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VOL. XIII., No. 44

TORONTO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1905

PRICE FIVE CENT

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

A Cry From the East—Pressure on my Space—A Correction—The Town of Dundas Receives Some Attention—An Old Town—Some Old Business Men and Men of Prominence—An Anecdote of the Old Vicar-General Macdonell—When the Catholics of Hamilton Went to Mass in Dundas—First Church and Early Priests—Many Church Societies—Some Catholic Institutions—Old Families.

There comes a cry from the East to Old-Timer to let Hamilton drop and take up some other town or subject. It is unfortunate that I cannot handle a number of places or subjects at one time. I did not think at the start my memory would be so good on Hamilton and that I would occupy so much of the Register's space in dealing with it; but I am not quite through yet. Other tales are to be told. Dundas claims a portion of my attention and this I must give this week. Toronto, herself, has many calls for the portrayal of my pen that I have been putting off, and my antiquarian friend, John Hurley, of Litchfield, Conn., has been sending me the results of some of his researches among the archives of Celtic and Gaelic lore that are of interest to Irish readers especially.

But before I go on; further allow me to correct an error in my Hamilton reminiscences of last week. John O'Heir should be Peter O'Heir, and how I came to substitute the wrong Christian name is to me almost a mystery, for Peter O'Heir was a popular man in his day and there was no John O'Heir to overshadow his presence.

It will be a surprise to many, no doubt, to learn that Dundas is an older town than Hamilton, and that there was a Catholic church there long before there was one in Hamilton. The distance between the two towns is only five or six miles, although the electric line laid down between them has a track seven miles in length, penetrating as it does the centre of both.

Dundas is surrounded by hills and is a picturesque place. Here some of the first factories in Upper Canada were established. Among the prominent business men of early days were Coleman, Garthshore, McKenzie, Couchan, etc. Dundas has been either the home or birthplace of many eminent Canadians, including the McMahons, Durands, Lessleys, Osiers, Notman, Spence, Rose, Wardells, Somerville, Fahey, etc. In 1828 there came to Dundas an Irish classical school-teacher named McMahon, brought out by several well-known heads of families for the education of their children. Those gentlemen were Emanuel Overfield, Caleb Hopkins, Mr. Nelles of Grimsby and James Durand. This McMahon was the father or grandfather of several lawyers of eminence, including the present Judge McMahon. Charles Durand, lately deceased, never lived there, but went to school to several teachers, including the McMahon here mentioned. James Lessley, the friend of William Lyon McKenzie, kept a drug and stationery store there, and I believe McKenzie himself made it his home for a while. The celebrated Osler family of divines, doctors and lawyers lived or were brought up there, the first having been Rev. B. B. Osler, rector of the Church of England, the father of the family, William Notman, a very eloquent lawyer, residing at Dundas, represented the north riding of Wentworth when Old-Timer was a boy, and he was considered one of the most eloquent men in Western Canada. He was a Scotchman and a Reformer. Robert Spence, an Irishman from Dublin, was a resident and next in point of distinction. His first occupation there, like Mr. McMahon's, was that of teacher! He was next an auctioneer, then an editor, and grew into a Cabinet Minister, filling the office of postmaster-general. His last public office was that of collector of customs in Toronto. He died in harness. He was eloquent, able and a Liberal.

I remember well the elder Wardell, the father of A. R. Wardell, Esq., the eminent lawyer. He was the grandfather of Mr. Wardell, the young lawyer, who represented the riding in the local legislature a few years ago, but who died suddenly while undergoing a surgical operation. I met the first Mr. Wardell in Hamilton in 1844, when I was introduced to him in a printing office, a mere kid, to show him how types were set. I met him in Chicago many years later. The late Vicar-General Macdonell of Hamilton was a great friend of the Wardell family, whom he often visited. Mr. A. R. Wardell, now of Dundas, tells this anecdote of the "Old Vicar". He had been a military chaplain, the first Catholic in the British service since the reformation, and was well acquainted with the Duke of Kent, the father of the late Queen Victoria. Visiting the Duke once in London and entering his palace, he saw him coming down stairs with a child in his arms. "Here," said he, "take the little heretic," handing him the child, who afterwards was none other than the late lamented Queen Victoria, who ruled so long over the British Empire. James Fahey, well known as a political writer and speaker, worked as a journeyman printer in Dundas, and was "discovered" there by Old-Timer in 1867, who first introduced him to the outside public at a Catholic convention held in St. Lawrence Hall, Toronto, that year. Mr. James Somerville, then proprietor of the "True Banner," first mentioned him to me. Fahey had poor health and he did not live long.

Judge McMahon, I have seen it mentioned somewhere, is engaged in the preparation of a political history of Canada. I believe it will be an exhaustive work. I have been informed that he had a man a year or two ago employed at the residence of Mr. Matthew Teffy of Richmond Hill, going through his files of Canadian newspapers, and with a type-writer copying the speeches and lectures of Thos. D'Arcy McGee, which no doubt will figure largely in the forthcoming work.

The Catholics of Hamilton before 1840 used to go to mass in Dundas, and one wagon used to contain all that went. They were the Bricks, Fitzpatrick's, Clohesys and others. Peter Connors, whom Old-Timer remembers, owned the team and drove them. Who the priest of the parish was then I don't remember. This, of course, was before Vicar-General Macdonell came to Hamilton in 1840. Hamilton, however, is now a cathedral city and has been so for many years. There was good stock then in Dundas, however, and there is yet. They have a dear old pastor in Vicar-General Heenan, who spent over twenty-five years of his clerical life in Hamilton, but is remembered in Toronto as one of the first clerical students of St. Michael's College. He is now well advanced in years, but is still vigorous. He has an assistant, however.

The first St. Augustine's church in Dundas was on the south side of the town, but it was destroyed by fire many years ago. The present fine edifice is on the north side and along side of it is the rector's residence.

Dundas was a mission in 1830, being attended from Niagara by the Rev. John Cullen. Two years later a frame church was erected south of King street and the first resident priest was the Rev. Father Cassidy. He was succeeded by Rev. J. B. Cox in 1839. In 1840 Father Mills was appointed pastor, and he was followed in succession by Fathers O'Flynn, Connelly, O'Dwyer, O'Reilly, and Ke-

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Editor Catholic Register, Toronto:

Dear Sir,—It will, I feel sure, be of considerable interest to your readers and to yourself, to learn that an office with the above designation and address, has been opened in this city. It has been felt for some time that something of this sort was greatly needed. Catholics are constantly arriving in the city—some seeking or taking up employment—some entering upon or renewing student life, and so on. Of these many bring with them no introductions, others bear, perhaps, letters of introduction to those who have little time to devote to the bearers.

Now, the establishment of a central office such as this will, it is thought as the work develops itself, be a great help to such persons. It is expected that we shall be able to place ourselves in touch with the employers of labor both skilled and otherwise and that correspondence with the Bureau will be an excellent means of enabling the latter to do what is possible at all events in the direction indicated.

With regard especially to young men the Secretary will look upon it as his duty to endeavor to introduce them, and get them to join one or other of the Social, Literary or other societies which are established in some of the Catholic parishes of Toronto.

No fee of any sort whatever will be charged by the Bureau, which for the present will be in charge of the Secretary, Mr. D. Miller, to whom all communications should be addressed.

Yours very truly,
 J. J. SEITZ,
 President of the Particular Council.

CANADIAN CATHOLICS AND "UNIVERSITIES"

An Able Article Written by Mr. Wm. Brick, Principal of Regiopolis College, Kingston.

(Wm. Brick in Canadian Mouth.)

Dear Sir,—The letter of "Catholicism" on "Canadian Catholics and Universities" in the June number of Canadian Month, deals with a question of vital importance to Catholics, and to the future of the Church in the Dominion. If Catholics are to profit by the golden opportunities offered them in this country, they should enter upon their life's work fully equipped for the struggle. Their education should be, at least, as good as that of their neighbors. Race and creed are no barriers to success in Canada. To the Catholic who is qualified by character and education, promotion is sure to come. Upon the kind and extent of the higher education obtained by the youth of to-day, will depend the status of Catholics in the near future. Upon us rests a great responsibility. Are we doing our duty? Are we providing adequate educational facilities for our young men and young women?

The non-Catholic youth of Canada are given excellent opportunities for obtaining higher education, and they avail themselves of them in ever increasing numbers. The zeal displayed by our separated brethren in behalf of higher education is truly admirable. No effort or expense is spared to equip and perfect their universities.

While higher education among non-Catholics has advanced by leaps and bounds, Catholic education is practically where it was a quarter of a century ago. We have not yet a university with courses in Arts corresponding to the Honor Course of the secular universities. Beyond the elementary schools we have no unification, no co-ordination. Our educational forces are not yet organized. We have not yet recognized the value of division of labor and specialization in educational matters.

The result is that comparatively few of our young men are receiving the advantages of a university education, which in this age is so essential to distinction and leadership. Our young women receive almost none. While others are fitting themselves for the foremost places in the various walks of life, our youth, many of them with superior natural talents, are forced, through our indifference and neglect, to content themselves with inferior qualifications. When we look into the character of the education received by the few Catholics in attendance at the non-Catholic universities, the situation is found to be still more unsatisfactory. Of the number enrolled more than ninety per cent. are pursuing courses in medicine and engineering; very few are taking courses in Arts. Professional and scientific courses open up to our young men splendid opportunities, and I wish the Catholic students in these departments were increased tenfold.

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What the Church needs, however, in Canada, is cultured laymen as well as learned ecclesiastics, laymen that in the intellectual movements of the day, and thus bring honor, respect and influence to the Catholic body and to the Church. The subjects best calculated to give culture are History, Philosophy, the Ancient Classics, English Literature, the political and social sciences. Catholic students naturally hesitate to attend classes a modern history and philosophy in charge of non-Catholic professors. As a consequence, they select, as far as possible, courses which do not include these subjects.

