters, or been shopping, Cousin Diantha seems to have been caught, red-handed, at slicing and kneading, and to be away from those processes under protest. She never turns a book without seeming to turn the leaves with a cook-knife, and I fancy that they made her ancient wedding-gown with an apron front.

"Ain't this old times, though?" she cried, opening her arms to me, "ain't it? Etzarel, you set here by me. Peleas can set front with Hiram there. My!"

It was late autumn, the trees were bare and wet, and the ground had no resistance. "The rig" rocked up the dingy village street, with us as its only passengers, buttoned securely within its canvas sails, so that I could only see Paddington before us like an aureole about Peleas's head. But if a grate fire had been alight in that dingy interior, it could have cheered us no more than did Cousin Diantha's ruddy face and scarlet mittens. She gave us news of the farm that teemed with her offices of spicing and frosting; and by the time we had reached her door we were already thinking in terms of viands and ingredients.

"What a nice little, white little room!" said Peleas, for instance, immediately we had set our lamp on our bureau. "The ceiling looks like a lemon pie." For verily there are houses whose carpets resemble fruit jelly, and whose bookcases look like a gingerbread!

Cousin Diantha was bustling down the stairs. She never walked as others do, but she seemed always to be hurrying for fear, say, that the toast were burning.

"Baked potatoes!" she called back cheerily. "I put 'em in last thing before I left, an' Katinka says they are done. Supper's ready when you are."

Peleas hanging up by white lady's-cloth gown under the cretonne curtain.

"Katinka!" I repeated to Peleas, in a kind of absent-minded pleasure.

"It sounds quite like throwing down a handful of spoons," submitted Peleas, wrinkling the corner of his eye.

We saw Katinka first when we were



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all about the table—Cousin Diantha, Miss Waitie, who was her spinster sister, Peleas and I, and Andy, who works for his board. I shall not soon forget the picture that she made as she passed the corn-cakes—Katinka, a little maid-of-all-work in a patched black frock and a red rubber ring and a red rubber bracelet. Her face was round and polished and rosy with health, and she was always breathless and clothed with a pretty fear that she was doing everything wrong. Moreover, she had her ideas about serving—she told me afterward that she had worked for a week at the minister's in Paddington, where every one at breakfast, she added, in an awed voice, "had a finger-bowl to herself." Cousin Diantha, good soul, cared little how her dainties were served so that the table were kept groaning, and Katinka had there fore undertaken a series of reforms, to impress which she moved in a mysterious way. For example, she passed the corn-cakes to me and just as I raised my hand to take one, steaming, moist, yellow, and quite beneath my touch, the plate was suddenly sharply withdrawn, a spirited revolution of Katinka's hands ensued, and the cakes reappeared upon my other side.

"We got the table set long-way, the room to-night," she explained, frankly, "an' I can't hardly tell which is left until I look at my ring."

Conversation with Katinka while she served was, I perceived, a habit of the house; and, indeed, Katinka's accounts of kitchen happenings were only second in charm to Katinka's comments upon the table talk. It was to this informality that I was indebted for chancing upon a most radiant mystery on that very night of our arrival.

"Mis' Grocer Helman," said Cousin Diantha to me at this first supper—every woman in Paddington has her husband's occupation for a surname—"wants to come in to see you about making over her silk. She's heard you was from the city, an' she says Mis' Photographer Bronson's used up the only way she knew on a cheap taffeta. Mis' Grocer Helman won't copy. She's got a sinful pride."

Katinka set down the bread-plate.

"I had some loaf-sugar sent up from Helman's to-day," she contributed, "because I just had to get that new delivery wagon up here to this house somehow. It'd been in front of Mis' Lawyer More's twice in one forenoon."

And at this Miss Waitie, who was always a little hoarse and very playful, shook her head at Katinka.

"Now, new delivery wagon nothin'," she said, skeptically. "It's that curly-headed delivery boy, I'll be bound."

So it was that, in my very first hour in Cousin Diantha's house, I saw what those two good souls had never suspected. For at Miss Waitie's words, Andy, who worked for his board, suddenly flushed one agonizing red and spilled the preserves on the table-cloth. What more did any sane woman need upon which to base the whole pleasant matter? Andy was in love with Katinka.

I sat up very straight and refused the fish-balls, in my preoccupation. My entire visit to Paddington was revolving itself into one momentous inquiry: Was Katinka in love with Andy? I put it to Peleas, excitedly, when we were upstairs at last.

"Katinka? Andy? Andy? Katinka?" responded Peleas, politely.

"One would think you were never in love yourself," I chided him, and he fell to planning what on earth they would live on. Why are so many little people, with nothing to live on, always in love when everyone knows spinster after spinster with an income each?

I was not long in doubt about Kat-

inka. The very next day I came upon her in the hall, with her arms full of kindling wood for the parlor fire. I followed her. Her dear, bright little face and yellow braids remained me of the kind of doll that they never make any more.

"Katinka," I said, lingering shamelessly, "do you put sticks in across, or up and down?"

For it may very well be upon these nice question, as well as Persian cats, that Peleas and I will have our final disagreement, which let no one suppose that we will really ever have.

She looked up to answer me. The gingham bib of her apron fell down. And there, pinned to her tight little waist, I beheld a button-picture of Andy! Never tell me that there does not abide in the air a race of little creatures whose sole duty it is to unveil all such heavenly secrets to make glad the gray world. Never tell me that it is such a very gray world, either, if you wish my real opinion.

She looked down and espied the exposed mystery. She cast a frightened glance at me, and I suppose she saw me—who am a very foolish old woman—smiling with all my sympathetic might. At all events, she gasped and sat down among the kindling and said:

"Oh, ma'am, we're a-goin' to be married to-morrow. An' Mis' Bethune—I'm so scared to tell 'er."

