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VOL. XII., No. 39

TORONTO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1904

PRICE FIVE CENTS

TORONTO WELCOMES JOHN REDMOND

Crowds Throng to Listen to the Irish National Envoys

OVER FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR BLECTIONS

Verbatim Report of Mr. Redmond's Exposition of the Home Rule Situation—Prospects of Near Victory Certain

Toronto sympathizers with the cause of Home Rule, collected under the auspices of the Toronto Branch of the United Irish League, filled Association Hall to overflowing on Monday evening, crowded also the adjoining gild hall and overflowed into the streets. John Redmond, M.P., and his brother envoys from the Irish Parliamentary Party, were announced to speak in Association Hall. They were obliged to speak in both halls, but at that hundreds were disappointed. Better provision could not, however, have been made on account of Mr. Redmond's engagements elsewhere. Accompanied by Mrs. Redmond and his brother members, the leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party arrived in Toronto at 4.30 p.m. on Monday from Niagara Falls, where they had stopped over Sunday. They were met at the station by E. J. Hearn, Chairman of the local committee, and Mrs. Hearn, D'Arcy Hinds, Secretary, George P. Magann and Mrs. Magann, Peter Ryan and Miss Ryan, Dr. McMahon and Mrs. McMahon, Mrs. O'Sullivan, Frank J. Walsh, John Hurst, J. T. Loftus, M. Kelly, James McConvey and others. The visitors were put up at the King Edward Hotel, and did not arrive at Association Hall until 8.30. The hall was well decorated in green and white bunting, Canadian and Irish flags and national emblems. There was a distinguished audience, some of those present being Mrs. Redmond, Mrs. Edward Blake, Premier Ross, Senator Kerr, Speaker Charlton, Hume Blake, George P. Magann, Eugene O'Keefe, P. F. Cronin, Thomas Long, Peter Ryan, L. J. Cosgrave, P. Jamieson, Edmund Bristol, George J. Foy, John Hanrahan, Thomas Mulcahy, Orilla; Thomas Casserley, Tottenham; Robert Jeffrey, Robert Orr, R. J. Fleming, T. P. Coffey, Charles Ritchie, Dan O'Connell, Peter O'Rourke; W. T. J. Lee, J. G. O'Donoghue, Rev. Father Mahoney, Hamilton; Rev. Father Coty, Hamilton; Rev. Father Kelly, C.S.B.; Rev. Father Jeffcott, Stayner; Rev. Father L. Minahan, Rev. Father Burke, Rev. Dr. Parker, Rev. J. A. Macdonald, T. A. Moloney, P. Burns, J. W. Mogan, James E. Day, J. T. Loftus, Wm. Burns, Rev. Father McMahon, Thornhill; Andrew Cottam, Danford Roche, T. H. Lennox, Aurora, Frank Walsh, J. J. Power, M. J. Quinn, Dan Fitzgerald, Ex-Mayor O'Donoghue, Stratford; John Fee, M. B. Ryan, John Regan, J. J. Walsh, John Lee, P. Lee, P. Clancy, Wm. Ryan, P. J. Mulqueen, Patrick O'Connor, M. P. Ryan, P. McCabe, J. McGuire, A. J. Gough, Dr. McDonagh, C. E. Burns, M. J. Cassels, N. Monahan, J. W. Mallon, J. F. Mallon, John J. Ryan, J. C. Brady, John Mohan, Thomas Mulvey.

Resolved, that this meeting of sympathizers with the cause of home rule extends to the chosen leader of the Irish race and to his parliamentary conferees caed mille failthe to Canadian soil. In affirming our adherence to the Irish cause, we recognize that though much has been accomplished by unity and independence of action in the past, the influence of the parliamentary party has been powerfully enhanced under the able leadership of Mr. John E. Redmond, to whom we pledge our unwavering confidence. The unity of the elected representatives of the Irish people as well as the common organization of all classes and creeds under the United Irish League are sources of unbounded gratification to supporters of home rule in self-governed Canada. As Canadians, contented with representative institutions, we pledge both moral and material support to the gifted leader of the Irish Parliamentary party, and we gladly give him a message of goodspeed to final victory in the near future for home rule.

Resolved that this meeting of his fellow-citizens send a message of respectful greeting to Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., whose signal devotion to the furtherance of Ireland's social and national interests will never be forgotten by Irish-Canadians.

MR. REDMOND'S SPEECH

Mr. Redmond, who was received with long continued applause, the audience rising and waving handkerchiefs, said: "Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen,—In the first place I wish to express the great pleasure and gratification it is to me to pay this visit to the city of Toronto. I have on more than one occasion been in Canada, but never before have I had the pleasure of visiting your beautiful city. And the pleasure which I derive from this visit is not solely due to the fact that I have long been aware of the sterling patriotism and enthusiasm of the men of Irish birth and blood in this city, but is also due to the fact that I am paying a visit for the first time to the home of my friend Mr. Blake. (Applause.) IRELAND'S GRATITUDE TO EDWARD BLAKE.

It would indeed ill become me under any circumstances and especially here in Toronto, to praise Mr. Blake, but I am to be allowed in the name of the party I represent and in the name of Ireland, to say how deeply grateful we are to him for the priceless service that he has rendered to our cause. His absence from this meeting I am afraid is to some extent due to his untiring labors in the House of Commons on behalf of Ireland. I have a personal pleasure in saying this much from the fact that it was upon Mr. Blake's motion that I was elected chairman of the Irish Party and it has been from that day to this my greatest pride that I have been able to retain his good will and his confidence. CRISIS IN IRELAND'S AFFAIRS.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have visited America and Canada on many occasions before, but I have never before come here upon an occasion so critical and at the same time so full of hope for Ireland. (Applause.) In the first place I have come to America to ask for money to help to save our people from starvation and I have come to America to ask for money to help us to fight coercion and I have come to America to ask for help to abolish landlordism in Ireland. (Applause.) But on this occasion I do not come for any one of these objects. In the first place there never again will be a need for any Irish leader to come to ask for money on this continent to save the Irish people from starvation. (Applause.) Never again can there be famine on the soil of Ireland and never again will an Irish leader have to come here to ask for aid to defeat coercion. (Applause.) We have had our last bout with coercion. It is not quite two years since coercion was in full swing in Ireland, trial by jury suspended, the right of free speech suppressed, all the most prominent leaders of the Irish people in parliament and out of it thrown without trial into jail. But I say to you to-day that the defeat of coercion which we effected within the last two years, largely by the aid given us from this side of the world, has killed coercion forever more. (Applause.) And never again can any British Government, Liberal or Tory, hope to govern Ireland by coercion.

PASSING OF LANDLORDISM. I have not come to ask for aid to abolish landlordism because, ladies and gentlemen, landlordism, as I have described it in New York, is in a somewhat peculiar position at this moment. It is not exactly dead, but it is in the condemned cell awaiting execution. Allow me for a moment to dwell upon this question of the land. First of all we attacked the right of the landlord to evict. You know what that meant. He had the power to evict whether the rent was paid or not. At his own sweet will or caprice by serving notice the landlord could turn the tenants out upon the road and in a country like Ireland where there is

A MODEST COMMENCEMENT

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only one industry, and that the land, a sentence of eviction from the land is a sentence of death. Well, we attacked and we speedily abolished it. We then attacked the right of the landlord to fix the rent and by the Land Act of 1881 we took that right away from him and we vested it in the Government Arbitration Board, and the operation of that act, as you are aware, was to lift off the shoulders of the tenant farmers twenty millions of dollars a year in the shape of rent. The next thing we did was to demand the abolition of rent altogether. (Laughter and applause.) Now don't let anybody misunderstand me. It is one of the common calumnies against our party and against our movement that we are in favor of robbery and confiscation. Nothing of the kind, although doubtless all those landlords for the most part resorted to confiscation in the past. (Applause.) Although that is so, no responsible Irish leader ever suggested to take away the landlord's property without the payment of the full value for it. And when I speak of the abolition of rent I mean the abolition of the system of landlordism by fair and equitable purchase.

ENGLAND FORCED TO DEAL WITH LANDLORDISM

That gave us a great lever and by that lever we raised the question into a position into which English statesmen were forced to deal with it upon broad and comprehensive basis. And last year we succeeded in passing through the British parliament a measure which, whatever its defects, and I will speak of them in a moment, whatever its defects, laid down as its principle, the absolute abolition of landlordism, in other words indicated as its principle the war cry of the landlord. The land for the people. And further than that, it provided out of the British Exchequer the enormous sum of 560 millions of dollars for the purpose of carrying the transaction out. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I do not know whether you are all quite familiar with what



JOHN E. REDMOND, M.P.

LEGISLATION AGAINST THE SYSTEM

Now, at first, we were denounced as communists for making such suggestions, but after a while English statesmen began to recognize that the system of dual ownership which they had set up in Ireland was an absurd and illogical system and they tried, however timidly they tried, an experiment in the direction of purchase. They passed a measure providing twenty-five million dollars for the purpose of trying the experiment whether it would be sufficient to lend the money at a low rate of interest to the tenants to enable them to buy their farms from the landlords. Well, the experiment was successful and then they went a step further and provided fifty millions for the same purpose. That also was successful.

