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TORONTO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1904

PRICE FIVE CENTS

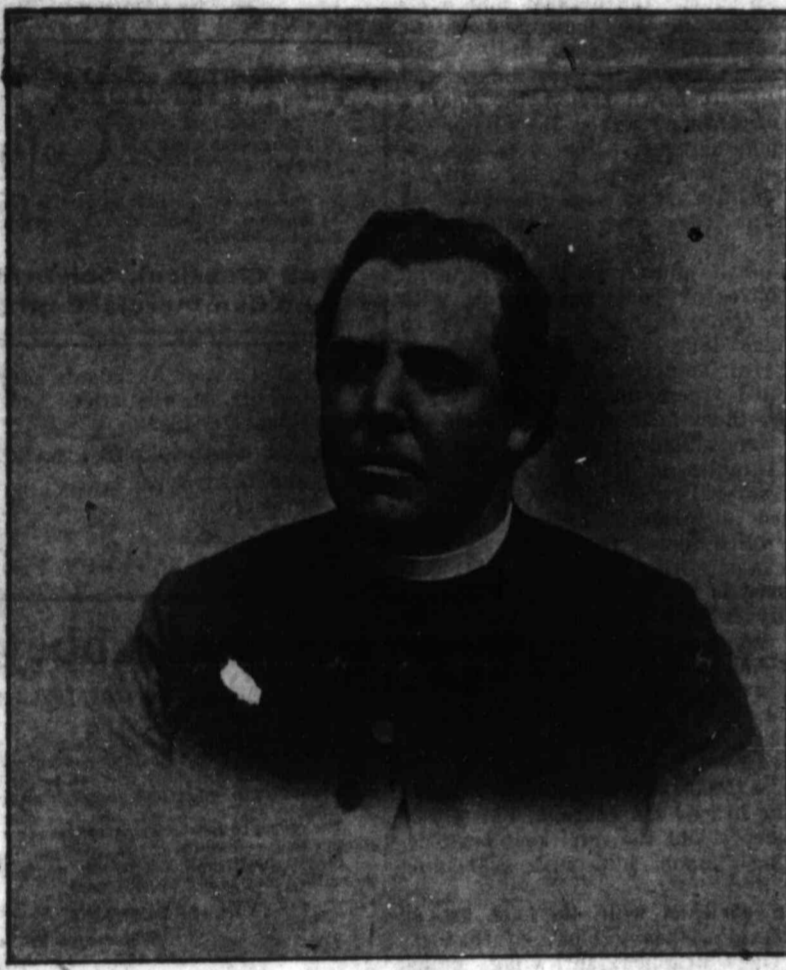
LATE FATHER KILCULLEN

Impressive Funeral Ceremonies of the Pastor of Colgan, Tottenham and Achill.

The death of Rev. James Kilculen, P.P., which occurred on Monday morning at 10.20 o'clock, the 14th inst., was an event which until a short time previous, was something altogether unlooked for, and to many of his conferrers in the sacred ministry, the first intimation came only with the official notice of the sad occurrence. Though it was known that he had not been in the best of health for some time, yet nothing serious was anticipated, and it was only on the Thursday before that the untiring pastor of Colgan, Tottenham and Achill succumbed to the decree which laid him prostrate upon the bed from which he was never to rise again in life. During the short time that intervened he suffered greatly, but made every preparation to meet the end which he realized was near. Rev. Father Gibney, parish priest of Alliston, and a friend of many years' standing, gave to the dying priest the last sacraments and rites, and at the supreme moment Rev. Father Murray of St. Michael's Cathedral and Rev. Father Finegan of Adjala were present to do all that the Church prescribes and that charity could suggest for the consolation of the departing soul.

ened light, the darkly draped pulpit, the repressed bearing of the people and above all the silent figure which vested in priestly vestments and with hands clasping the chain, lay mute and motionless in its narrow limits before the altar. The congregation was not confined to members of the flock, for from the surrounding country far and near they had come to show their charity and respect towards the remains of the dead priest, and clergymen of different religious denominations helped to make up the large congregation present.

A few minutes after the arrival of the visiting priests, they filed into the sanctuary and took up position, the overflow being accommodated in the front pews in the body of the church. Mass was at once begun, his Grace the Archbishop presiding and the celebrant being Rev. Father Gibney of Alliston with Rev. Father Connolly of London diocese as deacon and Rev. Father T. Sullivan of Thorold as sub-deacon; Rev. Dr. Treacy of Dixie was master of ceremonies; Rev. James Hayes of Flos Thurifer; Rev. W. Ryan of Toronto, and Rev. J. Kidd of Penetanguishene, acolytes. Very Rev. J. J. McCann, Vicar-General, was in attendance on his Grace. Others present were Very Rev. Dean Egan, Barrie; Rev. W. McCann, Toronto; Rev. P. Kiernan, Toronto; Rev. T. Smyth, Merritt; Rev. H. Canning, Toronto; Rev. Jas. C. Carberry, Schomberg; Rev. J. Minehan, Caledon; Rev. H. Sweeney, Orangeville; Rev. Father Corcoran, Seaford; Rev. L. Minehan, Toronto;



THE LATE FATHER KILCULLEN.

On Tuesday evening the remains were borne into the church and laid before the altar, after which the office for the dead was recited by Rev. Father Gibney, assisted by Revs. Father Treacy, Kiernan, Hayes, Canning, Ryan and Finegan, and many faithful mourners kept watch and prayed.

The funeral took place on Wednesday morning on the arrival of the train bearing the priests from Toronto and other parts of the Archdiocese. Carriages and other vehicles awaited the expected guests at Tottenham, and carried them speedily along the three miles that intervene between there and the church of St. James. In the distance the beautiful edifice was seen to rise upon its gentle eminence and a nearer approach showed the many conveyances in which the people had come from all the country round. The bell was tolling its sad notes and the groups of men gathered on the steps and in front of the church awaited with subdued aspect the hour of the approaching ceremonies.

All within bespoke the occasion. The altar with its sable background, the tall candles burning with a soft-

perpetual light shine upon him. At the close of the sermon the absolution was given by the Archbishop after which a procession of priests and acolytes was formed and preceded by the Cross it moved slowly down the aisle, bearing in its midst the remains of the late pastor. The lay pall-bearers were G. K. Hoogh, F. Downs, D. F. O'Leary, E. J. Rosister, D. Gavin, G. F. Morrow, J. McKenna, J. Cane, J. Sheehan and T. Connell. As the long line emerged from the Church the congregation closed upon it and followed to the corner of the cemetery chosen as the place of the sepulchre. There was no order of precedence in the going; in the moment of grief all were equal and men, women and children of all ages and ranks followed in mournful silence and stood around the grave while the last prayers were said by the Archbishop. Many tears accompanied the first falling of the cold clay and the keenness of the November wind seemed to add to the desolation of the moment. The people gradually dispersed, yet even as we left the place a kneeling circle of faithful souls still knelt around the freshly formed mound, which marked the last earthly resting place of Adjala's late, loved pastor. May he rest in peace.

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mightly, blessed are the great and powerful, but blessed are they who die in the Lord. What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?

In this world the life of man is a warfare; the affair of the Christian is to contend against the flesh, the world and the devil. He must ask grace of Almighty God that he may gain the crown of victory; he must look up to the Cross. If this be true of every Christian how much more is it true of every priest? He must struggle and always defend the right—he must move onward and upward always, whether through good or evil report. Such is the life of the good and holy priest. Such was the life of your pastor. For years he was at your call night and day. Like the watchman on the tower he was on the lookout to see that no ill befell you. He grieved with you in your grief and rejoiced with you in your joy. Day by day he ascended this altar to ask God to send his blessings upon you. He poured the waters of baptism upon your children and broke the Bread of Life to the little ones of the flock, and he stood by the bedside of your friends and relatives to help them through the valley of death. And now to-day he addresses you for the last time, and it is in the eloquent silence of death, and he asks you to prepare to stand with him before the great tribunal of the Son of Man. Yes, well may we say of him, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, they shall rest from their labors and their works shall follow them. May

time of his death. At an early age he was sent to begin his classical studies in the seminary of Ballaghaderreen, in the County Mayo. Having finished the preparatory course for entrance into Maynooth College, he came to Canada in 1864, and was received the same year by Archbishop Lynch as a subject for the priesthood. He was then sent to the Grand Seminary at Montreal to make his philosophy and theology, and on May 30th, 1869, he was ordained priest in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Lynch, Brog, in Ontario County, to serve as assistant to the late Father Braire, was his first appointment. After a period of two and a half years he was moved to take charge of Port Colborne and Welland and here he remained for over eighteen years. In Port Colborne he built a presbytery and both here and at Welland he built a church. It is said that despite many difficulties in the way of labor, scattered and not too wealthy congregations, that the sum of \$18,000 was expended on churches and church property during these eighteen years of Father Kilculen's incumbency. At the time of his leaving the debt had been reduced to something below a thousand dollars. In 1890 he received his last appointment, when he took charge of St. James' church, Adjala, and St. Francis', Tottenham. At his coming Father Kilculen found both churches much encumbered, but at the time of his death, it is said, they are almost altogether cleared. He also built the new church of St.



ST. JAMES' CHURCH, ADJALA.

Mary at Achill, at a cost of \$5,000, the old one having been burnt during the giving of a mission. From this account it is easy to gather that wherever Father Kilculen went he had the hearty co-operation of his people, for without this his successful history along the lines indicated would have been impossible. Testimony of this co-operation was given in a particular manner in June, 1894, when Father Kilculen celebrated the silver jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood. The address on this occasion revealed something of the estimate placed upon the pastor by his brother priests and his parishioners. They tell of his love for classical studies, of his efforts in behalf of the schools, of his triumphs in educating matters, of difficulties overcome, and the building up of his parishes, and of his ardent zeal for religion and in all things conducive to the welfare of his people. From all of which it seems evident that it is no empty praise to say that Father Kilculen's is a great loss both to his people and the diocese.

ST. JAMES' CHURCH.

The first appearance of St. James' church, Adjala, comes to one in somewhat the nature of a surprise. It stands on a site of gently raised land and a clear open space faces it and permits its view to the whole country. Architectural beauty of a kind one does not expect in outside district is at once before you. The facade and entire front are most attractive. Built of red and white brick out of which a studied pattern

SKETCH OF LIFE OF FATHER KILCULLEN.