I sat down, too, and caught my breath. This blessed generation had been wondering if these two were in love, and what they could live on when at last they should make up their minds, and, lo, they were to be married to-morrow!

"Why, Katinka!" said I. "Where?"

The little maid-of-all-work sobbed in her apron.

"I don't know, ma'am," she said. "Andy, he's boarding so' an' I'm a orphan. I t'ought," mentioned Katinka, still sobbing, "maybe Mis' Bethune 'd let us stand up by the dining-room windy. The hangin' lamp there looks some like a weddin' bell, Andy t'ought."

The hanging lamp has a bright scarlet shade and is done in dragons.

"When I see you an' him las' night," went on Katinka, motioning with her stubby thumb toward the absent Peleas. "I t'ought nebber you'd sign for seein' it done. I tol' Andy so. Mis' Bethune, I guess she will be rarin'. I wanted it to be in the kitchen, but Andy, he's so proud. His pa was in dry goods," said Katinka, wiping her eyes at the mere thought.

Here was a more delicious business thrown, as it were, fairly into my arms. I hailed it with delight, and sat holding my elbows and planning with all my might. Ah, you young, who are so impatient of the affairs of others! What can you know of the sweetness of being of use to some one when you shall be seventy?

"Katinka," said I, portentously, "you leave where you are to be married to me."

"Oh, ma'am!" said Katinka. I never had more earnest appreciation.

Cousin Diantha Bethune was heard calling her at that moment, and Katinka went off with the coals quite as if the next day were not to see her a bride, married in the parlor.

For I was determined that the wedding should be in the parlor, and I spent a most feverish day. I made repeated visits to the kitchen and held consultations with the little maid, whose cheeks grew rosy and whose eyes grew bright at the mere heaven of having some one in the world who was interested in her.

While she washed the dishes she told me that she and Andy had saved enough together to live for three months at Mis' Slocum's boarding-house. After that the future was a pleasant but indefeasible mystery. While she cleaned the knives, I slip-

ped down to find out if Andy had remembered to engage the parson; and he had done so, but at the risk of having the ceremony performed in the scullery as the only available apartment. Andy, it appeared, objected to being married at the parson's house, and Katinka seemed to think that this also was because his father had been "in dry goods." And at our last consultation, during lamp-cleaning, I advised Katinka to break the news to Cousin Diantha Bethune immediately after supper, when we were still at table. Katinka promised, and her mouth quivered at the thought.

"She'll never hev us in the parlor, not in this world, ma'am," she said to me, hopelessly. "Not with that new three-ply ingrain on the floor."

Meanwhile I had told Peleas, who, though he is disposed to scoff at all romance which he does not himself discover, was yet adorably sympathetic. We were both helplessly excited at supper, and Peleas heaped little attentions upon Andy, who ate nothing and kept brushing imaginary flies from before his face to show how much at ease he was. And after the last plate of hot bread had been brought in I wonder now at my own self-possession, for thereafter I knew that little Katinka, by the crack in the pantry-door, was waiting the self-imposed signal of Cousin Diantha's folded napkin; and when this came, she popped into the room like a kind of toy and stood directly back of Cousin Diantha's chair.

"Please, ma'am," she said. "Andy and me's goin' to get marrit."

Andy, one blush, rose and shambled spryly to her side, and caught at her hand, and stood with glazing eyes.

Cousin Diantha wheeled in her chair and her plate danced on the table. My heart was in my mouth, and I confess that I was prepared for a dungeon such as only mistresses know when maids have the temerity to wish to marry. In that moment I found, to my misery, that I had forgotten every one of my arguments about young love and the way of the world and the durability of three-ply ingrain carpets, and I did nothing but sit trembling and fluttering for all the world as if it were my own wedding at stake. I looked at Peleas beseechingly, and he nodded and smiled and rubbed his hands under the tablecloth—Oh, I could not have loved a man who would look either judicious or doubtful, as do too many, at the very mention of anybody's marriage but their own!

Dunly I saw Cousin Diantha look over her spectacles; I heard her amazed "Bless us, Katinka! what are you talking about?" and I half heard the little maid add, "To-morrow," quite without expression as she turned to leave the room, loyally followed by Andy. And then, being an old woman and no longer able to mask my desire to interfere in everything, I was about to have the last word when Cousin Diantha turned to me and spoke:

"Listen at that!" she cried. "Listen at that! to-morrow—an' not a scrap o' cake in this house! An' a real good fruit-cake had ought to be three months' old at the least. I declare, it don't seem as if a wedding could be legal on sponge-cake!"

I could hardly believe my old ears. Not a word against the parlor, no mention of the three-ply ingrain, not any protest at all. Cousin Diantha's one apprehension was concerning the legality of weddings not solemnized in the presence of a three-months-old fruit-cake. The mince-pie and plum-pudding branch of our family had risen to the occasion as nobly as if she had been steeped in sentiment.

Upstairs Peleas and I laughed and well-nigh cried about it.

"And Peleas," I told him, "Peleas—you see it doesn't matter in the least whether it's romance or cooking that's accountable, so long as your heart is right!"

So it was settled, and I lay long awake that night and planned which door they should come in, and what flowers I could manage, and what I could find for a little present. Here at last, I thought triumphantly, as I was dropping asleep, was a chance to overcome Nichola by the news that I had actually found another wedding at which to wear my white lady's-cloth gown.

With that I sat suddenly erect, fairly startled from my sleep.

"What was Katinka to wear?"

Alas! I have never been so fully convinced that I am really seventy as when I think how I remembered even the parson, and yet could forget Katinka's wedding-gown.