The solution, in my judgment, lies partly in the development of a Catholic university, and partly in taking advantage of the opportunities offered by the non-Catholic institutions. The development of a university is a large undertaking, and requires considerable means. It should, therefore, be the work not of a single province, but of the entire Dominion, and should have the co-operation of all nationalities. One strong central institution, the crown of our system of Christian education, to serve as an intellectual centre for all the Catholics of the Dominion, is preferable to a number of smaller and weaker ones. The most advantageous location for such an institution is the national capital.

The university should be the complement, not the rival, of the colleges. Our colleges should confine themselves to college work proper, and leave the higher work to the university. They should prepare students for the university just as the primary schools fit them for the colleges. Not only is there room and work for all, but the number in Ontario, at least, should be much increased. Few Catholics attend the high schools and collegiate institutes in this province, and consequently the number of Catholics receiving a secondary education is a mere fraction of what it should be. Each series of schools should dovetail into the series above it. By so doing, our entire system would be strengthened, harmony and co-operation of all our forces secured, and more thorough work and better results produced.

A university would, however, be available to the few only. The expense of residence in an institution a long distance from home would be too great for the many. Considerable time would, in all probability, elapse before the advantages of the university would be extended to women. Higher education should be diffused as widely as possible among our people. We should, therefore, avail ourselves of the non-Catholic universities, provided satisfactory arrangements can be made to safeguard the faith of our youth. Affiliation already exists between the college of St. Boniface, in charge of the Jesuits, and the University of Manitoba, whereby Catholic students take modern history and philosophy in their own institutions, and attend lectures on the other subjects at the university. Oxford allows Catholics like privileges. A similar arrangement exists between St. Michael's College, Toronto, and the University of Toronto. This system is apparently satisfactory, and might doubtless be extended to the remaining universities of the Dominion.

Affiliation would involve little expenditure, and could therefore be accomplished more easily and in less time than the establishment or the development of a university. The addition of two, or at most three, professors to the staff of the college would meet the requirements. Affiliation would give practically every section of the country a university open to Catholics, and would thus enable many young men and young women to obtain a higher education, who could not afford the expense of non-residence. It would place all our youth under Catholic instruction and Catholic influence. Under no other system would similar advantages be given to those students who, in any event, will be in attendance at the non-Catholic universities. The presentation of philosophy and history from a Catholic point of view, supplemented by an advanced course in Christian doctrine, would remove most of the objections urged against attendance at non-Catholic institutions, and would counteract the dangers incident thereto. Catholic students would no longer avoid the arts courses, but would be attracted to them. Affiliation would give our youth of both sexes an opportunity of taking the honor courses, which qualify for the standing of specialists in the high schools and collegiate institutions of Ontario. The proportionate number of Catholic teachers in these schools should be upward of one hundred. The actual number is six or seven. To our young women especially would this arrangement be highly advantageous. It would open up to them the way to profitable employment and to the only profession adopted to them, that is, work in the high schools in which are being employed larger numbers each year.

Considering the circumstance in which Catholics are placed, their limited means, the vast area over which the population is scattered, the adoption of the scheme above outlined would, in my judgment, produce the greatest good to the greatest number, with the minimum of danger to faith and morals. While the students would be placed on an even footing with those of other faiths in acquiring a secular education and in preparing themselves for the various walks of life, they would, at the same time, receive a religious education. Catholics are a naturally proud people, and their institutions, and charitable towards any object undertaken by the Church; and it is my firm conviction that if a plan were devised that would place a university upon a sound business basis, an appeal by the Church for support would be met by a most generous response. This is a commercial age, and men examine everything, even works undertaken by the Church, from a commercial standpoint. The desirability of a university is pretty generally recognized by those who understand the subject. Let our men of means be convinced that the institution would give the education required, and they would come to the aid of the undertaking in a special and substantial manner. The Catholics of Canada are sufficiently numerous, and are in possession of sufficient wealth to support a university; and I believe if the question were approached in a broad Catholic spirit, ways and means could be found, without sacrificing any of the essentials, to meet the requirements of all.

Yours truly,
 WILLIAM BRICK.

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How Religion Aids.

Down in Argentina William Buflin, editor of the Southern Cross, states in his able paper that last winter he heard the New York chief of police make use of these remarkable words at a public meeting:

"The best protection for New York is the religious spirit which the Irish Catholics have brought here. The churches you have built and the faith with which you have filled them are stronger barriers against crime than all the 'cops' in Mulberry street. Do you think that is the churches and the faith for which they stand were levelled to the earth in this city tomorrow, you could keep order by police? No. You could not do it if you had a station in every block and an armed man at every door. I tell you that unless there is a moral principle in a people there will be no respect for law; and in a free land like this if you cannot hold the people to the law by love and respect, you cannot hold them to it by force."

The liberals of Argentina and elsewhere ought to engrave these words on their memory.

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There are a number of old Catholic families in Dundas. The Collins family have been keeping hotel there for nearly seventy years; the McMahon family dates from the early settlement of the town; and the Wardell family has always been prominent. There are others that Old-Timer would like to mention, but just now his memory fails to recall their names, but there will be other opportunities ere long.

I believe Catholics and non-Catholics have always got along well together in Dundas and so may it ever continue.

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BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

"She knows," was Barnaby's timid answer, pointing to his mother—"I always, I believe."

"From his birth," said the widow. "I don't believe it," cried the gentleman, "not a bit of it. It's an excuse not to work."

"Heaven has made none in more than twice ten years, sir," said the widow mildly.

"Then why don't you shut him up? we pay enough for county institutions, damn 'em, but thoud' rather drag him about to excite charity—of course. Ay, I know thee."

Now this gentleman had various endearing appellations among his intimate friends. By some he was called "a country gentleman of the true school," by some "a fine old country gentleman," by some "a sportsman."

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CHAPTER XLVIII.

Uncertain where to go next, and bewildered by the crowd of people who were already astir, they sat down in one of the recesses on the bridge, to rest. They soon became aware that the stream of life was at pouring one way, and that a vast throng of persons were crossing the river from the Middlesex to the Surrey shore, in unusual haste and evident excitement. They were, for the most part, in knots of two or three, or sometimes half a dozen; they spoke little together—many of them were quite silent, and hurried on as if they had one absorbing object in view, which was common to them all.

They were surprised to see that nearly every man in this great concourse, which still came pouring past, without slackening in the least, wore on his hat a blue cockade, and that the chance passengers who were not so decorated, appeared in various ways to escape observation or attack and gave them the wall as if they would conciliate them. This, however, was natural enough, considering their inferiority in point of numbers, for the proportion of those who wore blue cockades, to those who were dressed as usual, was at least forty or fifty to one. There was no quarrelling, however; the blue cockades went swarming on, passing each other when they could, and making all the speed that was possible in such a multitude, and exchanged nothing more than looks, and very often not even those, with such of the passers-by as were not of their number.

At first, the current of people had been confined to the two pathways, and but a few eager stragglers kept the road. But after half an hour or so, the passage was completely blocked up by the great press, which, being now closely wedged together, and impeded by the carts and coaches, it encountered, moved but slowly, and was sometimes at a stand for five or ten minutes together.

After the lapse of nearly two hours the numbers began to diminish visibly, and gradually dwindling away, by little and little, left the bridge quite clear, save that, now and then, some hot and dusty man with the cockade in his hat, and his coat thrown over his shoulder, went panting by, fearful of being too late, or stopped to ask which way his friends had taken, and being directed, hastened on again like one refreshed. In this comparative solitude, which seemed quite strange and novel after the late crowd, the widow had for the first time an opportunity of inquiring of an old man who came and sat beside them, what the meaning of that great assemblage was.

"Why, where have you come from," he returned, "that you haven't heard of Lord George Gordon's great association? This is the day that he presents the petition against the Catholics. God bless him!"

"What have all these men to do with that?" she asked.

"What have they to do with it?" the old man replied. "Why, how you talk! Don't you know his lordship has declared he won't present it to the house at all, unless it is attended by a crowd of ten thousand good and true men at least? There's a crowd for you!"

"A crowd indeed!" said Barnaby. "Do you hear that, mother?"

"And they're mustering yonder, as I am told," resumed the old man, "nigh upon a hundred thousand strong. Ah! Let Lord George glory. He knows his power. There'll be a good many faces inside them three windows over there," and he pointed to where the House of Commons overlooked the river, "that'll turn pale when good Lord George gets up this afternoon, and with reason too! Ay, ay. Let his lordship alone. Let him alone. He knows!"

And so, with much mumbling and chuckling, and shaking of his forefinger, he rose, with the assistance of his stick, and tottered off.

"Mother!" said Barnaby, "that's a brave crowd he talks of. Come!"

"Not to join it!" cried his mother. "Yes, yes," he answered, plucking at her sleeve. "Why not? Come!"

"You don't know," she urged, "what mischief they may do, where they may lead you, what their meaning is. Dear Barnaby, for my sake!"

"For your sake!" he cried, patting her hand. "Well! It is for your sake, mother. You remember what the blind man said, about the gold. Here's a brave crowd! Come! Or till I come back—yes, yes, wait here."

She tried with all the earnestness her fears engendered, to turn him from his purpose, but in vain. He was stooping down to buckle on his shoe, when a hackney-coach passed them rather quickly, and a voice inside called to the driver to stop.

"Young man," said a voice within, "who's that?" cried Barnaby, looking up.

"Do you wear this ornament?" returned the stranger, holding out a blue cockade.

"In Heaven's name, no. Pray do not give it him!" exclaimed the widow.