The late Rev. James Kilculen was born in the County Sligo, Ireland, in November, 1846, and had scarcely concluded his fifty-eighth year at the

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is evolved, the front is in three parts, a narrow rectangular tower-like part to the left, flanking the broader dome-like centre, and this in turn supported by a taller tower and belfry. Crosses on the centre and right-hand tower proclaim the Catholicity of the edifice. Broad steps lead up to the triple doors, which give a very generous appearance to the whole. The interior is comfortable and complete in its furnishings. The walls are in imitation of cut grey stone with the dome ceiling and Gothic sidings of smooth, white plaster finished in fresco; the groined supports of the roof, the wainscoting and pews are all of hardwood in semi-shades of brown. The altars are plain, but in good taste and an artistic touch is found in the stained glass windows and a beautiful picture of the Agony in the Garden, which hanging over the blessed Virgin's altar, attracts your notice on the moment of entering. Two windows, one of St. Patrick and the other of St. James, are erected on each side of the high altar, while on the right-hand side of the sanctuary is a window to the memory of Timothy Grimes, the subject of which is the Annunciation. On the left-hand side of the body of the church is a window of the Nativity of Our Lord, placed there by Mrs. Kearns to the memory of her husband. Both windows are worthy of admiration. The painting before alluded to is from the hand of Mr. Joseph Kidd, the artist whom the district calls its own, and whose fame is spread far beyond the limits of his native place. The Stations of the Cross in colors make up the mural adornment. A large gallery accommodates the choir, and a large number of the congregation. It would seem to be a seat between five and six hundred. The people of St. James' have every reason to be proud of their church. On the way out we were told by one of the parishioners that "there was nothing like it north of Toronto," and on seeing it we found no grounds upon which we might contradict him.

ADJALA A STRONGHOLD OF CATHOLICITY.

In all probability there is not in all Upper Canada a greater stronghold of Catholicity than Adjala and the surrounding country. Its modern history dates back at least seventy years, and the principal elements in its make-up are things Irish and things Catholic. In the cemetery attached to the church are many fine tombstones, and there is probably none but bears a Celtic name telling easily of the nationality of the early pioneers. "There is perhaps no county in Ireland but is represented here," said Mr. Ryan, Principal of the separate school of the place, who kindly accompanied us on our rounds. Amongst the monuments pointed out were those of Father Synnot and Father Shelly, the two priests whose remains were interred in St. James' prior to those of the late pastor, Father Kilculen. Father Synnot was killed by being thrown from a horse while out driving in 1866. Father Shelly was of-ficiating in Flos when he died from consumption in 1885, and was brought home to find a grave amidst his own people. It would seem from this that Father Kilculen is the first priest to die in the natural order at the presbytery of Adjala. If the people of our city will but give the subject a moment's thought they will call to mind that the name Adjala has long been associated in their minds with a high standard of enterprise and education. For a number of years Toronto has received students and professional men of many ranks from the members of Adjala families. Catholic doctors, lawyers, teachers, nurses, business-men, artists, members of religious communities, priests, have all come to us from this district. Even at the late funeral the visitors included several who are now prominent in outside circles, who on entering St. James' were simply putting foot on the familiar ground of childhood days. Amongst those was Rev. Father Kelly, Superior of St. Michael's College, whose position speaks for his merits. Mr. Kelly—a brother of the well-known firm of Foy and Kelly—Rev. Doctor Treacy, whose brilliant talents are known throughout the diocese, and who though not a native of this place, yet spent some years of his boyhood within a stone's throw of St. James'; Rev. Father Kidd, with the simple manner and elegant mien of a Merry del Val, who is now in Penetanguishene, but lately from Rome; Rev. Father Fergus of Hamilton, whom the people in their first affection spoke of as "Tommy," but correcting themselves the next moment, pointed him out proudly as "our Father Fergus." These at least were there and there were probably others who have helped to show the world that the place of their childhood was no "Sleepy Hollow," but alert and in every way enterprising.

SMOKERS

MY OWN MANUFACTURE
ALIVE BOLLARD

NOBS REBUKED

Pope Pius X. Does Not Mince Matters with Aristocratic Meddlers.

("Vox Urbis" in the Freeman's Journal.)

One of the most remarkable acts of the reign of Pius X. was the appointment a couple of weeks ago of a comparatively unknown priest as Archbishop of the great Archdiocese Palermo. Hitherto the priests and people of Palermo have been invariably governed spiritually by a prelate belonging to the ranks of the aristocracy—both priests and people have always considered this a perfectly natural disposition of things. But they were not only pleased but delighted when the Holy Father chose for their new pastor Mgr. Laudi, who was only known so far for his humility of birth and character.

The people of Luca, however, have a different way of looking at things. Their archdiocese has recently become vacant. Like Palermo, it has generally been ruled by a noble ecclesiastic, and the upper ten of the district, after putting their heads together, came to the conclusion that they would send a deputation to Rome to ask the Holy Father to continue the good old custom. So they came along to Rome the other day, applied for an audience, were received by His Holiness and proceeded to state their business. Pius X. listened very quietly, but when the spokesman had finished speaking, he made a few observations which the deputation is not likely to forget.

"You have come here," His Holiness said, "to tell me that a Bishop born from the ranks of the people is not fitted for you. Have you considered that your petition is a mark of insult and contumely toward me? Do you mean that if I were sent as Archbishop of Luca that you would not accept me because I am sprung from the people? And do you consider that the See of Luca can demand to have an aristocrat for a pastor, when the Universal Church is content to have the son of a peasant? Your mission here is a misguided one—return home and accept obediently the Bishop whom the Vicar of Christ will select for you."

Unlike so many of the anecdotes related about the Pope, this one is perfectly authentic, and it is especially interesting as showing that the Holy Father, though gentleness and humility itself, can on occasion administer a severe rebuke to snobbishness.

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Holy Family	89.01
St. Helen's	178.10
St. Cecilia's, Junction and Weston	61.50
Our Lady of Lourdes	112.55
St. Joseph's	68.25
St. Mary's	320.12
Mimico	32.05
St. Michael's	268.15
St. Paul's	304.60
St. Patrick's	208.16
St. Peter's	74.31
Holy Rosary	32.80
Sacred Heart	20.00
Total	\$1,932.44

In addition to the above cash collection other presents to the value of \$40, have been received at Sunny-side.

Parliament Called

Ottawa, Nov. 21.—Parliament has been summoned to meet on Wednesday, January 11th.

A separate school with an attendance of forty, whose graduates pass to the high class in Tottenham of outside places, is one of the results of the Catholic atmosphere which here surrounds everything. At present the parish is in charge of Rev. Father Finegan, assistant to the late pastor. Though not a great while with the people of Adjala, they have already learned to love this big, kindly priest, whose executive ability was well displayed during the rush and worry of the past week, and should the mantle of jurisdiction fall upon Father Finegan there is no doubt but that it would be loyally upheld by the people of Adjala, Tottenham and Achill.

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THE LAST LEAF

A near neighbor of mine was Mr. Matthias Power, an ex-sergeant of the police, retired on pension, who lived in a neat cottage close to my house.

My old housekeeper told me all about his history, since he came to live in Killanure about eight years previously.

Old Nancy dilated at length on the subject of his chivalrous devotion and respectful attentions to his young wife.

After his wife's death he centered all his affections in this child. She was everything to him now, and as she grew up she displayed more and more the graces of her dead mother.

The neighbors told me that when Lucy was able to go to school it was with great reluctance that the old man agreed to let her out of his sight even for a few hours daily.

Of course I was not long in the parish without making the acquaintance of my interesting neighbors.

He was precise of speech, but reticent; although he would always reply, I noticed, to little Lucy's questions, however trivial they might be.

I noticed how the stern, sad face of the fond father relaxed into a smile when he looked with pride and joy on the sunny countenance of her who hung on his arm.

She was in reality a most beautiful girl, well grown for her age, and having all the appearance of perfect, buoyant health.

Well, toward the end of my third year in the parish an epidemic of scarlatina of a virulent type broke out in the district, and Lucy amongst other school-children contracted it.

proved to be of that delusive kind which "keeps the word of promise to our ears and breaks it to our hope."

It was my sad duty to attend her in this illness, and the memory of it will, I think, haunt me always.

When she fully realized the dangerous nature of this second illness her resignation was admirable and very edifying.

Towards the end she became delirious and raved a good deal, and sang snatches of the hymns she used to sing in the children's choir.

When the bereaved father fully realized that his heart's treasure had left him—and the dead lips pressed his hand for a long time ere he felt their fatal coldness—his grief was pitiable in the extreme; and, all the more pitiable for being undemonstrative and silent.

The whole scene reminded me strongly of Dickens' description of the death of little Nell, and her grandfather's inconsolable grief for her loss—a scene said by some to be the most touching and pathetic thing in literature.

It happened that I was changed from Killanure some few months after little Lucy's death, but during that time I frequently visited Mrs. Power's cottage, and tried, by every means to console and cheer him in his loneliness.

"Welcome be the will of God," he said. "Aye, welcome a thousand times! And God forgive me if I am not as resigned as I ought to be under my heavy trials!"

It was fully seven years before I saw Matthias Power again. I returned to my old home on a visit to a very particular friend, then the curate of the Mountain Parish.

He looked broken-hearted, in truth, and, verily, years older than he did a few months ago.

David Sands' Wolfskin Cap

A long, cold winter was closing in a late spring at Kull's, a new settlement on the extreme frontier, in one of the Northwestern States.

Several days of warm rain and thaw put the streams in flood, and made the roads black streaks of mud.

Often on his way home after dark David heard wolves howl and wild-cats scream close to his path.

When the stage horn was finally heard about 9 o'clock in the evening, the "spell-down" was promptly dismissed and everybody hurried to the post-office.

Next day I met him coming out of the church, and it was with difficulty I recognized him as the Matthias Power of seven years ago.

"Don't you remember Father O'Carroll," I said, "who attended little Lucy long ago?"

"Oh, little Lucy," he answered, "little Lucy is it? She's up there"—pointing heavenward—"waiting for me, with Kate and little Matt; and I'm soon going to them, ay, soon, please God!"

"His face wore a mild, calm, untroubled expression, as he said these words; and his sunken eyes brightened as he shuffled off home-wards, muttering to himself, or perhaps communing with the spirit world.

"The last leaf," I soliloquized. "Verily, the last leaf!"

In the light she showed herself a young girl with a bright face and pleasant manner.

"I'm Janet Fingar," she said. "I expected that there would be some one from Uncle Horace Fingar's here to meet me."

"No," he didn't. No mail came last week on account of the freshets.

"Why, of course you can; it's only three miles. But it's going to be dark in the woods, and the wolves will howl like everything."

"Well, all the men-folks brag that there isn't any danger to speak of in wolves and wildcats, but none of 'em will ever catch me out in the woods o' nights."

"Oh-h! Was that wolves?" "Yes, but don't be scared. Noise doesn't hurt. There was quite a bunch gathered close to the road for something, and when our lantern-light shone past 'em, they just howled and scooted."

"Tisn't, though. When I pass the swamp, a mile ahead, they always get out the band and give me a concert."

"As they advanced the howling began again, at first a solitary voice here and there, then others, frequent and far-spread."

"I don't like some of these howls behind us. Don't you notice that they're different in sound? Most of 'em are just each wolf's general challenge. But some are howling the call for a pack to chase game."

Here, despite her caution, Janet looked through the thin crust and

Calendar for November 1904. Includes days of the month, day of the week, color of vestments, and feast days such as All Saints, Twenty-fourth Sunday After Pentecost, etc.

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Loretto Abbey. Wellington Place, Toronto, Ont. This fine institution recently enlarged to over seven times its former size.

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St. Joseph's Academy. St. Alban Street, Toron. The Course of Instruction in this Academy embraces every branch of the education of young ladies.