I roused Peleas immediately.

"Peleas!" I cried, "what do you suppose that dear child can be married in?"

Peleas awoke with a logical mind.

"In the parlor, I thought," said he.

"But what will she wear, Peleas?" I inquired feverishly. "What can she wear? I don't suppose the poor child—"

"I thought she looked very well to-night," said Peleas. "Couldn't she wear that?" The little tight black dress in which she served. Really, for a man whom I have trained for eighty-eight years, Peleas can seem stupid—though he never really is stupid.

I lay for a little while looking out the high window at the Paddington stars, which somehow seemed unlike town stars. And on a sudden I smiled back at them, and lay smiling at them, for a long time. For I knew what little Katinka was to wear at

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her wedding. My white lady's-cloth gown!

As soon as her wack was done next morning I called her to my room. It was 11 o'clock and she was to be married at noon.

"Katinka," said I, solemnly, "what are you going to wear, child, to be married in?"

She looked down at the tight little black gown.

"I t'ought of that," said the poor little thing, uncertainly. "But I haven't got nothink nicer than what this is."

She had thought of that! The tears were in my eyes as I turned to the cretonne curtain and pulled it aside.

"Look, Katinka!" I said, "you are going to wear this."

These hung the white lady's-cloth gown in all its bravery of fichu and chiffon and silver buttons. Katinka, who is very nearly my size, looked at that splendor and smiled patiently, as one who is wonted to everything but surprises.

"La, ma'am," she humored me, pretending to appreciate my jest.

When at last she understood, the poor little soul broke down and cried on the feet of the bed. I know of no sadder sight than the tears of one to whom they are the only means of self-expression.

Never did gown fit so beautifully. Never was one of so nearly the proper length! Never was such elegance! When she was quite ready, the red ring and red bracelet having been added at her request, Katinka stood upon a chair to have a better view in the mirror above my wash-basin, and she stepped down, awestruck.

"Oh, ma'am," she said, in an admiring whisper, "I look like I was ready to be laid out!"

Then she went to the poor, tawdry things of her own which she had brought to my room, and selected something. It was a shabby plush book, decorated with silk flowers and showing dog-eared gilt leaves.

"I t'ought I'd carry this here," she said, shyly.

I opened the book and my eye fell first upon these words, written in letters which looked as if they had fallen to the page from a sieve:

There may be sugar and there may be spice, But you are the one I shall ever call mine.

It was an autograph album.

"Why, Katinka," I said, "what for?"

"Well," she explained, "I know in the fashion pictures brides allus carries books. I ain't got no other book than what this is. An' this was mother's book—it's all hers I've got—an' so I t'ought—"

"Carry it, child," I said; and little Katinka went down the stairs with the album for a prayer-book.

And lo! as the door opened my heart was set beating. For there was music—the reed organ in the parlor was played furiously—and I at once realized that Peleas was presiding, performing the one tune that he knows—the long-meter doxology.

The parlor blinds were open, the geraniums had been brought up from the cellar to grace the sills, and, as finishing symbol of festivity, Diantha had shaken about the room a handkerchief wet with cologne. Miss Waitie had contributed the presence of her best dress. Andy, blushing, waited by the window, still continuing to brush imaginary flies from before his face. When he saw Katinka he changed countenance and fairly joined in the amazed "Ah!" of the others. Indeed, the parson began the ceremony with Andy's honest eyes still reverently fixed upon Katinka's gown.

There was but one break in the proceedings. Peleas attempted to play softly through the ceremony, and he reckoned without one of the pedals, which stuck fast with a long, buzzing sound and could not be released, though every one had a hand at it.

And finally Katinka herself, who had dusted the pedal for so long that she understood it, had come to the rescue, while the parson waited for her "I will."

As for me, by the time that it was all over I was crying softly behind the stove, with as much enjoyment as if I had been Katinka's mother. And not until I took up my apron to wipe my eyes did I remember that I had not changed my own gown that morning. And if, because one is seventy, that is reason for losing one's self-respect!

Peleas put the rest in my head.

"Etzarel," he said, while we were having sauce and seed-cakes after the ceremony, "you've got your gray gown, haven't you?"

"Why, yes," said I, not understanding.

"And you don't really need that white one?" He hesitated.

I saw what he meant. We both looked across at the little bride, speechlessly happy in my old woman's finery.

"Not a bit," I said, loving Peleas for his thought.

His hand slipped under the tie napkin and found mine, and we smiled at each other with the tidings of a new secret.

That is why, when we reached home next night, we gave our suitcase to Nichola to unpack and had no fear. The white lady's-cloth gown was not there.—Zona Gale in 'The Outlook.

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES STANDARD OF THE WORLD

The Turning of the Worm

James Bray trembled violently as he entered the bank in which he had once been a trusted employee.

They all saw that he had aged in the three months since he had gone away in the custody of the police.

A large screen of clear plate-glass kept the heat of the old-fashioned wood fire from Mr. Francis Clare, the manager, a stern man of fifty, who sat writing at a fine walnut desk.

"Sit down, Bray, until I finish these signatures," said the manager busily, and the visitor sank weakly into a capacious chair.

"Bray," he began at length, after he had rung an electric bell and sent out a bundle of papers by the messenger who answered it, "I congratulate you on the verdict."

"Of course," he continued tapping his thumb-nail with the point of an ivory paper-knife, "you cannot censure the bank for its action. Appearances were against you, you know."

Bray straightened himself, and a little spirit showed in his faded face as he replied: "You might have given me more time to clear myself."