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ORIGIN OF THE LANDLORD PLANTATION

They were landed in Ireland by England. They were sent to Ireland as adventurers to conquer the land. They drove the Irish off into bogs and to the mountain sides, 'to hell or to Connaught.' And they seized the land and their duty in return for the rich lands they seized was to hold Ireland for the British crown and they did not hesitate all through the centuries to do England's dirty work in the misgovernment of Ireland. England left responsible for them, and I may be wrong, but my humble opinion is that if England would never concede Home Rule to Ireland unless the possession of the property of these men was first made sale. And the strongest appeal which was made against Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill in 1893 was made by these landlords who came to England and said: "We are your brethren. We have fought your battles. You put us in Ireland. We are your garrison and now you are going to desert us and hand us over to the Irish enemy?"

DEFECTS IN THE LATEST BILL

Now I am not saying this by way of reproach at all, but doesn't it stand to reason? Do you think that in your local affairs, in the kind of land act which would be passed for Ontario, in the kind of education act which would be passed for Ontario do you think that the English parliament if it had the time and the desire would have to requisite local knowledge to enable it to legislate properly for Ontario. (Crier of "No, No.") No, it is not reasonable and it is not the experience of the world. Now this act has its defects. Its chief defect is that it is not compulsory. No landlord need sell unless he likes. But as one witty member said in the House of Commons, there is what he called "compulsion by inducement," because this act provides the sum of 80 millions of dollars as a free gift over and above the price of the land as a free gift to the landlords who will sell. Now that is compulsion by inducement, especially to a needy body of men like Irish landlords is very powerful. (Laughter.) But it might not be universally effective. I am sure there will be some landlords who, in spite of this inducement, will refuse to sell. And you will say what is to be done with them? Well I will tell you. There are two ways of dealing with these gentlemen, one by public opinion and the other by law. Landlords in the past have been able to fight tenants only by reason of the fact that they have confederated together. Well, if there is only one landlord left in a country he cannot confederate all by himself, and I venture to think that where all the landlords around him have sold that public opinion will very speedily bring such a gentleman to his senses. But even leaving the means of settling the question to one side, I believe it will be quite easy to deal with him by law, because it is only reasonable to suppose that the British parliament, having unanimously adopted the policy that the land question shall be settled by purchase and having provided the money necessary for the transaction will not allow a little handful of Irish landlords scattered up and down through the country obstruct that policy and it will be perfectly easy when the proper time comes to obtain compulsory powers to deal with these men. And I therefore repeat that in ten or fifteen years' time from now landlordism will have absolutely ceased to exist in Ireland, and therefore I am not here to-night to ask your assistance in the settlement of the Irish land question. (Applause.)

LANDLORDS' PROPOSAL SIGNIFICANT

But I point to this matter as a proof of what I say, that the Land Act of last year is removing the greatest of all obstacles from the path of Home Rule, so much so that we find the Irish Protestant landlords now getting together and instead of opposing Home Rule, actually proposing a scheme of Home Rule of their own. (Applause.) Now, what are the other obstacles in the way of Home Rule? What were the other obstacles? There was the old, old, calumny that we were unable to govern ourselves. Apparently we could govern every other nation. (Applause.)

CAPACITY OF IRISHMEN FOR GOVERNMENT

I was told a story in the United States which was new to me, possibly it may be a chestnut to you. An American politician—a purely Yankee politician—was going on a holiday, and he selected Ireland, and his friend said, "Why go to Ireland?" and he said, "I want to find out the only place in the world where the Irish people do not govern." (Laughter.) The only calumny that we were unable to govern ourselves has been by reason of recent events, absolutely exploded. What do I mean? You are aware that the local affairs, that is the affairs of the parish and county and municipality were, until quite recently, governed in Ireland by nominating boards. They were called grand juries. These grand juries were nominated by the sheriff and the sheriff was nominated by the Lord Lieutenant, and these boards

WAY CLEARED OF OBSTACLES

The chief obstacles which stood in the way of Home Rule in the past have disappeared. Now, what were they? First was this question of land. So long as the landlords were able to say to England: "If you give Home Rule to Ireland it will place our properties, our fortunes, and perhaps our lives at the mercy of the majority whom for your sake we have oppressed and robbed and persecuted in the past. (Hear, hear.) So long as the landlords of Ireland were able to make that plea to England there was, in my humble judgment, an almost impassable barrier between us and Home Rule. Remember who these landlords were.

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THE RUNAWAY

"Would they put her in the asylum," she wondered, "if they caught her?"

"From Maine," she answered; and then she grew communicative, for she was always a chatty old lady, and she had possessed her soul in silence so long, and it was a relief to tell the story of her weary years of waiting to a kindly listener.

"But, mother, dear, you actually need a new gown." "Yes, I know, but—there's Aunt Keziah, Eunice; it's nearly time to send money to her again."

"Justice!" snapped Keziah; "justice! my dear woman, there isn't any justice to it—she can walk and go where she wants to, and she'll return Miss Barrington, gravely."

Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and liturgical text for the month of September 1904.

Electric Wiring advertisement with text: Complete Plants Installed. Satisfactory results guaranteed. McDonald & Willson TORONTO

St. Michael's College advertisement with text: Educational! St. Michael's College. IN AFFILIATION WITH TORONTO UNIVERSITY

Loretto Abbey advertisement with text: Loretto Abbey... WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO, ONT.

School of Practical Science advertisement with text: School of Practical Science TORONTO

ST. JOSEPH'S Academy advertisement with text: ST. JOSEPH'S Academy St. Alban Street, TORONTO.

Church Music in England advertisement with text: Church Music in England

Advertisement for a rancher with text: A Requisite for the Rancher—On the cattle ranges of the West, where men and stock are far from doctors and apothecaries, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is kept on hand by the intelligent as a ready-made medicine...

Children's Corner

A LETTER FROM A CAT.

Dear Editor: I hereby take my pen in paw to say, Can you explain a curious thing I found the other day? There is another little cat Who sits behind a frame And looks so very much like me You'd think we were the same, I try to make her play with me, I try when I mew and call, Though I see her mew in answer, She makes no sound at all, And to the dullest kitten It's plain enough to see That either I am mocking her Or she is mocking me. It makes no difference what I play, She seems to know the game, For every time I look around I see her do the same. And yet no matter though I creep On tiptoe lest she hear, Or quickly dash behind the frame, She's sure to disappear.—Oliver Herford.

DEEP LATIN.

Strange meanings are to be extracted from words. The most remarkable are sometimes the result of desperation. If a boy "can't think" of his answer, he is likely to manufacture it. A teacher tells, in the Brooklyn "Eagle," this story of "drawing out" the power dormant in the pupil's mind: He was explaining to a farmer lad who was studying Latin, and had been called on to recite, the fact that a proposition often intensifies the meaning of a verb. "Take care, for instance," he said. "It means to follow out. Now what will a proposition do to it?" "Intensify it, sir." "That's right. Now what would excavate mean?" "To holler out louder."

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

An angry woman walked into a grocer's shop in an Ayrshire village and banged a piece of yellow substance on the counter. "This," she said, "is the soap that does the washin' o' itself; the soap that makes every washin' day a kin' o' glorified feast; the soap that gets a' the linen white as snow an' the delighted housewife play w' the children; and here I've been scrubbin' three mortal hours w' that lumpy an' grot nae mair lather out o' it than I could get out o' a brick." "I beg your pardon," said the grocer, calmly, "but that isn't soap. Your little boy was here yesterday for half a pound of cheese and half a pound of soap. That's the cheese." "The cheese!" exclaimed the woman. "Then that accounts for the other thing." "What other thing?" "I lay awake the hale nicht winnerin' whit made the Welsh rabbit we had for supper jaste sae queer."—Tit-Bits.

ONE POOR BOY'S RISE.

He sometimes, but not often, spoke to me of his life as a boy. I remember in 1890, says a writer in "Scribner's," when we were staying in Cincinnati together, his asking me one afternoon to go for a walk with him. He took me through obscure back streets and down dirty alleys until we reached a wharf on the banks of the Ohio river. He stopped at the bottom of the street, which ran steeply down to the river, and pointed out a lad who was rolling a large cask of tallow from cellar down to the wharf. He said: "I have brought you here because I wanted to show you this place. It was in this street that I worked as a boy. I was doing exactly the same work as that lad, and, if I mistake not, that is the same cellar in which I worked." Who was "he," this man who had rolled tallow casks on a Cincinnati wharf? He was Sir Henry Stanley, the famous African explorer.

AN ENCOURAGING CASE.