"Speak for yourself, woman," said the man, within the coach, "leave the young man to his choice. He's old enough to make it, and to snap up apron strings. He knows, without your telling, whether he wears the sign of a royal Englishman or not."

Barnaby, trembling with impatience, cried, "Yes! yes, I do," as he had cried a dozen times already. The man threw him a cockade, and crying, "Make haste to Saint George's Fields," ordered the coachman to drive on fast, and left them.

With hands and feet, and with his eagerness to fix the bauble in his hat, Barnaby was adjusting it as he best could, and hurriedly replying to the tears and entreaties of his mother, when two gentlemen passed on the opposite side of the way. Observing them, and seeing how Barnaby was occupied, they stopped, whispered together for an instant, turned back, and came over to them.

"Why are you sitting here?" said one of them, who was dressed in a plain suit of black, wore long lank hair, and carried great care. "Why have you not gone with the rest?"

"I am going, sir," replied Barnaby, finishing his task, and putting his hat on with an air of pride. "I shall be there directly."

"Say 'my lord,' young man, when his lordship does you the honor of speaking to you," said the second gentleman, mildly. "If you don't know Lord George Gordon when you see him, it's high time you should."

"Nay, Gashford," said Lord George as Barnaby pulled off his hat again

Suffered Terrible Agony FROM PAIN ACROSS HIS KIDNEYS. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIM.

Read the words of praise, Mr. M. A. McInnis, Marion Bridge, N.S., has for Doan's Kidney Pills. (He writes us): "For the past three years I have suffered terrible agony from pain across my kidneys. I was so bad I could not stoop or bend. I consulted and had several doctors treat me, but could get no relief. On the advice of a friend, I procured a box of your valuable, life-giving remedy (Doan's Kidney Pills), and to my surprise and delight, I immediately got better. In my opinion Doan's Kidney Pills have no equal for any form of kidney trouble."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25. Can be procured at all dealers or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Do not accept a spurious substitute but be sure and get "Doan's."

and made him a low bow, "it's no great matter on a day like this, which every Englishman will remember with delight and pride. Put on your hat, friend, and follow us, for you lag behind and are late. It's past ten now. Didn't you know that the hour of assembling was ten o'clock?"

Barnaby shook his head and looked vacantly from one to the other. "You might have known it, friend," said Gashford, "it was perfectly understood. How came you to be so ill informed?"

"He cannot tell you, sir," the widow interposed. "It's of no use to ask him. We are but this morning come from a long distance in the country, and know nothing of these matters."

"The cause has taken a deep root, and has spread its branches far and wide," said Lord George to his secretary. "This is a pleasing hearing. I thank Heaven for it."

"Amen!" cried Gashford, with a solemn face.

"You do not understand me, my lord," said the widow. "Pardon me, but you cruelly mistake my meaning. We know nothing of these matters. We have no desire or right to join in what you are about to do. This is my son, my poor afflicted son, dearer to me than my own life. In mercy's name, my lord, go your way alone and do not tempt him into danger."

"My good woman!" said Gashford, "how can you!—Dear me!—What do you mean by tempting, and by darning up the wound? They burst into a roaring lion, going about and seeking whom he may devour? God bless me!"

"No, no, my lord, forgive me," implored the widow, laying both her hands upon his breast, and scarcely knowing what she did, or said, in the earnestness of her supplication, "but there are reasons why you should hear my earnest, mother's prayer, and leave my son with me. Oh, do. He is not in his right senses, he is not, indeed!"

"It is a bad sign of the wickedness of these times," said Lord George, evading her touch, and coloring deeply, "that those who cling to the truth and support the right cause, are set down as mad. Have you the heart to say this of your own son, unnatural mother!"

"I am astonished at you!" said Gashford with a kind of meek severity. "This is a very sad picture of female depravity."

"He has surely no appearance," said Lord George, glancing at Barnaby, and whispering in his secretary's ear, "of being deranged? And even if he had, we must not construe any trifling peculiarity into madness. Which of us—and here he turned red again—would be safe, if that were made the law?"

"Not one," replied the secretary. "In that case, the greater the zeal, the truth, and talent, the more direct the call from above; the clearer would be the madness. With regard to this young man, my lord," he added, with a lip that slightly curled as he looked at Barnaby, who stood twisting his hat, and stealthily beckoning them to come away, "he is as sensible and self-possessed as any one I ever saw."

"And you desire to make one of this great body?" said Lord George, addressing him, "and intended to make one, did you?"

"Yes—yes," said Barnaby, with sparkling eyes. "To be sure I did! I told her so myself."

"I see," replied Lord George, with a reproachful glance at the unhappy mother. "I thought so. Follow me and this gentleman, and you shall have your wish."

Barnaby kissed his mother tenderly on the cheek, and bidding her be of good cheer for the good fortune which he had made now, did as he was desired. She, poor woman, followed too—with how much fear and grief it would be hard to tell.

They passed quickly through the Bridge-road, where the shops were all shut up (for the passage of the great crowd and the expectation of their return had alarmed the tradesmen for their goods and windows), and where, in the upper stories, all the inhabitants were congregated, looking down into the street below, with faces variously expressive of alarm of interest, expectancy, and indignation. Some of these applauded and hissed, but regardless of these interruptions—for the noise of a vast congregation of people at a little distance, sounded in his ears like the roaring of a sea—Lord George Gordon quickened his pace, and presently arrived before Saint George's Fields.

They were really fields at that time and of considerable extent. Here an immense multitude was collected, bearing flags of various kinds and sizes, but all of the same color—blue like the cockades—some sections marching to and fro in military array and others drawn up in circle, squares and lines. A large portion, both of the bodies which which paraded the ground, and of those which remained stationary, were occupied in singing hymns or psalms. With whomsoever this originated, it was well done; for the sound of so many thousand voices in the air must have stirred the heart of any man within him, and could not fail to have a wonderful effect upon enthusiasts, however mistaken.

Scouts had been posted in advance of the great body, to give notice of their leader's coming. These falling back, the word was quickly passed through the whole host, and for a short interval there ensued a profound and death-like silence, during which the mass was so still and quiet, that the fluttering of a banner caught the eye, and became a circumstance of note. They burst into a tremendous shout, into another and another, and the air seemed rent and shaken, as if by the discharge of cannon."

"Gashford!" cried Lord George, pressing his secretary's arm tight within his arm, and speaking with as much emotion in his voice as in his altered face. "I am the leader of a host. If they summoned me at this moment with one voice to lead them on to death, I'd do it—Yes and fall first myself."

"It is a proud sight," said the secretary. "It is a noble day for England, and for the great cause throughout the world. See!—my lord, as I, an humble but devoted man, can render!"

"What are you doing!" cried his master, catching him by both hands, for he had made a show of kneeling at his feet. "Do not unfit me, dear Gashford, for the solemn duty of this glorious day—the tears stood in the eyes of the poor gentleman as he said the words—"Let us go among them, we have to find a place in some division for this new recruit—give me your hand."

Gashford slid his cold viscidious palm into his master's grasp, and so, hand in hand, and followed still by Barnaby and his mother too, they mingled with the concourse.

They had by this time taken to their singing again, and as their leader passed between their ranks, they raised their voices to their utmost. Many of those who were banded together to support the religion of their country, even unto death, had never heard a hymn or psalm in all their lives. But these fellows having for the most part strong lungs, and being naturally fond of singing, chanted any ribaldry or nonsense that occurred to them, feeling pretty certain that it would not be detected in the general chorus, and not caring very much if it were. Many of these volunteers were sung under the very nose of Lord George Gordon, who quite unconscious of their burden, passed on with his usual stiff and solemn deportment, very much edified and delighted by the pious conduct of his followers.

So they went on and on, up this line, down that, round the exterior of this circle, and on every side of that hollow square, and still there were lines, and squares, and circles out of number to review. The day being now intensely hot, and the sun striking down his fiercest rays upon the field, those who carried heavy banners began to grow faint and weary, most of the number assembled were faint to pull off their neckcloths, and throw their coats and waistcoats open; and some, towards the centre, quite overpowered by the excessive heat, which was of course rendered more unendurable by the multitude around them, lay down on the grass and offered all they had about them for a drink of water. Still, no man left the ground, not even of those who were so distressed; still, Lord George, streaming from every pore, went on with Gashford, and still Barnaby and his mother followed close behind them.

They had arrived at the top of a long line of some eight hundred men in single file, and Lord George had turned his head to look back when a loud cry of recognition—in that peculiar and half-stifled tone which a voice has, when it is raised in the open air and in the midst of a great concourse of persons—was heard, and a man stepped with a shout of laughter from the rank and snote Barnaby on the shoulders with his heavy hand.

"How now!" he cried. "Barnaby Rudge! Why, where have you been hiding for these hundred years?"

Barnaby had been thinking within himself that the smell of the trodden

Table with 4 columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTIMENT, and SOULS IN PURGATORY. Includes dates for November 1st to 30th and corresponding feast days like 'All Saints, Holy Day of Obligation' and 'Twenty-First Sunday After Pentecost'.

BY MAIL Canadian Correspondence College, Limited TORONTO, CAN. Courses in English, French, German, Latin, Greek, Euclid, Arithmetic, Advertising, Civil Service, Commercial Courses, Household Science, Agriculture, etc.

grass brought back his old days at cricket, when he was a young boy and played on Chigwell Green. Confused by this sudden and boisterous address, he stared in a bewildered manner at the man, and could scarcely say, "What! Hugh!"

"Women in the field!" cried Hugh, stepping between them, and holding her off. "Halloa! My captain there!"

BELLS Steel Alley Church and School Bells for Sale The C. S. BELL Co. Hillsboro, O

FARM LABORERS Farmers Desiring Help for the coming season should apply at once to the Government Free Farm Labor Bureau. Write for application form to THOS. SOUTHWORTH Director of Colonization TORONTO

.....The HOME CIRCLE

WALKING.