Empress Hotel. Corner of Yonge and Gould Streets Toronto. Terms: \$1.50 per day. Electric Cars from the Union Station every Three Minutes.

Centenary of the Concordat. The present crisis in France relative to the relations between Church and State synchronises with the centenary of the Imperial Coronation of Napoleon I.

The HOME CIRCLE

OVER THE KITCHEN SINK. Every woman who has to keep her hands in dishwater a good deal of the time knows how soon they get rough in cold weather.

HOW TO DRY WET SHOES. A large manufacturer of men's fine shoes hands out some timely information for the care of wet shoes.

ORDER IN THE HOUSE. Order is a beautiful thing in the house, but, as a writer in a recent magazine points out, it is not always understood properly.

Sugar on cereals is now declared to be a prolific source of indigestion—especially with children or adults living an indoor life.

HOW TO BREATHE. If one's health is impaired, or if he wishes to preserve it and increase his power to resist disease, he must, first of all, give attention to his breathing.

NUT AND CHICKEN SALAD. If you have never tried combining English walnuts with lettuce or celery in a chicken salad, try it the first time you have a chance, and you may say as a noted traveler said after eating some: "I have never eaten chicken salad anywhere to compare with this. It is delicious."

HINTS FOR HOUSEFURNISHING. Do not make the drawing room appear like a bric-a-brac shop. Have a fair showing of ornaments, but have them all rare and beautiful and spread out that they may be appreciated by the observer.

Have a general sitting room where the entire family can congregate cozily in the evening, and, if possible, have an open fire and good reading lamps there, and a comfortable lounge in one corner.

A Bit of Irish Road. Ragged, lovely children have trodden it with childish glee in quest of the first spring flowers; deep-eyed white-souled colleens and their stalwart swains have followed it in the scented dusk to a land of enchantment whose gates swing wide but once.

AS THE SCHOOLBOY UNDERSTOOD IT. Here is the exact answer of a New York boy to the questions, "What is the meaning of the word 'hall'?"

HIS ADVANTAGE. Two children of the rich were playing in Riverside Park with less well-to-do youngsters, says the New York Sun.

FIVE CONUNDRUMS. Why is a tight boot like an oak tree? Answer—Because it produces a corn (acorn).

WHAT DID THE BOY MEAN? A certain M.P. is in the habit of buying a newspaper from the same newspaper boy every evening on his way to the house.

A PLAY. "Oh, mother, now please play Mr. Brush! I've buttoned my boots and am all ready for him."

INSIST ON HAVING A MEDICINE OF RELIABILITY AND REPUTATION SUCH AS DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE.

Do You Choose Dr Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine FOR AILMENTS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.

Children's Corner

THE PROPER TIME. A little fellow who had some teeth extracted was comforted by the dentist with the assurance that they would come in again.

NOT IN A HURRY FOR WINGS. The Sunday school class was singing "I Want to Be an Angel," and the teacher said to one little fellow, "Why don't you sing louder, Johnny?"

HE FELT SICK. A small boy who accompanied his mother to church on a recent Sunday grew pretty restless before the sermon was over.

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GOD'S MONEY. He was only ten years old and rather small for his years at that, but his heart must have filled the greater part of his little body.

FATHER'S FRIENDS FREE NERVE TONIC. Diseases and ailments cured by this medicine.

money." The father finished the story by saying: "I then learned a lesson which I will not soon forget. Hereafter the good cause will be helped by many a penny from other pockets than Johnny's."

KETCHIN' RIDES. I'm awful fond of ketchin' rides, I like those trucks where I kin stand Without a-holdin' to the sides (Er maybe holdin' with one hand).

I almost never walk to school, So many wagons pass our place; My fav'rite one he makes a rule Of always leadin' me a chase.

SOPHIA'S WEEPINGS. Everybody, in the great Treasury Building, at the capital knows "good old Sophia," the janitress.

She was the first woman ever appointed officially in the Government service. For her honesty in saving Uncle Sam \$180,000 in one night, long ago, President Lincoln gave her a life appointment in the Treasury.

It didn't take long for Sophy's story to be told; and the precious box hidden in Gen. Spinner's room, all officials were brought from their beds and Sophy kept prisoner until, in their presence, the money was counted.

Gen. Spinner had dreamed that something was wrong in the Treasury, dressed and gone to his office. Sophia was sent home in his carriage.

The Secretary said next day, "Sophia, don't you know you have saved this big Government nearly a quarter of a million of dollars?"

Its Power Grows with Age—How many medicines loudly blazoned as panaceas for all human ills have come and gone since Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil was first put upon the market?

Thinking It Out. In an infant's school the mistress was giving some questions on mental arithmetic, and she asked "What do 5 and 4 make?"

A cough is often the forerunner of serious pulmonary afflictions, yet there is a simple cure within the reach of all in Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE BENEDICTINE SALVE

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says: 212 King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1908.

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.

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.

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.

DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation.

DEAR SIR,—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application, I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured.

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.

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.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning.

DEAR SIR,—Early last week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood-poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder.

DEAR SIR,—It gives me the greatest of pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning.

JOHN O'CONNOR 196 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO. FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. E. PRICE \$1.00 PER BOX.

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LOCAL AGENT JOSEPH COOLAHAN Is now calling upon Toronto Subscribers

THURSDAY, NOV. 24, 1904.

AN ANTI-RELIGIOUS SCHEME.

The central fact which we pointed out in a recent article on the relations of Church and State in France, is the danger threatened not only to one but to all forms of religious belief.

DIVORCE AND THE BENCH.

An essay on the divorce evil appears in the papers of the United States from Judge Gildersleeve of the Supreme Court.

"To-day the solving of the great problem among self-respecting gentlefolk lies in that unity of interest—business. When the affections lag there is an interest in the worldly pursuits of the other that fill in that aching void that exists in certain families; when the minds have become tired of business, the affections are appealed to again.

Have these people no serious sense of responsibility before God? Is this the ripest wisdom the Supreme Court of the United States can offer for the cure of social degeneracy as pitiful as heathen Rome knew?

POLITICAL CORRUPTION.

It is simply marvellous that the political reputation of Ontario has not collapsed under the repeated tarrings of general elections and featherings of by-elections during the past decade.

disfigured the later record of Ontario as sufficiently punishable by the law as it stands to bring about the necessary deterrent effect.

THE ROSS CABINET.

The long-expected shuffle in the Ross Cabinet has taken place. Mr. Stratton and Mr. Davis have resigned and Mr. Gibson relinquishes his portfolio but stays in the Cabinet.

Mr. Latchford becomes Attorney-General in the reconstructed government and four new men are introduced, Mr. W. A. Charlton, who takes the Commission of Public Works, formerly held by Mr. Latchford; Mr. A. G. McKay, Commissioner of Crown Lands; Mr. G. P. Graham, Provincial Secretary, and F. E. A. Evanturel, without portfolio.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

Marquise des Monstiers-Mertville, who, as Miss Mary Gwendoline Caldwell, richly endowed the Catholic University of Washington, is said to have renounced the Catholic Faith and published offensive statements concerning the church.

WHAT'S IN THE WIND?

Despatches from Dublin this week tell of another imminent outbreak of dissension in Mr. Redmond's party. There is no hint of such a calamity in our latest Irish exchanges.

Prayer of the Church for one's deceased mother. O God, who hast commanded me to honor my mother, have compassion on the soul of my mother, forgive her sins; and grant that I may see her in the joy of eternal brightness.

been worth a week's purchase. But to-day in Ireland he is able to express his honest convictions as an Irishman and expect the sympathy not only of enlightened Protestants, but of enlightened Orangemen.

HON. MR. STRATTON'S RETIREMENT.

The Peterborough Review, a strong Conservative journal, referring to Mr. Stratton's retirement, acknowledges not only the administrative capacity, but the departmental strictness of the ex-Provincial Secretary.

Personal

Dr. Alfred Shanacy, of Coatesville, Pa., was in the city last week. Mrs. Chas. Maguire of Barrie spent a few days in the city last week.

Interest is Aroused

We learn through some of our subscribers that the local paragraphs upon Catholic cemeteries published in our issue of Nov. 10th have called forth much interest.

St. Helen's Court, C.O.F.

The members of St. Helen Court commenced their series of lectures and entertainments on 16th October, when they listened to a very entertaining and instructive lecture on "The Art of Heating and Ventilating."

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Mayor and Controllers of Toronto are hastening on the investment of \$1,000,000 of the taxpayers' money in gas stock.

There was a decrease of 2,584 in the population of Ireland during the quarter ending September 30th, though the death-rate was only 14.8.

In view of the recent alarmist reports as to the health of the Pope, it is reassuring to read the satisfactory statement of His Holiness's condition, which the Rome correspondent of the Tablet sends to that journal.

ences. His general health is excellent.

The frightful struggle of Russian and Jap goes on. Who can picture the increasing horror of it? Here is an extract from a letter written by a soldier in General Taruberev's division describing the battle of Liaoyang.

What looks like a clear case of the Protestant temperament came to the surface last week. Some Galician Catholics were on trial at Winnipeg for assaulting "a priest of the independent Greek Church."

Toronto and the U.L.L.

Toronto, Nov. 4. Editor Catholic Register: Dear Sir,—I enclose you herewith copy of letter received from the Treasurer of the United Irish League in Boston, which you might kindly publish as a great many of the contributors would not otherwise know that the money had been sent.

Most Popular Book

It has become the custom to pick the most popular books of the year, by the number of copies issued. Going by this standard, probably the most popular book in the world is Dodd's Almanac.

Invoking the Devil

The Sin of Those Who Try Seriously to Ascertain the Future Through Fortune Telling. Very Rev. George M. Searle, superior general of the Paulists, writes in the November "Catholic World," under the heading "The Devil and His Crew," on the evil of superstition and fortune telling.

The Distress in the West

Following up a series of alarming reports in the press of Ireland concerning the shadow of distress in the West, consequent upon the failure of the crops, a well-informed correspondent, writing from Foxford, County Mayo, testifies that "the failure of the potato crop is very marked and worse than in any year in the past."

E. A. ENGLISH

Real Estate 48 VICTORIA ST. TORONTO

INVOKING THE DEVIL

The Sin of Those Who Try Seriously to Ascertain the Future Through Fortune Telling.

Very Rev. George M. Searle, superior general of the Paulists, writes in the November "Catholic World," under the heading "The Devil and His Crew," on the evil of superstition and fortune telling.

"Certainly it is possible for Almighty God to tell our fortunes; He knows them; it is a necessary part of His omniscience. But can we seriously believe, even for a moment, that the Lord is going to do this by means of tea leaves or a pack of cards, or any other part of the fortune-teller's outfit?"

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JAMES MASON, Managing Director

\$15,000 for Mr. Redmond

Contributions aggregating \$15,800 to the Irish Parliamentary Fund were forwarded to Ireland from Boston on the 18th inst. The gift was accompanied by the following letter:

Boston, Nov. 18, 1904. Rt. Rev. Patrick O'Donnell, D.D., Bishop of Raphoe; Hon. John R. Redmond, M.P., chairman Irish party; Alderman Stephen O'Mara, Limerick, trustees Irish Parliamentary Fund, Dublin, Ireland:

Gentlemen,—Enclosed please find draft for two thousand pounds (£2,000) which, together with the one thousand pounds (£1,000) forwarded a few days ago, makes three thousand pounds (£3,000, or \$15,800) forwarded within a week.