Conan Doyle, on being asked why he gave up the practice of medicine, replied that it was too hard work, and related a story which is transcribed in the New York "Tribune." The doctor's first call took place on a cold January midnight. The jangle of the door bell woke me from a sound sleep, and shivering and yawning, I put my head out of the window and said: "Who's there?" "Doctor," said a voice, "can you come to Peter Smith's house at once? His youngest girl has taken a dose of laudanum by mistake for paregoric and we're afraid she'll die." "All right; I'll come," I said. I dressed and tramped three miles through the cold and wet to Smith's. Twice on the way I fell on the icy pavement, and once my hat blew off and I was half an hour finding it. Finally I reached Smith's. The house was dark—shutters all closed—not a light. I rang the bell. No answer. At last a head stuck itself gingerly out of the window in the third story. "Be you Doctor Doyle?" it said. "Yes; let me in." "Oh, no need to come in, doctor," said the head. "Child's all right. Sleeping quiet." "But how much laudanum did you give it?" "Only two drops, doctor. Not enough to hurt a cat. Guess I better take my head in now. Night air is cold. Sorry to have troubled you." I buttoned up my coat and turned homeward, trying to stifle my anger. Suddenly the window was raised again, and the same voice cried: "Doctor! I say, doctor!" I hurried back. Perhaps the child had taken a turn for the worse. "Well, what do you want?" I said. The voice made answer: "Ye won't charge nothing for this visit, will ye?"

JUST AS UGLY.

She is a woman's college sophomore and was returning from a visit to New Haven and transferring by street car from the station in New York. She took the only available seat in the car and just opposite two young men. Suddenly there entered a ladylike, plainly-gowned girl. "Why don't you offer her your place?" said the first man, nudging his companion. "She is too ugly," responded the other in a low voice; but the wind carried the remark to the sophomore and she looked up quickly to see if it

had reached the other girl. Apparently it had not. That young person was clinging to a strap in total unconsciousness that she was a subject for unfavorable criticism. At the next corner a festive maiden elaborately costumed, entered, and the first man bounded from his seat, which the newcomer graciously accepted. This left the second man at something of a disadvantage. He also rose and proffered the place to the girl who had first entered the car. She surveyed him coldly. "Thank you, no," she said in a clear voice; "I am still just as ugly as I was a few minutes ago." And the Baltimore girl longed to embrace her and give the college yell at the top of her youthful lungs.—Baltimore Sun.

A FORTUNATE MISFORTUNE.

Miss Sparhawk was nearly 75, but she had seemed so well and strong until within a few months that it was a great shock to Cedarville to hear that she had been suddenly taken ill and might die. Within a week, however, she rallied, and before long was entirely herself again. Her brother explained the situation to one of the summer residents. "You see," he said, thoughtfully, "Lucindy is one of those that thrive on trouble, and all her life, till about four months ago, she's had a stock in hand. Left with five younger children at the age of thirteen, an crippled father, mortgaged farm, epidemics o' measles, scarlet fever and smallpox, and one fifty boy—lived to be most 60, and had 'em frequent. "When the girls married that started more calamities. One husband got caught in a mowing-machine, and the other had spells when he'd wander off; both girls lived at home. So the years went on, everybody falling right on to Lucindy, and she h'isting the whole lot over hard places, and keeping a stiddy head on her shoulders the enduring time. But last spring everything got straightened out, the mortgage was all paid off ten years back, the folks that haven't died were all well, and there wasn't a cloud anywhere. Then 'twas that Lucindy begun to fade. I see just how 'twas, but I couldn't do a thing—even my rheumatics held off. It went on from bad to worse; got so she lost all her stren'th and took to her bed. "But when the doctor's begun to shake his head and thought the end was near, help came from Sister Jane over at Scarborough. Her youngest has got a slight pulmonary affection of one lung, and they thought a summer at the farm with Lucindy's nursing would cure her up. Soon as the letter was read out Lucindy asked for her shoes and stockings, and when the doctor came next morning he said she'd taken a new lease o' life."—The Companion.

A CLEVER BLIND MAN.

James Nicholas, a successful business man in Lincoln, has never seen a street or a business house in the city, writes a Nebraska correspondent of the "Sun." He is a mine broker. Six years ago he lost his sight while working in a mine at Lead, S. D. He has been a miner all his life, and as soon as he recovered so that he could go about he took up the business of buying and selling mines. Here is some of the things this man—He is 50—had educated himself to do: He can make his way about the city and go to any house number on any street at any time of the day or night. It is all right to him, but he requires no aid in going about. He can pick out the street car he wishes to take by its peculiar sound, which he calls its echo. The only time he has been deceived in recent months was when the company changed one of its big cars from one suburban line to another. He always travels on what is known as the cemetery line, and can tell when his car is within fifty feet of where he wishes to alight. The car has been run fast and slow at times in the attempt to deceive him, but in vain. He can pick out the store or office he wishes to enter and rarely misses the door, if he has been at the place before. He rarely misses the street crossing. He carries a thin metal cane and says he can tell by the sound when he has reached the crosswalk. He can tell men whom he knows well by the sound of their footsteps. Last year this man made \$3,000, and he says he will increase that clean-up this year. "When I got out of bed after ten months' spent there after my accident," he said, "I worked out my own methods before I tried to get about. Some blind men have dogs to lead them, and others go stooped over, feeling along with a cane for a clear path. That doesn't do for me. "I early learned that the world was full of echoes. My task was to distinguish them and then catalogue them. This was a big feat of memory, but I have accomplished it. "When I first came here I lived in a block in the business section. That was my starting place. I first learned the streets about there, until I could go a block away and find my way back unaided. Gradually I enlarged my travels, until now I can go anywhere in town alone. "If you give me the number of any house in town I can find it without any help, simply because I know all of the streets. If I were suddenly put down in some part of the city I believe I could learn to identify it within five minutes simply by the sounds about me. "All of my other senses have become more alert since blindness came but it grows on one so gradually that I have not recognized the growth. I live in a world of sounds, and these I can readily identify. "The step of a woman or of a boy or a man I can distinguish with accuracy. One street corner has a different echo from another, and I need only search my memory to identify it. "The wife in time learns to tell the footsteps of her husband or her child, but it is rare that any one can be found who can distinguish the footfalls of any number of persons. I can do this with a hundred different friends and call them by name without hesitation or error."

BIRD MAGIC.

A small boy up in the wilds of the Bronx was wandering aimlessly over the fields the other day when he saw a little brownish gray bird disappear beneath some dry grasses on the bank of a drainage ditch. It took the boy only a few minutes to follow the bird and when the little creature flew away there was its nest. No nest could well have been better concealed. It was a little hemisphere of worn dry grass sunk in a cup-like hollow just below the edge of the slightly overhanging bank. A quantity of coarse red grass from last year hung head-like from the top of the bank a third of the way down to the water, and made a thick screen directly across the snug little hiding place of the nest. Within were three little wide-mouthed birds and a bit of mottled egg shell. The discoverer simply said to himself, "Sparrow's nest," and went his way. Later he took some of his friends to the nest, and they touched the inert nestlings while the parent birds looked on with uneasy cries. The next day another visitor was led to the nest and the question was, which of the many kinds of sparrows owned the home and its small occupants. One of the girl bird wardens of the region decided in her own mind that it was the nest of a field sparrow. But the excited little parents, who hopped and chirped in uneasy excitement on a tree hard by while this ornithological council was in session, lacked the reddish bill which characterizes the field sparrow, and the decision at length was that the original discoverer had hit upon something that few boys find, the nest of a vesper sparrow. These birds are plentiful in the pastures of The Bronx, and the cows that furnish milk to a good many New Yorkers must often as they feed make just such discoveries as the vagrant boy had hit upon; but the vesper sparrow knows well how to hide its nest from human eyes. Perhaps the discoverer this time was owing to the fact that the birds had chosen a somewhat unusual, though what seemed an entirely safe site for their home. When a curious grown person visited the nest the day after he had been led to it by his young friends he was foiled enough to put in his hand and take out one of the young. As he did so the other two little ones, now well-fledged, fluttered out and hurried along close to the edge of the water, and at the same instant the parents came down from a tree with cries of alarmed protest. The two nestlings that had escaped were in five minutes as effectually concealed as if they had not existed. Their disappearance was like a bit of bird magic. The fact is, that their coloring was such that they must have been inconspicuous in the green grass, and to all intents and purposes invisible when they got among the dead grasses of last year. These nestlings, only a few days old thus exercised all the inherited cunning of their race, to the complete mystification of a reasoning human being with ordinarily keen eyes. To disembarrass himself of an awkward charge while he searched for the missing birds, the interloper replaced the captive nestling in the nest. Then, with the parents calling from a tree just overhead, and the hidden nestlings answering from the grass underfoot, he vainly prosecuted his search for ten minutes more, with the hope of reuniting the family in the deserted nest. When his balked search was ended he looked into the nest to see how the lone little bird was getting on, and lo! the nest was empty. The three little birds were probably within three or four yards of his very feet, but were as effectually beyond his reach as if they had ascended to the clouds or penetrated the earth. Human intelligence was nowhere when pitted against bird instinct. An hour later the nest was still empty and the parents were yet exchanging signals with the nestlings, while the several strange birds which had sympathetically looked on while the sparrows outmaneuvered the blundering human interloper had gone about their business.—New York Sun.