Walking, says an authority, which also means standing erect, with shoulders thrown back, lungs expanded, and head well poised, is the best tonic that can be prescribed for exhausted brains, weakened muscles, and worn-out nerves.

Physicians have subdued the worst kinds of rheumatism, stubborn forms of indigestion, aggravated cases of insomnia, and all sorts of nervous diseases, by exercises in breathing and walking.

No matter how long the walk or how steep the climb, no one who follows this simple system need "get out of breath," the breathing and walking being in unison.

The walking is of itself a recreation and a great help to the development and preservation of physical symmetry; its tonic effects are much better when one walks correctly and at regular times.

WANTED—A KNACK.

O, I am a woman whose house is a sight, from garret to cellar there's nothing that's right, though day after day I am striving and straining.

Now, I have a neighbor whose house is just right, whenever you enter, from morning till night, she gives a touch here, and she gives a pat there.

O, is there no merchant who traffics in knack, by retail or wholesale, in bundle or sack? Or is there no ship that sails over the sea?

THE LAND OF BANANAS.

Twenty-five years ago a shrewd New England skipper, who was coasting around the island of Jamaica, noticed the unusually fine flavor of its bananas, and decided to raise and ship them to this country.

The trunks of the trees are as soft as a cornstalk, and the natives can cut down the thickest tree with a stroke of the sabre which they carry.

A Merry Heart Goes All the Day.—But one cannot have a merry heart if he has a pain in the back or a cold with a racking cough.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

RENEWING HER YOUTH.

(By Mary Gilbert.) She was in a rebellious mood. It seemed to her that she had always been considered old.

Married at seventeen, Mrs. Hoyt had been a mother before she was twenty and a grandmother before she was forty.

This morning young Mrs. Hoyt had been summoned to a neighbor's bedside, and had left Eleanor with strict injunctions to be very good to grandma and very quiet.

"Come unto me." Filled is the World with misery and sorrow, Sad are our lives with bitterness and sin.

"Come unto me you weary ones that labor, Jesus of Nazareth—lo, I am He! I am the Christ transfused on Mount Tabor.

"Come unto Me! Oh heed the invitation, You whom the world has treated with disdain, You who have need of strength and consolation.

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USED MEN AT THE OFFICE UP AND TIRED OUT

Every day in the week and every week in the year men, women and children feel all used up and tired out.

The strain of business, the cares of home and social life and the task of study cause terrible suffering from heart and nerve troubles.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills

are indicated for all diseases arising from a weak and debilitated condition of the heart or of the nerve centres.

gested Eleanor. "We'll slide her around for a while, till she feels like trying it herself."

By this time grandma had so entered into the spirit of the fun that her intention to stay on the bank was quite forgotten.

Down she went, with a suddenness that quite took her breath away, but by the time the frightened girls had helped her to her feet she was ready to try again, assuring them that she was only out of practice.

In the meantime young Mrs. Hoyt had returned to the deserted house, and was wondering what had become of her mother-in-law and Eleanor.

Her mind filled with such thoughts, Mrs. Hoyt started for the pond. The merry shouts of the skaters reached her ears while she was still some distance away.

"Grandma looked like the spirit of winter, her cheeks flushed with exercise, her eyes glowing with excitement, soft little curls tumbling about her face.

"It means," she replied, smiling at her daughter-in-law's amazement, "that I have found something I thought I had lost forever."

"You'll find a good attack of rheumatism," expostulated the younger woman; but grandma shook her head emphatically.

"I am never again going to find anything that goes with old age," she said. "It will have to find me—and hunt for me, too!"—Youth's Companion.

MY FAVORITE SUBJECT. If you find your task is hard, Try, try again, Time will bring you your reward, Try, try again.

Arithmetic is the art and science of figures, you can just go at it without thinking, but you have to use your brains and reason it out.

By the time you get through school if you work diligently, you will have an active mind and will be able to think rapidly and correctly.

How good is silence! It soothes and refreshes like sleep.—Spalding.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE Benedictine Salve

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says 212 King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1902.

John O'Connor, Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism.

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont.: DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a cure for lumbago.

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.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was crippled from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—Please send me three more boxes of Benedictine Salve, as soon as possible.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—Enclosed please find one dollar (\$1), also postage, for which I wish you would mail to my address another box of Benedictine Salve.

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 Piles.

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inside, like the palm, cane, or grasses. When the trunk of a tree is cut through near the root, you can actually, for the moment, see the leaves unfolding from the inside, as rapidly as the hands of a clock move.

Not many people know that the banana tree is the home of rats. Thirty-five years ago rats were plentiful in Jamaica, and a member of the legislature obtained leave to bring the mongoose from India.

They are kept now from climbing the coconut tree by a contrivance of zinc; but this cannot be done with the banana tree, and they feed greedily on the luscious fruit.

Many a shadow may enshroud the dreamer, Many a cry may fall upon his ear, But the sweet voice of his Divine Redeemer

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The St. Nicholas in 1906

Ralph Henry Barbour, author of "For the Honor of the School," "Captain of Crew," etc., has written a serial story, "The Crimson Sweater," which is to appear in St. Nicholas during the coming year.

"Then I'll go for the skates and sweater," said Clara decisively, "while you get your own things ready."

But when Eleanor came dancing in with a navy blue skirt, confident that the matter was quite settled, Mrs. Hoyt hesitated a moment.

"She'll be the prettiest girl there!" cried Clara, enthusiastically. "We'll pull her up to the pond on your sled so that she won't be tired before the skating begins!"

Upon the sled they bundled her, and away they raced to the pond. There was a ripple of excitement at the appearance of the gray-haired "girl," but it soon subsided.

"Perf et weather and perfect ice!" cried Clara, ecstatically, as she lapsed on her own skates, and then with Eleanor's assistance, fitted the extra pair to grandma's feet.

"Let's put her between us," suggested Eleanor.

LIFE WOULD HAVE MORE HAPPINESS

IF THE LIVER WERE KEPT ACTIVE BY THE USE OF

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

Most people realize that, if they could only avoid the sufferings of indigestion and keep the bowels regular and active, life would have for them much more of comfort and happiness.

We believe that these results are best accomplished by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and let us tell you why.

It is the liver which, by filtering bile from the blood and passing it into the intestines, ensures good digestion and the natural, healthful action of the bowels.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have a direct and specific action on the liver. By invigorating this great filtering organ they guarantee the collection of bile from the blood, where it is poison, and the passing of it to the intestines, where it is necessary for digestion and a proper action of the bowels.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, on every box.

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.

John O'Connor, Esq.: DEAR SIR,—Early this week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning.

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JOSEPH COOLAHAN Is now calling upon Toronto Subscribers

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 2, 1905.

REVOLUTION.

The revolutionary pressure in Russia has compelled the Czar to sign away his autocratic privileges and grant universal freedom to his subjects.

What will be the result of it? The populace are drinking deeply the new wine of responsible citizenship.

THE COLONIES AND HOME RULE

Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain must feel deeply chagrined by the to them most untimely publication of the address to the King in favor of Home Rule, adopted recently by the parliament of the Commonwealth of Australia.

Very well, Canada and Australia for a starter have most emphatically stated what they think in regard to Home Rule.

Enjoying and appreciating as we do the blessing of Home Rule here, we would humbly express the hope that a just measure of Home Rule may be granted to the people of Ireland.

The case is now plainly stated, Mr. Balfour is solicitous to receive from the colonies representative advice as to the government of the empire.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL BUREAU

In another column we publish a communication from Mr. J. J. Seitz, President of the Particular Council of St. Vincent de Paul Society in this City.

It is a fortunate circumstance in a city like Toronto that the St. Vincent de Paul Society has the hearty good will and co-operation of all organizations and individuals interested in benevolent effort.

an especial way there will be an incentive to all our Parochial societies and clergy to make the fullest use of the services Mr. Miller will be able to render by reason of his seasoned experience both in business and in social walks.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Father Allan Macdonald, a famous priest of Eriskay, the lonely island of the Hebridean group, is dead.

The Plenary Council of the Australian Hierarchy was solemnly opened at St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney, on September 3.

The English newspapers have published a long account of the escape of the Universities (Church of England) Missionaries, whose station at Masasi in German East Africa was sacked by natives in August.

The cable this week announces that the Separation Bill is to be rushed by the re-assembled Senate of France.

November Sonnets

OUT OF THE DEPTHS. The year's fair form, alas, is growing old; And all her beauties, subject to decay.

HAVE WE CRIED UNTO THREE. You say you cry from out the depths, my friends, They are but mirrored shallows of the soul.

In the Land of Strenuous Life. By Abbe Felix Klein of The Catholic University of Paris. This is an author's translation of "Au Pays de la Vie Intense."

CATHOLIC SINGERS IN PROTESTANT CHURCHES

(American Ecclesiastical Review.) Qu. Now that the American Ecclesiastical Review is urging forward the correct interpretation of the Pope's Motu proprio on Chants and the music reform, our city pastors are threatening to get the bishops into trouble by referring the indignant lady soloists hitherto in possession of the lofty organ domain, to the episcopal parlors for adjudication of their grievances.

But there is a serious aspect to this question. Some of our singers have been doing their duty, and have justly earned a salary, even as the priest himself does in the exercise of the sacred functions, are being deprived of a living by being dismissed from the Catholic choir.

His mission amongst the people of St. Ann's Parish became the life work of Father Strubbe, and he devoted himself to its performance with an enthusiasm and an unswerving fidelity, which only those whose spiritual interests were in his charge can properly appreciate.

And also three years ago, in 1902, when Father Strubbe was ordered back to the headquarters of the Redemptorist Congregation in Belgium, the whole parish, by their loudly expressed sorrow at his departure, gave proof of their affection for him and their sense of the greatness of his loss to St. Ann's.