"Well, my dear sir, you know as well as I do that a bank cannot be too strict regarding the honesty of its employees. We have other people's money here. It must be watched with the most exacting vigilance. Before its vast interests an individual must be brushed aside as a worm. In this case you were an individual and you feel as if you have been treated as a worm. But you must remember that the stolen package of notes was on your desk just before you went to lunch. After you were gone it was missed."

The visitor's face flushed, and he nervously pressed his hollow hands together until the finger-nails grew red and asked earnestly: "Why, sir, you don't still think I took that money, do you?"

The manager turned round on his revolving chair, still tapping his nail, and looked through the glass screen into the waning flames. He slowly answered: "I am compelled to say, Bray, that appearances are still against you. That money has never been recovered."

"In spite of the verdict, sir?" "Yes, in spite of the verdict. Frankly, there are still some people obstinate enough to think you took that money, and, unfortunately for you, they are bank officials."

"They are unjust," said the accused man, with a low chord of despair in his tone. "Probably. But, as I said, you cannot censure the bank. True, we turned you over to the law, for, as I have remarked, you were the individual, the worm to be brushed aside. But you must remember that our prosecution was not vindictive. Could you expect more?"

"Yes, I think so." "What?" the manager asked quickly, turning rapidly around, now that he had led the man to the chief point.

Bray rose as if for courage and replied, in a quivering voice: "As an intelligent jury acquitted me, it would be no more than just that I should be reinstated."

"I'm truly surprised at your mentioning that after what I have said—that some people still believe that you stole that money. We can't, we dare not, employ a suspected man in the bank. Besides, your place has been filled by a younger man, of high social position—I might say a better man for our purposes in every way. No, Bray, it can't be."

The "worm" was turning. A white look drifted across his face as he stepped to the desk and said: "And my family and I are to starve because I am suspected, and that after having been acquitted by a jury? I couldn't have believed such injustice could be, sir."

each have been a fortune to the discarded employee. This wedding gaoled him. The worm had been brushed aside, he now felt trodden upon. He saw Clare's deliberate sacrifice of himself to advance his son-in-law. A silent hatred, terrible in tendency, gnawed him—a thirst for vengeance burned in his timid heart.

One evening a hesitating knock fell upon the door of the poor lodging-house whither misfortune had driven Bray and his family. He opened it himself, and was amazed to see Mrs. Price, Clare's daughter. She was much distressed and asked, nervously, for a private interview.

Mrs. Bray withdrew, and the young bride tremblingly began: "Mr. Bray, I have learned that you are hunting for the man who stole the money from your desk at the bank."

"He had made a few feeble moves in that direction, and his gaunt face hardening at recollection of his failure, he replied affirmatively. "And you have discovered that it was my—"

"She stopped, stared at him, for a light had flashed upon him, driving the flush caused by the visit into a pallor, while his eyes, larger now in the thinness of his face, seemed to glare cruelly.

"He remembered now that Charles Price had frequently done his work while he was out at lunch, and wondered that he had not thought of it before. A cold tremor waved over him at the thought of the power this discovery would place in his hands. He looked down at the weeping young woman and replied hoarsely: "Yes, I have discovered it."

"And you were about to accuse him?" "Yes; just about to put him where I once was," he replied, ferociously. "Oh! he is torn with remorse," she cried, wringing her hands behind her muff. "He confessed it to me. Oh! think a blow to a young wife. Think, Mr. Bray, think what a disgrace to us! Think where it will drag my husband, and my father and me! Oh! Heaven, it would be awful. I came to offer you any sum for your silence. Make it enough to enable you to go away where you can begin life over again."

He drew himself up proudly, but his eyes were unsteady and his nostrils dilating, while his hands, clutching, one above the other, the front of his coat, trembled pitifully. In a tone which he tried to force into sternness and steadiness, he answered: "And still have the disgrace? No, I am entitled to my good name. Nothing can pay me for that. Your father has taken it away from me; he must give it back. I have nothing to do with the disgrace that will fall upon your father and your husband and—no, not upon you. I would spare that if I could."

"I thought you had not forgotten, Mr. Bray, the kindness I showed you once." "Wavering appeared in his face, but an accidental glance around the cramped home, its barrenness, its discomfort, caught his sternness in its flight, and he said: "Is it right, Mrs. Price—is it right for you to make a point of my gratitude now? I dare not let it influence me now. Dare I allow this crime to rest upon me and let my children grow up in its shadow? What would your money be to me, when we would have to go far away among strangers and have the story follow me there? No, no; I would spare you if I could, but my manhood, my wife, my children demand that this cloud should be swept away. And your father must do it, let consequences be what they may. He called me a worm, to be brushed aside. The worm has turned, Mrs. Price!"

"Name any amount and I will double it!" cried the distressed young wife. "I will not!" "But think, Mr. Bray, that hat I offer will be far more than you could save in years from your salary at the bank!"

"And lose something that is worth double, treble any amount you could give. I refuse. I will go to-morrow to your father, and he must lift the heel that he has set upon me."

He was very haggard next morning when the messenger showed him again into the private office. Mr. Clare again sat writing at the table, and again kept him waiting. But one could easily have seen that the visitor was irritating him. At length finishing a signature with an unnecessary scratch of the pen, he said, sharply: "Bray, I am very busy. To save time, I'll tell you at once that there are no vacancies."

A little red spot flushed upon each of Bray's cheeks, and his eyes flashed the pent fire. He arose, replying: "There will be one soon." "Oh! there will," sneeringly. "I beg your pardon; I didn't know it. Perhaps you mean mine?" "My old place will be vacant to-day."

The other swung angrily around on his chair, but catching himself, as if suddenly struck at the man's seriousness, leaned forward, placed one hand over the other upon the table, and, with calm scorn, said: "Your name should be Daniel Bray. You give your prophecy very little time for fulfillment."

Bray walked forward and stopped at the table opposite Mr. Clare, placing his hat thereon, with his left hand nervously crumpling it. Stern purpose showed in his face, but he evaded the manager's eyes, fixing his own upon the black figures upon the desk calendar. The "worm" was turning, but with a worm's weakness.

"You taunt me," he said, chokingly. "I know you are strong and powerful, but I want you, sir, not to be too scornful. Do you have a daughter?" "You are impudent! I'll have you thrown out of the room!" He touched the electric button, but Bray's voice stopped him. "You have married her to the man who stole that money?"

Clare sprang up, his face swelling and, striding to the table, with clenched fist, said: "I called you worm, and I only brushed you aside before. I shall crush you." "Send for Price," Bray said, quietly. "Do you mean, you cur, to reiterate that Charles Price, my son-in-law, stole that package of notes? I shall make you rue the accusation!" "Send for him," Bray repeated, quietly, the crimson spots expanding

"He shall be summoned, and at once! Do you dare?" Pallor suddenly invaded the crimson, but Bray repeated tremulously: "Send for him."

The messenger answered the ring, withdrew and Price appeared. With that peculiar stern levity which often shoots up from inward seriousness, Clare motioned flourishingly toward Bray and said: "Ha! Price, our worm here has turned upon us. He says that you—"

He stopped. One swift look into Price's face and the manager sank into his chair; for that face was blanched, leaving red specks of excitement, and the watery eyes had a blank stare.

"You—you—" the manager muttered. He could not proceed, could only gaze, fascinated, into Price's twitching face.

He was trying to stand erect, but his chest was heaving, each breath seeming to leave it more inflated, until, as if it could hold no more, and guiltily thoughts were crowding into unbearable pressure, with a deep sigh he said: "Bray has spoken truly; I took the money."

Clare sprang up, livid, his fingers crooking and uncrooking. He stepped toward the young man, but stopped and upbraided him. "You scoundrel! You have deceived us! You will have to suffer!" The fierce words seemed to fan Price's smouldering courage, and he said: "You know why I stole that money?"

"I know?" "If you don't, you should." "I don't and I shouldn't." "Then listen, for you must know. By your will you forced your daughter to marry me against her choice. I was of high family; you hoped for some advantage. Don't deny it, you did. I loved Dora, I love her yet. I took that money to hear the expenses of our elegant wedding that you insisted upon. Your wish has been fulfilled, your daughter married high. She is a Price and I—I am a thief! Now, what will you do? Turn me over to the law and disgrace your daughter and yourself?"

The manager fell back into his chair and caught the arms in a grasp of iron. Price remained as he uttered the last word, not defiant, but as if waiting a blow; while Bray stood still by the table, his hat crumpled tightly in his left hand, his right clutching the edge of the desk. He had not moved since Price came in.

A silence prevailed in the room, so deep that the hum of the bank reached them, with the rustling of crisp notes, even the scratching of the nearest pen. Clare's face showed a conflict. The two watchers saw justice desperately fight its way to victory. It almost seemed as if the anger wrinkles, uncurled into those of age. He looked a bowed, broken man, years older, as he turned to his son-in-law, and in a softer, but still stern, voice said: "Price, you have disgraced me and my child! It would seem that I should shield you, for Bray cannot prove your theft."

He slowly arose, and a little of the old tone he had used toward Bray rang in his voice as he exclaimed: "But individuals and their relatives and their hearts sink before the interests of a great institution, such as this. The directors are here. It is my duty to lay this matter before them. Both of you wait until I come back."

He looked at neither as he spoke, but vacantly, as if his whole attention was engaged in wringing these words from a reluctant heart, and he looked at neither as he turned, dignified, determined, and went out of a small door.

Price sank into the nearest chair, but Bray stood. The worm had turned, and was still. Silence, pierced by suspense, crept into the office. The brazen clock beat on sedately, with a seeming longer interval of waiting between ticks; the buzz of the bank and the rattle of wheels in the street leaked in, and each moment Price sank lower into his chair, waves of suspense dashing their white foam on his face.

But the "worm" still stood, looking at the door through which had vanished the man against whom he had turned. His pallid, trouble-stricken face was a study—a deserted look there, as if something were retreating to his head, an expression of looking backward over his suffering and the dreadful consequences of his assumed guilt, or even suspicion of it.

There are degrees of satisfaction. Some demand the highest pleasure; others are content with little. The vengeance of some stops not on this side of murder. "If the trodden worm doth turn, hath it strength to justify revenge?" Clare returned, wounded, but determined; the old dignity there, but tempered.

"Bray, the directors want you. You have suffered most. We will wait and hear their decision regarding you." The merest tremble of appeal was in the tone, the merest sign in the eyes and face. The mighty man who had crushed him was now appealing to him.

Here was the triumph he had prayed for—the chance to mercilessly avenge. But the "worm" quivered, crumpled the hat still more and walked weakly through the door to meet the solemn body above.

The next day he stood making figures, changed, less assertive, older, wrote wavering signatures in his luxurious room, and Charles Price, with his wife, went to Australia "for his health."—Illustrated Bits.

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School of Practical Science TORONTO. The Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering of the University of Toronto.

Department of Instruction. 1-Civil Engineering, 2-Mining Engineering, 3-Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, 4-Architecture, 5-Analytical and Applied Chemistry.

LOYOLA COLLEGE MONTREAL. AN ENGLISH CLASSICAL COLLEGE conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. Schools re-open on Sept. 6th.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION. When away on a VACATION Your mind will be relieved if you know that your SILVERWARE and other valuable articles are in a place of safety.

EXCELSIOR LIFE Insurance Company. Head Office—TORONTO. Some Salient Features from Report of 1904.