IN THE BARN.

The barn's the bestest place on earth in summer, when it rains; The drops make kind of corkscrews on the dusty window-panes; Our feet sound loud as anything, in walking on the floor, And Clem and we we telephone through knot-holes in the door! We peep in at the horses, and they always turn around, And chew, and chew, and chew, with such a funny, crunch-sound, And their eyes are kind as kind can be. I like them that way best, Just without the little shutters that they wear when they are dressed. Their clothes are hanging near them, and they're proud of them, perhaps, Though they're nothing but suspenders, buckles, chains and little straps. There's one whose name is Lady, but the rest of them are hims. And they all make snorting noises, just like Clement when he swims! The hay is warm and prickly, and the dust gets in your nose, And on the beams above you sit the pigeons, all in rows. They are brown, and white, and purple, but you can't get near to pat Though I think they ought to let you 'cause they purr just like a cat! But for sliding, and for hiding, and for snuggling in a nest, The hay's the bestest thing on earth—and I stumped all the rest! They stumped me to go down the shoot; I wasn't stumped by them; I beat them all at sliding—excepting only, Clem!

But though the barn's the bestest place in summer for a game, You find that in the winter it isn't just the same. It isn't that it's lonely and it isn't that it's cool, But Clement's down at Newport, at Mr. Someone's school! Then I watch the lilac bushes, for I'll tell you what I've found; What all the buds grow pudgie, and the leaves get big and round. They shut up Mr. Someone's school, as quick as quick can be, And summer comes—and Clement—to the hay-loft and to me! —Guy Wetmore Carryl.

The gold of grace does not come from the creed of gold. Perception—The happy faculty which enables one intuitively to sav and do the right thing at the right time.

FROM NEWSBOY TO NEWS-MIL-LIONAIRE.

There is Adolph S. Ochs. He is a man worth millions. He began his business career selling newspapers. If ever a man battled with almost insurmountable obstacles to gain his ambition, Adolph Ochs did. It is inspiring to read of his early struggles with adversity. A newsboy on the streets in Knoxville, Tennessee, as 11-year-old newspaper, mind you, to pay his way through a business college—and a printer's devil at 15, this lad felt himself predestined to become a great newspaper proprietor. He worked and slaved and schemed with that end in view. He went up the ladder step by step, tried his fortunes here and his fortunes there, experimenting with that paper and this until he managed to secure control of the Chattanooga "Times." This was in 1878, and just eight years after he had started in life as a newsboy. A newspaper proprietor at 20 years of age! It reads like a romance, doesn't it? It is a romance, but a true one, of successful ambition. From this time on Adolph Ochs trod the sunny road of prosperity. He was daring, clear-headed, resourceful and possessed of a purpose that never faltered. In 1896 he came to New York to take charge of the "Times," and he faced a proposition that would have made men tremble. He agreed to increase the circulation of the paper to a certain figure inside of a certain time, and, provided he succeeded, he was to receive 51 per cent. of the capital stock. Mr. Ochs did succeed. The paper was badly run down, it was in the hands of a receiver, and its circulation did not exceed 20,000 copies. It sold reluctantly at three cents, but Adolph Ochs took a Napoleonic risk and placed it on the streets at a penny. The circulation went up with a throb. To-day the edition is at the full capacity of the press. He now owns and controls the New York Times, the combined Philadelphia "Ledger and Times," and some Southern newspaper properties. He is a power in the newspaper world in 1904—but not very many years ago he was a barefooted newsboy. His career reeks of printer's ink and his destiny is linked with the printing press. But does his triumphant march teach the theory of success I had formed? His career is paralleled in part by those of many others. St. Clair McKelway, editor of the Brooklyn "Eagle," raised from practically nothing to an honored position in the profession. J. A. Wheelock, editor of the "Pioneer Press," of St. Paul, Minnesota, fought his way to fame and competency. Herman Ridder, the well-known editor of the New York "Staats-Zeitung," created a newspaper published in an alien tongue, and made it one of the metropolitan pillars of journalism. White-law Reid—but everybody knows what he did with the means at his command and how he has been honored by an admiring constituency. What of Joseph Pulitzer? What of this foreign-born American who fought for his adopted country almost before he could speak its language, and then fought his way into the proprietorship of a well-known St. Louis paper—in fact, two of them—before he was 32? When he first came to America he stayed at a hotel on the present site of the Pulitzer building, New York city—the home of the "World." Mr. Pulitzer, so the story goes, was too poor to pay his bill and was ejected. Shaking his finger at the proprietor, he said, "I will own this property some day." What of Page M. Baker, editor and proprietor of the "New Orleans Times-Democrat"? What of this successful newspaper man who, reared in the luxury of a wealthy Southern home, went to work at 17 because of reverses, and, after a bitter fight with adverse fortune, became a managing editor at 28? What of Harvey W. Scott, of the Portland "Oregonian"? The story of his efforts to obtain an education forms a bright page in the book of human endeavor. He literally hewed his way to knowledge with the ax of a Western pathfinder. After working as a farm boy, disputing with nature the right to the wilderness, he won the honor of being the first graduate from the Pacific University. After he was offered a position as an editorial writer, at 27, on the Portland "Oregonian," he persevered until he became one of the proprietors of the paper. To-day he is one of the strongest, most rugged in honesty and best-known men in the Northwest. He is a determined, vigorous journalist who has made as many enemies as friends—but his enemies all respect him.—Success.

How, says Mary, with many sighs, Shall I prevent those nasty flighs? From spoiling this the best of flighs? A welcome step is heard—"Arrihs! Sighing will never win the prizes; Success is hers who only grigs—Poison the crust, and each one diehs!" Now Mary turns, and with surprishs Reflected in her wondrous eighs, Before her sees dear Cousin Lighs. —New York Sun.

"A Grand Medicine" is the encomium often passed on Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and when the results from its use are considered, as borne out by many persons who have employed it in stopping coughs and eradicating colds, it is more than grand. Kept in the house it is always at hand, and it has no equal as a ready remedy. If you have not tried it, do so at once.

One brave step makes the next one easier. True, the road seems piled up with obstacles as one goes along; but then, one is made stronger and more capable with every step, so that relatively we have an easy road always before us. At least, it is not exactly easy, it becomes more interesting—one feels less inclined to grumble.

A Pleasant Medicine.—There are some pills which have no other purpose evidently than to beguile the patient's internal disturbances in the stomach, adding to his troubles and perplexities rather than diminishing them. One might as well swallow some corrosive material. Parmentier's Vegetable Pills have not this disagreeable and injurious property. They are easy to take, and not unpleasant to the taste, and their action is mild and soothing. A trial of them will prove this. They offer peace to the dyspeptic.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE

BENEDICTINE SALVE

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says: 212 King street east. Toronto, Sept. 19, 1903. John O'Connor, Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured. S. PRICE.

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

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

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

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1903. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvelous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit. Yours respectfully, MRS. SIMPSON.

PILES

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 16, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont.: DEAR SIR,—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles. Yours sincerely, JOS. WESTMAN.

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

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

BLOOD POISONING

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

Toronto, April 16th, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., City: DEAR SIR,—It gives me the greatest of pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough. Respectfully yours, J. J. CLARKE, 73 Wolsley street, City.

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

JOHN O'CONNOR 199 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO FOR SALE BY **WM. J. NICHOL**, Druggist, 170 King St. E. **J. A. JOHNSON & CO.**, 171 King St. E. And by all Druggists **PRICE 51.00 PER BOX.**

E. MURPHY

How about Your Coal. Ring us up and get a few pointers on your supply for the coming winter.

The Imperial Coal Co.

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

DRESS WELL

First-class tailors and dressmakers. 30 Adelaide West, Tel. M. 3074.

MONTREAL CORRESPONDENCE

(From our own correspondent.)

ST. PATRICK'S CADETS.

St. Patrick's Cadets of Montreal have distinguished themselves on Saturday last by taking first place and winning the handsome trophy presented by Lieut.-Col. Burland for the most successful of the rifle teams of the Cadet Corps of this district.

ST. ANTHONY'S PARISH.

A series of eucharistic parties and a grand drawing of prizes will form an attractive programme for several evenings' amusement in connection with St. Anthony's Parish.

THE SHAMROCKS' GREAT VICTORY.

Well, the great lacrosse match of the season is over. The giant teams met and played in torrents of rain and a field three-quarters of which was covered with water.

Table with 2 columns: Team Name and Score. Includes Shamrocks, Hoobin, Brennan, etc.

ST. MICHAEL'S PARISH.

His Grace, Archbishop Bruneau will solemnly bless the new church on October 31st.

FELIX.

A man loses force as soon as he begins to worry over his feelings.

Thoroughness in Washing

No Stained Edges on Shirt-bands or Cuffs when returned from New Method Laundry

187-189 Parliament St. Toronto. Home—Main 4667 and Main 288

N. MURPHY

STRATFORD

OUR STRATFORD LETTER.