It is needless to say that Father Strubbe's death has been to his parishioners, and indeed to all who ever came in contact with his very attractive personality, an occasion of deep and poignant grief.

TRANSLATION. A certain person of the Archdiocese of Montreal seeks the permission of playing the organ in a Protestant church for divine service in order to secure to himself a livelihood.

Archbishop Quigley's Work. Easily the most remarkable special edition ever published in this country by a Catholic paper is the "Building Edition" of the New World of Chicago.

cause circumstances may bring a Catholic unwittingly into associations which look like a denial of faith without being such in reality.

Death of Rev. Father Strubbe, C.S.S.R.

The death of Rev. Father Strubbe, C.S.S.R., which occurred last week at the Hotel Dieu Hospital, Montreal, has left a great void in that city, and has removed one of the most active and beloved of the Redemptorist Community in Canada.

Born in the Flemish city of Bruges, in the year 1848, he was educated at the seminary there, and studied for the priesthood, which he entered on the 7th of June, 1873.

At 1.30 p.m. the church was again filled, when His Worship the Bishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to the large class of boys and girls, and addressed them very appropriately on dangers and temptations which they should guard against in their youthful lives.

The new church is built of Milton pressed brick, with cut freestone trimmings. It is 55 x 130 feet, with steeple 28 x 40, in pure gothic style, the tower and spire rising to a height of 175 feet.

William Harrington Passes to His Rest. The death occurred at 1 o'clock p.m., on Sunday, October 14, at his residence, lot 14, concession 8, Ennismore, of Wm. Harrington, at the age of 75 years, one of the oldest pioneers of the country.

The deceased gentleman, who was a Helong resident of the County, was born in Harvey Township. He removed to Ennismore when he was but ten years of age, and lived in the latter township for the last 65 years, where he was a prominent citizen, enjoying in the highest degree the respect of the community in which he passed the days of an honorable and upright life.

FROM THE OLD TO THE NEW

(Goderich Star.)

In this season of uncertain weather the pastor and congregation of St. Joseph's Church, Kingsbridge, have good reason to congratulate themselves on the day selected for the opening of their new church, Sunday, Oct. 15, for the weather certainly was most favorable, allowing people to attend from great distances.

Early in the morning Divine service was held in the old church which for nearly half a century has met the requirements of the large and growing congregation. At 8 o'clock His Lordship celebrated Low Mass, about 50 little boys and girls receiving their first communion at that hour.

At 1.30 p.m. the church was again filled, when His Worship the Bishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to the large class of boys and girls, and addressed them very appropriately on dangers and temptations which they should guard against in their youthful lives.

The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon and was very largely attended. The remains were conveyed to St. Martin's church, Ennismore, and thence to the Lakeview Cemetery. May he rest in peace.

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JAMES MASON, Managing Director

What Place?—Ireland.

What place is that we read of in history, Whose story is wonderful and sometimes sad, Which reading at times fills the heart with sorrow,

But again and again gives a thrill most glad? It's a land of song and a land of beauty, In the western sea it so proudly is set.

And though stormed and harassed and threatened ever, It can say and with truth, "I'm unconquered yet."

Turn history's pages and read them over, Then compare other lands with the one I mean, And sure if you're honest you will acknowledge The comparison great and so plainly seen.

While others endeavored to stem the current Of the tide which shook their foundations so strong, Though they struggled bravely, their doom was written, To the list of failures sure their names belong.

But this other land has a better record, For it fought, it bled and would never forego The struggle for life, for liberty, honor, And an undaunted front it ever did show.

In ages gone by, oh, it was so happy, Possessing its own and enjoying it all, Till the tyrant's heel tried to crush and kill it, And from a lofty height it had a great fall.

But once more it raises its proud head skywards And hope once more nestles in its children's hearts; The time now seems short till the news is spreading, That will thrill their stout bosoms with fiery darts.

Yes, soon we will hear of Home Rule for Ireland, That's the dear, sweet old land of which I now write, And may God speed the day, without delay sure, The day of her days when she wins what is right.

W. G. TEAFFE. Ottawa, Oct. 27, 1905.

PERSONAL. A few days ago the Catholic Register had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. A. B. Klein, Junior Judge of the County of Bruce.

They Are Not Violent in Action.—Some persons, when they wish to cleanse the stomach, resort to Epsom and other purgative salts.

Sell Our Picture Post Cards. and get this beautiful Pearl and Diamond Ring Free. A perfect imitation of a \$1000 Diamond Ring. No trash, remember, All we ask you to do is to send us your old picture post cards for \$100.00 worth of them. Sell like wildfire. Don't wait, we send them free. THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, DEPT. 116 TORONTO

CANDLES and Oils for the Sanctuary. Best quality—as cheap as the cheapest. All goods absolutely guaranteed. W. E. BLAKE, 23 Church St. Premises lately occupied by D. J. Sadlier & Co. Toronto, Can.

DRESS WELL. First, then talk business and you'll get a hearing. Don't buy expensive new suits—let me redeem your old ones. FOUNTAIN, "My Valet" Cleaner and Repairer of Clothing 30 Adelaide West. Tel. Main 1074.

Stephen Otway's Silence.

Finis! The man working away for dear life in the fading twilight that June evening wrote the magic word, laid down his pen and looked about him for the first time in two solid hours. At last his wonderful symphony was written. Yes; not another note would be added, not a single bar revised; it should go before the judges in that big contest he was striving might and main to win just as it lay there—the crown of six weeks' toil, the best that was in him, the fair flower of his achievement that was surely destined to bring fame and fortune, maybe something still more precious, in its train.

His chance; the golden opportunity of a lifetime! The hundred guineas and a gold medal for the best symphony by a British composer. All unexpectedly it had fallen out, bringing with it a golden vista to his glowing thoughts. Let him win that and everything was simplified. There was no pinnacle of fame, no point of soaring ambition so high that to it he might not aspire. Old Farley Ainsworth, most generous of benefactors, would laugh now at the bare idea of calling him son-in-law; such a possibility as the lad he had befriended daring to fall in love with his own daughter had never entered the head of the proud, music-loving old squire, or he would have taken speedy means to nip the romance in the bud. But afterward—

It seemed to Stephen Otway that all the face of nature would be changed at that one stroke. Rising from the table at which he had been working, he went to the piano and began to play. A Chopin nocturne, dreamy and elusive, first; then the joyous rondo of the Waldstein sonata, filling the little room with the music of a hundred rippling, sun-kissed brooks, and from that he drifted softly, all unconscious, into the other—his own. His fingers scarcely seemed to touch the ivory keys, brushed them with the airy lightness of a butterfly; yet the man who had softly opened the door and stepped inside halted involuntarily at sound of this strange, sweet melody.

"Steve, you miracle, what's that?" the tense, hushed whisper thrilled across. "Not—not the symphony? You don't mean it? Why, man, it's wonderful; no one else can ever hope to win!"

"You think so?" He had broken off abruptly, swung round with lips just parted, and the blue-gray eyes staring past in that seeming effort to focus some dim nebulous object in the darkness of the passage. "I do not know what to think. Sometimes I am full of confidence, at others—anyhow, it's finished, I am grateful for that alone. Not another stroke will I write; I am fagged out—what rest, I have even thought of going down home for a day or two to—"

"Yes; not a bad idea, old chap, it would do you good without a doubt." That hesitating pause—"I only wish mine had half such a chance. I say, Steve, talking of home—"

"Yes?" Stephen Otway looked across inquiringly, the change of tone was not to be mistaken.

"I—oh, look here, how am I to say it? The fact is I've been a fool and got into a mess again. Will you lend me some money till my next check comes? I must have fifty pounds by to-morrow or else it's ruin and I daren't go to the dear old governor again. It would break his heart."

"Fifty pounds?"

"Yes—yes. I know I've had a run of bad luck lately, but I'd no idea it was so much until to-day. I've scraped up seven from somewhere, Steve, you're my only hope. See me through this once, and I promise never to touch a card again as long as I live—yes, honor bright!"

Fifty pounds! Stephen Otway's face grew grave as he turned away. This was not the first time that Clive Ainsworth had come to borrow from him. He paused a while before replying.

"Look here, Clive; I am a poor man, as you know. I don't possess fifty pounds in all the world, and if I lend you what I have it will be on the condition only—that you never handle card or dice again. What guarantee can you give me?"

"Guarantee!" The other flared up hotly in a moment. "What the dickens are you hinting at, Otway? Have I not just given you my word?"

"Yes—for the third time. Twice before I have helped you out of a similar difficulty on similar terms. I see no use in going on like this—no finality!"

"I see!" The sneer was obvious. "You do not mind my father spending a hundred pounds on you, sending you here to study, and all the rest of it, because he fancied he saw a spark of talent somewhere in you; but when it comes to lending me a paltry ten or twenty you hesitate? I admire your generosity, your pride. Or perhaps you have forgotten?"

"I have forgotten nothing." That white, set face would have moved another man to pity if not shame. "Your father has been the kindest, most generous of men to me, and I can never by any chance forget his goodness. I would do anything to save him pain, and if only I could think that you—"

"Oh, don't commence to preach! I've heard the tale until I'm tired of it. I know I'm no saint; I never was—but I've never let a friend go to the wall yet, and mark my words, Stephen Otway, you shall be sorry some day that you refused to help me! I'll make you regret it! You may think I've had my eyes closed lately, but you're mistaken. All that love-making with Sybil—oh, I know how to upset your little game!"

"There, that will do, Clive! No more, please! You are saying things that later you will regret. If I thought you really meant them I, too, would be angry. Come and see me again to-morrow, we will talk it over when you are more composed."