FARM LABORERS. Farmers Desiring Help for the coming season should apply at once to the Government Free Farm Labor Bureau.

THOS. SOUTHWORTH. Director of Colonization TORONTO. Write for application form to THOS. SOUTHWORTH TORONTO.

Church Bells. In China in New York. McShane's. BONAHE'S BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, Md., U.S.A.

THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY. FIRE and MARINE. HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO, ONT. CAPITAL \$2,000,000.

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

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ATLAS ASSURANCE CO., LIMITED OF LONDON, ENGLAND. ESTABLISHED 1808. CAPITAL \$11,000,000.

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SYSTEMATIC SAVING. It's not so much the 3 per cent. interest we pay as the plan by which we encourage systematic, and steady saving that makes our shareholders so successful as money accumulators.

THE YORK COUNTY LOAN & SAVINGS CO. JOSEPH PHILLIPS, Pres. OFFICE—243 Roncesvalles, Toronto.

Agents Wanted. E. MARSHALL, Secretary. DAVID FASKEN, President.

EMPRESS HOTEL. Owner of Yonge and Gould Streets TORONTO. TERMS: \$1.50 PER DAY. Electric Cars from the Union Station Every Three Minutes.

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

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LATCHFORD, McDOUGALL & DALY. BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS.

UNWIN, MURPHY & ESTEN. C. MURPHY, H. L. ESTEN. ONTARIO LAND SURVEYORS, ETC.

Architects. ARTHUR W. HOLMES. ARCHITECT.

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

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

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

Late J. Young ALEX. MILLARD. UNDERTAKER & EMBALMER. TELEPHONE 679 359 YONGE ST. TORONTO.

MEMORIALS. GRANITE and MARBLE MONUMENTS. Most Artistic Design in the City. PRICES REASONABLE. WORK THE VERY BEST.

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50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE. PATENTS. TRADE MARKS. DESIGNS. ANYONE sending a sketch and description will quickly ascertain our opinion free of charge.

WORLD'S GREATEST BELL FOUNDRY. Church Bell and Chime Bells. Best Copper and Tin Only.

LOT FOR SALE. Dundas St., S. side, near Gladstone. 25 x 100, to a lane. Address MARTIN O'GRADY, 94 Leck St., HAMILTON, ONT.

The Canadian North-West
HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting 8 and 26, which has not been homesteaded, 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 15 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 Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the Local Agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him. 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.

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

N.B.—In addition to Free Grant Lands, to which 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.

Estate Funds to Loan

LOWEST RATES OF INTEREST

HEARN & SLATTERY

Barristers, Etc.
46 KING STREET WEST
TORONTO

BELLS

Steel Alloy Church and School Bells—Send for Catalogue.
The C. S. BELL Co. O. Hillsboro.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS UNEXCELLED

A small piece of charcoal in a pot of boiling cabbage absorbs the odor. Borax and water will brighten oil-cloth.

FALL TERM OPENS SEPT. 5th
ELLIOTT Business College
TORONTO, ONT.
Cor. Yonge and Alexander Sts.

One of the largest and best commercial schools in the Dominion. All of our graduates are absolutely sure of securing positions. Strong staff of teachers, modern courses, splendid equipment. Every student thoroughly satisfied. Write for our magnificent catalogue. Address:
W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal
Elliott Business College
Toronto, Ont.

THE Kennedy School

The only School in Toronto devoted exclusively to higher stenographic training. To our graduates this means absolute certainty of employment at salaries much above the average. This summer we have had one hundred requests for stenographers which we could not fill. Fall term opens September 5th.

9 ADELAIDE ST. EAST
TORONTO
A. M. KENNEDY, Principal

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION
TORONTO, ONT.
AUG. 26 TO SEPT. 11, 1905

OPEN TO THE PUBLIC FROM
9 a.m. Tuesday, Aug. 29th
—TO—
10 p.m. Saturday, Sept. 9th

The Days of the Exhibition

Saturday, Aug. 26th	Preparation Day.
Sunday, Aug. 27th	Exhibitors' Day.
Monday, Aug. 28th	Opening Day.
Tuesday, Aug. 29th	School Children's Day.
Wednesday, Aug. 30th	Manufacturers' Day.
Thursday, Sept. 1st	Press Day.
Friday, Sept. 2nd	Commercial Travellers and Pioneers' Day.
Saturday, Sept. 3rd	Labor Day.
Sunday, Sept. 4th	Stock Breeders' and Fruit Growers' Day.
Monday, Sept. 5th	Farmers' Day.
Tuesday, Sept. 6th	Americans' Day.
Wednesday, Sept. 7th	Society and Review Day.
Thursday, Sept. 8th	Citizens' Day.
Friday, Sept. 9th	Get-away Day.

The charge for General Admission is but 25c, with 25c extra only for the Grand Stand, except for reserved seats, while 6 tickets can be had for a dollar, admitting at the Gates at any time or the Grand Stand in the afternoon, if bought prior to Saturday, August 26th.

MUSIC IN ABUNDANCE

By the Best Bands in the Country and the

Famous Irish Guards

A Concert by massed bands, including the Irish Guards, will be given each and every evening on the grounds at 6 o'clock. From time to time excellent bands will perform, while that of the Exhibition will play in front of the Grand Stand every afternoon and every evening.

THE FALL OF PORT ARTHUR

And one of the Most Magnificent Pyrotechnical Displays Ever Attempted

The Pyrotechnics

The Earth's Canopy to be Studded with Crystallized Electricity and Many-Hued Sparks of Radium Glow.

W. K. McNAUGHT, President.
J. O. ORR, Manager and Secretary.

THE UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER

WRITING IN SIGHT

Strong, Durable, and Most Widely Used.

UNITED TYPEWRITER CO. Limited
All makes rented and sold on instalments

SALE OF PRINTING BUSINESS BY TENDER

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to twelve o'clock noon, of Friday, the 15th day of September, 1905, for the purchase of the assets of the estate of

Arbuthnot & McMillan, Ltd.
Toronto

En bloc—as a going concern—and as follows:
Machinery and Plant, as per Inventory \$10,750.62
Merchandise, Stock on hand, about 200.00
Total \$10,950.62

The purchaser will be required to take over all work in process at the cost thereof—such work amounts to about \$300—and pay cash therefor.

TERMS OF SALE—One-fourth cash, and the balance at two, four and six months, at seven (7) per cent., satisfactorily secured.

The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Further particulars may be had on application to the undersigned:
E. R. C. CLARKSON,
33 Scott street, Toronto, Assignee.

FACTS IN FAVOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA

LOCATION—At the Capital of Canada, with its picturesque scenery, whole-some climate, its political and social life forming an environment adapted to develop the better aspirations of a young man.

ACCOMMODATION—Spacious athletic grounds, elegant fire-proof buildings, equipped with the latest hygienic improvements. Good table. Private rooms for senior students.

PROGRAMME—The University enjoys the privilege of both State and Ecclesiastical charters, and affords every facility for the study of Theology, Philosophy, Arts, Literature, Business, Music and Applied Science.

The aim of this institution is to give, under religious influences, all the advantages of secular higher education. The practice of Christian virtue is inculcated by a broad-minded system of discipline.

For particulars address:
The President, University of Ottawa, Canada

Royal Baking Powder Saves Health and Saves Money

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Catholic. Her long life and vigorous health seems to have been a family heritage. The only surviving member now is Mrs. Mary Gracey, who is 86 years of age and whose activity and mental power attract much attention among her numerous friends and relatives in West York, where she and Mrs. Kelly are well known and highly esteemed pioneers.

Six sons and two daughters survive to mourn the loss. Thomas and Mary reside on the homestead; Margaret, Montreal; Edward, New York; Charles, late proprietor of the Occidental Hotel, Toronto Junction; Timothy, Chicago; John and Phillip, Montana.

The funeral took place on Thursday from her late residence to St. Patrick's church, where Mass of Requiem was said by Rev. Father Dodsworth and thence to Toronto Gore, where Rev. Father Williams conducted the services at the grave. R.I.P.

MRS. RYAN'S SUDDEN DEATH.

The many friends of Mr. Mathew Ryan, chief proofreader of the Globe, will regret to learn of the very sudden death last night of his wife, Mrs. Ryan was taken ill about eight o'clock, and her husband was promptly notified by telephone, but before he could reach his home at 181 St. Clarens' avenue she was dead. Mrs. Ryan had been suffering from heart trouble for some time. She leaves seven children. R.I.P.

DEATH OF MR. WELLS.

On Sept. 2nd the death occurred of Mr. Thos. J. Wells of 55 John street. The deceased was the second son of Mr. James Wells and was lately employed in the Treasury Department. The funeral took place on Tuesday, September 6th. R.I.P.

A Dying Request

An old man lay on his death-bed, and beside him was his son, a worldly-minded youth. The father, who had long yearned for his boy's conversion, now asked him to grant a favor ere he died, and the dying request could not be refused. This request was a strange one.

"That for six months after my death you will retire to my room for half an hour every day and think."

"And about what?" said the son.

"That I leave to yourself," answered the father, and soon after died.

The youth kept his promise, and for some time had no difficulty in passing the half hour. But soon the thought

of eternity, and the condition of his soul, came up before his mind. His father had taken care that the lad should have time to think; and ere long the half hours had lengthened into hours, as he sat thinking on his eternal well-being. Thus he was led away from evil influences to the fulfillment of religious duties and to a life of virtue and honor.

Could you hear to be alone for half an hour, pondering the great question, "Where will I spend eternity?"

PENNOLINE BURNING OIL Rivals the Sun

Canadian Oil Co., Limited
2-12 Strachan Ave., - Toronto.

In and Around Toronto

FEAST OF THE NATIVITY.

The Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin occurs on Friday next the 8th inst., but the solemnity is transferred to the following Sunday. Next to the day which commemorates the birth of our Divine Lord there is no day in the year which should be to us so much of a festival as that which commemorates the birth of His Blessed Mother. It is only in Catholic countries, however, that the ceremonies and devotion which are its due. Here, for example, business and custom intervene and all we can do is to transfer the feast to the following Sunday, when the general character of the day, supplemented by special rites and ceremonies in honor of the occasion, give to the anniversary something of the honor by which it ought to be surrounded. Next Sunday, then, at High Mass, and at Benediction, the praises of Mary will be sung and every Catholic heart and tongue will rejoice on the day which notes the birth of her whom all generations shall call blessed.

SCHOOLS RE-OPENED.

The Catholic schools of the city re-opened on Tuesday morning. In all the parish churches the eight o'clock mass was said for the children and their parents, and despite the broken character of the week, caused by the attractions of the exhibition, a good representation was seen in every parish. The fruition, however, of the hope expressed on Sunday last from every pulpit, that every child might be in his place, will in all probability not be realized until Monday next, when the close of the great attractions of the fair will leave no excuse for non-attendance.

COMMERCIAL CLASSES.

It may perhaps interest some readers of the Catholic Register to know that the commercial work hitherto done in the High Schools has been centred in the Technical High School. In fact there is now no commercial work done in any of the three city colleges. The Catholic High Class, however, still continues its work along this line.

RENT REFUNDED.

On motion of Controller Ward the Board of Control last week unanimously agreed to refund a half year's rent paid by the Separate School Board for offices in the city hall, which offices were not occupied by the Board during the time stated. The sum of \$1,218.00 had been paid as a year's rental, but the premises had been used less than six months.

ST. FRANCIS FIRST.

In the recent examinations held throughout the city for entrance into the colleges and for standing in Christian Doctrine and Bible History, the general status of St. Francis' School is highest. Out of twenty-three pupils who wrote for "Entrance" eighteen, or seventy-eight per cent, were successful, and at the June examination in Christian Doctrine and Bible History conducted by the Inspector of the Diocese, Rev. Father Canning, the school made an aggregate of eighty-eight per cent, while in the printed report the following pupils receive special mention: Margaret Cronin, who obtained ninety-seven per cent., and L. Rampsberger, M. Collins, L. Kirk, and R. Lee each obtaining ninety-six per cent.

VESTMENTS Chalice Ciborium Statues, Altar Furniture.

DIRECT IMPORTERS
W. E. BLAKE, 123 Church St
premises lately occupied by D. & J. Sadler & Co
Toronto Can.

DETECTIVE MURRAY ILL.

Detective Murray of Toronto was last week reported to be dangerously ill at Sydney, C.B. The latest news reports a change for the better.

ABBEY'S FAMOUS PICTURE.

Abbey's famous picture of the Coronation is at last a reality amongst us and the comments regarding it are most varied. Many expected that the individual figures would be larger, but a moment's thought shows this to be unreasonable. How so many figures are crowded together on one canvas is in itself a marvel. The figures we are familiar with are recognizable on the instant; this vouches for every individual picture as a speaking likeness. The coloring, too, is doubtless true to life and the richness and effectiveness of the different costumes gives to the grouped figures the glamour of a scene in the Orient. The picture is a study worthy of far more time than the passing sight-seer may give to it. An hour before it would be well and profitably spent.

THE DOMINION EXHIBITION.

The Dominion National Exhibition is now in full swing and before the passing of many more days it will be part of past history. Its success has been even more pronounced than that of last year and improvements along several lines are quite perceptible. The additional buildings added from time to time are effective in diminishing the crowd in the individual departments; so much was this the case that though 110,000 entered the grounds on Citizens' Day, the buildings were at no time particularly jammed. One point, however, which is still open to improvement is the method or rather manner of clearing the grounds of their daily crowd. At present there is but one exit; several exits are necessary and at different points with transportation accommodation from each. Until some plan is adopted in this regard there will always be danger. Generally speaking the Exhibition has been a pronounced and grand success.

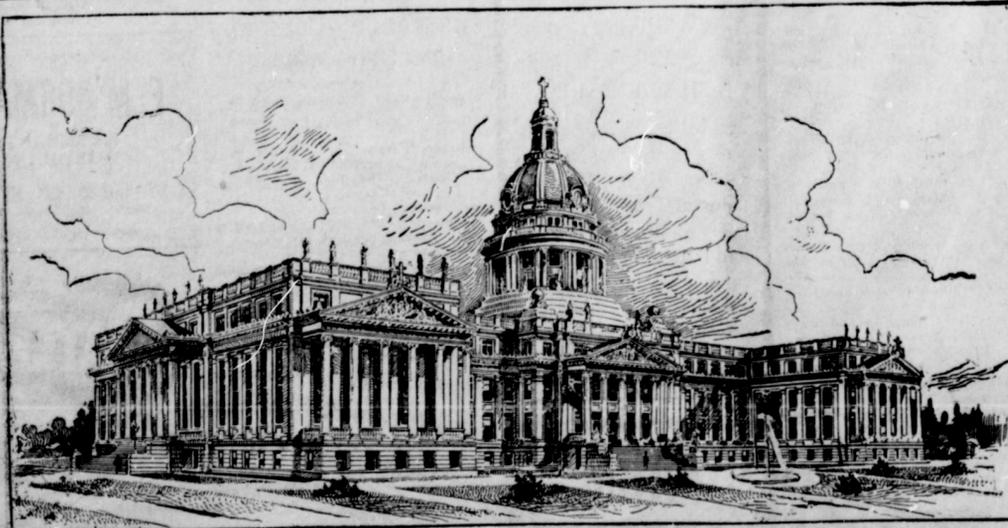
MRS. MARGARET KELLY DEAD.

Mrs. Margaret Kelly died on the 29th ult., at her late residence, 8 D'Arcy street, Toronto, at the ripe age of 88 years.

She belonged to a family of nine, whose name was Smythe, and who came from Connell, Tipperary, Ireland, to this country in 1833. The family settled in Etobicoke and became extensive farmers. Mrs. Kelly was the widow of the late Edward Kelly of the Gore of Toronto, where she was married in 1838, residing there for many years and being the first Catholic in that place. It was her husband who cleared the land for the site of the first Catholic church in the Gore, which was built of log-wood. She kept the first post office in this district which was called Gribbon, after Father Gribbon, the parish priest of the Gore at that time. She also had the post office in Cobrine for many years; after this she came to Toronto, where she has resided for 20 years, till her death.

Being an early settler in Canada, she experienced many vicissitudes, which are remarkable compared to the present condition of improvements. When in a reminiscent mood she used to speak of the hardships that people endured coming to this country. It took over three months to make the voyage across the Atlantic by the sailing vessel she came on. She also frequently related of having to walk 14 miles from Etobicoke to East Toronto to church along a path across the present site of the city, which was then called Muddy Little York, and on several occasions had to carry torches to frighten off the wolves from chasing her.

She was of a genial and social disposition, a kind neighbor, a devoted mother and a practical and fervent



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