Stratford, Sept. 26.—Mr. J. M. McGowan and children, of Chicago, are in the city on a visit to the mother of the former.

Miss Hattie Coyle, of Detroit, Mich., who has been visiting her sister Lizzie here for the past two months, has returned home.

It is the intention of the Massey-Harris Co. of Toronto, to purchase the plant and stock in trade of the well-known Kemp Manure Spreader Co., of this city, who purpose continuing this business as well as their own in this place.

The buildings of the new carriage company to be established in Stratford are well underway and the new firm is likely to be in full operation sometime during the coming year.

St. Louis' Roman Catholic Church, Waterloo, was the scene of a very fashionable wedding on Tuesday morning, Sept. 26th.

The bride looked exceedingly charming in a dress of cream silk eolienne with veil and carrying a bouquet of natural rosebuds.

The groomsmen were Mr. Albert Ellerburn of Guelph and Julius Klaho of Waterloo.

The bride's many friends in Stratford wish for her and her husband many years of happiness and best prosperity.

Furlong—Hart

In St. Mary's Church, Mount Forest, on Monday, September 5th, took place the marriage of James P. Furlong, of the Canada Manufacturing Co., to Kate C., youngest daughter of the late Michael Hart.

The bride wore a dress of cream satin crepe with trimmings of white brocaded satin and chiffon. Her hat was a white Gainsboro trimmed with satin and ostrich plumes.

The bride's many friends and well-wishers will sympathize with her in the sorrow and rejoice in the joy of which she was a partaker simultaneously.

Congress of Free Thinkers

Rome, Sept. 20.—In the "Osservatore Romano," the organ of the Vatican, the following notice appears: "Innumerable telegrams have reached the Pope from all classes of people in Italy protesting against the satanic Congress of Free Thinkers which, under the auspices of Free Masonry, was inaugurated to-day in Rome, the centre of the Catholic faith."

You know what a man lives for when you know what he looks at when alone.

HEADACHE. Neurotic and Nervousness cured quickly by HARMLESS HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA CURE.

JOHN REDMOND'S SPEECH

(Continued from page 1.)

levied all the taxation, some good many million dollars of taxation, for local purposes, and spent it as they choose.

The people who paid taxation had no representation at all in the body that distributed it. Well, that was one of the perquisites of the ascendancy party in Ireland and we were always led to believe that if the people, the common people, the common working people were allowed to have any hand or say in the management in these affairs that everything would go to ruin, that there would be intolerance jobbery and so forth.

CAPACITY OF THE COMMON PEOPLE.

The common people, the ignorant, intolerant, common people, have had their chance, and these elected county boards have proved by the experience of the last three years and by the admission of English statesmen—of Mr. Wyndham himself and others—have proved capable of self-government.

INTOLERANCE DEAD OR DYING.

A third objection, no doubt, was that the Irish people were not only an ignorant people, an intractable people, an unstable people, but that they were an intolerant people. In point of fact some English politicians in 1893 went round England telling that if a Catholic majority obtained power in Ireland, the first thing they would do would be to march to Belfast and cut the throats of the Protestants they found there.

SOUTH, WEST AND NORTH.

All through the south and west it does not exist at all. In those parts of Ireland the Catholics are an overwhelming majority. The Protestants are only a little handful, scattered here and there, and yet where there is an instance where a man in the south or west of Ireland has suffered because of his creed?

CONFIDENT HOME RULE IS COMING.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have said something to explain to you why it is that I am confident on this question of Home Rule. I am convinced in my mind that given two conditions the near future will see big developments upon this question. These two conditions are: First, that we remain united in Ireland.

WAY OPEN FOR HOME RULE.

What, then, stands in the way of Home Rule? I honestly do not know. Ladies and gentlemen, look at it for a moment from an English point of view. Here in England, its one legislative chamber, the House of Commons, trying to govern the affairs of a world-wide empire with hundreds of millions of subjects, working at the same time to do all the work of parliament for Ireland and a parliament for Scotland and a parliament for Wales.

GENERAL ELECTION AT HAND.

At any moment an election may be sprung upon us. My personal belief is that it will come very soon, and I found that belief on the fact that undoubtedly the longer the government are putting it off the weaker they are becoming and the worse seems to be their chances.

ions of people and the interests of peace and humanity all over the world. If these great Imperial affairs are to be properly conducted the whole time of the House of Commons should be devoted to them.

IRELAND DECIDES IMPERIAL QUESTIONS.

Why, when any great Imperial question arises—let me take for example the South African war or anything of that kind—the result is that all domestic affairs, English, Scotch, Irish and Welsh, have to be thrown to one side and are not considered at all. Take for example what is going on in England at this moment, this great fiscal controversy, the question of free trade and protection. So long as that is agitating the public mind the House of Commons will be absolutely unable to attend to any of the domestic affairs of England, Scotland, Ireland or Wales.

LORD HUGH CECIL'S OPINION.

Therefore, Lord Cecil is not likely to be prejudiced upon our side. What did he say? He said his experience of recent sessions had proved to him that if parliamentary institutions in England are to survive at all, if the House of Commons is not to sink in the contempt and ridicule of the people, they must lighten the load. That is his way of describing Home Rule. And if you come to think of it for a moment, I think you will see how forcibly we are proving this argument in the minds of Englishmen.

INVOLVES HOME RULE ALL ROUND.

I commend that as a thought, I suggest that as a thought for those gentlemen in this city or in this country who may be opposed to Home Rule for Ireland. Will they still be opposed to Ireland when they understand that refusing Home Rule to Ireland means refusing Home Rule to England, because so long as we are kept in the Imperial parliament against our will we will have no other object than seeking every chance of wriggling something for our country from either one side or the other.

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we require what is known in the United States—I suppose you have not got such a thing here—a campaign fund. (Laughter.) Evidently you do not know what I mean. (Laughter.) Let me explain to you. We have to hold 86 Irish seats. Most of these seats will be fought out with the hope of winning them, but in the hope of exhausting our resources. We have to attack several seats held by our opponents. We have to organize about 100 constituencies in Great Britain where Irish voters have properly organized and hold the balance of power. All this needs money. In this country I believe you can do it without a fund. (Laughter.) Well, now, we do not ask you—I have not asked our fellow countrymen in America—Canada and the United States—to provide the whole of the fund necessary. We will provide most of it ourselves. But in view of the fact that emergency may arise at any moment, I have come to this country to ask for assistance, and if you believe that our prospects were never brighter than they are at this moment, then I confidently look to you to bear your share in raising the most sum of money that I have asked from our fellow countrymen on the continent of America.

A FINE PERORATION.

And now, in conclusion, let me say just one word of encouragement. I say to you, Irishmen and Irishwomen, who perhaps, some of you, have got tired of this Irish question, who perhaps, some of you, have lost heart in it, who perhaps, some of you, have grown almost to despair of it—I say to you lift up your hearts and be thankful that you are living in this day; be thankful that days of oppression, when your fathers were driven from Ireland by oppression unparalleled in the history of the world. Thank God that you are not living in the days of famine and slaughter and eviction in Ireland; but that you are living in a day when eviction is gone forever, when landlordism is doomed to early death, and when all the signs of the times point to a triumph of the national cause.

A SPONTANEOUS SUBSCRIPTION.

At the close of Mr. Redmond's address the Chairman invited subscriptions to the Irish campaign fund and the following sums were handed in within a few minutes:

Table listing names and donation amounts for the Irish campaign fund. Includes Hon. Edward Blake, Egan O'Keefe, G. P. Magan, etc.

Table listing names and donation amounts for the Irish campaign fund. Includes Miss Frand, Toronto, A. Friend, Toronto, Ed. Hoey, Toronto, etc.

Amount received by Treasurer in cash from friends of the cause whose names are not obtainable 152.71

Total \$1,532.46

Capt. Donelan, M.P., Patrick O'Brien, M.P., and Premier Ross followed. Next the address of the evening was that of the Ontario Premier, who excelled himself in sympathy for the cause of Home Rule and witty allusions. Mr. Redmond applauded at frequent intervals, especially when Hon. Mr. Ross declared that Ireland had suffered from, and the allusions to the authors of the Act of Union, who he said, could never have stood the test of an Ontario election court, for not only would men outside and inside the parliaments of England and Ireland have been reported for bribery over that historic transaction, but Lord Castlereagh himself would undoubtedly have been disqualified.

A vote of thanks was moved by G. P. Magan and seconded by A. T. Hernon.

Subsequently at McConkey's, Mr. H. Blake and his friends were dined by the following members of the committee: Peter Ryan, G. P. Magan, E. J. Hearn, Dr. McMahon, W. Magan, M. P. Ryan, Andrew Cottam, E. O'Sullivan, John J. Ryan, P. McCabe, G. Prior Deacon, W. T. J. Lee, J. T. Loftus, J. J. Powers, M. P. Doherty, Daniel O'Connell, J. G. O'Donoghue, Gus Gough, Michael Barry, S. O'Connor, L. D'Arcy Hinds, Patrick O'Brien, Peter Ryan, James E. Day, Patrick F. Cronin, James McLaughlin, Rev. L. Minehan, Walter Mills (Ridgetown), John Lee, William Ryan, Frank Ryan, Frank J. Walsh, J. W. Mallon, T. B. Winterberry, Andrew T. Heron, Hugh Kelly, R. F. Scollard, John Mohan, W. T. J. Lee.