"No!" He had drawn himself apart, stood there, handsome and defiant, with a hectic little spot on either cheek. "No, we will not! It's now or never, Otway—I mean it! Choose quickly—yes or no?" The other's half-impatient shrug incensed him beyond measure; he waited for no more. "Very well! That ends it. Remember it's your own doing. Good-night—and good-bye!"

Yes; that was it. "Good-night—and good-bye!" Full five minutes after he had flung out of the room the older man stood there in the gathering darkness trying to realize, to make himself believe, that he had really gone. Clive could surely never mean it—never! He would be back in the morning, nay, to-night, with that winning smile on his face, pouring out apologies for those hasty words. Not possible for a moment that he really meant them.

Laughing awkwardly, he turned away to light the gas and draw down the blind, and then went back to those carefully written sheets of manuscript. Just one more look to make sure that he had copied them correctly; then he would wrap them up and put them away safely till morning, till he could carry them with his own hands to the big college where their fate was to be decided. Too precious to be trusted to the post.

In the morning he would not own to feeling disappointed that there was no letter. Clive was coming round shortly, that was all. But the hours passed with no Clive, no communication of any kind, and he grew fidgety; told himself that he had been harsh and ungenerous. In the afternoon, anxious to purchase reconciliation at any price, he went to the bank, withdrew his little stock of money—earned by playing solos at occasional concerts or city dinners—and sent five five-pound notes, with a few hastily scribbled words, to Clive's address. By night they were back at his own, with no word at all, and for just the moment he was staring at them with eyes that seemed transfixed, his lips quivering like a woman's. Only the moment; then he had snatched up hat and gloves and was rushing round to Clive's lodgings at top speed. The grim misunderstanding must be ended once for all.

"Mr. Ainsworth?" he panted, as the door opened to his knock. "Is he at—?" No more; there was no time. "Gone out!" the vinegary woman of the house had snapped, the sweeping sounds of the violin that came from the room above giving her words the lie even as she spoke, and it was straightway closed in his face. Cruel! Yes! Trudging back home in that queer agony of anger and despair, it seemed to him that never again could the old close intimacy revive; that one rebuff had severed it for aye. Small wonder that afterward there was only silence, and a breach that widened with the days.

A time of strenuous work and hard waiting. None but the man himself could ever know the bitterness of those dragging weeks, the hopes of one day that were fears the next, the ceaseless, well-nigh automatic swing of the pendulum 'twixt happy confidence and black despair.

"I'll win! I must win!" he said, hoarsely to himself at times, and next moment would be tortured with the thought the ten of others must be saying just the same.

When the fateful day had dawned at last his restlessness knew no restraint. The hours literally crawled toward night.

A quarter to eight. Heedless of the steady drip-drip of the rain, he had hurried through the glistening streets, paid his shilling and was mingling, an unknown unit, with the crowd that thronged the big concert hall. To-night would either make or mar him, which a few more minutes would decide.

At eight o'clock a rolling thunder of applause. The bushy-haired conductor had mounted to his desk, a sharp rattle, his stick poised for an instant in the air, and the concert had begun.

The first two items of the program Stephen Otway heard as in a dream, then, all at once, he stiffened, and bent forward with every nerve in his body stretched taut. A tense, pregnant hush as that white-shirted figure edged through the swaying body of fiddlers to the front of the platform. "Ladies and gentlemen, after careful consideration the judges in this interesting contest have awarded the palm to the composition submitted by Mr. Clive Ainsworth!"

To one in that vast audience it seemed as if his heart had ceased to beat just for the second. The rest of the announcement never reached him; that sea of faces swung about him like floating wreaths within a mist, and the roar of mighty breakers was surging in his ears. Just a year since the hazel-eyed girl had looked up at him for that one instant of time with the strange new

wondrous light in her eyes and promised to wait. All over—all! He was beaten, his dreams for the future shattered irrevocably, and—irony of fate—it was Clive Ainsworth who had beaten him!

And then—Was it real, or only a trick of fancy? That opening phase, those first few bars of melody that had floated softly across the waiting hall. Never Clive Ainsworth's—never any one's but his own. There was some mistake, a ghastly blunder in the name; or else—

Dazed, stunned, unable for a moment to realize the bitter truth, he sat there listening to the smooth and, the rippling allegretto, that rushing, rhythmic finale with the weird chromatic scale-passages for the violins—his own, every note! The priceless symphony on which he had spent so many hours, built so many hopes.

Dead Sea fruit that storm of cheers that broke from the audience at its close; gall and wormwood those repeated cries of "Encore! Encore!" Next thing he knew he was outside in the cool, fresh air, trying to think it all out—that bitter, blinding sense of treachery dimming all else in his brain. What did it mean—what could it mean—save one thing? Stolen!

Three solid hours he tramped the streets, beating out that grim tragedy of a lifetime. Incredible, unthinkable, that the man who had been his friend could have carried paltry rage so far!

And then—He had reached his lodgings, gone up the creaky stairs with the heavy, shuffling tread of one foot-weary and despondent, thrown open the door of his room and—

"Clive!" That moment would surely live forever in his memory. There they stood a full minute, facing one another, neither seeking to break the straining silence. Then—

"Stephen, you were there? You heard—?"

"Yes, I heard." A world of bitter accusation in the tone. His lips had framed invective hot and angry, but he beat the impulse back and waited to hear more.

"I was mad—out of my senses! It was that night you refused to lend me the money. You had showed me the sheets and told me they were finished, and I saw the chance to—to be revenged. I came back here after you had gone out. They were in that drawer, made up into a parcel and addressed, and I took them out, put blank ones in their places—"

"You stole them?"

"Yes, I can never ask you to forgive me, never forgive myself. Ever since then I have lived in torture, hoping night and day that some other might be successful, but you see! Now my cup of bitterness is full; I am punished ten-fold. My father—here, look—I—I can't say it!"

A telegram had fluttered from his hand, Otway picked it up mechanically, lit the gas and read:

"Father dangerously ill; come at once. Sybil."

The next moment he had faced back sharply.

"I can't go, Stephen. I—I daren't now!" It was almost a scream. "The dear old governor had set his heart on my winning this thing, and I couldn't—couldn't tell him—" The voice broke off into a convulsive sob, the man was shaking like an aspen. Otway looked at him pityingly, then crossed the room and began to finger a railway time-table.

"Twelve-fifteen from Euston. He pulled out his watch, stood in thought a moment. "I'll go," he said, curtly. "You can stay here if you like."

"You will? Heaven bless you for that, Stephen," said the other, fervently. "You're a good fellow; it's ten times more than I deserve. Send me word how—how things are going, won't you?"

Five minutes later, as Stephen Otway hailed a hansom and told the man to drive full speed to Euston, he caught himself wondering for the second time that night if the whole of it was not a dream—some subtle, clinging spell that all at once would break and leave him staring stupidly at the vivid sense of actuality.

No dream, however, that midnight journey into Warwickshire; no dream that white-faced girl who crept softly down the stairs in that early dawn to greet him, the startled question staring from her eyes before she spoke a word.

"Stephen! But where is Clive? He will be too late!" His mumbled falsehood, and then "Yes, very ill indeed. A sudden heart attack, the doctor has been with him half the night. You will not mind if I go back?"

Later she came to him again. He found himself following obediently up the stairs into the darkened room where old Farley Ainsworth lay, very still and very feeble.

"Stephen boy, how are you?" The words were hard to catch, all but indistinct. "Clive is coming soon, they tell me. I want to see the lad once more, to tell him I am proud—we are all proud. He won the me-

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dal, Stephen, eh? Couldn't help win it, could he?"

The wrinkled hand was quivering feebly in his own. Bending down to listen, Stephen Otway felt a lump rise in his throat as he remembered the debt of gratitude he owed the old man lying there. He glanced across at the girl standing by the window, and made a sudden grim resolve.

"Yes, he won it," he said, quietly. Later, walking slowly away from that house with the closed shutters and the drawn blinds, it seemed to him that either the world had grown different or he was very old and weary. Nothing mattered now; all the days would be alike—a miserable, haunting drudgery. He recollected reaching Euston and walking to his lodgings, but nothing more that was clear. His brain reeled stupidly. There was a dull, dead ache, and a sense of heaviness that bore him down—down—till at last there came a final blank.

Ten whole days that grim span of feverish unconsciousness remained; and his life and death were playthings 'twixt which he hovered like a fretful child, uncertain which to choose. When the dark cloud lifted he knew that he was lying in bed; there was a little table holding medicines by his side. The dark-robbed figure seated by the window heard him move, turned round to look. Suddenly it struck him that the figure was familiar. What could Sybil be doing here? He said her name half expecting that the vision would dissolve at sound of word.

"Stephen! Oh, how glad I am!" She came to him with a shining bravery in her face. "There, don't try to talk; lie still and get quite well and strong. I know everything—all the miserable story. Clive has told me what a hero you have been. You can never know how he yearns for your forgiveness, and how dear you are to us both."

Afterward? Nay, the story is trite—needs none but the telling of one's own heart. Stephen Otway and his wife are happy, and success has come to him in plenty since then, never tinged, it may be, with the golden glowing halo that would have crowned that first big task, but still sweet to both of them. The little Sybil who has come to bless and link their lives more closely has never seen that wondrous Uncle Clive who sends her frequent gifts from far-away South Africa, but mother and father often tell her that some day she shall do so—when their ship comes home.

St. Bernard is a mountain grand As any there is in Switzerland; And many a legend of it is told, How Hannibal with his legions bold Came over its pass in the days of old. But what care we for that bygone age.

For better subjects our hearts engage In the noble monks of St. Bernard, Who o'er the snow region kept watch and ward.

Chorus. Then hurrah! hurrah for the noble monks, And the dogs of St. Bernard, Who over the regions of ice and snow Keep vigilant watch and ward.