This I am enabled to do through the splendid remittance of \$12,000 from the good people of Philadelphia and the generous contribution of \$1,311.53 from the patriotic sympathizers of the home rule movement in Toronto, Canada.

The Distress in the West

Following up a series of alarming reports in the press of Ireland concerning the shadow of distress in the West, consequent upon the failure of the crops, a well-informed correspondent, writing from Foxford, County Mayo, testifies that "the failure of the potato crop is very marked and worse than in any year in the past."

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E. MURPHY

A TIMELY POINTER—Do not buy an ash-sifter, but put the money into our Coal. Our Coal burns to the ash, and leaves no clinkers. Consumers never have to sit.

The Imperial Coal Co.

HEAD OFFICE—1184 YONGE ST. PHONES—North 2082, North 2083 and North 1901.

DRESS WELL... FOLLY FAIR... D'Youville Reading Circle

D'Youville Reading Circle Ottawa, Nov. 17, 1904. Editor of The Register:

The large audience which assembled in the Rideau St. Convent last Monday afternoon, was a very practical proof of the popularity of the lecturer, Mr. John F. Waters, M.A., and of the interest taken in the work of the Reading Circle, under the auspices of which the winter course of lectures is given. Mr. Waters spoke on Shakespeare's Lesser Brethren. To the average person Shakespeare usually stands for something great in literature, but of the lesser lights which immediately preceded or were contemporary with him, he knows very little. Mr. Waters with that magnetic charm of his, immediately put his audience in touch with him, proving in his interesting way that these lesser poets and dramatists are worthy of careful study and consideration—and by more than the man of letters. He commenced with a quotation from Shakespeare in praise of his native land; continuing Mr. Waters said that in the face of such an embarrassment of riches, it was extremely hard to know how, when, or where to begin. He laid strong emphasis on the importance of the Tudor age in literature; it is phenomenal—there has been nothing to equal it in all the record of letters. This will be easily seen when we consider the smallness of the realm, the sparseness of the population—London, the chief city claiming a population scarcely larger than the Ottawa of the present day, the whole of England numbering about four and a half millions—and against this the fact that during the short space of forty-five years, England produced two hundred and thirty-five dramatists and poets. The names on which the lectures dwelt principally, were Christopher Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ford and Philip Massinger. Most of these men led lives of recklessness and dissipation, their time for the most part being spent in taverns, in hopes of dissipation, amid scenes of misery and sin, and the majority of them died as they had lived—cut off in what should have been the flower of their manhood. It is this contrast between what they were and the work they did—work stamped with the hallmarks of genius and power which makes the study of them so interesting. In their writings they may be said to have fallen short of their vocation as teachers of men, still the snatches of pure, tender, graceful poetry, which we see, alongside of savage outbursts of impiety and despair are proofs to the contrary. Christopher Marlowe particularly should be noted in this respect. He had a splendid power, well nigh terrible in its dramatic intensity, but marred by his atheistic life and reckless indulgence in mad passions. Yet he is the man who wrote the charming, tender appeal of "The Shepherd to His Love," which Mr. Waters quoted. He died at the age of thirty-two, leaving behind him four masterpieces, of which the latter part of the foundation of English dramatic literature. Mr. Waters spoke of the waste and prodigality of these gifted men as truly awful. Like Shakespeare, they were utterly careless as to the preservation of their work; carelessness was engendered in the very lives they lived. They felt all the clear joy of creation—and left posterity and their works to take care of themselves. Unquestionably the greatest of Shakespeare's Lesser Brethren is Ben Jonson. His high moral integrity, and stern perseverance of character stamp him as a really great and good man. In spite of this, and the lecturer spoke of it as a matter of wonder to himself, reviewers and commentators have delighted in writing of him as malevolent, harsh, stern, taciturn, and abnormally jealous of Shakespeare. The very reverse was the case; he was a generous, warm-hearted man, and Gifford, in a masterly essay, proved the falsity of the Shakespeare charge. No contemporary of the world's greatest poet has put in record such a proof of respect and admiration as did Ben Jonson in his preface to the first published volume of Shakespeare's works. His dramas show a skillful, harmonious, consistent development very far removed from the terrible power and gloomy fatalism, which by fits and starts characterizes the work of Marlowe.

A Gross Exaggeration

Grossly exaggerated versions of an incident of Cardinal Gibbons' visit to St. Stanislaus Church, Baltimore, have been published in the daily papers of several cities. According to one account, the people of the parish, incensed by the acceptance by the Cardinal of their pastor's resignation, "jostled His Eminence from the church steps" and "priests who came to his aid were similarly treated." The facts of the matter are that while the Cardinal and other guests were in the rectory the door bell rang and about seventy-five women, fifteen or twenty boys and girls and perhaps a dozen men pushed into the vestibule and proceeded up the steps leading to the second story, and when asked what was their mission, they proclaimed their intention of beseeching His Eminence to reappoint the former pastor. Reasoning and entreaties failed to induce the petitioners to disperse, and in order to clear the vestibule it was necessary to summon the police. Later in the evening services were held in the church and a large congregation attended. There was no disorder.

Those who wish the return of the former pastor are greatly in the minority, and the major part of the congregation are pleased with the new pastor.

Death of Sir Stephen De Vere

A Limerick despatch says: Sir Stephen Edward De Vere, fourth and last Baronet, died at his residence, Poyntes Island, County Limerick, in his third year. Deceased was a brother of the Irish poet, Aubrey De Vere, and was an active figure in Irish politics for upwards of half the last century. He was converted to Catholicity. He represented Limerick County for a number of years. He distinguished himself after the great Irish famine of '47 by going out to America as an ordinary passenger, and thereby induced legislation which ended the use of what were known as coffin ships. A member of a distinguished Irish literary family, the late Baronet was himself a prolific writer of pamphlets, etc., but is, perhaps, best known for his masterly translations into English verse of the odes of Horace. He frequently contributed also to the great London weeklies, but for the past fifteen years lived a retired life in Poyntes Island. He never married, and died to-day the last representative of one of the oldest Irish families.

Death of Abbe Bourassa

Montreal, Nov. 21.—The Archdiocese of Montreal has lost one of its most revered and lovable priests in the death of Abbe Bourassa, parish priest of St. Louis de France, and late Secretary of Laval University. Father Bourassa met with an accident while overseeing some repairs in the choir loft of his church about two weeks ago, and sustained a severe concussion. Although it was necessary for him to remain in bed, the injury was not regarded as serious, and it was thought that he was recovering satisfactorily. Last night, however, he began to sink, and soon expired. Father Bourassa was a brother of Mr. Henri Bourassa, M.P. He rendered excellent service to Laval, but, wishing to engage in active church work, he took charge of the Parish of St. Louis de France during the present year. He was about forty years of age.

With the brave the sun sets at last upon all earthly expectations, but only to rise upon another sphere of hope. The star of hope may sink below the horizon, but it has never yet gone down into a grave.

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SCANDAL SILENCED

Priest Exonerated From Accusation of Using Undue Influence.

New York, Nov. 14.—Supreme Court Justice Gildersleeve has rendered a decision completely exonerating Rev. John J. Hughes, pastor of the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, from all the allegations that he had used his influence unduly in advising Jane Morris how to make a testamentary disposition of her property.

Jane Morris died, aged 90, in October, 1902. She had lived for years with her sister-in-law, Ellen Morris, at 181 West Sixteenth street, but eight weeks before her death Father Hughes and his nephew, John T. Hughes, removed her from the squalid tenement to better rooms at 139 West Sixteenth street, where John T. Hughes took care of her till she died. Ellen Morris had accumulated \$5,000 in savings, and five weeks before her death she made a will bequeathing \$2,000 to Father Hughes and making another bequest to the Church. Father Hughes told her, however, that he would not accept the bequest, so the will was destroyed, and Mrs. Morris then gave a power of attorney to John T. Hughes, who, at her direction, transferred \$3,000 to the Missionary Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle. The rest of her savings was to be spent in caring for her, and should any money remain her sister-in-law, Ellen Morris, was to get it.

Ellen Morris brought suit for the whole estate and made charges involving the integrity of Father Hughes. Justice Gildersleeve, before whom the case was tried, says the evidence shows that the money was disposed of as the testatrix herself desired, and that the conduct of Father Hughes throughout was unquestionably that of a pure and holy man looking after the spiritual welfare of an aged parishioner in the regular discharge of his priestly duties. The suit is therefore dismissed.

The Late Launcelot Bolster

The following heartfelt tribute to the late Mr. Launcelot Bolster appears in the last issue of the Toronto Sunday World:

"His life was gentle, And the elements so mixed in him, That Nature might stand up, And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

To know the late Launcelot Bolster, manager of the Sovereign Bank of Canada, was to love him. His very nature endeared him to his fellow man, so kind and gentle was he in every action of his life. His death, which took place shortly before midnight on Thanksgiving Day, proved a severe shock to a most extensive circle of friends, both business and social, of whom he was hardly expected that the world would be so soon bereft of his services. Bright's disease in a rather violent form had made inroad in a never very robust constitution, and he finally succumbed. His loving and faithful sister attended him to the last.

The deceased banker was born in London, England, within sound of Bow Bells, and came to Canada with his parents when quite a young lad. His father was for many years connected with the Toronto waterworks, when they were owned by Mr. Furness and also after they had been purchased by the city. Young Bolster entered the service of the Canadian Bank of Commerce at a very early age, when the late Senator McMaster was its president and with whom he was a great favorite. So apt a junior was he that his promotion was rapid and in 1880 he was appointed assistant manager for the Toronto branch of the bank, which position he filled for some years, until continued ill-health compelled him to withdraw from active service. From then until 1902, when the Sovereign Bank was organized, Mr. Bolster spent his time in rest and travel. He visited the old land of his birth and returned to Canada in much better health. He assisted Mr. D. M. Stewart (who by the way was an old Bank of Commerce colleague) to organize the Sovereign Bank of Canada, and so marked was his success that he was offered and accepted the position of Toronto manager. But the hand of death was already upon him and in November, 1903, he left the bank for the last time. The best medical skill was employed and an eminent New York specialist advised him to spend a term in Muskoka, which he did. However, he gradually got weaker and the end came peacefully and without a struggle.

Naturally of a somewhat retiring disposition, to those who knew him he was a most lovable man. His greatest pleasure was to perform an act of kindness for a fellow creature—he was always the same good-hearted soul, as anyone who enjoyed his friendship was proud to acknowledge. He was an ardent lover of music and an excellent violin player. Mr. Bolster was never married, but leaves two brothers, one of whom is a lawyer in Texas, and three sisters, to mourn the loss of one of the best, noblest and kindest brothers mortal man or woman ever had.

His friends were numerous and many a silent tear will be dropped to the memory of poor "Larry" Bolster. A large number of friends attended the funeral on Saturday morning from the residence of his brother-in-law, Thomas Mulvey, 125 Bathurst street, to St. Basil's Church, then to St. Michael's Cathedral. The officiating priest, Father Howard, one of whom is a lawyer in Texas, and three sisters, to mourn the loss of one of the best, noblest and kindest brothers mortal man or woman ever had.

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The chief mourners were George Bolster of New York, a brother; Mrs. M. Scully, Mrs. Owen Soudy, Mrs. J. R. Eoy, K.C., Randolph Hasdond, A. A. Allan, John L. Lee, W. T. J. Lee, J. Cumberland, John Pugsley, Joseph Moroney, E. V. O'Sullivan, Jules Ferry, Claude Macdonell and J. D. Ward.

ROAST CARRION FOR ONTARIO

Dr. Drummond with Contemptuous Levity Pays Tribute to the Corrupt Ontario Voter

The address by Dr. W. H. Drummond, author of "The Habitant," to the Canadian Club of Toronto on Monday, was the hottest roast that has been yet served up to the corrupt Ontario elector.

"True," he said, "the birth rate of Ontario is not remarkable; that is, it does not even exceed the modest birth rate of my own Province of Quebec, but the male inhabitants of Ontario have, it seems to me, one quality far surpassing anything of the kind in the sister Province, and which is simply phenomenal; namely, the power, as I said before, of 'hanging on' to objects sacred to them.

"Judging by political history, the son of Ontario who reaches the years of maturity and the right to a vote never dies. Once his name has been enrolled upon the glorious roster of his country, his name, if not his fame, is undying. He may pass from this earth, and the place that once knew him know him no more for months, or even years at a time—there he lies, the noble son of Ontario, perchance in some foreign land, where, instead of the bitterness of his native homestead, the gloomyypress guards his lonely grave; but, though the dread trumpet remain unblown, yet one blast from the old familiar party horn summons him to the same old polling booth. "His ashes may have been scattered to the winds, or his body have become food for worms, but his vote goes marching on, and his resurrection is sure as election day. And this, my friends, is not a tribute to him alone, but to the living, energetic politicians of Ontario, who bring to the polls every voter dead or alive.

"Sometimes I understand the spirits do not always return. Their graves may be distant, or they may have spiritual reasons for disliking the district in which they were wont to register their vote—they say, too, that the dead do not rise in Lake Superior, but in such a case Ontario can always depend upon self-sacrificing sons among the living; and so we behold them putting off to sea in stormy weather, risking life and meals on a great fresh-water ocean, ready to fill the ranks in place of those who have quit this terrestrial sphere. It is such scenes as these that show the vigor which fills the blood of Ontario's sons, and also demonstrate the value they place upon the right of every free man to vote, first for himself, and after that to vote, if that nothing is wasted, dead or alive, for in the words of the immortal though unknown bard:

"If traitor hand be on my throat, Ontario! Ontario! Thy silent host must rise and vote, Ontario! Ontario!"

"Though scattered far our bones may be, On alien shore, or 'neath the sea, One blast upon the horn, and we Shall gladly rise and come to thee, Ontario! Ontario!"

Doctrine of Purgatory

"I do not know of any doctrine of the Catholic religion that is more consoling to the human heart than the article which teaches the efficacy of prayers for the faithful departed. It robs death of its sting. It assuages the bitterness of our sorrow. It reconciles us to our loss. It keeps us in touch with the living dead, as correspondence keeps us in touch with the absent living. It preserves their memory fresh and green in our hearts. "It gives us that best satisfaction which springs from the consciousness that we are helping the loved ones who have gone before us; that we are alleviating their pains, shortening the term of their exile and hastening their entrance into Paradise, their true country. "It familiarizes us with the existence of a life beyond the grave; it inspires us with the hope of being one day reunited with those whom we cherished on earth and of dwelling with them in that blessed home where there is no separation or sorrow or death, but everlasting peace and rest in the kingdom of our common Father.—Cardinal Gibbons.

SAYS HE WAS A TOTAL WRECK

But Dodd's Kidney Pills Gave Him a New Lease of Life.

Geo. Robertson had Rheumatism and Dropsy—Had to be Tipped—Doesn't Know What is to be Sick Now.

Montreal, Que., Nov. 21.—(Special)—Mr. Geo. Robertson, a well-known citizen living at 392 St. James St., Montreal, is one of the many people in this city who are never without Dodd's Kidney Pills in the house. Like all the others, Mr. Robertson has his reasons for this and is always ready to give them. "I was a total wreck before I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills," Mr. Robertson says. "I had been troubled with Rheumatism and Dropsy for five years. I had to be tapped to relieve me of the pain. My arms and legs were terribly swollen. "I had just begun to get downhearted when a friend induced me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. Before I had used the second box I felt better. Seven boxes cured me so completely, that now I don't know what it is to be sick.

Among those present were Dr. J. Eoy, K.C., Randolph Hasdond, A. A. Allan, John L. Lee, W. T. J. Lee, J. Cumberland, John Pugsley, Joseph Moroney, E. V. O'Sullivan, Jules Ferry, Claude Macdonell and J. D. Ward.

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THE MAN THAT MAKES THE HOME

Mr. James Starr pushed away his breakfast plate and picked up his newspaper with a rustle, not to say injured air. His housekeeper had just informed him that she was about to get married and would he please to suit himself as soon as possible with somebody else, because she wanted to go home and get her things ready. To a middle-aged bachelor of quiet ways and regular habits there is nothing more disconcerting than a change of housekeeper, and he was quite unprepared for Mary's hasty notice. He was dreadfully disappointed in Mary. He had quite thought that her mature years and her undiminished good sense would have preserved her from falling a victim to the delusion common to her kind of "bettering" herself by marriage; but, no, not a bit of it; she was just as keen on matrimony as any giddy girl of twenty. He couldn't understand it. He was shocked, too, at her total want of consideration for himself in his dilemma. All she had said was: "I'm sure I don't know where you are to get another like myself, there's Father Cowen been without a housekeeper for six weeks an' can't get one for love or money." That was all the commiseration he had had from Mary. He opened his paper with an indignant jerk. "Not to be had for love or money!" He'd see about that. What had love to do with the matter, either, except in Mary's disordered fancy; but that money should not be able to secure for him what he wanted he never for one moment believed. As a self-made man he knew the value of money and he would be very much surprised if it could not get him a housekeeper. Fortunately, he did not share any of Mary's mistaken ideas about "bettering" himself, all he hoped for was a decent, sober, honest woman, who knew how to cook; he "wants but little here below," but dinner is one of the indispensables. He ran his eyes down the advertisement columns of the "Post." Surely somebody in the country must be wanting a situation as housekeeper to a bachelor of quiet habits; yes, here she was, unless he was much mistaken. "Superior person, aged thirty, desires post as housekeeper to a single gentleman, experienced, good manager, excellent cook, Apply E. Baines, 10 Market Place, Woodside." He decided to go and see E. Baines without delay. So, early in the afternoon he set out for Woodside, which was one of the poorest quarters of the large city in which he lived and distant some four miles from his house, a pretty villa in a pleasant suburb.

Woodside was not by any means what its name might imply, for there was not a green spot in the whole dreary district; miles and miles of mean streets and squalid dwellings had long since taken the place of woods, if they had ever flourished in that particular neighborhood. But to find No. 10 Mark place! That was the question. Mr. Starr made inquiries of several passers-by, but beyond the information that it was close to St. Mark's church, he could get nothing more definite, and he had been all round the building in question without finding it. He hailed a boy, a bright-faced, intelligent-looking little fellow, who was standing watching an exciting game of marbles at a quiet street corner. "Mark place, right?" he asked. "Yes, I know it; straight on and turn to your left, then take the next turning but one to your right; it's not so easy to find, but I'm going that way and I'll show you." "Thank you," said Mr. Starr, "but don't let me take you from your companions." "They're not my companions," said the boy as they walked on. "I was just watching their game, as I had nothing to do. What number do you want at Mark place?" "No. 10." "Why I live there. What do you want?" "A person called No. 10; Pratt is our name. You've made a mistake in the number, perhaps." "I don't think so." "Ah, beg your pardon; it's maybe our lodger, but she's gone—left yesterday." "Perhaps your mother can tell me where she is gone or something about her." "I haven't got a mother," said the boy; "there's only my sister Phoebe and Aunt Maria, but they'll tell you about her all right; that is the door, that green one. Good afternoon!" He lifted his cap, showing a crop of bright hair, and ran down the street. Mr. Starr looked after him with an approving smile. "Nice little fellow," said he to himself, and then he knocked at the green door. It was promptly opened by a young woman, who resembled the nice little fellow so strongly that Mr. Starr smiled and said, "Good morning," in the manner one greets an old acquaintance. This was the sister beyond doubt; but the combination of gray eyes, bright brown hair and fair complexion, which had taken his fancy in the boy, was even more pleasing in the girl, who was very sweet and modest-looking. "Miss Baines is gone to a situation," she said in answer to his inquiries; "but I don't think she is going to stop there and I can give you her address." "Ask the gentleman to walk inside, Phoebe," said a sharp voice from within. "Will you please come in, sir," said the girl. "Take a chair, sir." The sharp voice belonged to a sharp-looking, middle-aged woman in an armchair by the fire, and it was considerably discounted by a pair of kindly blue eyes, very bright and keen. "You're seeking Emma Baines, are you? Oh, yes, she's got a place, but she'll be back before the month's out, as sure as you're sitting on that chair. She'll never stop long, anywhere she doesn't like work." "She has not been very fortunate in her places," said the girl charitably. She was busy ironing at a table by the window and did not look up as she spoke. "Is she a respectable, a superior person?" asked Mr. Starr. "Oh, yes, respectable enough; her mother was as decent a woman as ever stepped in shoe leather, and superior enough in the way of dress and the like," said the girl. "But there's all alike now, all for money; dirty

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and draggel tail all the week, with their heads like mops, an' then a grand hat and a fine frock on Sundays. There was Emma off to Mass last week with a dress on her back worth a quarter's wages; shepherd's checks no less, with buttons on it as big as penny pieces. 'It's tailor-made, says she to Phoebe; 'ah, an' a fine tailor-made price, too, I'm thinkin', says I; 'an' here's Phoebe not had a new dress these four years, and wearin' the old brown wincey that was her mother's—rest her soul!' "Are you Catholics, then?" asked Mr. Starr. He was greatly entertained. "Oh, yes, sir; maybe you're one yourself?" "I am." "Well, now, if I didn't just think so; but you'll not belong to St. Joseph's; that has always been our church, an' the children all christened there; take them pins out of your mouth, Phoebe, you'll be swallowing one as sure your name's Phoebe Pratt." Phoebe immediately removed the pins from her mouth. She was pulling out the edges of some delicate lace and pinning it smooth on her ironing sheet ready for pressing, handling it with careful touch. "How many children?" asked Mr. Starr, watching the girl with a look of great interest. "Phoebe here an' three boys. Both the parents have been dead these two years, and here's me a poor, crippled, sufferin' thing, the biggest bairn of the lot." "And how do you live, may I ask?" "On Phoebe's earnings; she's a beautiful laundress is Phoebe, an' gets up fine lace like new; she works hard an' she's a good manager, besides, an' that's a great thing." "I think you do the managing, Maria," said Phoebe with a sweet smile. "Kettle's boiling, make the tea, Phoebe," said Aunt Maria. "Will you have a cup, sir?" "Thank you, I should like one very much." Phoebe put away her ironing and got out the tea things, and Mr. Starr's eyes followed her as she moved about the room. He noted the neatness and order that prevailed in the little home and how bright and clean everything was. And the girl herself, how fresh and tidy she was; graceful and dignified, too, in spite of her old patched dress and big check apron. Everything seemed to bear the mark of her clever hands and the influence of her presence. The whole dumb dwelling grew conscious, and put on her looks and ways.

Mr. Starr was not given to quotations, but these lines somehow came into his mind as he watched her. "We can't get on without our tea," Aunt Maria was saying; "we're not great tea drinkers, but we like a good cup, an' we are very particular about it. Made the minute the kettle boils and masked three minutes an' not one instant longer; none of your one-and-tuppenny trash neither, mind you; we can do with a little, but it must be good." "Yes, quite so," said Mr. Starr, nodding approvingly with his eyes on Phoebe. "Little and good—little and good." "It's a puzzle to me," went on Aunt Maria, balancing her saucer on her finger tips, "how folks can drink the rubbish they do, an' the teapot never off the hob stevin' an' bilin'; they wonder that their stomachs is had an' off they run to the druggists for a bottle of patent medicine, wastin' good money, an' all for their own senselessness! Givin' it to their bairns, too, poor lambs! It's enough to vex a saint from heaven." "How you do talk, Maria," said Phoebe, laughing. "It's all very true," said Mr. Starr. The girl took her iron again from the glowing fire to continue her work. "You keep a good fire," said her visitor. "I must do that," she answered, "to keep my irons hot; otherwise I should not with coals the price they are." An anxious look crossed her face as she spoke and a little wrinkle came out between her dark, straight brows. "Yes, an' flour risin' again to-day, I hear," said Aunt Maria; "you must make to-night, Phoebe, if you're not too tired." "Why, what would tire me?" said the girl cheerfully. Mr. Starr was greatly touched—that anxious look on the girl's young face spoke volumes; the burden was too heavy, in spite of her courage. With a little judicious questioning he found out the whole family history. The boy whom he had met on the street was the eldest of the three and had just left school; he was looking for work; he would like to be a priest, and would have been one, perhaps, if his father had lived. Aunt Maria had chronic rheumatism and heart disease and would never work again—but "the Lord would provide," she said. He asked leave to call again soon to see the boys and bring the invalid something to strengthen her. He would not take Miss Baines' address, as he did not think she was quite his style. It was evening when he reached home; the house seemed cheerless and empty, and his study fire was nearly out. He felt lonely and unhappy in some new and undefined way. He missed the cheerful atmosphere he had just left and the bright fire and the talk and Phoebe. He stirred up his fire with unnecessary vigor, and on a sudden experienced a strong feeling of indignation at the iniquitous price of coal, as he recalled the anxious look and the tell-tale wrinkle on Phoebe's pretty brow. A worthy successor to the faithless Mary was forthcoming in due time, but whether she did well or ill her master did not particularly notice. All his thoughts, as a matter of fact, were taken up with his poor friends at Woodside and he was always discovering superfluities in his own well-stored house, which he straightway transferred to theirs. He talked about the family so much to his friend, Father Cowen, that at last that good father thought it his duty as his parish priest, to go and see what sort of people they were in whom his old friend was so interested. He came away well pleased with his visit, and on the way home he remarked to himself several times: "The very thing!" Father Cowen's mind was always miles ahead of other people's. Mr. Starr's charitable intentions with regard to the family were still undefined, but he was quite determined to do them some permanent good and remove them to brighter surroundings. As he sat in his armchair one afternoon the thought came into his mind that three such bright, clever boys as the Pratts ought to be properly educated and have their chance in life, and there was no reason why he should not see it done; he might as well do some good with his money in his lifetime. Paul had a vocation for the priesthood, it would seem. The Bishop wanted priests. These boys should go to college. And what could he do for Phoebe? He rose and paced the room, stopping at last before a large mirror. Many times of late he had stood there. The mirror—ever faithfully reflected back the handsome but rather portly form, the pleasant, kind face and grizzled hair, only to be frowned at for not showing him something different. He had tried two fresh tailors and three new hairdressers within a many months, but they could not bring back the youthful proportions of the wayward gray hairs. He sighed. If only he were a young man he could easily find a way to help Phoebe. He took his hat and went round to the presbytery to consult Father Cowen about sending the boys to college. "It is a noble thought, James, and worthy of you," said his friend, when he had heard his scheme. "And I shall be delighted to make all the arrangements for you." "Then there is their sister," said Mr. Starr, with some hesitation. "I should like to get her away from that unhealthy place." Father Cowen's eyes twinkled. "It is not very unhealthy, is it?" "I think she looks ill; what do you think, father, would be the best thing to do for Phoebe?" Father Cowen took a pinch of snuff with great impressiveness; then he said emphatically: "Marry her!" "Father! You mean it?" His friend rose and put both his hands on his shoulders. "Why, you dear old boy," he said, "that's what you wanted me to say, was it not?" Phoebe's marriage made a great talk at St. Joseph's and everybody was delighted at the romance of the thing, for Mr. Starr was known to be one of the richest men in the city, although he never made much show. Phoebe does not make much show either, and Aunt Maria declares that she is almost as busy as ever and that she waits on her hand and foot the same as she did before. "Faithful over a few things," she is faithful over many things. "She looketh well to the ways of her house; her children rise and call her blessed." Exchange.

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A PAIR OF SHOES One summer day a dozen years ago a twelve-year-old boy was seated behind a small desk in the anteroom of a New York morning newspaper office. He was one of the regular force of office-boys. One of these had the day before gone away, a fact which had in some mysterious way been noised abroad, and during the day a score of other boys had been in to apply for the place. None of them had been engaged. Shortly before six o'clock another boy appeared, about the age of the one who sat in the room. "I heard you want to get another office boy," said the newspaper editor. The boy in the chair looked the other over carefully without replying. The applicant was a clean, manly looking little fellow, with frank blue eyes. The officeboy went into the inner room, and then the assistant editor appeared. "What's your name?" he asked, briskly. "Walter Simmons, sir," answered the boy. The man rapidly questioned him further, and looked at his letters of recommendation. In a moment the boy was engaged. "You'll go on the night force," said the editor. "Begin to-night at six o'clock—you'll get off somewhere around two. There'll be a couple of the old boys here to tell you what to do." "Yes, sir," answered the boy, moving toward the door. As he stepped from behind the desk the editor noticed that he was bare-footed. The boy looked down and hesitated. Then he glanced up at the man and said: "I haven't any shoes, sir." "No shoes? Well, we can't have a barefooted office-boy. Can't you get some?" Again the boy hesitated. "I'll try my best, sir," he said, with a slight tremor in his voice. "All right. Turn up here at six with shoes on and the place is yours—otherwise we'll have to get some one else," and the editor turned away. The boy walked slowly out to the head of the stairs. He paused here and gazed wistfully back into the anteroom. Then, catching the eye of the boy inside, he turned and ran down the steps. "Hi, there! Hold on, kid!" came a voice from the head of the stairs. He turned on the first landing, and saw the other boy looking down at him. "What's the reason you ain't got any shoes?" asked the office-boy. "All worn out and thrown away. I've been out of work a month and my mother's sick." "Got any stockings?" "Yes, one pair," and he gazed down at his bare legs below his short trousers. "Well, you must be about my size. I have a pair of shoes I might lend to you for a week till you draw your pay. What'd you say to that?" "You wouldn't ask if you knew how much I want the place?" "Well, you skip home and get the stockings. Come right back here and wait there where you are. You'll have to hustle if you get back by six." Walter certainly did "hustle"; he was back seven minutes before six, and stood waiting on the landing, half afraid that the other would not keep his word. The next moment his new-found friend looked down at him. "Sit right down there," said the office-boy. Put on the stockings and I'll be along at six." Walter did as he was told, and as everybody went up and down by the elevators, he was not disturbed. In a few minutes the office-boy came, sat down beside him, and began taking off his shoes. "This is the only pair I've got," he explained. "Nothing very stylish about them, but if they'll do on my feet, they'll do on yours. They cost a dollar, anyhow, and you want to be careful of them—no skating on the floor or kicking the desk legs. Try that one." "That fits all right," answered Walter. "Well, get 'em both on quick. My name is Tom Bennett, and I live at 889 Roosevelt street. There's a bakery in the basement that's open all night. The boss knows me. When you get off at two, you go round there and leave the shoes with him. I'll tell him you're coming. See that you don't fail, 'cause if you do I'll be out of a job myself to-morrow. I got your name and your address from Mr. Hunt, and if the shoes ain't at the bakeryshop in the morning I'll be looking for you." He stuffed his own stockings into his pocket and went down the stairs in his bare feet. The other went up and began his duties. For week this arrangement was kept up. Tom found his shoes each morning at the baker's, and each evening the exchange was made on the landing. At the end of this time Walter was able to get himself a pair and the partnership in foot-gear came to an end. But the friendship so oddly begun has never ended, and both boys proved to be capable of rising to better things. Tom is now in the business office, and Walter is a reporter—Hayden Carruth in Youth's Companion.

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Other an inquisitive maltese head peering out to see what was going on in the world. And each week letters written in Helen's prim, little vertical hand went speeding to college, for as the little maid said: "I do s'pose Uncle Tom must be just anxious to hear all about those funny Purrington Cat Apartments." The Heart of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is the perpetual jubilee of the Church, her glad hymn of praise for the mysteries of redeeming love.

KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS

By J. HARRISON

Kind hearts are more than coronets. And simple faith than Norman blood.

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CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

He could not speak another word. His head dropped until his cheek rested on her hair. It was a holy moment. The peace of God filled him as he sat with his arms clasped about the form of the girl who would have been his daughter had he followed the promptings of his heart. He was back in the past then. He would not have been the wealthy, humored man he was to-day—but he would have known at least some share of happiness. He had been a good husband, faithful and kind in his own way—but sitting thus, he knew that love was the only thing in the world.

"You have made me very happy," he said at last. "I never thought to be so happy in all my life again. Gertrude. Your father was a better man and a nobler man than I—and your mother loved him dearly. If I gave her up, offered her on the altar of my ambition, she lost nothing, I everything. And is it because you learned all this that you have been so kind to your old uncle?"

"Partly because of this," she answered. "Partly? There is more, then?" "There is more," she answered, in a low voice. He put his hand under her chin and raised her face to his gaze. But the soft, brown eyes met his, and he could not see beneath.

"More?" he repeated curiously. "Won't you trust me, Gertrude?" "My secret is now, uncle." She struggled from his embrace to her feet. "A little, foolish, nonsensical dream I had, from which I was rudely awakened. I shall never sleep again."

"My girl—" "No questions, uncle." She laughed now, and perched herself on the arm of the chair. "To business, if you please—we have wasted enough time this morning. Where are those details of the wood sale Hugh brought from old Matthew's yesterday? Let us go over them at once."

And it was not until the evening, when he saw together that Uncle Eric remembered Bayard Cameron's existence, and that he had meant to urge the young man's suit. More than ever he felt that he should do so. His little girl must not be left alone and unprotected if anything happened to him.

tones. She did not heed them. It meant so much more to a girl to marry where she did not love. She dared not risk it. If God gave her children— And then suddenly, as if in answer to her troubled thoughts, a sound broke the silence. She sat upright, erect, listening. What was it? The breeze? Oh, no, the breeze, in its most glorious mood, never carried such beauty on its wings! What was it? Against their will, almost, the occupants of that room turned to the window, listening, afraid to breathe, afraid to stir. How soft, how sweet, how touching, how fiery—Gertrude could not move when at last it died away; her heart gave a bound of disappointment when she felt that it had really ceased.

"A violin!" she whispered then. "A violin! Oh, who is it, who is it, who can it be?" She felt raised, exultant. It had been a song of hope, of high aspirations, an answer to the doubts struggling in her breast. She glanced around her half-fearfully. Had they heard also? Or was it intended only for her ears? Some supernatural message—

"What is it?" cried Leigh Fenton. She had risen under the influence of the music and stood drawn to her full height, looking about her with frightened eyes. "Someone is playing a violin in old Matthew's cottage," answered Hugh. "He is an artist, if it is that visitor of his!"

"A magician!" cried Leigh again. "A magician! Hugh, oh, it has taken my heart out of my body—it is drawing me in spite of myself. I have no will, no power left. Let us go, Hugh, oh, let us go!" "Go where, you foolish child?" asked Hugh, smiling at her excitement. "Anywhere, that I may hear it again. Just to hear it again, Hugh," she pleaded, sweetly. "Let us go to thank him—it is not far to the cottage."

She looked around her, confused, passed her hand across her forehead, and burst into tears. In alarm, Hugh sprang up to put his arm about her. "You are ill, nervous, excited," he said, in a troubled voice. "Why, Leigh—"

"Music always upsets her," said Senator Hilliard. "I'd advise you to go to your own room and not to hear any more of it." Mildred, sitting cold and silent, did not speak. "Please do not send me away—I must hear him if he plays again," protested Leigh. "Hugh, don't let them send me away."

"You will be ill," said Uncle Eric, gruffly. "Close the window, Gertrude, at once. I hate violins and violinists." He spoke savagely, and Gertrude sprang up to obey. But Bayard Cameron was before her. He shut in the big French windows, then caught her hand as she turned to go back to her guardian's side.

"What did it say to you, Gertrude?" he pleaded. "It told me much I was longing to hear—it bade me hope. Oh, Gertrude, just one word—tell me to wait, Gertrude—and if I have to serve as Jacob did for Rachel, I shall rest content. Just that word, Gertrude. My heart is breaking without it." "Please," she whispered in an uncertain voice, almost carried away by the intensity of his tone. "Please, Bayard—"

Then: "Only one sign!" she whispered. "I have said I did not believe in God! O God, I lied. I do, I do, I do! Have pity upon me. Merciful Father. You who implanted this heart within my breast, just as it is with all its faults, give me the sign I crave. Have pity on an erring child who is lying now at Your feet—who is praying, praying, praying. O God, give me one sign! The voice, the words, the straining of that tense body showed her earnestness. And, as if in answer, a melody stole out and upward to her waiting ears. A simple air, now filled with pathos—"Heimweh"—and the player's heart must have been filled with the home-sickness he portrayed. Longing, sorrow, painful grief were borne to her on the night wind. Slowly the tenseness of her body left it, slowly the white horror left her face, the strain relaxed. She drew back. She went down to the floor on her knees, her head bowed on the broad sill. The tears were streaming from her eyes. Her breast rose and fell, and rose again in convulsive sobbings.

"He lives! He lives! It was a lie—a cruel lie. That is my song, played as only he could play it. He lives! My God, how can I thank Thee—how can I ever thank Thee?"

CHAPTER XVII.

Uncle Eric's Visitor.

When Mildred appeared the next morning all eyes turned to her in astonishment. She was white and exhausted-looking, with heavy black shadows encircling her violet orbs, making them even darker than usual. In answer to the surprised question of those about her, she answered, truthfully enough, that she had not slept well, and that her head was aching.

"Is Mr. Hilliard ill also?" she asked, indicating the ex-Senator's vacant place, and trying by the remark to divert attention from herself. "No," answered Mrs. Fenton. "He was called to Kenthoro this morning. He left a message for you, Leigh," turning to her daughter. "He says he cannot find the address you wanted, and that the very best thing you can do is to put the subject out of your mind altogether."

Leigh looked a little startled, then frowned, an expression of blank disappointment settling on her fair face. "Oh, of course, when I want anything especially bad Uncle Lewis won't get it for me. He knows a jeweller from whom I wished to order something," she explained to her mother. "That's just like Uncle Lewis—he won't put himself to a bit of trouble."

"May I?" asked Hugh, quickly. "Tell me what you want, Leigh." She smiled at him. "Not you," with an adorable glance. "I don't want you to get it for me—this is a secret." She laughed then and he laughed with her, little guessing how true her words were, and how they affected himself.

Uncle Eric felt strangely ill. The violin playing of the previous evening had disturbed him more than anyone knew. It had brought bad dreams. All night long he had been quarrelling with Laurence as in the long-past days—all night long the dead man's face had haunted him, now smiling and joyous, now drawn and white and ghastly.

Gertrude also looked worn and half-frightened—for she dreaded the ordeal she knew she had to face that day when Bayard Cameron sought her alone. The only comfortable people at the table were Mrs. Fenton and Aunt Estelle. Mildred rose from her barely tasted breakfast and walked out into the hall, where she lingered a moment for fear of curious eyes. There was a tumult, a raving in her breast, for the next hour must solve the doubts that tortured her. If Laurence Lindsay were alive he would not keep himself concealed from her, nor hide his identity. Once beyond sight of the house and away from possible prying, her feet fairly flew, as she passed under the chestnut trees. She did not turn to Matthew's cottage, but instead to the old-time trysting-place, the place where they had said farewell to the rustic bridge built over the Lindsay stream. For if there were one single thought of her in his heart, one memory of the golden days, it was here he would come to see her first—it was here she would first look upon his face.

She could scarcely breathe—not from the hurry—she did not know that she was running with light steps along the path through the pines. Oh, those memories of old, and the bitter days between! Her chest was heaving with bounds that choked her, so that finally she stood still to recover herself—fearing to look, fearing that her eyes deceived her. Grasping at the bark of the tree near her, she stood, helpless with doubt and longing. For leaning across the bridge, back towards her, was the figure of a man. And as she gazed the doubt left her, and she was conscious only of a great gladness—a gladness that seemed to fall on her troubled spirit like a benediction, that seemed to strengthen her nervous limbs and ease away the numb pain at her heart. He, perhaps feeling that intent gaze, stirred restlessly, turned, and so, across the lapse of years, they met.

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most unworthy friend a woman ever had? Nay, I have been too unhappy myself—do not make it worse for me. Tell me—did you know—last night? "That message was for me, then?" she asked, tenderly. "I knew at once, and when 'Heimweh' came—well, Laurence, I have not slept since for thinking of it—and of you. And if I had come this morning, and you were not here to greet me, I should have died. Laurence, I could not have stood another disappointment!"

"This is my third visit, Mildred. I have haunted this spot in the hope of seeing you—for Matthew was too shaken to be trusted with a message, and besides, I would not let him carry it—it was too precious," with a reassuring smile. "Come, let us sit down here and talk over the past with its misery—the future with its hopes—"

There was something strange about him—a thoughtfulness, a gravity, the careless fellow she had known did not possess. He led her, still with his arm about her, to the little seat at the foot of the bridge. "When you wrote to me, thinking me Fraser," he began, "it was the last straw. When Hilliard left me that day at Monte Carlo I went wild almost, to think that he could walk, free as air, under the golden sun of my childhood's home. Mildred, let me pour out my pain to you, for it is eating at my heart. Mildred, Mildred, is it true that I am here—here at Lindsay Manor, on Lindsay ground, with you?"

She knew then that the curse of the Lindsays, as the passionate love of their home had ever been called, was stirring in this man's blood. That she, no matter how dearly she loved him, must ever take second place. About every true woman there is a maternal instinct, a protecting tenderness. Her joy gave way to pity for him, a great and sorrowful pity. "Tell me all, Laurence," she whispered, softly. "Am I not your friend? Tell me all and let me comfort you."

"Well, dear, after I left you that day so many years ago, I fared very ill for a long time. I wandered all over the world, it seems to me, now living in a palace, now earning my supper by my skill on the violin. It was during one of these poorer moments that I met Allen Fraser. We travelled together, leading a wandering life, now here, now there, until we finally ended in Central America. We had all sorts of luck, and were on the high road to prosperity when the fever took him. He wasn't a strong fellow at best, but had had always a fund of ambition to draw on, that served him in place of a good constitution. It didn't serve him now. He knew at the very beginning that he was going to die. I knew it, too, and I was heart-sick, for he was the only companion I had ever cared for, and I was deeply attached to him. He assured me, since I had cut loose from my family and all old traditions, to bury my name also, to take his, and with the wealth we had made together, start a new life. Dazzled for the moment, I consented. I returned to Eric Lindsay's lawyers every paper that proved my identity, took Fraser's name, and under Fraser's name began a new career. He is buried out there in Costa Rica as Laurence Lindsay."

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In and Around Toronto

CLOSE OF MISSION AT LOURDES

On Sunday evening the Mission which had been in progress for the past week at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, came to an impressive and in every way successful close. Rev. Father Connolly, S.J., the missionary who had charge of the retreat and who had worked so earnestly for its success, preached his closing sermon, an eloquent tribute to Mary, the Mother of God, taking for his text "I am the Mother of Knowledge, of Love and of Holy Hope."

At the close of the sermon Rev. Father Connolly explained that the mission had been granted their Order to bestow the Papal Benediction and extend a plenary indulgence to all who had complied with the rules and made their mission, the Solemn Benediction was then given. The Archbishop, who was present throughout the closing exercises, then advanced to the altar rail and expressed his great satisfaction at the manner in which the retreat had been conducted, and with the willing response on the part of the people; he also tendered his heartfelt thanks to the good missionary who had done his work so well; he declared that the good results were not to the parish alone, but to the diocese, because our individual good works benefit our friends, and surely, the people of the same diocese are friends one to the other. His Grace then gave the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. The little church looked very chaste and pretentious in the subdued tones produced by its white globed lights, and the altar was rich with tapers and flowers in honor of the occasion. Rev. Father Cruise, pastor of the parish, who in his characteristic untiring way assisted Rev. Father Connolly, is much pleased with the results of the week's retreat.

AT ST. HELEN'S.

Next Sunday the gentlemen of St. Helen's choir will have their initiatory Sunday in the singing of the music of the mass without the assistance of the ladies, the same being announced from the pulpit on Sunday last, and the pastor, Rev. Father Walsh, taking advantage of the occasion to thank the ladies of the choir for their services in the past. Father Walsh said he thanked them for their loyalty and fidelity, which had been proven by the fact that no matter what the severity of the weather, there had always been some to assist in the offices of the church; he hoped that their services would not be unregarded by Him who promised that even a cup of water given in His name should not go unrewarded. On Tuesday of this week a mass was offered by the members of the Blessed Virgin's Sodality for its deceased members, and on Thursday a Mass of Requiem was offered for the repose of the souls of the bishops and priests of the diocese, but particularly those of the parish.

CATHOLIC YOUNG LADIES' LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

At the meeting of the above Association held at the house of Miss Marston, King street, on Monday the 14th inst., the annual election of officers took place with the following results: Honorary President, Mrs. W. A. Kavanagh; President, Miss O'Donoghue; Vice-President, Miss Ferguson; Treasurer, Miss Goedike; Assistant-Treasurer, Miss Monaghan; Cor. Sec., Mrs. Moore; Rec. Sec., Miss K. O'Donoghue. At the meeting of this week held at the home of Miss Goedike, an incident occurred which was of an unusual order took place, when the President in the name of the Society, presented Miss Goedike with a bouquet of choice roses, at the same time tendering to her the thanks of the Association for her painstaking and satisfactory work as Treasurer for some years past, and the gratification felt because she had again accepted the office. Miss Goedike, with much humility, stated that she had not done nearly so well as they (the society) thought, and caused much merriment when she said she was glad she had received the beautiful flowers before an auditor had been sent to examine the books. The working programme for the evening consisted of a very concise and instructive paper on Kipling by Miss Carroll, the continuation of the study of Twelfth Night, under the direction of Mrs. Fulton, B.A., and one of the series of talks on "Wolfe and Montcalm" by Miss Hart. Vocal solos by Miss K. O'Donoghue and Miss Hart closed the evening.

MR. JOHN J. CLARKE.

Death always and in its associations, seems particularly so when it comes to the young and stalwart, to whom life would seem to be filled with promise. Of such a nature was that of Mr. John J. Clarke, who died after a few days' illness from pneumonia. Mr. Clarke was one of the best young men in St. Mary's parish, and the many associates with whom he was extremely popular, and the Catholics of the West End generally, are saddened and almost appalled by the

unlooked for termination to a life which seemed to promise a many future years. The event is increased in sadness by the fact that Mrs. Clarke, the mother of the family, is dangerously ill, and was so at the time of her son's demise. The funeral took place from his late residence, 524 Queen street west, on Saturday morning, to St. Mary's church, besides to St. Michael's Cemetery. Besides his mother there are two sisters, Mrs. Slattery and Mrs. Halligan, left to mourn his loss. R.I.P.

MRS. ELWARD.

Amongst the late deaths is that of Mrs. Elward of 733 King street west, for a long time a resident of Toronto, though born in Ireland, and a member of St. Mary's parish. A paralytic stroke was the cause of death. The large funeral which followed the remains from the church on Saturday morning last, showed the respect in which the deceased lady was held. She is survived by her sons, Richard, James and Thomas, all of Toronto, and by two daughters, Mrs. Egan of this city and Mrs. McCarney of Fort William. R.I.P.

MISS ROSE HAND.

Much regret is felt at the death of Miss Rose Hand, which occurred after a few days' illness at her late residence, St. Clarens avenue. This is the fifth bereavement in the family circle in the course of a few years, and much sympathy is extended to the remaining members. The funeral took place on Monday morning from St. Helen's church to St. Patrick's cemetery. The young girl is survived by her brothers Edward and John and by one sister, Kitty, also by an aunt, Miss Lochrie. R.I.P.

LECTURE BY REV. PROF. CLARKE

On Monday evening the Canadian Catholic Union and their friends had the great pleasure of listening to a lecture on the Holy Grail by Rev. Professor Clark. The professor's intimate acquaintance with Tennyson's poetic treatment of the subject, and his well-known powers as a platform speaker, made the lecture all things desirable. A good sized audience were in attendance. On Thursday evening (10-day) Dr. Dwyer will lecture on "Historic Monuments of Westminster Abbey," when it is hoped the gallery will be filled to greet him.

The Holy Dead and Our Work

There is no greater mystery in life than suffering, because the designs of God in affecting His creatures are a closed book to us as a whole. One of the texts is "Love." Sorrow for the dead when sanctified by submission to the will of God is the surest road to union with Him. He designs to plead with us for our love, and very often the idols of our hearts must be wrested from us before the higher and holier claim can be satisfied. Very sweet and touching is this thought that our dead are really "thinks with heaven." Nearer to God they draw us, and so are they accomplishing in its most perfect way His most adorable will.

How high is that wisdom which teaches us to improve the opportunities of sorrow. It is like a purifying flames of justice in the prison house of eternity. Love for our dead will prompt us to be more mindful of their interests than of our own, and so secure to them, by a patient bearing of our sorrows release from their land of exile. If, then, the interests of the holy dead are dearer to us than our own, we should lose no such opportunity as the Society offers us to advance their interests while at the same time helping us forget our own griefs. Work for God is doubly blessed to those who suffer. It would seem as if He were more munificent to those who forget their own cross and so give to help Him with His, and so the reward of the Cyrenian is the reward of the blessed portion of those who even under constraint share the burden of the cross-laden Lord. The work of the Society is attractive in itself, as is all missionary labor, but if to its own drawing we add the desire to serve the holy souls, then is the labor a magnet indeed. Our lady of the Rosary did much for the dead in October, and now as Queen of the holy souls, and Empress Mother of Purgatory, what will not her pleading effect for her exiled children? Oh! let us take heart of hope, and rest in the sweet assurance that they whom we loved in life we may love still more deeply in death, work for we pray let us also work, work for the good of souls trusting that our efforts to bring them to the light will also help those we love to refreshment, light and peace in God's own time, always the best. The keynote of life should be fidelity to God and man. Fidelity! It is a beautiful word, and through our work for the Society may we best testify our faithful devotion to the holy dead.

Virtue-Killing Literature

The "Rosary Magazine" asks why so many Catholics continue to buy, support and patronage to secular magazines, and fail or utterly refuse to contribute one cent to Catholic literature. "Is it," queries our esteemed contemporary, "because of ignorance of their duty? We think not—at least in most cases; for time and again our people have been instructed and advised by priests and prelates of their obligations to the Catholic press. In many instances, doubtless, there is a strange condition of affairs in due thoughtlessness, and then there are Catholics, not a few, we are sorry to say, who purchase and read, through preference, literature, so-called, of the light and breezy kind. They little suspect that many of the books and magazines and papers so widely circulated and read to-day are literally steeped in moral poison, and replete with principles and theories, often brazenly expressed, but most commonly insinuated, that are destructive of purity and holiness and faith."

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THE EMIGRATION EVIL

Another question touched upon by Seumas Macmanus in his recent article on Ireland is that of emigration. The conclusions arrived at by the author are discouraging, and his opinion will be shared by all who have given the subject thought and even superficial examination. He says "Only a very small percentage of our people who have emigrated have returned with fortunes, and this small percentage is showing no sign of increase; Irish-Americans retain their sympathy with Ireland, but they like to keep their heels fixed on American soil. Less than 10 per cent. of her emigrants have returned to Ireland and remained; and a goodly number of even this small proportion were girls, who, having come back to Ireland for a holiday, married here. It is a pity for Ireland that more of our girls do not return. Emigration is the greatest evil that Ireland labors under to-day. The country is being depleted by this drain which for one hundred and fifty years has not ceased flowing, and which has been running with fearful rapidity during the last sixty years. The Government returns show that, in the last fifty-three years 4,000,000 Irish people emigrated. During the forty years, for which we have no record, and especially during the famine years, the outflow in coffin ships, of tens of thousands of those who whitening bones on the sea-floor still link Ireland to America by a terrible chain—was tremendous. In 1841 Ireland had a population of 8,200,000; in 1901 the population, which at the natural rate of Irish increase, should have been more than nine millions, had fallen to 4,460,000. In sixty-four years Ireland had sent out more emigrants than there are people in the island to-day. The emigration fever is in their blood when they are born. They grow up with their eyes ever turned to the West. All their dreams are of America; and every youth in Ireland, be his cabin ever so lowly, is lord of many castles there."

A reflection on these facts and figures must be a source of great discouragement to those who have for years looked forward to the time when Ireland would take her place among the nations of the earth. The chief source of a country's wealth is her people, and Ireland's population is dwindling away. During the year ending June 30, 1903, the emigration to the United States from Ireland was 15,966 males and 19,344 females, or a total of 35,310. This is a terrific drain on a population of 4,460,000. During the same period the emigration to the United States from England was 26,319 and from Scotland 6,143, or a total of 32,462 from a population of over forty millions. The disproportion is appalling and emphasizes the fact that Ireland is not, in the opinion of her people, a good country to live in. Again, it must be remembered that those emigrating are the flower of her population. The able-bodied young men and women go, leaving behind a too great proportion of old people and young children. A gentleman who recently visited Ireland was speaking on this subject, and he was suggested to him that the people were going from Ireland fast; he answered, "they are not going; they are gone!" This was an exaggeration of speech, but it illustrates the feeling of those who have thought upon the question. Even this emigration evil, caused in the first place by unjust laws, is not without its compensations. The Irish have acted as missionaries, and, as in the days of Ireland's glory, so in the faith the natives of England, Scotland, France and Germany, so to-day the poor Irish emigrant has made Catholic a great portion of North America. The French and Spanish were pioneers in the work, but so far as the United States is concerned, the Catholic religion were fast being overturned, when the Irish, fleeing from undesirable conditions, poured into the country like an avalanche, and by sheer force of numbers, beat down the opposition which met them so fiercely, and now they are regarded as among the most important of the citizens of the Republic.

The result to Ireland of this emigration has been that though the land laws have been steadily improved, the people are not yet content, and it may be, as suggested by the author of the article we have been considering that in another five years Ireland will be lost to the Irish people. W. O' C.

Abbot-General of Cistercians.

The career of the new Abbot-General of the Cistercians is described in a diocesan paper of Rheims. Like his predecessor, Dom Sebastian Wiert, Abbot-General Dom Augustin Marre is a more patriotic Frenchman, thoroughly devoted to his native country, which, although domiciled in Rome, he will visit for several months every year, coming to Igny Monastery, near Reims, in the Maine, which he governs, as well as the Abbey of Cîteaux. Dom Marre was born at Glassac, in the Aveyron, in November, 1853, joined the Cistercians at an early age, and was sent in 1875 from the Monastery of St. Mary of the Desert to Igny. He was ordained a priest in 1877, and was where, as the land is poor and unproductive, he founded a chocolate manufactory. Huysmans, the novelist, has written a good deal about Igny and its Abbot, who was consecrated titular Bishop of Constance at Rome in August, 1900.

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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 tenced.
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.
JAMES A. SMART, 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.
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