The subscription list is still open, so that any friend of the cause may subscribe by sending amount to L. D'Arcy Hinds, Secretary, 9 Jordan street, Toronto. Make all cheques payable to Treasurer John T. Loftus, Toronto.

Bishop Urges Support of Catholic Press

In opening the convention of the Catholic Knights of Ohio in Mansfield last week, Right Rev. Bishop Horstmann spoke strongly in favor of the support of the Catholic press, urging all the members to subscribe for a Catholic paper. The convention, a summary of the proceedings of which was given in last week's issue, was the most successful ever held by the organization. A number of clergymen interested in the society were present at the sessions and the following made addresses at the banquet Tuesday evening: Father Schreiber of Mansfield; Father Meyer of Cincinnati; Father Nigah of Ottawa; Father Schir, of Dayton; Father Kuebler, of Shelby Settlement; Father Boesken, of Crestline, and Father Kesting of St. Mary's. Addresses were also made by President Witroek, Vice-President John Conolly of Gallion; Secretary Anthony Peter Mettler, trustee, of Toledo; George Mathauer, of Cincinnati, editor of the C. K. of O. Messenger; Dr. W. H. Wensing, medical examiner; Alois Kessler, President of the Mansfield branch; ex-President Peter of Hamilton, and Richard Massman, President of Hamilton Council.

Father Schreiber, in a concluding address, warned the Knights not to forget the spiritual side of life in too great anxiety for the material. He said he had noticed that the proceedings were almost entirely taken up with material things to the exclusion of more vital concerns. His words made a deep impression.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL

Sir Nicholas O'Connor's illness has been received with great regret by his many friends, who trust it is only of a temporary character. Seldom in the history of diplomacy has there been a more brilliant career than that of Sir Nicholas. The marriage of Daniel P. McKenna, of the C.P.R. office, Montreal, and a native of Briley Brook, Antigonish, and Miss Agnes Hays, the well known ecologist attached to the staff at Mount St. Vincent Academy, daughter of Capt. John Hays, took place at St. Mary's Cathedral, Halifax, in the presence of a large number of friends. Rev. Alexander P. Doyle, the well-known Paulist, is leaving New York where he has been stationed for many years, to become rector of the Apostolic Mission House at the Catholic University, Washington, D.C. Right Rev. Mathias C. Lenihan, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Marshalltown, was to-day consecrated Bishop of Great Falls, Mont.

Church Bulletin. Published weekly by the Rev. Fr. J. J. Powers, Rector of St. Mary's Church, 24, E. S. 1.

RATING OF MISS BOND

The current belief in Belford's innermost circle that Miss Bond was a good woman was shared by Miss Bond herself. Not that she ever said she was good; on the contrary, she called herself a great sinner, and would expatiate at length to a patient listener on her faults, which somehow, in her narration of them, were made to appear as virtues in disguise.

When Miss Bond heard how her character was aspersed, she did not fly into a passion. All she did was to sigh and say that she knew her faults and that stinginess and temper were not among them. If anything, she was too meek and patient; and, though not a spendthrift, her heart was open to give.

One servant had remained with her ten years, and great renown she gave her mistress. The women of her set said it was perfectly lovely in dear Miss Bond to put up with Margaret Callaghan. Margaret was so stupid. She never did seem to learn, and the mistakes she made were enough to try the patience of a saint. "But, then, Elizabeth Bond is a saint, if ever there was one."

On a certain Wednesday, the eve of the Ascension, Miss Bond was instructing Margaret in duties appertaining to luncheon she was about to give, and that was to eclipse anything of the kind ever before given in Belford.

"You will bring the dishes to the door only. Luella will hand them round. Under no circumstances are you to enter the room," she said, peremptorily.

"And what, ma'am, if you're pleased to tell me, is a green and white luncheon?" asked Margaret, with visions of dear knows what in her mind. For she was very patriotic; and, having nothing else to give, gave her quota of prayers to the "cherished country."

Miss Bond's countenance assumed a look that forbade trouble. "I wish you would pay attention, Margaret," she reproved. "You will bring nothing to Luella but what cook gives you to bring."

"And if she be short of a knife or a fork—it might be a spoon—"

"Pshaw! I mean the eatables. You are to bring them in the order cook hands them to you. Do you understand?"

"Indeed I do, ma'am," said Margaret, and shook her head wisely. "And I remember now," she continued, "the knives and forks are in the cupboard by the sideboard—"

"And there's another thing," hurried on Miss Bond, interrupting. "Luella's hands will be full of things you ought to attend to." (Margaret's countenance fell.) "You will have to answer the bell. I give you credit for neatness; be your neatest on Monday."

Margaret was all smiles now. With a courtesy she had learned at home, she exclaimed, with assured confidence: "Trust me for that, ma'am!"

Miss Bond nodded her head and added, "That's all for the present," dismissed Margaret, and turned her attention to the writing table before her, which was littered with note paper of various sizes and divers tints.

"I should have a secretary. All these notes to write, my correspondence; and that upstart Synthe woman, whom I'll have to invite, has one!" she grumbled to herself as she rummaged through a heap of envelopes, pausing to extract one with a jerk.

"Father Cudahy's everlasting collections for the church!" she said, half aloud, and glanced over the printed matter on the envelope's face. "We had one at Easter; does he think people have nothing else to do with their money but hand it over to him—"

A sharp knock at the door, its flying open suddenly and the entrance of Luella with cap strings streaming, brought Miss Bond's soliloquy to an abrupt conclusion.

"I do wish, Luella, you would enter a room without creating a draught!" she ejaculated, testily.

Not noticing the reproof otherwise than by a sharpening of her chin, the girl handed her a letter.

"It's the dressmaker's bill; she left it herself. This makes the third time she's left it," said Luella, in a voice without sentiment and nasally phonographic.

Miss Bond's face grew very red. "Sure but very slow," was what the people said of her payments.

"Do you know that you are very impatient?" she said slowly. "Luella's chin was lifted higher, and there was a warning in the meek tones of her reply.

"Indeed, miss, I never knew it was an impertinence to speak the truth."

Miss Bond would have liked to order the girl out of the house; but, the luncheon in view, she contented herself with ordering her out of the room.

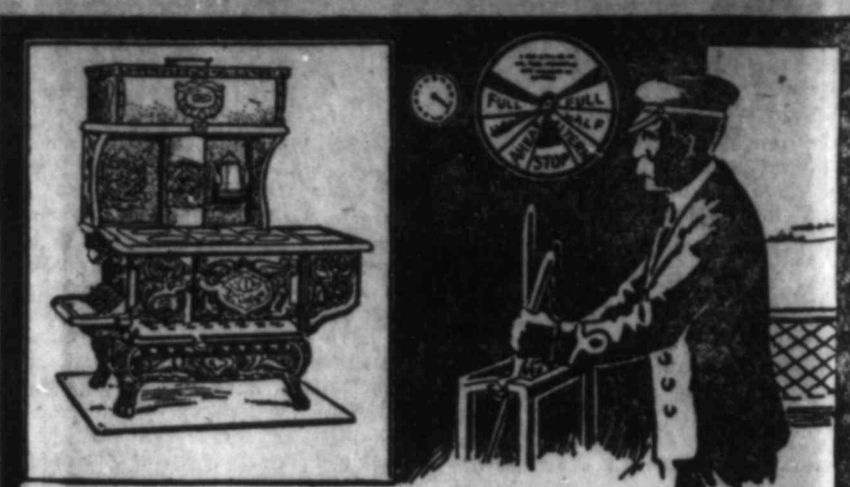
Her voice slightly elevated, Luella retorted that she would gladly give her place if Miss Bond would kindly pay her wages.

"Why, Luella!" grasped the mistress.

"Why, Luella!" mimicked the girl. "What you'd like to do is to box my ears, and I don't blame you for that, for you're thinking about your luncheon. But won't Margaret do for the green part of it? For, dear me, she's green, stopping on herself all these years and for thanks nothing but nag, nag from morning till night, and every pinch of salt you reckoned up and counted against you. And it is mean keeping a lady waiting for a bill as you've kept Miss Haydon, and she is member of your church—which I haven't a word to say again, for that poor, patient Margaret of yours has made me most to love it. But I'd hate it if all Catholics were like you. And I'm sorry to have to speak so, but the truth's the truth. And I can't stand it longer—I cannot!"

Luella fairly screamed the last words and then burst into a flood of tears.

Miss Bond sat upright in her chair, too stunned to speak. Gross rudeness she had received from servants, but never had she been so berated to her face. A close and nagging woman she was from habit and not



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from nature, but she was not a foolish woman. By no means did she believe the charges brought against her to be true to their full extent; but she did acknowledge to herself that she had been somewhat at fault. She remembered how civil and gentle Luella had been when first in her employ, how she had taken to going to Mass with Margaret, her gradual deterioration to insolence, her dropping of Mass altogether.

Luella was still sobbing when Miss Bond had composed herself to say, not without dignity:

"If you really wish to leave me I cannot keep you, but suppose you give me another trial? We both might do something to restrain ourselves. I am not thinking of the luncheon; I am thinking of Margaret, who, as you say, is a good woman. It is true, though, that you serve beautifully in the dining room."

Luella gazed at her mistress in astonishment.

"I thought all along, miss, that I was not giving you satisfaction," she stammered.

"You thought very wrong," returned Miss Bond, and she was about to add that no one could complain justly to Luella's service, when it occurred to her that she herself had often found fault with it, and had never till to-day given it a word of commendation.

"Then, miss," said Luella, sheepishly, "if you'll pardon my words, I'd be glad to stop, for indeed I'd be sorry to part with Margaret."

The girl's speech struck her as unintentionally rude, and she was about to say so with considerable asperity when Luella continued:

"I don't think, miss, you know half the good there is in Margaret. She is slow in her ways and hard to learn, but, miss, do you know where almost every penny of her wages goes?"

"No," Miss Bond replied, "I do not."

"To her old mother in Boston, and she hasn't seen her since she's been here—not having the time or the money to pay her way, though it's a trifle of \$3 going and coming. Her mother is often very sick; and I've sometimes thought, miss, the trouble of it and not seeing her is what makes her seem stupid; though strictly she is about her religion, as I well know."

Something like shame sent the color to Miss Bond's cheeks. She had never been gentle with Margaret, had considered herself a model of forbearance in keeping her in her employment now came this story of hidden sacrifice, and a full knowledge that, after all was said and done, she said to the contrary, the girl was a treasure in her household.

"I am glad you have told me this, Luella; and now that you have concluded to give me another trial," she said, "I'll go on with my correspondence."

"I'm sorry I spoke to you as I did, miss, and if I had the chance you have I'd go to confession for it," said Luella, and she slipped noiselessly out of the room.

Confession! She had gone last Easter. She thought for a long while, and the end of her thoughts was to ask herself if she was not a wicked woman. And as she asked herself this question, her eyes fell on the envelope containing the dressmaker's bill. Mechanically she picked it up, mechanically she opened it. The bill she knew by heart, not so the pitiful letter that accompanied it—a letter in which many sorrows were exposed. If the well-to-do knew one-half the pain it causes the independent poor to expose their individual sorrows, surely they would feel sorry for them. Miss Haydon begged for what was her own, and to get it she felt herself obliged to tell of God's mercy maintained at the seminary mainly by the fruits of her toil and of a grinding poverty at home.

Miss Bond folded the letter carefully, replaced it in its envelope and locked it in a drawer of her writing table. Then she took up the bill and went over its items, every one of which she had, to use a vulgar phrase, "jeweled down." Not without a sigh—or people do not instantly overcome bad habits, least of all penurious people—she altered the sum total of the bill to the figure her awakened conscience told her it should be. This done, she wrote a short note, in which she said she had erred in her previous calculations, and that she would call in a day or so about some work she contemplated for Miss Haydon, and she hoped her delay in settling a very just claim would be overlooked. The note she enclosed with the bill and its amount, in an envelope, and touched an electric button twice, that being Margaret's signal.

Margaret hurried to the room, her face smiling, her eyes red. Miss Bond had often noticed those red eyes before, with a half contemptuous thought that Margaret's hay fever was perennial.

"Margaret"—she spoke so gently that the girl flushed with pleasure—"I wish you would take this note to Miss Haydon with my compliments. It is only a step, you know, and when you return come directly to me. I have something to say to you."

"Luella has been instructing me about the luncheon—"

"Bother the luncheon!" interrupted Miss Bond; and she continued, in a milder tone: "What I have to say is of more importance than green and white luncheons."

Again alone, her mind reverted to those words of Luella that, more than ought else the girl uttered, had brought her roughly to a true knowledge of herself. Poor, despised Margaret had made Luella love the Church, and "if all Catholics were like you I'd hate it." In a way she had considered herself a missionary of the faith. For this reason, she had schooled herself to believe, she had cultivated the St. Jude's set—St. Jude's being the fashionable Protestant Church of Belford. If she did not make converts—and she did not—at least she removed prejudices, she had taught herself to believe. She had taken credit to herself that Luella went to Mass instead of to the particular meeting house she had been wont to frequent. "The girl must think to herself that if I, who am, socially, head and shoulders above any one else in Belford, am a Catholic, it must be the true religion." She thought of this now with a bitter laugh at herself, and told herself that she was a snob.

The girl, too, had spoken of confession as one of her mistress's privileges. How often did she enter the tribunal of mercy? It could not be said she was a Catholic who altogether neglected the practice of her religion. About three times a year she knelt at the altar rail, and, though a slight indisposition had been made to stand in the way, she was quite regular in her attendance at Mass. Neither could it be said she was indifferent to the faith. She was simply a woman who had permitted weeds to flourish in her soul; a woman who had no true knowledge of herself, till rudely awakened to a consciousness of her defects by the insolence of a servant. And it was a proof of the innate goodness of her heart that, far from feeling angry with Luella, she approved of her, and felt she could beg the girl's pardon for the scandal she had given—a thing she never did, unless a changed demeanor he a way of being pardoned. It must not be supposed that this new manner she cultivated was without lapses, for lapses there were, but they became more and more infrequent as time went on.

Her humbling meditations were interrupted by the return of Margaret, breathless from rapid walking.

"Miss Haydon was very pleased, ma'am, and she bade me give you this," she said, handing her mistress a sealed envelope.

Miss Bond made a motion with her hand for Margaret to remain, and proceeded to read the letter the dressmaker had enclosed with the receipted bill. The letter in a manner was a postscript to Luella's rating, it thanked her for the payment of the bill, and apologized with evident sincerity and simplicity for having misjudged Miss Bond. "I thought you niggardly and hard-hearted, Elizabeth—I may call you so again—and I have sinned by my rash judgment."

Miss Bond's mind flashed back to her convent school days, when she and Julia Haydon had, by bosom friends and classmates. Reverses of fortune came to the Haydons, and Julia was left with a little brother to care for as best she could. "She is better born than any of the Jude set, and she has been but my dressmaker to me all these years! God forgive me!" she said. For the second time that day she sighed; for this time for her sins.

"Margaret, sit down," she said. "Ma'am?" stammered Margaret. "Sit down. I wish to talk to you."

Margaret looked about for the least comfortable chair in her proximity, and having found it, seated herself on its edge and smoothed her long white apron on her knees with nervous hands.

"Margaret," said Miss Bond, thoughtfully, "I heard to-day that you have an old and sick mother."

"I have, ma'am," said Margaret, in alarm; "but indeed she'll never trouble you, ma'am—not in the least."

Miss Bond started in her chair. These reiterated confirmations of the character Luella gave her had somewhat the same effect on her consciousness as that which is produced by a blow on the nape of the neck, and for a moment or two she stared before her in a dazed manner ere she said: "No, no, ma'am; indeed and indeed I do not!" interrupted Margaret.

"But fault-finding, very hard to please, Margaret," she persisted.



"And who wouldn't be with a green-horn like myself? And I doubt that's what I'll always be. And, then, the weather is sometimes trying to a lady like you."

"But your mother—did you never speak to me of her?"

"But sure, ma'am, why would I be troubling you? And I'd a mind for my place," faltered Margaret.

"You thought that I would send you away if I learned your mother depended on you?"

Her voice sounded hard and unsympathetic, not that she was either at the present juncture. She was only striving to repress her feelings.

"You see, ma'am, it was this way," hesitated Margaret. "I wanted to keep my place, for my mother needs the wages, and I had a dread of being troublesome like."

"And," Miss Bond went on, "you have worried about your mother, and that has made you at times—not careless, but not in sympathy with your duties." She hesitated for a word to express herself, and now that it was uttered, she wondered if Margaret would understand.

Margaret understood, and her tears fell fast.

"Well, it's true, ma'am," she replied, and believing the dread expulsion close to come, she added, with heartfelt resignation, "The Lord be praised!"

"You poor, dear soul!" cried Miss Bond, no longer able to control her feelings. "But I deserve that you should think me cruel."

Poor Margaret stared in unfeigned amazement.

"I never said that, ma'am, nor thought it either. Indeed and indeed I did not!" she exclaimed.

That afternoon Miss Bond went to confession. Intentionally she had never made a bad one—perhaps in reality she never had. But to-day she made the best of all possible good confessions, the kind which the motive for contrition is love—not care for God, our Father, and for His children, all of whom without exception are our brothers and our sisters.

When Father Cudahy—"one of those priests we read about in good books" said the Belford people—opened the envelopes containing the donations for the much-needed decorations of his church, one that was anonymous contained a sum sufficient of itself to pay for the desired altar. It was not long before he found out that Miss Bond was the donor.