St. Bernard owns a convent old, Its prior and monks are as good as gold. Nine hundred years or more it has stood, And noble the deeds of its brotherhood. And noble the deeds of its servants good— Its servants, the grand old dogs whose name All over the world is known to fame, Whose service asks no greater reward Than the love of the monks of St. Bernard.

Chorus. Then hurrah! hurrah for the noble monks, And the dogs of St. Bernard, Who over the regions of ice and snow Keep vigilant watch and ward.

The Nine Fridays. The Bombay Catholic Examiner is edited by Jesuit Fathers. In a recent issue it discussed the subject of "The Nine Fridays, The Twelfth Promise and Superstition!"

"There appears to be a reasonable ground for believing that our Lord did in some way institute the practice of nine Fridays, in a private communication to Blessed Margaret Mary; but we can hardly claim to be scientifically certain about it, either in itself or as to the exact terms in which it was delivered. Still, the practice of regular monthly communion is in itself an excellent one, calculated to promote or secure the effects enjoined in the Twelfth Promise; so that the devotion rests on a sound basis quite apart from the authenticity of the Promise. Because it rests on this solid foundation, the nine Fridays cannot be dubbed 'superstitions,' unless anyone likes to turn it into a superstition by his own perversity or ignorance.

It might be turned into a superstition, for example, if any one believed that after making the nine Fridays his final perseverance was a settled fact, no matter whether he continued to lead a good life or not. Ordinary standard theology prevents us from believing that any such absolute assurance is given broadcast to men in this life. Again, it could, we opine, be turned into a superstition if too rigid an importance were attached to the number nine or to the unbroken chain of nine in succession. Assuming the promise to be authentic, the conditions would naturally be observed out of a wish to conform to the terms proposed, but not out of the idea that there is anything sacramental in the mere number. Thus a person who dying before he could complete the nine ought to be in no anxiety on that account. Similarly out any fault, the reasonable thing would be to go on without any solicitude. Lastly it would certainly be a superstition if a person, accidentally failing over and over again to complete the nine, began to imagine that it was a bad sign—as if there were no chance of final perseverance unless the nine were completed.

"It is a little difficult to draw the exact line where superstition begins, as much depends on the frame of mind. But certainly it begins as soon as we depart from the dictates of sound reason enlightened by the principles of sound theology, and begin to foster beliefs which are irrational or in any way unworthy of the wisdom and dignity of God in His dealings with mankind."

Common Errors (From the Birmingham News.) "Did you ever pick up a don't book and read it and see how many mistakes the average so-called well bred person makes unconsciously, or through bad habits?" asked a young lawyer. "Perhaps slang has a great deal to do with it, as slang expressions are used often in such way as to make them resemble good English. We say a piece of cake is 'awfully good,' or a girl is 'awfully pretty,' when we mean 'very.' We say a wedding 'occurs,' when nothing but accidents occur, and as for that word 'lay,' how few people there are who are not afraid to use it. We 'lay' a thing down, but we ourselves 'lie' down. 'Lay, laid' laid takes an object; 'lie, lay, lain' does not. How



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If you suffer from Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, St. Vitus' Dance, or have children or relatives that do, or know a friend that is afflicted, then send for a free trial bottle with valuable treatise on these deplorable diseases. The sample bottle will be sent by mail prepaid to your nearest express address. L. H. FITZ CURR brings permanent relief and cure. When writing, mention this paper and give name, age and full address to: THE FITZ CURR CO., 279 King Street West, Toronto, Canada

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DOES YOUR HEAD

Feel As Though It Was Being Hammered? As Though It Would Crack Open? As Though a Million Sparks Were Flying Out of Your Eyes? Horrible Sickness of Your Stomach? Then You Have Sick Headache!

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Will afford relief from headaches no matter whether sick, nervous, spasmodic, periodical or bilious. It cures by removing the cause. Mr. Samuel J. Hibbard, Belleville, Ont., writes: "Last spring I was very poorly, my appetite failed me, I felt weak and nervous, had sick headaches, was tired all the time and not able to work. I saw Burdock Blood Bitters recommended for just such a case as mine and I got two bottles of it, and found it to be an excellent blood medicine. You may use my name as I think that others should know of the wonderful merits of Burdock Blood Bitters."

PROFIT AND LOSS OF MATRIMONY

In a perfectly normal human experience the profit and loss of marriage is no more a matter of calculation than is the mating of birds or the blossoming of flowers. Imagine a rosebud sitting down to figure out whether it had better bloom or not.

When everything goes as it ought to the affections of young hearts burst into blossom like lilies, and, hand-in-hand, under the impulse of a divine emotion, they make their way to the marriage altar without a doubt or question as to what is sacrificed or gained.

But in the strain of life there are so many abnormal experiences. Through poverty, or the pressure of unusual responsibilities, or the accidents of solitude, or preoccupation, multitudes grow out of that divine period of impulse and instinct into another of reflection and calculation before they fall in love. To them marriage becomes a "question." They have reached that unhappy stage where this heaven-appointed relationship appears a matter not of necessity, but of choice.

Nothing is more pitiful than its cold and impartial discussion. The dilemma "to marry or not to marry" is a tragedy like that of other one, "to be or not to be" for marriage is as much a duty and a privilege as life itself.

But because multitudes of human beings are this day and every day debating it as coldly as an investment in stocks or the purchase of an automobile, let us erect a balance and throw the reasons for and against the marriage relationship slowly and calmly into the scales.

1. The risk of drawing a blank or catching a Tartar! Certainly, if marriage is not a complete lottery it is in many senses a game of chance. Nothing is more certain than that the real, vital, essential principles of character are a post-marital discovery. Enormous risks are taken. But this is true of the acquirement of any good in life. People who do not take the hazard of a noble chance may gain trifles, but not immensities.

2. The loss of personal liberty. The older we grow the more we prize the alluring sweetness of entire freedom from entangling alliances. Anything that hampers the play of our own free will becomes intolerable or irksome. By staying single we preserve our liberty to use all our money in the gratification of our personal tastes. The world is fuller and fuller of luxuries which it is bliss to enjoy. If you stay single you can spend your money in their acquisition without a qualm as to whether you ought not to divide with a woman who also has tastes of her own.

A man would be dishonest who denied the gain of "liberty" or the value of it in "single-blessedness." There is a deep and real pleasure in being free as a bird of the air, with no clamorous wills to cross your own and no uncomplaining but appealing souls to convict us of selfishness. But the great trouble with such gains is that they are also fatal losses. What people gain in liberty they lose in love and goodness. And the testimony of history is that unless this liberty is consecrated to some mission (that of a priest, a soldier, an inventor, an artist, a nurse, a philanthropist) liberty becomes license, and license becomes lust or laxness.

"Worn Out" People

Don't neglect the first symptoms. Oftentimes the irritating cough, the insipid cold, the listless and languid feeling, are due to a weak state of the system. It is a sure sign of breakdown. Nothing else will put you, out so quickly and effectively as "PSYCHINE." If you feel "worn out," it is time for a tonic, a real tonic. There is only one really good tonic. It is "PSYCHINE." Keep a bottle handy—never be without it. It tones up the system and restores your old time vitality. Ask your druggist about it.

GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

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ALL DRUGGISTS—ONE DOLLAR—FREE TRIAL DR. T. A. BLOCUM, Limited 178 King St. W., Toronto, Canada

Fruit-atives OR "FRUIT LIVER TABLETS" Positively made from fruit with tonics added. Absolute cure for constipation, biliousness, headaches, kidney and skin diseases. "I have been troubled lately with my back and kidneys, and received great benefit from taking Fruit-atives." Mrs. JOHN FOX, Cobourg, Ont. At druggists—50c. a box. Manufactured by FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, Ottawa.

CANADA AND THE CANADIANS

(From The Republic) Did you ever stop to think of Canada and the Canadians? They are a refreshing people. You feel the tinge of freshness blown in breezes about you when you meet a real Canadian. There is nothing conventional about them; men with the bark on them they are, and everyone of them original and new. As a race they commend themselves to young men, because they embody all that is worth having as assets in a fight for success.

The average Canadian goes ahead on the principle that because nothing succeeds like success, there is nothing quite as good as attempting to achieve success. And they attempt and they achieve, too. Not always, of course. They sometimes have failures just the same as everybody else. But they make capital out of their failures. They figure that experience, whether pleasant or not is valuable, and they pity the man who never suffers.

In Canada they make real men, and those real men fight real battles. Someone has cleverly said that in New England opportunity knocks on a man's door, but in Manitoba opportunity hits you with a club and you either get up or get out. There is no half way. They love the sun up there, they love the open air and the roughness of nature, and they go into the battle fully equipped with a body that can stand all the strain and tearing that you give it. And that means much.

Of course I don't want anyone to infer that the Canadians outstrip our own young men. Not a bit of it. Only I think there is something new about them; something refreshing, and that they have some points which we haven't and which we might have to our own advantage. Hence it isn't going to do you any harm if you note their efforts, and get what there is that is good in them and emulate. Did you ever hear a Canadian talk about his country? Of course, as a matter of fact, it isn't his own country, but it is all that he has and he thinks so much about it and is so confident of his own powers to do everything that he figures on making his own land the best there is. It is really interesting to tell a Canadian that New England is going to annex Canada. He laughs at you—a long, loud laugh it is too, and full of import—and he shows you how his people have outstripped yours in the past decade in almost everything. Talk to him about annexing Canada; he'll tell you that if you don't be careful Canada will be annexing New England.

Now that confidence means much. It doesn't do anyone any particular harm to allow people to be buoyant, and it does them a lot of good. One hears fellows complaining about the exalted opinions which their friends have of themselves. Well, what of that? Is there any harm done. Why, bless us, if everyone didn't think one's self the best that ever happened and the best that ever will happen for a noble leisure, say something the other evening which made me think. Someone had said to him in a playful way that he was as bad as his son. Well now his son is in college, and has hopes of something pretty big. The father worked hard all his life, and earned his daily bread as he was commanded, by the sweat of his brow. And yet he got indignant, really indignant, at the remark made, and he gave everybody to understand that his son would never be half the man he was. Well, now, wasn't that the best possible view in the world for him to take? It showed that he was confident of himself, and it didn't do anyone else any harm to let him be confident; and that is the asset which is going to count most for young men, because it is basic. Confidence fights the battle for you, and it puts to rout any threatened attacks of indecision and fretfulness. That's the greatest point that you can learn from the Canadians.

A Reverie

The Old Song, O, my brother, Sing it as, one time, another Crooned it when at eve we nestled Prattling in the arms of mother.

Sing it with the moments flowing, With the flitting shadows growing, Denest as my footsteps bear me Tottering in Life's after glowing.

What tho' care o'er joy's prevailing, Boyhood's rosy cheeks are paling, And the silver rim of winter Childhood's golden crown is veiling.

Ah, an angel's voice 'tis, seeming, Stealing from a web of dreaming, O'er my heart with day's declining Fire in glory round me gleaming.

Now a halt, and now a swelling, Like a psalm from bosoms swelling In the fragrant mist of incense Round a shrine where God is dwelling.

Sing it with Life's matin closing, Vesper song the tomb disclosing, Where with her who woke its beauty In the dawn I'll be reposing.

-T. A. McKernan in The New World.

CAN WALK AROUND AND DO HIS WORK

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED W. J. DIXON'S RHEUMATISM.

He was so bad he had to use a Stick to Walk and could not Lace his Shoes.

Barwick, Ont., Oct. 30.—(Special)—These cold, wet fall days are full of Rheumatism and nothing can be more timely than news of an effectual cure of that curse of the Canadian climate. Such a sure William John Dixon of this place is certain he has discovered in Dodd's Kidney Pills. "I had an attack of typhoid fever," says Mr. Dixon, "and after I got over it Rheumatism set in. I had pains in my back and in my right hip so bad I had to use a stick to walk and had no comfort in sleeping. I could no more than dress or undress myself for nearly two months, and for three weeks I could not lace my right shoe or put my right leg on my left knee. Acting on my brother's advice, I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, and after taking three boxes I was able to walk around and do my work. Now I am well and I recommend anyone who has Rheumatism to try Dodd's Kidney Pills."

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Mr. McGill, Analyst of the Dominion Inland Revenue Department, after an analysis, reports that the best English and American goods are inferior to the Canadian-made brand known as "Japanese" writing ink.

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COSGRAVE'S Superior ALE Peerless Beverage

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St. Joseph's Academy

ST. ALBAN ST. TORONTO The Course of Instruction in this Academy embraces every Branch suitable to the education of young ladies. In the ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT special attention is paid to MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS, PLAIN and FANCY NEEDLEWORK. Pupils completing their MUSICAL COURSE and passing a successful examination, conducted by professors, are awarded Teachers' Certificates and Diplomas. In this Department pupils are prepared for the Degree of Bachelor of Music of Toronto University. The Studio is affiliated with the Government Art School, and awards Teachers' Certificates. In the COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT pupils are prepared for the University, and for Senior and Junior Leaving, Primary and Commercial Certificates. Diplomas awarded for proficiency in Phonography and Typewriting. For Prospectus, address MOTHER SUPERIOR ESTABLISHED 1875

School of Practical Science

TORONTO The Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering of the University of Toronto. Departments of Instruction: 1-Civil Engineering, 2-Mining Engineering, 3-Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, 4-Architecture, 5-Analytical and Applied Chemistry. Laboratories: 1-Chemical, 2-Assaying, 3-Milling, 4-Steel, 5-Metallurgical, 6-Electrical, 7-Testing. Calendar with full information may be had on application. A. T. LAING, Registrar.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

Homestead Regulations

ANY even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 160 acres, more or less. Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land to be taken is situated, or by the homesteader desiring, 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. HOMESTEAD DUTIES: A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans: (1) At least six months' residence upon 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 homestead, the requirements of this act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land. (3) 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. APPLICATION FOR PATENT should be made at the end of 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. SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST MINING REGULATIONS. Coal lands may be purchased at \$10 per acre for soft coal and \$20 for anthracite. Not more than 320 acres can be acquired by one individual or company. Royalty at the rate of 2 1/2 per cent on 2,000 pounds shall be collected on the gross output. Quartz—A free miner's certificate is granted upon payment in advance of \$7.50 per annum for an individual, and from \$50 to \$100 per annum for a company, according to capital. A free miner, having discovered mineral in place, may locate a claim 1,500 x 1,500 feet. The fee for recording a claim is \$5. At least \$100 must be expended on the claim each year or paid to the mining recorder in lieu thereof. When \$500 has been expended or paid, the locator may, upon having a survey made, and upon complying with other requirements, purchase the land at \$1 an acre. The patent provides for the payment of a royalty of 2 1/2 per cent on the sales of the coal. The lessee shall have a dredge in operation within one season from the date of the lease for each five miles. Rental, \$10 per annum for each mile of river leased. Royalty at the rate of 2 1/2 per cent collected on the output after it exceeds \$10,000. W. W. CORY, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior. N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Companies

THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY Incorporated 1851 FIRE and MARINE HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO, ONT. CAPITAL \$2,000,000 Assets \$3,545,000 Annual Income 3,675,000 Losses paid since organization 37,000,000 DIRECTORS Hon. GEO. A. COX, J. J. KENNY, President, Vice-President and Managing Director Hon. S. C. Wood, Geo. R. R. Cockburn, Geo. McMurrich, Esq., J. K. Osborne, H. N. Baird, Esq., E. R. Wood, W. R. Brock, Esq., C. C. FORSTER, Secretary.

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EXCELSIOR LIFE Insurance Company

Head Office—TORONTO Some Salient Features from Report of 1904. Insurance in force \$7,646,798.35 Increase, 24 per cent., \$1,474,192.85 New Insurance issued \$2,238,157.00 Increase, 26 per cent., \$609,958.75 Cash Income, Premiums, \$283,546.51 Increase, 26 per cent., \$57,566.09 Total Expense, Payments to Policy-holders, etc. \$166,931.19 Interest Revenue alone more than pays Death Claims. Death Claims during year \$38,517.00 Rate per 1,000 means Insurance in force 5.56 per cent. Average annual Death Rate 14 yrs. 2 1/2 mos. 3.54 per 1000 The lowest rate on record for any Company of same age. Reserve (being in excess of Gov't standard) \$744,074.49 Increase, 23 per cent., \$139,726.12 Total Assets for Policy-holders security, bal., \$1,253,216.05 \$1.67 for every dollar of liability, including Reserve. Net Surplus on Policy-holders' Accounts \$84,141.56 Reserves for seven years on Fin. table. Interest at 3 1/2 per cent. Interest earned on mean Net Assets, 6.33 per cent. Agents Wanted E. MARSHALL, Secretary. DAVID FASKEN, President.

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FORBES ROOFING COMPANY—Slate and Gravel Roofing; Established forty years. 153 Bay Street. Phone Main 55.

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

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Dundas St., S. side, near Gladstone. 25 x 100, to a lane. Address

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In and Around Toronto

INTENTION OF SACRED HEART LEAGUE.

The general intention of the League of the Sacred Heart for the month of November is conspicuously in keeping with the season. It is to work and prepare in a particular manner for the grace of a happy death.

"It is into the Association of the Bona Mors or into associations of a similar nature, such as the Sodality of the Agonizing Heart of Jesus, that we are invited to enrol ourselves, and to urge others to do likewise. Working to secure the grace of a happy death for oneself and for one's neighbors, or to put them in the way to obtain this great favor, is assuredly a something that has its place well defined among the work of zeal for souls.

The societies above mentioned are not as yet active in Toronto, the present movement will, in all probability, add to their development.

ALL SAINTS AND ALL SOULS.

The feasts of All Saints and All Souls, occurring on Wednesday and Thursday of this week, was celebrated in all the churches of the city, where possible solemn high mass and vespers for the dead, marked All Saints, and large numbers of communions told that the dead were not forgotten.

CANADIAN CATHOLIC UNION.

The fourth annual meeting, which was also the first of the season, of the Canadian Catholic Union, took place at McConkey's on Monday evening. The dinner which was served at 6.30, was followed by an interesting programme, during which much information of a profitable character was contributed by the guest of the evening, Dr. Barrett of Winnipeg, and by various speakers who took part in the discussion which followed.

ST. FRANCIS SCHOOL HONOR ROLL.

The regular monthly distribution of testimonials was held in the Fourth Room on Monday. Rev. Father McCann and Trustee D. A. Carey were present. Fourth Form—Excellent—Francis Bero, Joseph Finley, Fred. Glynn, Fred Byron, Bernard Donovan, Raymond Halligan. Third Form—Senior—Thos. Belisle, Philip Bero, Leo O'Leary, Addis Byrne, John Brennan, Walter Kennedy. Third Form—Junior—F. Kearns, Wm. Cahill, Wm. Fogarty, F. Gentile, Ed. Murphy, A. Dickinson, F. Bolger, A. Hamilton. Second Form—Senior—John Harkins, N. Cummings, A. Stacey, Ed. Case. Results of Monthly Examination: Fourth Form—F. Bero; 3. Jos. Matthews; 3. P. Byron; 4. P. Carey; 5. Chas. Corcoran; 6. Jos. Finley; 7. F. Bartelle; 8. Raymond Halligan; 9. Leo Duffy; 10. F. Glynn. Junior Third—1. Thomas Belisle; 2. J. