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TORONTO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1902

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## THE DOUKHOBORS

(Written for The Catholic Register.)  
It may be somewhat old, for it is an account dated the last day of October, but it will serve our purpose and many of the readers may not have seen it. It concerns the departure of the Doukhobors from their homes in the Northwest. It is a tragic page to read:  
Sixteen hundred of these fanatic Russians—men, women and children—reached Yorkton last night in a most pitiable condition, and were followed later by 400 others. The first party of Doukhobors had forced C. W. Speers, the Dominion Immigration Agent, to accompany them.  
The spectacle presented was a lamentable one. They had camped Monday night without shelter while the thermometer stood at 14 degrees below freezing. The mob consisted of men, women and children, including infants in arms, and even one born Monday night, whose mother marched in the procession. Some sick were borne on litters; some were barefoot; many wore rubber boots and others coarse sandals, and of kindling twine. Infants who died en route have been thrown into the bush by the roadside.  
Mr. Speers succeeded in getting the sick, the women and children, housed in immigration sheds and other buildings, much against their will. Mothers deserted their babes, and allowed them to be taken into shelter, refusing to follow them until forced along. They went to pray, and say that if God tells them to go back to their farms they will do so, but if not then they will continue as they are.  
Simeon Tchernikoff, who talks a little English, and whose bare, brown feet bore witness to his zeal, explained that they were looking for new light and looking for Jesus. When asked where his boots he held up his naked feet and cried "Jesus's boots!"  
The smiles of bystanders were answered by the recitation in Russian of the 22nd Psalm: "they that see me laugh me to scorn." A long, lean, ascetic, with unkempt beard, disheveled hair, and bloodshot eyes, stood at the head of the halted procession and prayed. He was protected from the wind by a long cape reaching from his shoulders to the ground, while many of his followers had not sufficient clothing to prevent their perishing in a snowstorm.  
A sympathetic citizen offered a glass of milk to a blue and pallid baby, whose mother spilt the milk to prevent the child's drinking it. Biscuits offered to children were forbidden to be used.  
It is significant that among the few villages unaffected by the craze are those at Devil's Lake, where the trustees of a school district sold the only a few establishments for taxes last year and had their leaders fined for assault.  
A party tramped from Yorkton to their camping-ground in the bush, about three miles from town, with no shelter except the bush, and warmed by camp fires. Men, women and children, young and old, aged and infirm, had bivouacked. All night parties had strayed through the scrub, picking the God-given and "greaseless" fruit of the rosebush to satisfy the craving of their hunger. No labor of animals had helped to produce this fruit, and so they could eat it without sin.  
Their prophet had prophesied that their babes would be taken from them, and they give them up willingly, for was not the voice of their prophet the voice of God.  
Hitherto, the Doukhobors have not been propagandists. They have not sought to extend their faith among their Canadian neighbors. Now they are missionaries, and have invited outsiders to consider themselves the elect of God, and it is uncertain where their craze will end. They declare that God is telling them to release the women, children and infirm imprisoned in the immigration hall and other buildings by the Dominion immigration agents, and special constables were sworn in by the townspeople and the Riot Act will be read. Yorkton's telephone system extends for miles in every direction throughout the country over which aid can be called on in an emergency.  
Seven hundred more fanatics are camped in the neighborhood of Pollock's bridge, seven miles out. These are more violent than the rest, being exalted with the exaltation of starvation. They are rolling on the prairie in the "whirling dervish" stage of religious frenzy. One woman had to be held while her famishing babe was given a draught of milk, which she endeavored to prevent. Many people are fearful as to the outcome, for with all their gentleness, these Doukhobors, who do not shed blood, yet tell, without a quail, of having buried five priests of the Russian Church.  
This is an extraordinary story, and what is worse it is exactly the truth. It is almost inconceivable that, at this period in the world's history, when invention, progress and expansion of ideas mark a new civilization, any class of people should be so led astray by fanatical and probably insane leaders, as to undergo such privations and to face the rigors of winter so unprepared. Were these people reduced to this condition by circumstances beyond their control we would pity them and their actions and their miserable condition, would give rise to sentiments of charity in their regard. But when we think that they freely and voluntarily undergo all these miseries, for a supposed religious end, it is difficult to feel for them as their misfortune would make men naturally feel. But if we cannot sympathize with such insane victims of a religious mania, at least we cannot include in our condemnation the innocent and helpless children. There is something in the conduct of the mothers and fathers that savors of infanticide. They are actually exposing those infants to a cruel death. Why then should they be allowed to deliberately endanger human life, and to risk the destruction, or at least the torture, of innocent beings that know no feeling save that of a natural instinct that claims food, shelter, clothing and protection?  
If we look at the subject closely in its many phases, we must conclude not having any stable, inflexible authority to guide them. Here we see the terrible extremes to which people are carried when in matters of religion they go beyond the safeguards that Catholicity erects for the protection of humanity. From the Catholic standpoint it is absolutely impossible to conceive mothers willing to let their infants die, and to calmly see them suffer from cold and hunger. There is now law of God that possibly be twisted into a sanction of such inhuman and unnatural conduct. We talk of missions to the heathen, of sending out envoys to convert the pagan and the ignorant savage to the truths of Christianity; but here are so-called Christians, within our own domain, within the pale of Christendom, who are more in need of that protection of the Gospel, and that enlightenment of Faith, than are the most barbaric of the tribes. For even the barbarian has the instincts of maternal and paternal devotion for their offspring. It is a fearful situation to contemplate. In many lands, in Europe as well as in America, these people, if acting individually, would be sent at once to a lunatic asylum; but the moment they act in concert they are looked upon as religious devotees and are allowed to go their way, be it starvation, or to death.  
It would be a blessed work to convert, or rather enlighten such a people. Yet, who is going to undertake the task? There is no power save that of the law of the land, that can deal with them in the present. It is of mind and condition of to-day. It is to be hoped that some means will be devised to rescue them from moral suicide, and that precautions will be taken to pitch their tents on Canadian soil.

## LATEST "SCENE" IN IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT

In the House of Commons last week Mr. Wm. O'Brien rose, whereupon the Speaker said he had to remind the House there was no question before it.  
Mr. Wm. O'Brien—I desire to ask the Prime Minister whether he has observed that the President of the United States of America has addressed a message of sympathy to the United Irish League Convention in Boston, and whether with a view to the future friendly relations between this country and America he can make an announcement that this country has no indisposition to learn wisdom as to Irish affairs from President Roosevelt (Ministerial cries of "Order," and loud Irish cheers), as the head of a great friendly nation?  
No answer was given.  
Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Swift MacNeill rose together.  
The Speaker—This discussion must cease (Ministerial cries).  
Mr. W. O'Brien—I press for an answer (Irish cheers, and Ministerial cries of "Order, order").  
Speaker—I follow the hon. member's question. It is not one that could be received at the table, and allowed to go down upon the paper. It is an argumentative question entirely (Ministerial cheers).  
Mr. W. O'Brien—Will you allow me to submit that a message from the President of the United States (Ministerial cries of "Order," and interruptions, and Irish cheers). You are not going to censure the President of the United States (Irish cheers).  
Speaker—Order, order. I must appeal to hon. members on both sides of the House to let me, at least, hear the hon. member.  
Mr. O'Brien—Thank you, sir. I was about to submit to you that this message of the President of the United States of America is an international fact of the first importance to the future of this country, and that it would not be a friendly thing to the head of a great nation like America that this message should not be treated as if it were a disposition to average it as an insult to the Chief Secretary and his Removables in Ireland (Irish cheers).  
Speaker—That is an opinion which the hon. member is entitled to hold, and he may consider it an important fact, but at the same time it is not subject matter for a question at question time.  
Mr. W. O'Brien—Then I beg to ask leave to move the adjournment of the House, in order to call attention to a definite matter of urgent public importance—viz., the important question of the future relations between this country and the United States, raised by the message of President Roosevelt to the Convention of the United Irish League of Boston (loud Irish cheers).  
Speaker—I am prohibited, under the standing order, from accepting such a motion, I am prohibited from accepting any motion that does not relate to a definite matter of urgent public importance. The relations between this country and the United States are not such a definite matter for argument, and questions of that description cannot be so raised.  
Mr. T. J. O'Connor said, he respectfully wished to point out that the proposal did not deal with the general relations of this country with the United States (cheers).  
Speaker—I have decided the question, and I have no doubt of the correctness of my ruling. I am always ready to accept any motion from any quarter of the House that conforms to the standing order (Ministerial cheers).  
Mr. W. O'Brien (who rose amidst much interruption) said—I hope it will be noted in America (loud Ministerial cries of "Order," interruptions, and Irish cheers), that American opinion, as well as Irish opinion, is closed and gagged in this House (loud Irish cheers).  
The incident then terminated.

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## An English View of the Irish Situation

(Parliamentary Correspondence of The London Daily News.)  
I think there can be no doubt that the Front Opposition Bench will at once respond to Mr. Balfour's suggestion and call for a day for the discussion of Irish affairs. Coercion is approaching that stage in which the intervention of the Liberal Party cannot be any longer delayed. I dealt yesterday with some aspects of the O'Donnell case, but I did not exhaust its scandalous features. The closing of the English Government is always failing in its dealings with Ireland. What is the story of this man who last night used pretty rough means for forcing his speech on the Prime Minister? In the first place, Mr. O'Donnell has spent eighteen months of the last few years of his life in jail. He has been signalled out for prosecution—I should say, for persecution—again and again. And now, by the malice of the petty executive agents who are sitting upon him to judge him, he is under sentence to spend six weeks on a plank bed and six days on bread and water. Even that is not the worst of it. For two years this member of Parliament has not been able to open his mouth on the public platform in his own constituency. When he has spoken outside the limits of his district he has been charged and sentenced; but among his own people he has been silenced not by a form of law, but by the mere violence of the police. No sooner does he appear at any meeting than he is rushed at by the Constabulary and torn from the platform. For two years this silence has been enforced upon him. The system of the gag has been carried to such a extent that Mr. William Redmond, who appeared at Kilmaine in Mr. O'Donnell's company, was allowed to speak, while Mr. O'Donnell was dragged away from his side. This silenced member gets up in the House of Commons, and he is instantly closed. In a word, he might just as well have been fitted with a patent muzzle for all the chance he has had of communicating either with his own people or with the Imperial Parliament of which he is a member.  
That is one fact. But there are others. Mr. Wyndham had better understand that he is approaching a new-old phase of the struggle against the deliberate degradation of Irish members. I mentioned yesterday what to me was a rather disgusting detail, namely, that Mr. Wyndham was the forwarder of the petition for treating Dr. Jameson as a first-class misdemeanant. But note his administration of Coercion. A new element of indignity has been added to the Irish prison system as applied to political offenders. This is the introduction of hard labor. Under the Balfour regime such sentences were not given. The harshness of the new discipline has been such that one man—the Chairman of a Board of Guardians—whose simple offence was the taking of a chair at a meeting where two or three strong speeches were made—went mad while serving his term, and has been removed to a lunatic asylum. Against this sort of thing the Irish members are going to strike. The next member who is imprisoned will not submit to treatment as a common convict. As Mr. Roche, the member in question, is a very delicate man, Mr. Wyndham should look to it that his blood does not sit at the door of this Government. In any case there will be a renewal of the shocking scenes which accompanied Mr. William O'Brien's conviction in the eighties. It is to be remembered that Mr. Wyndham has practically invited the struggle in which he has thus intervened, by telling the country that the agrarian difficulty must be settled between the two parties. The Irishmen are willing to settle peacefully, as Mr. Wyndham knows, but they cannot be frightened or tortured into silence. Never, indeed, did any Irish Secretary play so fast and loose with public questions as Mr. Wyndham is doing. His conduct is not merely unusual, it is eccentric, and it is high time that the intervention of the English Liberal Party in this historic quarrel should begin again.

## TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION

To the Editor of The Register:  
Dear Sir—My attention has been called to that fact that your journal has recently strongly advocated the establishment of parish temperance societies. An ultimate union or federation of these societies was favorably referred to in the same connection. With your views and those of your correspondents in this respect I am in earnest accord. Any effort made to stem the tide of intemperance should receive the hearty and disinterested support of every one within whose breast beats a heart in sympathy with the best interests, temporal and spiritual, of his neighbors. "Am I my brother's keeper?" is a question worthy of a great many besides Cain. Shall I say that those who hold aloof from any movement having for its object the promotion of temperance should be included in that unenviable class?  
A little self-questioning ought to make it clear to those who instead of adding temperance societies by their presence at their meetings, when no valid reason exists for their absence, sneer at and belittle the efforts of those who strive in every possible way to make such societies a success, that their conduct keenly satisfies the arch-enemy of intemperance. It may, however, be charitably assumed that such offenders know not what they do. They fail to realize the fact that the saving of one drunkard or the prevention of one youth from being made a victim of intemperance, is worthy of the most serious effort and that their un-Christian indifference may decide who is rescued from their peril or who is irretrievably lost.  
Hence, Mr. Editor, I am in favor not only of a crusade for the establishment of such societies, but also for the enlightening of Catholics as to their responsibilities towards them. I am informed, however, that neither yourself, Mr. Editor, nor any of your correspondents have made any reference whatever to what at present seems to me to be the question of the hour for the friends of temperance in Ontario. I mean the "Referendum." Until the act submitted by the "Referendum" was introduced into discussion, I was of the opinion that nearly all temperance organizations were very worthy and efficient societies, strong guarantees for the cause which they espoused. Since then, however, my views have been ruthlessly dispelled, because many of the representatives of such organizations have assailed the measure as half-hearted, and thereby have rendered its adoption much more difficult. Friends of temperance indeed! If they were true friends of temperance they should have united shoulder to shoulder in the effort to secure the highest possible vote in favor of the act. Where they would have failed by united effort which they ask they would have succeeded if united in favor of the act which is to be submitted on the 4th of October. Then later public sentiment might be so advanced in favor of an extreme measure of prohibition that it would be ratified at the polls.  
We have had, of course, the usual diatribes in the press, largely inspired by political animus. Some have deplored the attitude of Mr. Ross and his colleagues towards the temperance cause. They wanted such a measure as the Manitoba Act. Others pointed to the alleged failure of prohibition in the United States. Hence the friends (!) of temperance, instead of uniting in a solid phalanx, divided in a way that predicted the defeat of the only measure available in behalf of temperance at the present time. When Conservative newspapers assail Mr. Ross on account of his course on the question they should have sense enough to know that no intelligent person will accept their view of the matter without further examination for himself, because no matter how that gentleman would have acted they would have condemned him in nine cases out of ten. Arguing from what has occurred in Manitoba, the measure enacted in that province is just the one which Mr. Ross should not have enacted for Ontario, inasmuch as it would very probably be condemned by the people of the latter province also. Are the people of Manitoba less advanced in their sentiment regarding temperance legislation?  
As regards the condemnation of prohibition in the United States, it should be remembered that the measure submitted by Mr. Ross is quite different because less prohibitory; also that the environments of the districts concerned are widely different. It seems to me that one of the chief merits of the Ontario Act to

## BE SUBMITTED IN MODERATION

One newspaper argued that the operation of the Ontario Act would simply result in transferring liquor-selling from the bar rooms to private residences, because families could import liquor from other places, and that therefore they could have it always in store.  
This argument although plausible, is purely in the extreme, certainly, very intemperate. Ontario families would not worry about such a peculiar sort of commerce. Perhaps it is this confusion among the would-be friends of temperance that has occasioned your ignoring the discussion of the "Referendum" so far, but evidences are not wanting of the fact that this want of union among Ontario people upon the subject is at last disappearing. It is therefore to be hoped that the measure will be fairly discussed generally, so as to enable voters to exercise their franchise intelligently. I do not propose to trespass on your valuable columns by discussing the merits of the measure to be submitted to the voters on the 4th of December next, but I submit it is time to talk sense on the subject. Hoping I have not intruded upon your columns, I remain,  
Yours sincerely,  
REFERENDUM.  
Nov. 1st, 1902.

## RECEPTION TO MR. JOHN DILLON, M.P.

Arrangements are progressing in charge of a representative committee for the public reception in Toronto to Mr. John Dillon, M.P., one of the leaders of the Irish Parliamentary Party, and one of the envoys on the present mission to America. General anticipation has been aroused by the announcement of Mr. Dillon's coming. His long and distinguished career in Parliament, the unsurpassed esteem in which he is held by Irishmen at home and abroad and his cultivated, though earnest eloquence on the platform will combine to draw together a thoroughly representative gathering of Toronto sympathizers with Home Rule. It is believed impossible to secure Massey Hall for the only day available for an address in Toronto by Mr. Dillon in his Canadian tour. This day is December 1. The two succeeding days are demanded by Ottawa and Montreal. The reception may be held in Association Hall, the more limited seating accommodation of which may render it necessary to have admission strictly by ticket. However, the committee may be relied upon to make the best arrangements possible; but whatever may be done a space will be reserved for ladies.  
It is not less interesting to announce that Mr. Dillon will be supported on the platform by Honorable Edward Blake, M.P.

## MR. M. F. MOGAN GETS THE APPOINTMENT.

M. F. Mogan has been appointed to the Toronto Custom House, vice Augustus Poy (resigned). Geo. Torrey has been given a place in the appraising branch of the Custom House at Ottawa.

## THE HOLY FATHER AND THE DIOCESE OF MONTREAL.

Rome, Oct. 29.—The Pope to-day received Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal, in private audience. The Pontiff showed great interest in Canada, and spoke in flattering terms of Premier Laurier.  
To-day is the forty-seventh anniversary of the birthday of Mr. Bruchesi, Archbishop of the Diocese of Montreal, and at his request His Holiness has blessed the faithful of the diocese.  
The following cablegram was received at the Archbishop's Palace from Rome, addressed to Mgr. Ractot, Vicar-General:  
"On the request of the Archbishop of Montreal, received to-day, the Holy Father blesses the chapter, the clergy, the religious communities and all the faithful of the Diocese of Montreal. (Signed) 'CARDINAL RAMPOLLA, Secretary of State.'"

## THE NEWS IN WASHINGTON.

Washington, Nov. 1.—Official notification has been received that Monsignor Falconio, at present Apostolic Delegate to Canada, has received the Pontifical brief appointing him Apostolic Delegate to the United States, to succeed Cardinal Martinelli, who left his post to return to Rome May 10. Monsignor Falconio will arrive here about Nov. 30.

## BANQUET TO MGR. FALCONIO

We understand that it has been decided by the Canadian Catholic Union to tender a banquet to the departing Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Falconio, on the 18th of November, in the City of Toronto. This farewell will give expression to the esteem in which the Apostolic Delegate is held by the Catholic community not of Toronto alone but of the entire Province. The clergy and laity of Ontario will be represented. A committee in Toronto, composed of laymen, has charge of the arrangements, and no efforts are being spared to make the banquet a splendid success.

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A Tear-Compelling Story of Priestly Heroism

(Anna C. Minogio in The Ave Marie.)

What traveler in the Bluegrass Country, gazing on her fruitful fields, her grazing herds, her tranquil homes, but finds it hard to believe that war and plague once left her lone and desolate, so swiftly and completely has over-partial Nature swept away all traces of her sorrow? From the ruins of which her new prosperity is built we lift a record of her past woe that a deed of heroism may illumine it only for a moment, the path of those who seek for that ancient virtue in the sordid and cowardly present.

At one point, where the counties of Nicholas and Bourbon join, stands the town of Millersburg in the fairest portion of the Bluegrass Belt. Previous to the war between the States the luxury of a rich agricultural society reigned supreme. When war broke out, its calamity fell upon them mercilessly. In the North and the farther South the division was only national, but in Kentucky it entered the family, setting father against son and brother against brother. It disrupted this community, and the vengeance of the contending parties left it utterly desolate.

Peace sent back those warring factions to take up the life that remained and knit it together after a newer, fairer pattern. With faltering hands they began their work. They divided their lands, for the slaves that had filled them and the herds that had stocked them were theirs no longer. On the ashes of their old homes they built humbler ones, for they were a brave people and they set their faces toward the future resolutely. But scarcely had they entered on their new way when a second scourge fell. From afar there had come to them ominous whispers that plague was following the victorious army on its homeward march, but though uneasy, they experienced no grave fears.

One night, however, the ghostly foe crept into town, and when morning broke its first victim, a negro, lay dead in his ramshackle hut. With blanched faces men whispered: "The cholera!" And they who spoke and they who listened drew home to take their loved ones from the stricken place. To the once stately carriages they hitched the army horses, those who had no other conveyance rode in wagons, some were on mules, others afoot. The roads were very much alive with men, women and children, hurrying on they scarcely thought whether so they put miles between themselves and the enemy who had gained possession of the town.

As the rear of that fleeing army of human beings was nearing the town of Carlisle they met a man whose face was turning toward the place they had quitted. He was tall and spare, wore a clerical dress and carried a pair of leather saddlebags. The face showed a paleness that harmonized with the exaltation and spirituality of its expression. His horse was a splendid creature, and he was riding at a hard gallop.

"Where are you going?" cried the affrighted men. "To Millersburg," he replied. "But the cholera is there!" "That is why I am going." For six miles he went over a desolate road, through a deserted country, then another crowd—a poverty-stricken, a sorrow-smitten crowd—met him. Men who had watched wife and children die, women who had laid the clay over all they held dear, children left parentless and poor—black and white, young and old, who having now but life were hurrying out into the wide world to save the only thing left, then—

"Turn back!" they cried faintly to the black-barbed rider. "You can do no good. The living will be dead before another day." "I can help them to die, then," he answered, and rode straight on. A curve in the road passed and the town lay before his eyes. As he reached its edge a sad-eyed man flung back the door of his cottage and, falling on his knees before the rider, cried:

"O soggarth aroo! soggarth aroo! Sure I knew nat you'd come!" The priest quickly dismounted and half raised the crushed man. "I was away on one of my missions," he said. "As soon as I heard the terrible news I started." His voice had the mellow tones of a native of Tipperary, and the tenderness of the Irish sky was in his eyes as he asked: "How many has it taken from you, Patrick?"

"They're all gone, your reverence, but little Patsy. And it's herself that's the heart-broken woman wis day!" The hot salt tears were coursing down the weather-beaten cheeks, and a hard sob shook his bowed frame. "God help you, my poor friend!" said the priest, laying his hand on the man's shoulder.

Thus they walked to the poor house. Its floor was bare and bare were its walls. A pile of ashes lay on the hearthstone and sign of food there was none. In a corner on a rude bed lay a young child with pain-distorted face; by him, with her head bowed on the coverlet, knelt the mother. The husband hurried to her side and, putting his arm about her, said:

She lifted her face, and, seeing the priest, stretched out her arms toward him, crying:

"O father, father! can't you save little Patsy? He's all I've got now." Tears came to the priest's eyes and fell unheeded as he looked on the kneeling woman before him. When he had last stood here she was a comely, happy mother, with six sturdy children clustered around her, to-day he saw a white-haired, crushed woman bending above her fast dying child.

"O Christ!" he prayed, kneeling by the low bed, "who wept at the tomb of Lazarus, have compassion on Thy poor children and spare this little life!" He opened his saddlebags and, taking a bottle, poured some of the liquid it contained between the white lips, then he read the prayers of the Church, and with him prayed the sorely tried parents. God was merciful that night the crisis passed. Little Patsy slept a quiet, refreshing sleep, and woke next morning to a life which (this being no imaginary tale) we gladly write here has proven a good and useful one.

When the priest returned to where his horse stood, Patrick told the harrowing story of their sufferings. "I was the first taken down," he said, "then the two eldest children. I'd have died, I reckon, father, but for the thought of herself being left to bury them. They both died about the same time. A nigger brought her the coffin, but sorra a one, black or white, would enter the door. She had to wash them and dress them with her own hands, and then she had to nail down the lid over them! And she had to carry them out and put them in the spring-wagon that belonged to one of the neighbors and drive to Paris with them."

"Merciful God!" exclaimed the priest. "It's no lie I'm telling you, father," said the old man, in an anguished voice. "The sexton dug the grave and buried them for her. When she got home the next three were sick, and they died. And she had to do for them as for the other two. It's eight long miles to Paris. Think of it, father—think of her making those two trips with her five dead children! What kept her from going mad? I got well," he concluded, "and then little Patsy took down."

The voice died in a broken sob. Before such unutterable misery the priest was silent. He had no words of comfort for such a sorrow, for there are none. Silence and prayer are best. He mounted his horse and rode down the street. He secured some provisions and returned with them to Patrick's cottage, then he began his work of ministering to the sick and dying.

There were only a few families of his own creed in the village. They, like Patrick, had been sorely afflicted. After doing for them all that lay in his power, the priest turned his attention to the other inhabitants. He went into the houses of the whites and the hovels of the blacks. He gave them medical aid, and when that proved unavailing he helped them by prayer and gentle exhortation to die. He prepared the bodies for burial, and when no assistance could be obtained dug and laid them in their shallow graves. Almost alone he fought the deadly plague.

Then men heard of how one man was holding the town in the name of God and Christian brotherhood against the power of despair, and a few heroic souls took their stand with him, and together they worked and struggled until finally the grim foe departed from the place.

When the glad tidings were borne through the country and the long untraveled roads were dotted with returning dwellers, the priest mounted his horse and went back in the night to Carlisle. In the stable of his boarding house one of his parishioners met him with a suit of clothes. He changed his attire and, after burning his old garments, quietly took up his duties as missionary priest.

The years passed. Wealth came back to the community slowly but substantially, and with it luxury and elegance. In their new security the fear of war and the horror of plague were forgotten, or, if recalled, it was the recollection of things that should no more confront them. News traveled slowly in those days. Finally it came to them like the echo of an echo that smallpox was raging in Cincinnati. But Cincinnati was farther away in those times than London now is, and they continued to pursue their pleasures and their interests without a quiver of fear.

One evening a strange boy came to the town. He was footsore and hungry and a hospitable Irishman gave him food and shelter. He complained of being ill, and the good wife mothered him as she would one of her own nine children. He told them that he had walked from Covington, but he did not say that he had run away from the pesthouse there and left a black trail of death in his journey thither. When morning came he departed. Then one of the late host's children was taken ill, and another, then a neighbor's only son fell strangely sick. Other cases were reported from various parts of the town.

He claimed all your parishioners by this time." "There are others there besides my parishioners!" he answered, and rode bravely on.

The door of the cabin that had been Patrick's showed the ominous yellow sign. He dismounted, and thanking God that his old friend was now far from the town, the priest walked to the house. He found a Negro crouching by a pallet on which lay a little suffering boy.

"He's de las' one, massa—do las' one uv selen!" she cried to him, and she remembered the white mother's lamentation. He administered a medicine which a physician had prepared for him, and with a prayer for the heart-broken mother, an appeal to the merciful Christ to spare the little black baby, he continued his journey. He went to the Irish family that had sheltered the strange boy. A high fence now separated it from the street, and the yellow flag told the gruesome story. Undaunted the priest entered the humble and once happy home. Of nine beautiful, healthy children only two remained, and the mother lay dying.

"I knew you'd come, father," she whispered, "to hear my confession before I'd go!" Her peace made with her God, she went to join her children. Again, as in the time of the cholera, the priest labored among the people, white and black, Catholic and Protestant. When a second time he saw plague driven out, he quietly withdrew and returned to his duties elsewhere.

Within a narrow circle men heard of his heroic acts, praised them and forgot them. He lived among them for many years. They loved him for his pure, simple, holy life, but no one laid the mantle of the hero on his shoulders. Must all noble deeds perish which find not the pen of a poet or historian to immortalize them? With molten gold, we are told, the fairest colors of the old cathedral windows are obtained. In the precious molten metal the artist laid the crystal thought and secured it in imperishable beauty for the admiration of all time. In the pure melted gold of sacrifice the priest cast his young life, and as the window adds beauty to the great church, so in the minister built of human worth which feet of angels tread these sublime deeds of his show forth with resplendent beauty, although men have forgotten them, and on his tombstone in the Washington Cemetery, where so lately they laid him, will simply inscribe:

FATHER JOHN HICKEY RESQUESCANT IN PACE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE D'YOUVILLE READING CIRCLE.

Editor of The Register: The second fortnightly meeting of the D'Youville Reading Circle was held Tuesday evening, Oct. 21st. Among other things it was said that one of our objects in meeting is to speed one another on to constant endeavor as far as intellectual things are concerned because they will keep us young in spirit and even if we should live into the hundreds we will never lose the feeling of being in wonderland. Another advantage is that there will scarcely ever be a possibility of our making a mistake in the selection of books for we shall have authorities to consult whom we know can be trusted. And after all we do not learn the essential things of life from books. According as we live more seriously and gain more experience of life we should be able to say that we read books some, our own hearts more but our souls most. This soul-reading means a state of mental prayer that the busiest person can enjoy.

The first few minutes after generalities have been disposed of, are always given over to the noting of current events. The coal strike portions of a pamphlet circulated by the I.C.T.S. were read. It has for its title "The Christian Aspect of the Labor Question," and comes from the pen of the Rt. Rev. Abbot Snowe, C.S.B. It is very timely and very wise. He says that to abolish wealth is visionary, to attempt to equalize the conditions of society Utopian, while to hope for the equal distribution of worldly goods would be unreasonable. The Christian solution of the question admits the necessity of wealth and poverty in the world for "The poor you shall always have with you." And our Lord came down from Heaven and was a carpenter's son, but it also teaches the rich how to exercise their stewardship worthily, for their own happiness and that of others. According as men grow more Christian this present unhappy state of things will cease to be, but while the great thinkers and writers continue to take the Christ out of the world there will be darkness, consequently misery and oppression. The Philippines is another question which interests us very much. Accordingly an article in the November number of The North American Review was recommended for perusal. It is written by Mr. Bonsall who, though a non-Catholic, gives us quite an impartial and exact statement of the conditions prevailing there. Another thing to be looked forward to in connection with this matter is the result of the commission which has been appointed to look into and verify the very black charges against

the friars. In England the Education Bill becomes the topic of the hour. In France the condition of the religious orders has occupied attention all summer and it has grown very tragic these later days. The two last topics will be more fully discussed at the next meeting.

In the literary course we have two subjects of study. The Renaissance is taken one week and a comparative study of the four greatest poets of the 19th century the next. Last year the Renaissance constituted our sole theme and we managed to consider at some length its causes and effects. Its painters, sculptors and architects. This season we intend to study its men of letters, especially keeping our minds on the English part of it. Accordingly Mr. W. F. Stockley, of the University, will give a lecture on "Utopia" in November. This is very appropriate, because our first lecture, delivered on St. Theresa's Day, dealt with Sir Thomas More himself. Through that we became acquainted with the man, naturally it remains to get an insight into some of his best work. Last Tuesday, however, happened to be the evening for poetic study, so a little introductory talk was given about Tennyson, Browning, Coventry Patmore and De Vere, the merits of the first two being more fully discussed. In the Tennyson study "The Idylls of the King" will be part of the year's work. They are taking us back from where we are at the time of the twentieth century, when the talk seems of "dust and ashes all that is." And our feelings are all so materialistic, back to seeming superstition, but superstition that stands for a great many things we were in danger of forgetting. The great fact about the Idylls is not the proof of the existence of either as the Dutchman who criticizes them as a long, thick, palpable life would have us believe, but the knowledge that we have them and in Tennyson's beautiful rhythmical setting, "a story of shadowing sense at war with soul, of a constant quest and combat, and of a future that has something of a triumph in it. Geoffrey Mallory's collection of stories was one of the first books that Caxton put through his press. He was no ordinary printer this Wm. Caxton, he was a critic as well and set forth his candid opinions of the books he was called upon to print in what we would call to-day a preface. Accordingly he sets forth in his quaint and charming English that he Idylls are noble and joyous books, pleasant and profitable, that he no more doubts the existence of Arthur than he does that of David, Joshua and the other great Scripture characters. Then we have James Lane Allen's beautiful estimate of the Idylls in "The Choir Invisible." "The Arthurian Romance" represents the love of courage, the love of courtesy, the love of honor, the love of high aims and great actions, the love of the poor, the love of a spotless name and a spotless life, the love of kindred, the love of friendship, the love of humility of spirit, the love of forgiveness, the love of beauty, the love of love which is the Love of God. It casts its deathless scorn on all cowardice of mind and body, all lying, all oppression, all unfaithfulness, all secret revenge, all hypocrisy and double dealing, the smut of the heart and the mind." The authorities on Tennyson who will be consulted are Vandyke and Geo. H. Myers, who has lately brought out a book called "Tennyson as a Prophet."

Browning is of a different order from Tennyson, but as great as far as merit is concerned, some say greater. Aubrey de Vere says of him: "Shakespeare's gnarled oak unweeded yields not so sweet to harp or lyre." He boldly declares where Tennyson only ventures to suggest, but the latter is more approachable and will be read for his beauty of expression and music even where he is not understood. The Browning study will be "The King and the Book," his longest poem. In the most obscure of all his obscure poems, "Sordello," he begins by saying that he wants to show the development of the soul as that is the only thing worth studying in this life. St. Paul says "I forget the things I have done. I am constantly pressing forward. Tennyson implores the silent voices to lead him on and always on, and Browning says that there is a heaven above us and that our reach should exceed our grasp. One is an Apostle and the other two of the same mind with him may be called unordained priests.

What Tennyson begins to say, what Browning elaborates, Coventry Patmore fully expresses. Father Tyrrell says: "He is to be classed with those writers whose power lies in the beautiful utterance of the truth rather than in the truthful utterance of the beautiful. His marriage sermon in "The Angel of the House" was recommended for reading, as well as a little volume of essays called "Religio Poetae." It takes its name from the chief essay, but he also gives a nice little measurement of "Distinction" in his talk under that name apart from our social interpretation of the word. In the case of Aubrey de Vere it is not likely that we will be wound up to any dangerous degree of enthusiasm. He is dry and cold, but clear, and some of his fragmentary gems prove his right to be called a great poet.

For spiritual reading we have decided to take the works of Father Geo. Tyrrell, S.J. Two sets have been ordered for the library, because nearly all the volumes of the first one have been taken out. As they are not books which we can sit down and read straight through, it was thought

desirable to have duplicates. Father Tyrrell is an authority for the right kind of philosophy. Then his English is charming and touches on some of the ordinary questions of life, as well as on our great soul concerns. The best verdict to give his works as a whole is that he tells the truth about the truth. Besides the Tyrrell sets two beautiful editions of the works of Jane Austen and Charlotte Bronte, including a life of the latter by Mrs. Gaskell, have been lately put on the shelves.

Among the magazines which find their way to the library every month are The Catholic World, The Dolphin, The Messenger, Harper's, The Atlantic Monthly and The Canadian Magazine, the weekly newspapers, The Pilot, The Register, Catholic Record, The Philadelphia Standard and Times and The Catholic News.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE (Barrie Gazette)

Mr. C. R. Munro has again called us to task on our recent remarks, re Christian Science, but he has made no progress in reconciling us to his views. He has undertaken to prove that his theories are "christian" and "scientific." The oust of proving lies on him, and he has proved nothing. This is a specimen of his proof that his theory is "christian." "Christian Science is Christian because it is in accord with the life and teaching of Jesus, and through it we are in a measure enabled to follow out in some measure the Master's commands and make them practical in every day life." This is simply an assertion and being merely such, is not deserving of a reply.

In reading the above sentence, we had expected that it was the major proportion of a syllogism, and that it was to be followed in regular succession by the minor and conclusion, but it was not, and consequently as a proof it amounts to nothing. It is said there is no lie so difficult to refute, as the one that has in it a web of truth. This is partly so with Christian Science. We say partly, because in it there is not enough truth or consistency to delude any but those who are almost devoid of intelligence.

Reading the Bible is good, praying for the sick is good, but to attribute to these exercises in the Christian Science sense all that the Christian Scientists claim, is gross superstition. So many absurdities, and contradictions, have been obtained by religious schemers and adventurers from the Bible, that discredit is brought upon it, and many are now obtaining, through the higher criticism of it—that is disproving its inspiration—a great reputation for ecclesiastical wit, learning and piety.

In proof that it is science, he says: "It is scientific because based on principle, and when understood, is as demonstrable as mathematics. Practical experience proves that in proportion as we understand its principles, we are able to do the work which the Master commands us to do." This is a mere assertion and no proof. If, however, he will prove Christian Science by the same, or equivalent process of demonstration, required in a mathematical proposition, he will remove all our objections to his theories. So far, he has not even approached the subject. In such a demonstration he would establish the highest kind of certitude to which a criterion may be applied.

It is quite evident that this defender of Christian Science does not understand the science at all, and it is only because of the dangerous results of the practice of this so-called science that we trouble ourselves with its refutation. "One swallow does not make a summer," nor does the result of one or more experiments, even if successful, constitute a science. We are told by logicians that a general conclusion or law, or say science, does not follow from particular instances. The deductions of science are always exact. If there are exceptions, it is not science. Applying these principles, the theories of the Christian Scientists are a snare, a delusion and a fraud.

Through a superstitious belief in their power of healing, those deluded readers of the Bible, would even in some critical cases, exclude the physicians. We would respectfully call their attention to Eccles 38 "Honor the physician for the need thou hast of him. For all healing is from God. The Most High has created medicine out of the earth, and a wise man will not abhor them. The virtue of these things is come to the knowledge of men, and the Most High has given knowledge to men that He may be honored in His wisdom. By these He shall cure and shall allay their pains, and of these the apothecary shall make up ointments of health, and of His works there shall be no end."

Read the remaining portion of this chapter and do not longer appeal to the Bible to find in it the principles of Christian Science. Honor the Physician for man could not possess such power had not God himself bestowed it. Honor him for his knowledge his devotedness for the vacation of benevolence he has received from on high, honor him for the power he has of nearly always relieving, and often of curing. Expect from him what he can do, and ask not impossible prodigies. God is the author of remedies in the natural order, as he is the author of remedies in the supernatural order. When you are ill, send for a doctor, and let Mrs. Eddy and her disciples alone.

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The souls to Thee so dear.  
In prison, for the debt unpaid  
Of sins committed here.

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Table with columns for Day, Month, Year, and various feast days like ALL SAINTS, Dedication of St. John the Baptist, etc.

Indulged Prayer To all the faithful who, with contrite hearts, devoutly make at any time during the year the novena or seven days devotion in suffrage for the souls in purgatory...

HOME CIRCLE

LIFE'S LOOM. (Dr. Grace Peckham Murray in Harper's Weekly.) Weaving, weaving, weaving, Time is the warp, Pulsing and throbbing, life's loom goes...

CREMATING LETTERS. The Companion recently published a story of a Chinaman who was locked to see an American lady put her foot in a shoe on the inside of which was written in gilt the name of the manufacturer...

the furniture hunter, cautiously. "I wouldn't tak' a poun-note for it," said the woman. Upon which, of course, the antiquary was informed of the find, and offered the woman a sum so generous that she was only too glad to exchange her treasure for it.

THE PARISH PRIEST. There is a man in every parish, who, having no family, belongs to a family that is world-wide, who is called in as a witness, a counsellor and an actor in all the most important affairs of civil life. No one comes into the world or goes hence without his ministrations. He takes the child from the arms of his mother and parts with it only at the grave. He blesses and consecrates the cradle, the bridal chamber, the bed of death, and the bier. He is one whom innocent children grow to love, to venerate and to reverence...

Chats With Young Men

TRAILERS HAVE NO "GO" IN THEM. Many people are like the street cars called "trailers," which have no motors or power-generators of their own, or, if they have, do not use them. They depend on the cars ahead of them, or, perhaps, on some poor hack of a mule, which, in spite of his leanness, has some "go" in him. Such people have no energy of their own, but must hitch to someone that has. They couldn't run a business for themselves if their existence depended on it. They must "hire out" to some person of independent and masterful character. They must be set tasks and told how to do them.

A MAN WHOM A DOG WOULD SHUN

Commenting on an editorial which appeared recently in The American, a newspaper published in the tobacco-growing region of Kentucky finds cause to remark: "Our grandfathers and our fathers chewed tobacco, and nobody would have dared to insinuate that they were not gentlemen. We have been brought up to believe in individual freedom, and if we desire to chew tobacco no one should assume to say that we are not gentlemen. And besides, if the manufacture of chewing tobacco were done away with, a great industry would be destroyed, and during all history the wiping out of an industry has been a national calamity."

yet a vote taken by cultivated mankind would determine, so far as the world is concerned, that they are not. The man who contributes his share toward turning a smoking-car into a stall almost unfit for cattle man, in many respects, be gentlemanly; he may be able to read the Iliad in the original, to calculate an eclipse, or, after his mouth is rinsed, to deliver an address to a graduating class of young ladies, but, while chewing tobacco and spitting in all directions, he can be regarded only as a sort of pestilence. A dog would get out of his way.

As to the abolition of a great industry, men who work at the manufacture of chewing tobacco could readily turn their hands to some other employment. It is not a very high order of skilled labor, and besides, there is not now a comparatively large number of people engaged in the work, and the number becomes fewer as the years pass — as our country develops in mentality and refinement.

A "CATHOLIC"

(From The Bookman for November) When we wrote a little paragraph about the late Lord Acton some time ago we had no premonition of the fact that we were rushing right into trouble. But we were. No one had objected to our estimate of His Lordship's ability, but our casual mention of him as a "Catholic," tout court, has stirred up a lot of people, with a theological twist in their minds, and they have written us letters — many letters. These are all too long to publish in full, nor do they tend to edification in their lack of Christian charity and the milk of human kindness. But one of them asks a question, so we shall print the question and answer it. "Why do you refer to a member of the Romish Church as a 'Catholic,' as though that Church had any special and peculiar claim to Catholicity?"

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WELL MERITED GROWTH. Among the publications that came to our exchange desk this week is that little annual messenger, Dodd's Almanac, published by the Dodd's Medicine Co. Limited. This is its eighth annual appearance, and its growth in the estimation of the public is attested by the fact that in the eight years of its life its circulation has grown from thousands to many millions, and that it is now printed in many languages and is found in almost every English-speaking home as well as in nearly every quarter of the civilized world.

Dodd's Almanac offers somewhat from other publications of the kind in that it is filled from cover to cover with useful information. This data, weather indications, etc., are prepared by expert scientists and have established a reputation for accuracy while the antiquated joke that has made the ordinary almanac a byword is banished from its columns, which are filled instead with simple straightforward talks on the rules of health and interesting accounts of some of the various cures that have been accomplished by Dodd's Kidney Pills and Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

But aside from its value as a book of reference to the healthy and sick alike, Dodd's Almanac is a wonderful evidence of how an enterprise will flourish when it is founded on merit. As the circulation of Dodd's Almanac has grown from thousands to millions, so has the domain of Dodd's Kidney Pills extended. Eleven years ago they were placed on the market in Toronto after years spent in the investigation of Kidney Disease and its cure has led to their discovery. They had their own way to make, and they made it. As one man or woman was benefited by them he or she told another. Their fame has spread till it covers one continent and has made inroads into every civilized country in the world, and The Dodd's Medicine Company has grown into one of the largest concerns of its kind, and we might even say one of the largest influences for good on the American continent. And all this immense structure has been built by the hands of those whom Dodd's Kidney Pills have raised from beds of sickness and suffering. Each one told others. That is the secret of it all.

But it is not the intention here to go into the theories on which the Dodd's Remedies work nor to mention any of the wonderful cures they have accomplished. Those are now almost common knowledge, for, like Dodd's Almanac, Dodd's Kidney Pills and Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, have found their way into every community and into almost every home. The intention is to simply welcome Dodd's Almanac for 1903 and to commend it to the consideration of the public generally.

JOHN PHILPOTT CURRAN. A contributor to The Liverpool Post recalls the struggle which this great Irishman had in his youth to raise himself above the humble position from which he started his career. "How hard he worked," he writes, "may be gauged by such an extract from his correspondence as this: 'I still continue to read ten hours every day; seven at law, and three at history, or the general principles of politics, and that I may have time enough, I rise at half-past four I have contrived a machine after the manner of an hour-glass, which perhaps you may be curious to know wakens me regularly at that hour. Brackets over my head I have suspended two vessels of tin, one above the other, when I go to bed, which is always at ten. I put a bottle of water into the upper vessel, in the bottom of which is a hole, of such a size as to let the water pass through, so as to make the inferior reservoir overflow in six hours and a half. I have had no small trouble in apportioning these vessels; and I was still more puzzled for a while how to confine my head so as to receive the drop, but I have at length succeeded.'"

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THURSDAY, NOV. 6 1902

CANADA AND THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE.

The blue book containing a detailed report of the proceedings of the recent Imperial Conference has been issued. It simply puts the stamp of authority upon the impression that had already gone abroad regarding that memorable meeting between Mr Chamberlain and the Premiers of the various Colonies.

Mr. Chamberlain pleaded for "the distribution of the burdens of Imperial defence," and dropped a hint that the Imperial Government might be found favorable to the "representation of the Colonies in one or other of the two Houses of the Imperial Parliament."

Let us see what this means. The distribution of the burdens of Imperial defence can only mean that Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, etc., would become responsible for an apportionment of the cost of Great Britain's standing army and vast navy—in other words the levying of Imperial taxes on the Colonies—in return for which the Colonies might receive some form of representation in the Parliament of the United Kingdom, which would be putting a knife into the most vital part of the principle of colonial autonomy.

We are not straining the plain meaning of Mr Chamberlain's proposition in the least. He "made a determined effort," we are told, to bring back the Colonies to the position which they occupied before the American war, of revolution with the difference that along with Colonial governors and legislatures, the Colonies would have the privilege of adding a few more members to the House of Lords, for it would be impossible by any conceivable scheme to let the colonial representatives loose upon the elected chamber.

It was probably Mr Chamberlain's idea that by making this proposition he would oblige the Colonial Premiers to sit down and confine their deliberations to it. But he reckoned without his guests. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, as appears from the blue book declined Mr Chamberlain's proposition with the remark that Canada could not be drawn into the maelstrom of European militarism nor separated from the legislative independence which she now enjoys.

Then, following out the exact line of his previous correspondence with the Colonial Secretary, that Canada is willing to discuss closer trade relations with Great Britain, he formulated the definite proposition that the Imperial Parliament make a response to Canada's preferential tariff.

Mr. Chamberlain was in a corner at once, for he well knew that the Imperial Parliament, which refuses to remove a damaging discrimination against Canadian cattle in the English markets, is not likely to grant the Colonies a preference over the United States in regard to grain or general agricultural products.

The English newspapers are forced to confess that Sir Wilfrid Laurier appeared to advantage, and that the purely academical resolution in favor of preferential trade adopted was only a cover for Mr Chamberlain's discomfiture. The lesson of the conference for the electors of Canada is this, that it is absolutely necessary to keep statesmen at the front in Ottawa who are loyal to Canada and to her responsible government, who will not consent to turn the hands of the clock back under the "loyal" pretext that Green-wood time is good enough for the Colonies. Canadians may tell Mr Chamberlain that they are accustomed to get up with the sun.

TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION

A correspondent who signs himself "Referendum" in the present issue of The Register, challenges our attention to the direct question of Prohibition. We are referred to the impending popular vote as "the only measure available in behalf of temperance at the present time."

To allow such a proposition to pass without comment would be to leave in doubt our own attitude and, as we believe that of the many correspondents who have encouraged through our columns the organization of total abstinence societies throughout this province.

What The Register and its correspondents have done is to set forth the Catholic position towards the evil of drunkenness, or the virtue of temperance—take it either way—as well as to urge the desirability of concerted effort for the organization amongst our own people of total abstinence societies. By the words of Pope Leo, by the appeals of bishops and priests, by the resolutions of representative bodies of the clergy and laity, the Catholic attitude on this question is known to all. We have never seen it defined as the legislative enactment of prohibition. Doubtless there are Catholics, like our correspondent, who believe in prohibition. They are free to hold their opinions, but we deny that their opinions are reasonably stated in any such proposition, as the one above quoted, that the Referendum is the "only measure available in behalf of temperance at the present time."

We were present at a recent meeting where the consensus of opinion was quite the other way, where it was urged in the most earnest manner that little could be accomplished for the great cause of temperance till the smoke of the Referendum had cleared away and the political misunderstandings developed therein had been forgotten.

The Catholic position towards temperance can hardly be helped by the Referendum or by the direct discussion of prohibition. Both form a political policy and nothing more. As such room is only left for judgment according to human experience, and human experience of prohibition has been but a sad chapter in the forward movement. We do not believe in it, and this we have stated again and again. What is more we see little good in joining in the discussion at all, as earnest Christian effort is simply hampered by it and sober sentiment drowned in the conflict of intemperate advocates of two extremes.

We have no need to defend the course we have taken. It was not shaped to catch the Referendum gale. It arose naturally out of the gratifying success of Father O'Brien's Peterborough Society at the International Total Abstinence Conference. That success seemed like an inspiration to the Catholics of Ontario generally, which it would be both ungrateful and neglectful not to respond to. The Catholic demand now aroused is for Catholic temperance organization without regard to the Referendum or any other political policy which may follow as the result of the forthcoming vote. If Prohibition were enacted in Canada in the morning it would not cure the awful evil of drunkenness any more than was evident in Maine, and temperance organizations based on religion and the duties of the Christian life would be as necessary then as now, perhaps more necessary.

However, it is outside our intention to take up this side of the matter or invite others to grapple with it. Our hope is that Catholics will discuss temperance in the language of temperance and in the light of faith. There is an admitted, an imperative need for temperance effort, because temperance organization has been neglected. Let us set about the task which is practical, which is uplifting, and great results are as sure to follow in every city and town throughout the Province as have blessed the work in the city of Peterborough.

A CHARGE AGAINST THE QUEBEC CURES

An article which has appeared in The Advance, of Alberta, demands, we think, some attention from the Catholic press of Ontario and Quebec. It deals with a charge against the clergy of French-Canada which is either true or false. If false, as we believe it to be, then the sooner it is branded the better. Otherwise we shall have it repeated again and again by other parties.

Mr. Fowler, M.P. of New Brunswick, accompanied the Conservative

members on their recent tour of the west. He spoke to the people of Alberta upon the census of Quebec and the statistics supplied by the parish priests, as if that were a question of vital interest on the ranches. Mr Fowler's charge according to The Advance, was as follows:

Mr Fowler, M.P., avowed that these reverend gentlemen (the Quebec Cures), included in the lists sent in the names of people who had long left the country and perpetrated similar frauds to an extent that gave the Province of Quebec additional representation in Parliament at the expense of the other Provinces.

The conclusion of the sentence discloses the appeal to prejudice which was in Mr Fowler's mind.

Mr Borden, leader of the Opposition, is described in The Advance as having heard and silently acquiesced in the charge. If a similar charge were made from a Quebec platform would Mr Borden listen and acquiesce? We doubt it. Now, it matters very little whether the charge was made in Alberta or Quebec. The press carries it far and wide wherever made. The charge is too serious a one for silence. Responsibility for it must also be made to rest upon broader shoulders than those of Mr Fowler. We think that Catholic opinion in Quebec ought to confront Mr Borden with the positive necessity of either backing this monstrous accusation or repudiating the man who made it as his political confederate and travelling companion.

THE DOUKHOBORS' PILGRIMAGE

There is something infinitely sad in the spectacle of those poor Doukhobor enthusiasts marching through the snow across the western plains, with bare backs and feet, starving themselves and letting their women and children fall by the wayside unheeded. But the question asked on every hand is "What are you going to do about it?" They cannot be dragonned in this land as they were in Russia. They cannot be reasoned with, for their epidemic craze is not to be remedied by argument.

The Government has a problem upon its hands and the experience may be salutary. These Doukhobors were thrust into Canada by the activity of a certain coterie of long-haired authorities upon peculiar people and peculiar ideas generally. It is understood that the Government did not allow the enterprise to go unwarded for a great mass of soulful literature that passed fairly well for psychological science was poured into the newspapers, and of course that cost something. Mr Mavor, of Toronto University, was, we believe, the only resident professor of an intimate knowledge of the spiritual philosophy of the immigrants. The others conducted the pilgrims to Canada. We need not say that the present outbreak among the unfortunate people quite upsets whatever Materialism we had the privilege of studying on this particular question. The next time Canada invites a strange colony to try the experiment of settlement in the west the information concerning them of self-constituted experts ought not be accepted.

WHY CALL IT CHRISTIANITY?

The Protestant Dean of Ripon, England, has been addressing a leading organization of the Established Church, styled the Churchmen's Union, and has been saying that the miracles related in the Bible can no longer be taken account of. Particularly the idea that the Saviour of the world was born of a virgin cannot be entertained by what Dean Freemantle calls "Natural Christianity." Now why should the Dean of Ripon and others who are simply preaching a crusade against the Christian Religion persist in calling their doctrines "Christianity?" Do they hope to retain forcible possession of the Sacred Name, in which they do not believe as Christians believe? They take the name of the Saviour in vain.

WHEREFORE NO RESPONSE?

Some time ago Mr. Alexander Macdonell published in the Register an appeal to the Irish Catholic people to do something towards the erection of a decent monument upon the spot in St. Paul's Churchyard where the victims of the never-to-be-forgotten ship fever have received unadorned interment. Since the publication of his earnest words we have heard nothing of the proposal. Is it possible that the object in view does not appeal to the Catholics of this city? We cannot harbor such an idea. To suppose that they were even indiffer-

ent was almost incredible, but the silence with which Mr. Macdonell's request has been received would seem to indicate a lack of sympathy bordering on indifference. Still we hope that the matter will not be allowed to pass. The sum required is small, and if the many will not subscribe it the few may.

DEPARTURE OF MGR FALCONIO

The definite announcement with reference to the departure of the present Apostolic Delegate has now been made. Mgr. Falconio will take possession of the Washington Delegation on the 20th of the present month. The impression he will leave behind him in Canada is of the best. He is a man of modern ideas, unassuming in his authority, and influence and wise and prudent in action. By clergy and laity throughout the Dominion his name is held in high respect. The people had not the privilege of frequently seeing and hearing him, but upon all occasions of their meetings the Apostolic Delegate by the dignity of his presence and address showed how well Pope Leo makes choice of his representatives. The non-Catholic community of Canada found Mgr. Falconio, like Mgr. Merry de Val, something of a surprise at first. With an easy command of the English tongue and thoroughly familiar with the sentiments of the community that distinction which every class of society concedes to the cultivated ecclesiastic was quickly recognized in him.

From all that has appeared in the Catholic press of the United States there is no doubt how Mgr. Falconio will be received in Washington. Canadian Catholics would have wished to retain him, because in him they found a firm friend of every movement that makes for Catholic advancement.

THE CRISIS IN IRELAND.

The surmise of The London Daily News that Mr Wyndham intends to become a toy King Bomba gains support from the arrest of Mr William Redmond, M. P., on the moment of his landing in Ireland. Mr Balfour, who acts as ward and guardian of the petty Chief Secretary for Ireland, made it impossible for the Irish members to stay in Westminster by putting the Government veto upon all subjects of Irish discussion. Finding his occupation of an Irish Parliamentary representative gone, Mr Redmond returned home and was thrown into jail for six months on a charge that had been treated with contempt in England, a charge that he had exercised the right of free speech which is supposed to belong to every British subject. Mr Wyndham and Mr Balfour are trying to drive Ireland to violence. The country at present is without crime of any kind, other than the peculiarly Irish crime of free speech. From the cable messages of yesterday (Wednesday) it would appear that the King is once more preparing himself for interference in the deliberate policy of his Ministers. He is to visit Ireland, and he is hardly likely to visit a coercion-ruled country where liberty does not exist and the administration of government is both corrupt and criminal. The King is known to sympathize with Ireland, and his personal influence may be a factor in bringing about a remedy for the present critical and most threatening aspect of affairs.

THE AMERICAN ELECTIONS

At the time of going to press the result is still in doubt of Tuesday's elections in the United States. The Toronto World calculates a Democratic victory and The Globe a Republican majority of sixteen in the House of Representatives. These papers may figure as sympathy dictators, but one thing certain is that the Republicans have suffered heavy losses, attributable to the public discussion of the trusts and the effect of the coal strike. The Democratic gains show a healthy reaction of popular opinion in the adjoining Republic. The Trusts won the last election for President McKinley by threatening to shut down industries if the Democrats were allowed to return to power. The electors went to the polls in numbers subdued by the fear of losing their bread. To-day they are shaking off their cowardice and in the next Presidential election may vote as free men and citizens.

A WORD TO THE CATHOLIC COMMUNITY.

It appears to us that a sad lack of interest in educational concerns prevails among the Catholics of Ontario. Last week we referred at

length to the new policy of the Minister of Education to establish school libraries throughout the Province, in regard to which Separate and Public Schools will stand on an equal footing. While giving our cordial approval to the general line of this policy we plainly stated that in the list of books recommended for these libraries works were included which Catholic parents would fain object to. Not a ripple of interest appears to have been excited by this opinion. We are not surprised that it was ignored by the Education Department but that Catholics have failed to see anything to concern them in it is simply astonishing. This week we observe that the Minister of Education has appointed a Library Commission to carry out his policy, on which no Catholic as far as we know has been asked to serve. We presume that the list of approved books was prepared by the members of this Commission; and while we wish now to avoid all personal reference, we must emphatically question the capacity of the Commission as a whole. Is there any sensible man, Protestant or Catholic, who will approve the recommendation of translations of Victor Hugo's novels for school boys and girls? Why it would be as prudent to supply them with strong drink before breakfast, as to deposit this morbid fiction upon their unripe minds. There are other books on the list which we are prepared to question on grounds of historical accuracy. But there is no need now to go into particulars. The subject is one which demands prompt attention.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Irish Government educates some of the Irish Judges up to a strange line of conduct. At the Mullingar Quarter Sessions, in the coerced-proclaimed County of Westmeath, there was no criminal case for trial, except a charge of burglary against a soldier. The Grand Jury unanimously passed a resolution respectfully requesting the Government to remove the proclamation of the county on account of its peaceful and crimeless condition. County Court Judge Curran, who presided, tore up the resolution and threw the pieces of paper at the Grand Jury, and when one of the Grand Jury asked to be informed of any case of boycotting in the county, the Judge threatened him with imprisonment. Anyone might suppose that a judge who would do these things must be crazy. But no, he is only endeavoring to please the Government.

The "scene" which preceded Mr John O'Donnell's recent suspension in the House of Commons has had the effect at least of making some English papers open their eyes to the facts of the Irish situation. The London Daily News says "Regard for the Prime Minister's skin must not blind us to the real significance of this event. It is the overflow of the one of the victims of a regime which is daily becoming more like that of King Bomba. That excellent and efficient monarch kept the whole Neapolitan Opposition in prison. Mr Wyndham has at present placed his key on only an eighth of the Irish Party. But the victims are increasing daily, and for every member of Parliament there are many humbler men, whose sufferings are none the less for their obscurity. One of these men is said to have lost his reason as a result of his treatment in prison. Others are crippled in health and fortune. Such a state of affairs in any other part of Europe would provoke an amazing outcry in this country. We can weep tears over Russian students, Finnish peasants, or Italian deputies; but we are dry-eyed over the men at our doors. The tale is so old Ireland is 'such an unconscionable time in dying' Mr George Wyndham, the elegant persecutor of these men, was himself the chief pleader on behalf of Dr. Jameson, and obtained many Irish signatures—including that of Mr. Michael Davitt—for treating that political prisoner as a first-class misdemeanant. Dr. Jameson had friends. He got his way, and was released early. But these are only Irishmen, and Mr Wyndham makes criminals of the very men who helped him."

NEWFOUNDLAND TELEGRAM

A Newfoundland telegram reports a devastating fire on the Island of Miqulsion. The Catholic Cathedral and schools were destroyed.

Sir Anthony MacDonnell, who is admonished by The London Times, on the eminently reasonable ground that he is an Irish Catholic, is one more example of the success of Irishmen as administrators, where they are afforded the opportunities denied them in their own land. When at Queen's College, Galway, he was but one of a brilliant band whose names have figured prominently in the world of politics, law and journalism. Sir Anthony's fellow students included Mr

we've stolen their farms, and the world rings aloud with the fame of our arms. When there isn't a nation so weak just at present. As to make a fresh "raid" either prudent or pleasant, John Bull will perhaps take it into his brain. That it's better to mind his own business again. Oh! won't it be grand if by any good chance he elects in the pathway of sense to advance. There was blood on his hands there was blood on his soul. The last time he staggered to vote at the poll. But, thank God, there's a truce — if for only a time — And he's not yet prepared for the next monster crime.

The London Globe is alarmed over the reception by the Pope of an address from the Irish Party. "We can only say," it remarks, "that the Holy Father has been very ill-advised, and that, we are sure, will be the feeling of the great body of Roman Catholics in this country. For the letter (of the Holy Father acknowledging the Irish address) is a distinctly political manifesto. The Holy Father has been induced to put his name to a communication which will be understood in Ireland as meant to convey his blessing to 'those dear Irish children' of his who are constantly stirring up rebellion and ruining the best interests of their country. The Pope accepts the Irish Parliamentary Party as the representatives of Irish Catholicism, and has doubtless been made to believe that such they really are. It is true that the letter says nothing about politics, but addressed as it is to a prominent official of a political party, it cannot be divested in the minds of Irish readers of a political character. It is a pity that His Holiness does not read the English newspapers. If he did, he would never, we are confident, have allowed himself to pronounce this benediction. Having pronounced it, however, he stands in the position of blessing a seditious organization."

THE LONDON GLOBE

The following is a correct translation of the Papal letter which strikes The London Globe as being an encouragement to sedition. To our Dear Son, Thomas Grattan Esmonde, First Whip of the Irish Party. Dear Son — The Sons of St. Patrick, who, from time immemorial, have been so desirous of testifying to their devotion to the Holy See, could not fail during the year of Our Pontifical Jubilee, to join their voices to the magnificent concert of felicitations and good wishes which comes to Us, in the name of the Irish Parliaments. It has been very agreeable to Us to receive the homage of filial devotion which you have come to renew to Us, in the name of the Irish Parliamentary Party. The welcome We have given you at the Vatican has enabled you to realize how great is the good will We have in Our heart for Our dear Irish children. But it is not enough for Us that you should be merely the verbal though faithful reporter of Our sentiments towards your Nation. We wish to repeat by this letter how agreeable to Us has been the mission with which you have been entrusted. And we hereby renew to those whom you represent, as well as to yourself, who have so worthily discharged your mission, the assurance of Our paternal good-will by giving them from Our heart the Apostle's benediction. Given at Rome from the Vatican this 12th October, 1902. LEO, P.P. XIII.

EDWARD BRADY DEAD

Edward Brady, who for a number of years held the position of janitor of St. Michael's Hospital, is dead. He was an old soldier, having served during the Indian Mutiny and the Crimean War, and was a great favorite with the medical men attending the hospital. R. J. E.

T. P. O'Connor, M. P., and Mr. J. Clancy, M. P., both able men, lists, and the latter a lawyer as well. Sir Anthony's brother, Dr. M. MacDonnell, who sits in Parliament as member for the Left Division of Queen's County, is a highly respected member of the Irish party.

But two Popes have lived longer than Leo XIII. St. Agatho, who died at the age of 107, in 682, and Gregory IX, who died in 1241 at the age of ninety-nine years. The list of those who have surpassed the reign of Leo XIII is longer, and is headed by St. Peter, who reigned 33 to 68 thirty-four years six months and seventeen days, Adrian I. (771-795), twenty-four years ten months and seven days, Alexander III (1151-1180), thirty years eleven months and twenty-three days, and Pius IX (1816-1878), thirty-one years seven months and twenty-two days.

OBITUARY

NEIL HARKIN.

Neil Harkin, Esq., J. P., died at his home at Corn Hill on Wednesday, Sept. 24th. By reason of his long residence here and the active interest he took in public affairs, Mr Harkin was known all over Simcoe County, and not only will his familiar figure be missed from the streets of Stayner, but many former residents of Nottawasaga and Sunnyside will learn with regret of his death. Mr. Harkin was seventy-three years of age, and his health had been poor for the past few years, but he was confined to his bed only two days before his death. He was in town the Saturday previous.

The funeral left his late residence, Corn Hill, on Saturday, September 27th, to St. Patrick's Church, Stayner, where High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Jeffcott, who delivered an excellent sermon, suitable to the occasion. The music of the choir was appreciated. Mrs. Hargrave, leader and organist, sang "Lead Kindly Light" and "Nearer My God to Thee." The pallbearers were the deceased's six grandsons, Thomas, Joseph and Justin Gullioyle, Joseph and Leo Harkin and Alfred Shanay. Interment was made at the Catholic Cemetery, Nottawasaga, where the remains were laid in the family plot.

Neil Harkin was born in 1829 in the County of Mayo, Ireland, and sailed from there to Canada in 1847 by the ship Wolfe Villa, of Androsson, Scotland. Of the seven hundred and fifty passengers on board, five hundred died during the voyage, and their bodies were cast into the sea, among them being Mr Harkin's mother and one brother. On arriving at quarantine the Wolfe Villa cast anchor among other plague-stricken ships from some of which death had claimed every human being, passengers and crew. Then Mr Harkin lost two brothers, and lay sick himself for weeks before he was able to proceed to the interior. He first settled on the first concession of the township of Nottawasaga, where he lived until 1865, and then removed to his last place of residence, the west half of lot 3, concession 5, Sunnyside. At that time there was an unbroken forest for miles around, but Mr Harkin, though commencing with little or nothing beyond the talents, physical and mental, with which he was endowed, used these so well as to secure the blessing of a comfortable home (the title of five hundred acres of land, three hundred being cleared and improved, and an enviable reputation in private and public life. He was one of the first Township Councilors, and continued to be a municipal representative for many years being re-elected in 1862. He was made J. P. in 1876. In 1879 he received the unanimous nomination of the Reform convention as candidate for election to the Ontario Legislature, but sickness in his family led him to decline. He was of the staunchest type of Reformer in politics and was one of the first readers of The Toronto Globe. He was President of the Reform Association of the riding for 20 years and License Commissioner for Center Simcoe for twenty-eight years. In 1852 he married Mary, daughter of Mr. Patrick Dunn, of Vespra. They reared a family of eleven children, James and John, dead; P. J. and Mrs. O'Keefe, Buffalo; Mrs. Shanay Toronto; M. C. Harkin, merchant Stayner; Mrs. J. Gullioyle and An drew, Corn Hill; Nell, Sarah and Ar nes, at home. Mr. Harkin's wife predeceased him, seventeen years, she having died Sept. 23rd, 1855.—Stay ner Sun, Oct. 2.

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Canadian Catholic News

CANADA

GALICIAN PRIESTS FOR THE WEST.

Rev. Father Lacombe, the well known missionary to the Indians, has in his charge five Galician priests and four Galician nuns, recently arrived by SS. Moltke, from Hamburg, Germany.

Diocese of Hamilton

Bishop's Visit to Brantford. On Sunday, Oct. 26th, His Lordship Bishop Dowling, attended by Very Rev. Vicar-General Keough and Chancellor Holden, gave confirmation at St. Basil's Church, Brantford, at 9 a.m., and afterwards at St. Mary's Church at 11 a.m.

His Lordship also congratulated the pastors on the good work accomplished in their respective parishes and exhorted both congregations to cooperate with them heartily in reducing and removing the debts due on the churches. At St. Basil's the Bishop made the following announcement: I think it proper on this occasion of my episcopal visit to this parish to direct the attention of pastor and people to three important matters, namely, the parochial debt, the parochial residence, and the parochial school.

The following is a correct statement of the parochial debt. His Lordship Bishop Carbery, in his records of the diocese states that on the 11th of June, 1887, at the request of the present pastor a mortgage of \$12,000 for ten years on the church property of St. Basil's, Brantford, was executed. Since that date more than fifteen years have elapsed, and at the present time \$7,000 of that mortgage remains still unpaid.

church from all sources amounted last year to \$1,100. So that with increased revenue and curtailed outlay there should be no great difficulty in paying off this year and henceforth annually at least \$1,000 of the principal. As the church is now, I am glad to observe, well furnished and in good order, and as no further outlay for improvements is required at present, the energies and efforts of pastor and people should in future be directed to the reduction and removal of the burden of the long standing parochial debt.

As soon as the debt is removed, as I hope it will be at the expiration of the mortgage in 1908, which date will correspond with the date of the golden jubilee of the diocese when I hope, if spared, to consecrate our cathedral it will be a great pleasure for me to come and consecrate this church. The next duty of the congregation will be to build a residence for the pastor on their own church property, as with the exception of St. Patrick's, Hamilton, which has a large building fund on hand for the erection of a new presbytery, Brantford is the only place in the diocese where the priest has to live in a rented house and the congregation have to pay rent. This is not as it should be.

As the school buildings of this parish have been for a long time in a dilapidated condition, it is the duty of the trustees to co-operate with the pastor in making immediate arrangements to remedy this state of affairs by erecting as soon as possible a parochial school that will be a credit to the parish.

I regret that owing to sickness and scarcity of priests I am unable to send your pastor a regular assistant I regret it because owing to the present arrangement by which Father Cummings devotes most of his time to the work of this parish, the work of his own parish cannot be properly attended to, and I also regret it because I learn with sorrow that in the absence of a regular curate the people of Burford have been without Mass for the last year and a half. It will afford me great pleasure to send an assistant here at the earliest possible opportunity so that Father Cummings may be free to devote his whole time to his own parish, and that the Faith may not be lost in Burford, where, in the meantime, it would be an act of charity for one of the priests to give an occasional station on a week day, if not on a Sunday. When a priest visits a mission of this kind he cannot discharge his duty properly by simply driving out in the morning to celebrate Mass and returning on the same day. It would be much better to visit the mission the day before the day appointed for the station, so as to have time to look after his scattered flock, hear confessions and give catechetical instructions. By so doing he will be following the example of the Good Shepherd.

BISHOP AT PARIS

On Sunday the Bishop presided at a meeting of the building committee, at which it was decided to call for tenders immediately for the proposed enlargement of the church next spring. It is estimated that the cost will be \$3,000. At 3 p.m. he administered confirmation to seventeen boys and fourteen girls. He expressed himself as highly pleased with the care-

ful training given the candidates by their pastor, Father Keough, as evidently by the intelligent answers given to the catechetical questions. His Lordship then briefly and touchingly addressed the congregation, composed mainly of his old parishioners, and their children, who were all delighted to see him again in their midst. He then closed by giving benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, after which Vicar-General Keough, to the great delight of the children, announced a holiday on Friday, in honor of the visit of the Bishop.

C. O. F. in The Soo

An event that has been looked forward to for many weeks by a considerable number of citizens of the Soo was the opening of the spacious new hall of the Catholic Order of Foresters in the Hussey Block. The ceremony was held in the presence of Bishop O'Connor and distinguished members of the Order.

The hall, which had been beautifully decorated for the occasion, was comfortably filled and those present were treated to a musical and intellectual treat that has rarely been equalled and never been exceeded by any similar affair that has even been given in Sault Ste. Marie.

District Crown Attorney Kehoe presided and gathered around him on the platform were His Lordship, Father Collins, of Bracebridge, Mr. C. Boudrault, Ottawa Provincial Forester, Mr. F. Mogan, Toronto Provincial Organizer, Chief Ranger Hussey, Deputy Chief Ranger Strathmore, Bros. Monaghan, Halton, Michigan, Gagnon, Jas. R. Ryan, Soo, Michigan, Dr. Gibson, physician to St. James Court, and Fathers Lusier, Hazelton and Cadot. A letter of regret on his inability to be present was read from Rev. J. A. Primeau, late pastor of the Sacred Heart Church, but now with Sault Ste. Marie.

The chairman's opening address was delivered in that eloquent and forcible manner which always characterizes the public utterances of Mr. Kehoe. On behalf of St. James Court, he spoke of the pleasure felt by the members at the presence on this auspicious occasion of the chief pastor of the diocese and incidentally referred to the ties that bind so closely the Catholic people to those who hold spiritual sway over them.

Bishop O'Connor was then called upon and was given a hearty welcome. He said it was not only a pleasure, but a duty, a pleasant duty, to be with the Foresters on this occasion. Societies such as the Catholic Foresters were strongly approved of by the church, because there was besides the temporal advantages bestowed by the order on its members, a certain amount of spiritual advantage to be derived. There were certain conditions imposed upon members, the substance of which was practical membership in the church and if a member fulfills these conditions, he is more likely to be a better husband, father or son and consequently a better citizen than he might otherwise be. He would also be more broad-minded and liberal in his views towards persons of other denominations. "This," said the Bishop, "has been my experience, that the more faithful the man to his religious duties, the more kindly in his disposition to all people and how could he be otherwise, since the fundamental principle of religion is charity which obliges us to love all men as our brothers. The Bishop spoke encouragingly of the movement to establish a young people's society, which would gather occasionally in the Foresters' Hall and indulge in legitimate amusements.

He asked the young men to identify themselves with the new society and take part in the debates which would occasionally be held during the winter evenings. In this rising city there would be avenues opening up to good young men and the proposed new society would undoubtedly be an excellent preparatory school for young men of ambition. In conclusion His Lordship expressed the hope that the Foresters would increase in numbers in the future as rapidly or even more so than in the past, with regard to the Young Men's Society he hoped it would become strong in members. At his home in Peterborough the Temperance Society had a membership of over 500 and it was still quite young.

He hoped that there would be a substantial increase of membership in the Foresters and as a result of this gathering that large numbers of young men would avail themselves of the social advantages that would be offered to members of the new club. Provincial Chief Ranger Boudrault expressed his pleasure at seeing Mr. Kehoe, an old fellow-citizen of his, occupying the chair. Ottawa lost a good citizen when Mr. Kehoe left there and the Sault had benefited by the capital's loss. Mr. Boudrault spoke entertainingly of the progress that had been made by the society. The increase in its membership had been marvelous and its finances were in an equally satisfactory condition. The Order was strongly recommended by the clergy, many of whom, he jokingly added, advised the young ladies to choose a Forester for a husband. This fact alone ought to be an inducement to the young men to join the Foresters without delay. He complimented St. James' Court upon having such a splendid hall and predicted a bright future for the Order in the Sault.

Brief addresses were given by Mr. Mogan, Dr. Gibson, Father Collins, Jas. R. Ryan, Fathers Lusier and Cadotte. The various addresses were interspersed by songs and instrumental

music, the contributors being Mrs. Keogh, Mr. Jas. Stone and Miss Hoope Cameron, whose two numbers on the violin and piano accompaniment were much appreciated. The Foresters held their first regular meeting in their new hall last night. Provincial Chief Ranger Boudrault, Ottawa; Provincial Organizer Mogan, and Bro. M. J. Dodd, of Toronto, were tendered a banquet at the Grand View, by St. James' Court, C. O. F., after the close of the meeting, at which addresses were given by C. R. Huzey, Medical Examiner Dr. Gibson, D.H.C.R. Strathmore, Crown Attorney Kehoe, Secretary Halton, Provincial Chief Ranger Boudrault, Provincial Organizer Mogan, Bro. M. J. Dodd, Past C. R. A. P. Monaghan.



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Confederation Life

ASSOCIATION—HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO. W. H. BEATTY, Esq., PRESIDENT. W. D. MATTHEWS, Esq. VICE-PRESIDENTS. FREDERICK WILD, Esq. W. C. MACDONALD, Esq. MANAGING DIRECTOR. J. K. MACDONALD

UNITED STATES ARCHBISHOP RIORDAN WINS.

A Washington despatch says: The State Department has received a cable dispatch to-day from J. R. Halston, who, with Solicitor Penfield of the State Department, sustained the contentions of the United States and of the Catholic Church in the California Plus fund cases before the Hague court of arbitration. The result is a sweeping victory for Archbishop Riordan, and will make him a prominent figure when the question of the next Cardinal for the United States comes up.

The case has been celebrated. The Archbishop has given his undivided attention to it and has had much to do with the presentation of the case by suggestion and advice.

WHAT IS OWNERSHIP?

The question of ownership is really at stake in the settlement of the strike. What is ownership? How absolute is its relations to others? "In the exact sense of the word any ownership must of necessity be limited in its nature. If a man is owner of a stick of dynamite, he cannot explode it in a public thoroughfare where the lives of others are endangered. If he owns a house, he cannot set it on fire to the detriment of his neighbors. If he owns a coal mine, he cannot grind the faces of his workmen. He must make such provision as is necessary for their physical safety. There is a dictate of nature," says Leo XIII, "more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man: that remuneration for labor must be enough to support the wage-earner in reasonable and frugal comfort." And again he writes: "If through necessity or fear of a worse evil the working-man accepts harder conditions because an employer or contractor will give him no better, he is the victim of force and injustice. The laborer is not a piece of machinery to be purchased at the least possible cost, and thrown aside as useless when he is of no further use. Nor is he a mere animal needing provision for bodily wants only. He is a man with God-given faculties, of high and noble dignity, having the most sacred relations and owing solemn duties to his Maker, and having spiritual and mental aspirations that require to be satisfied just as much as the wants of the body. It is not justice to enslave and degrade the laborer that the stockholder may have an added luxury."—Catholic World Magazine

WEDDING AT BARRIE.

On Wednesday morning the marriage of Mr. Will Crossland and Miss Mary Moran, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Moran, took place at St. Mary's Church, Barrie, the Very Rev. Dean Egan officiating. The bride was becomingly dressed in a travelling suit of grey cheviot, with hat to match, and wore a cream silk waist trimmed with silk applique. The bridesmaid, Miss Teresa McGrath, of Brechin, had on a stylish suit of heavy cloth and wore a cream silk waist with dainty point lace collar. The groom was assisted by his brother, Mr. A. H. Crossland, of Peterborough. The groom's gift to the bridesmaid was a pretty gold brooch set with brilliants. The young ladies of the Sodality sang during the Mass, accompanied by Mr. J. F. O'Mara. Both young people were very popular, and the many pretty and useful presents testify to the esteem in which they were held by their friends.

AN AWFUL MISTAKE.

Physician Prescribes Nuxvomica for a Kingston, Lady with the Result that she is Paralyzed.

A Thrilling Experience Resulting from a Doctor's Mistake—Fortunately She Recovered and tells the Story of the whole incident.

Kingston, Ont., Nov. 3—(Special)—That Mrs. E. Lake, of 113 Clarence street, this city, is alive to-day, is a matter for wonder. She says "My sickness was brought about by overdose of Strychnine prescribed by a physician. It brought on Paralysis affecting my left side, brain arm and limbs. "I was perfectly helpless and it was impossible for me to raise my left limb or open my fingers. I got no sleep and often when I dozed my eyes remained open. I had not the power to close my eyelids. "I suffered almost continually with headache. "My brain felt as though it was too large for the skull. My appetite failed and I became very emaciated, indeed, I was nothing but skin and bones. "I was three years under treatment, many physicians having me under their care, but without avail. At last I became discouraged and gave up all treatment. "While reading a paper one day I noticed a testimony of one who was cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills. "My sister procured me a box of the pills and I started on three pills three times a day. I soon began to experience a change for the better which continued until I regained the use of my arm, hand and limb. My headache also ceased and my appetite returned. "From this I soon picked up flesh and strength until I was as well as ever. "I thank God and Dodd's Kidney Pills for my health for by prayer and this wonderful remedy, I was cured and have remained in good health ever since, although this was over five years ago."

MUSIC Teachers WANTED

W. KAHNERT 27 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.



Formerly Manager and Designer with Cummings and Sellers. The Style and quality of our FURS are too well known to our Patrons. They are past criticism. But we would like to draw your attention to our incredibly low prices! Guaranteed finest Alaska Seal Jackets, with fur, with fronts, 25 inches long, \$185.00. Extra Selected Persian Lamb Jackets, plain or with Mink, Stone Marten, or Alaska Sable, \$80.00 to \$115.00. Fine Mink Astrakhan Jackets, with Alaska Sable Mink or Stone Marten, full faced fronts and cuffs, \$100.00, \$125.00, and \$200.00. Electric Seal Jackets, very best quality, 21 inches long, \$75.00. We have also in stock numerous fancy styles in JACKETS and SUITWEAR. You will save money by first inspecting our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

ST. BASIL'S CATHOLIC UNION

The regular meeting of the Union was held on Monday evening Messrs. E. Costello and J. M. Lalor were appointed to represent this Society in their first debate in the Inter-Catholic Club Debating Union.

Mr. J. J. O'Sullivan read an interesting paper entitled "Scientific Explanation of the Birth of the Earth According to Genesis." The paper included various theories of the original condition of the world, and arguments to prove or disprove their relative merits. A debate, "Resolved, That Trades Unions Are a Benefit to Society," then ensued. The affirmative was maintained by Messrs. M. G. Kermahan and F. H. Meader the negative by Messrs. E. V. O'Sullivan and F. C. Foy. The decision was given in favor of the affirmative.

M. H. KERNAHAN Sec-Treas

NEVER IS TIME more precious than when some member of the family is attacked by colic, dysentery or any bowel trouble. The doctor is distant but if Perry Davis Painkiller is near all danger is soon ended.

ARE YOU RUN DOWN?



Puts new life into you. Builds up Nerve and Muscles. Adds pounds of solid flesh to your weight. Positively cures Anemia, General Debility, Lung troubles, including Consumption if taken in time. Be sure you get "The D & I."

W. E. A. FANNON, Optical Doctor

EYES CAREFULLY EXAMINED. OFFICE HOURS 7.30 to 9.30 p.m.

218 LANSDOWNE AVE., TORONTO.

MANY MEDICINES GIVE TEMPORARY RELIEF BUT BECOME LESS EFFECTIVE EVERY DAY

THIS IS NOT TRUE OF IRON-OX TABLETS

Being a Tonic, they INCREASE in effectiveness; and they can be used continuously with perfect safety. They Cure Constipation and Indigestion. They Purify and Enrich the Blood.

FIFTY TABLETS FOR 25 CENTS



Winter Comforts

We ought to be specialists on winter comforts in Canada. There is no comfort so good as a reliable heating. We have made a life study of that and the result of our experience is the

Economy

Combustible Heater. It has a friend in every possession. It works easily. Burns little coal. Gives good steady heat. Write for booklet on this heater. We also manufacture Furnaces and Hot Water Boilers for all kinds of fuel.

Mention the Register.

J. F. PEASE FURNACE CO. LIMITED

188-192 Queen St. East.

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

S. Charles Borromeo



ABOUT fifty years after the Protestant heresy had broken out, the providence of God raised up a mere youth to renew the face of His Church.

In 1560 Charles Borromeo, then twenty-two years of age, was created Cardinal, and by the side of his uncle, Pius IV., administered the affairs of the Holy See.

His first care was the direction of the Council of Trent. He urged forward its sessions, guided its deliberations by continual correspondence from Rome, and by his firmness carried it to its conclusion.

Then he entered upon a still more arduous work—the execution of his decrees. As Archbishop of Milan, he enforced their observance, and thoroughly restored the discipline of his See.

His reform was violently opposed by the government of Spain, and by the relaxed priests and religious under his charge; yet he never yielded nor failed in his task.

During the great plague he refused to leave Milan, and was ever by the sick and dying, and sold even his bed for their support.

So he lived, and so he died, a faithful image of the Good Shepherd, up to his last hour giving his life for his sheep.

Fate and Marriage

(By Clara Mulholland.)

For human bliss and woe in the frail thread of human life are all so closely twined...

CHAPTER III.

Dazed, bewildered, horrified, Archibald sat on, incapable of thought or movement. His mind and his limbs seemed alike paralyzed by the dreadful statement contained in Tristram Fane's letter.

and perhaps anger you, or I am aware that your life with Madeline was not all it might have been, and you have mourned her as dead for some years.

CHAPTER IV.

Arrived at Charing Cross, Archibald caught up his bag and stepped onto the platform. The train had been a slow one, stopping at station after station along the line, and it was past eleven as he left the carriage, wondering where he should go, and what he should do.

CHAPTER V.

To Archibald the drive to St. John's Wood seemed interminable. Presently the cab stopped with a jerk in front of a big, dark gate in the middle of a high brick wall.

so, I wish to see and speak to her, please, for a moment. The man in the light coat looked up at him, his eyes full of inquiry.

"The block's a bit off 'is cad or a stranger," he muttered, with a shrug of his shoulders. "But 'ere goes. I may as well earn a bob as another."

"The address—quick!" cried Archibald, in great agitation, and clutching the man's arm spasmodically. "O God," he murmured under his breath, "grant that I may see this woman—know the truth!"

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto. DEAR SIR—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto. DEAR SIR—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto. 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.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures Rheumatism, (Felsons or 'Blood Poisoning) It is a Sure Remedy for any of These Diseases.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS 193 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1901 John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto. DEAR SIR—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto. DEAR SIR—I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salve. It has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been trying to do for years.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto. 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.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto. 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.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto. DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say that your Benedictine Salve has done more for me in one week than anything I have done for the last five years.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto. DEAR SIR—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto. DEAR SIR—I do heartily recommend your Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for rheumatism, as I was so much afflicted with that sad disease in my arm, and it was so bad that I could not dress myself.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto. DEAR SIR—Your Benedictine Salve cured me of rheumatism in my arm, which entirely disabled me from work, in three days, and I am now completely cured.

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

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YOUNG'S EDINBURGH FREE ESSENCE

W.M. MURPHY & ESTEN

CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE WANDERING CYCLONE.

A Cyclone went a-wandering, And squandering, and pondering, A cyclone went a-wandering, To see what he could see,

Over Europe with an airy leap, A whirling, frisking, 'airy leap, A crashing, smashing, scarping leap,

Through Hindustan he whirled about, And swirled about, and hurled about, Till, sudden, as he twirled about

The Cyclone stopped and scowled at it, And then he stood and growled at it, And then he roared and howled at it,

The Banyan rustled mockingly, And waved its branches rockingly, "Alas!" it answered, "shockingly

The raging Cyclone tore away, And shore away, and swore away, At every dash he bore away

The trailing branches stooped at him, And swooped at him, and scooped at him,

The tangling twiglets tore his face, The creepers dangled o'er his face, He could not see before his face,

The baffled Cyclone sighed away, And tried away, and cried away, "Oh, let me mount and ride away

The Banyan rustled cheerfully, And winked and chuckled lecherly; "O friend," it said, "how fearfully

The wretched Cyclone slunk away, And shrunk away, and sunk away, At length in a splunk away

LEAVING HOME.

Some time ago a bright, active boy of seventeen left his father's home in Connecticut with barely enough money

He began to look for work that he might obtain money to meet his actual needs, but he soon found that the great western city was already

His father was informed of the sad occurrence and, in accordance with his desire, the body of the boy was sent back to the Connecticut home.

"I want to know if you can tell me where I can get work to do?" are words we hear every day from sad-

Now, boys, I touch this subject carefully, for I know that, like many another matter, it has two sides, and that one who looks at it as he is

There may come a time in a boy's life when just the thing he ought to do would be to leave home and look out for himself

It is possible that Bayard Taylor would never have won the honor which crowned his life had he not, a young man of nineteen, dared to leave

But look at Bayard Taylor, his ability to take care of himself, his genius, his development in the commonplace paths of his early life,

If you have a good home, stay there and fit yourself for something you are sure you will want to do after a while when thrown upon your own resources.

If circumstances throw you out of your home while yet in your boyhood go out into the world with some higher purpose than a mere thirst for adventure and a desire to be free

PAINE DISAPPEAR BEFORE IT—No one need suffer pain when they have available Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

After Work or Exercise POND'S EXTRACT

WORRY OVER LITTLE THINGS

Feelings of Languor and Despondency the First Symptoms of Nervous Exhaustion-Reconstruct the Wasted Nerve Tissue by Using

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

When you become restless and peevish, worry over little things, and are afflicted with dyspepsia, which cannot be attributed to error in diet, you may be sure that the trouble arises

The first necessity is rest from work and worry, and as much fresh air as possible. Then the system must be built up and the wasted nerve force restored by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mrs. N. W. Williams, 212 Gerrard street east, Toronto, says: "I was very nervous, could not sleep or rest, and had severe attacks of nervous headache. My system seemed to be all run down, and I lacked energy and ambition.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food may not cure you in a week or even a month, but it is bound to benefit you, and will naturally and certainly restore vigor to the body and nerves.

And a Day is Given for the Discussion of Coercion in Ireland. London, Oct. 28. — An impassioned condemnation of British rule in Ireland was again heard last night from the Nationalist section of the House of Commons.

But look at Bayard Taylor, his ability to take care of himself, his genius, his development in the commonplace paths of his early life, and then examine your own nature and capabilities and see if you have as much to help you through as he had.

If you have a good home, stay there and fit yourself for something you are sure you will want to do after a while when thrown upon your own resources.

Other Irishmen having spoken, Mr. Wyndham, in a defence of the government, said illegal intimidation must be suppressed, and although he disliked to use military terms, he declared that "pending the settlement of peace between the contending forces, the fighting must go on,"

NO REASONABLE MAN expects to cure a neglected cold in a day. But time and Allen's Lung Balm will overcome the cold and stave off consumption. Cough will cease and lungs be sound as a new dollar.

CHURCH BELLS Chimes and Pans.

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