Margaret's mother came to Belford to live, and the invigorating air, as well as the proper food provided by one who never ceased to be her friend, gave her new life, and, no longer entirely dependent on Margaret, she helps by plain sewing to support herself.

The green and white luncheon was a great success. Luella outdid herself, and was well seconded by the heart-relieved Margaret. An honored guest was a Miss Julia Haydon, at which the St. Jude set would have rebelled had they dared. Miss Bond was too great a power for them to attempt to upset her leadership.

When, years after, a new church was erected in Belford for the increasing Catholic population, Father Michael Haydon called it St. Elizabeth's, in remembrance, perhaps, of a woman whose endowment to the seminary made it possible for him to extend his course of studies for the priesthood.

It was in the season of the Epiphany that Miss Bond, passing down a corridor, heard Margaret say to Luella:

"It would be a great honor for you to have the mistress for your godmother."

"I know it would. But I'd rather have you, Margaret, for it was you led me first to think of it," said Luella.

Miss Bond acquiesced with humility to the judgment of her maid, but when Luella came to be confirmed, she provided the frock and veil, and then she was her godmother.—Ave Maria.

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The end which at present calls forth our efforts will be found when it is once gained to be only one of the means to some greater end. The natural flights of the human mind are not from pleasure to pleasure, but from hope to hope.

In and Around Toronto

MONTH OF THE HOLY ROSARY.

October the month of the Holy Rosary, will be soon with us. In our churches on Sunday we heard announced the regulations and suggestions regarding the exercise of this beautiful devotion.

A VISIT TO "SUNNYSIDE."

Quite by accident I made a visit to and through the Sacred Heart Orphanage at Sunnyside on an afternoon of last week. A friend wished to see some of the institutions of our city and Sunnyside was chosen almost at random as a beginning.

Our first call was at the classrooms where the boys and girls had just come in from recess. Our entrance into the first of these was the signal for about fifty boys between the ages of eleven and fourteen to rise.

Though our coming was quite unexpected, not the slightest disorder was anywhere visible. Every boy stood by his desk and during our stay not one movement caused distraction either to his teacher or the visitors.

Bidding the children good-bye, we visited the dormitories, and such dormitories! Large, lofty rooms with hardwood floors, each with its several rows of little white beds.

So far we have seen only the bright side of the picture, the poetry as it were of the whole thing, but there is also the side of dry facts and figures. Four hundred and twenty children are in the register of the house for the year, over three hundred of these are at present inmates.

only a little over three cents per capita per day. The annual collection taken in the churches is the additional income upon which the house depends. Sunnyside Orphanage, like the House of Providence, St. Michael's Hospital and similar institutions, is altogether self-supporting.

To anyone with means to help others the Sacred Heart Orphanage should appeal strongly. Its inmates are those who have almost the whole of life before them and on their present nourishment, environment and training depends most of their career for good or evil.

A DELIGHTFUL TEA.

About one hundred and fifty guests accepted the invitation of Mrs. John Mallon to an afternoon tea on Tuesday of this week, for the purpose of meeting her daughter, the young lady, Mrs. Scully of Brandon, who at present is visiting her old home.

GREETING TO IRISH ENVOYS.

It would be difficult to imagine a more enthusiastic gathering than that assembled on Monday evening at Association Hall to greet the Hon. John E. Redmond, M.P., leader of the Irish Nationalist Party, and his colleagues, Capt. A. J. E. Donelan, M.P. for Limerick, and Mr. Patrick O'Brien, M.P. for East Cork.

The Irish Celt had not the day all to himself on Monday last, his Scottish brother shared with him its pleasure and glory. The band of the Black Watch, as heard at Massey Hall at the afternoon concert, gave one a far higher idea of its excellence than that given by its open air performances.

A GLANCE BACKWARD.

A gathering such as that of Monday night takes us back to a similar occasion not many years ago, when the Irish delegates were given welcome on their return from the Irish Convention. How many of those who were then the leading spirit are now missing!

ries his right arm to our liking and admiration in his credentials, only a man with a great sense of justice and a broad degree of discernment could have placed himself so in touch with a people alien to him in religion and tradition, as to be chosen by them as their representative in parliament.

Those speeches are all given elsewhere, so they can be only referred to here. Mr. Ross spoke in a much stronger tone than at this time last year, and the old-time vim, which poor health had weakened for a time has all returned.

Though unable to be present himself, owing to somewhat poor health, that loved Canadian and Irish patriot, the Hon. Edward Blake, was represented at the greeting given to the Irish envoys by his sweet-faced and helpful wife.

MRS. BLAKE WAS THERE.

Though unable to be present himself, owing to somewhat poor health, that loved Canadian and Irish patriot, the Hon. Edward Blake, was represented at the greeting given to the Irish envoys by his sweet-faced and helpful wife.

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Let us start you working for us tacking up show-cards and distributing advertising matter at \$840 a year and expenses (\$2.50 per day.) We want one good man in each locality, local or travelling. Write at once for particulars.

THE BLACK WATCH BAND.

The Irish Celt had not the day all to himself on Monday last, his Scottish brother shared with him its pleasure and glory. The band of the Black Watch, as heard at Massey Hall at the afternoon concert, gave one a far higher idea of its excellence than that given by its open air performances.

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TO THE WEST Reduced One Way Rates to Points in British Columbia, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Oregon, Utah, Washington. On Sale Daily Until Oct. 15th.

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W. J. BELLIOTT, Principal

TAKE NOTICE That there will be offered for sale by public auction at the auction rooms of C. J. Townsend & Company, 65 King Street East, in the City of Toronto, on Monday, the 28th day of October, 1904, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, ALL AND SINGULAR those certain parcels or tracts of land and premises situated and being in the City of Toronto, in the County of York, and being composed of Lot No. 15 and part of Lot number 14 according to registered Plan D 27, and also part of Town Lot 11 on the South side of Richmond Street in the said City of Toronto, which said lands and premises may be more particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point in the easterly limit of Simcoe Street distant twenty-eight feet and seven inches measured northerly thereon from the north-westerly angle of said Lot No. 15, the said point being opposite the southern face of the southern wall of a roughcast building standing on the lands immediately to the north of the premises herein described: Thence southerly along the said limit of Simcoe Street forty-eight feet and five inches to a point opposite the northerly face of the northerly wall of a brick building now standing on the lands immediately to the south of the premises herein described: Thence easterly to and along the said northerly face of wall and along the northerly boundary of the premises in rear of the said brick building being about parallel to the limit between said Lots 14 and 15, in all a distance of one hundred and seven feet to the easterly face of a shed: Thence northerly along the said limit of Simcoe Street five feet to the line of an old fence forming the boundary between said Lots 14 and 15: Thence easterly along the line of said fence eighty-five feet and seven inches to the westerly limit of a lane in rear of said Lot 14 and 15: Thence northerly along the said limit of lane fifteen feet and four inches to the easterly northerly boundary of said Lot 15 as now defined by the southerly face of frame sheds: Thence westerly along the said northerly boundary defined as aforesaid eighty-five feet and seven inches to the easterly face of a frame building: Thence northerly along the said easterly face, being about parallel to Simcoe Street twenty-two feet and ten inches to the northerly face of a frame building now standing on the lands herein described: Thence westerly along the said northerly face to and along the southerly face of the roughcast building first herein mentioned, and along the westerly production of the same in all a distance of one hundred and seven feet more or less to the place of beginning. Subject to a reserve bid.

Terms of sale.—Deposit of five hundred dollars at time of sale, balance in fifteen days. Further terms and conditions of sale may be had on application to SAMUEL KING, 18 Wellington Street East, Toronto, Sept. 13th, 1904. Vendors' Solicitors.

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

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FOR SALE Twenty-six volumes of the True Witness, commencing with its first issue in August, 1850, edited by the late lamented George E. Clerk. These volumes are nicely bound, in perfect order and consecutive, containing most valuable information regarding English-speaking Catholic interests in Canada, it being at that period the exponent of their views in the country. This is the only known complete set of the publication. Address "True Witness" Office, Montreal.

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THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS Any even numbered section of the Dominion Lands in Manitoba, or in the North-west Territories, excepting 1 and 26, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, or more or less.

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

HOMESTEAD DUTIES A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required by the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act and the amendments thereto to perform the conditions connected therewith, under one of the following plans: (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this Act resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If a settler was entitled to and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence on the first homestead, if the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead.

(4) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

The term "vicinity" used above is meant to indicate the same township or an adjoining or cornering township. A settler who avails himself of the provisions of Clauses (2), (3) or (4) must cultivate 30 acres of his homestead, or substitute 20 head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have besides 30 acres substantially fenced.

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

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

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

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

JAMES A. SMART, Deputy Minister of the Interior N.B.—In addition to Free Grant Lands, to which the Regulations above stated refer, thousands of acres of most desirable lands are available for lease or purchase from Railroad and other Corporations and private firms in Western Canada.

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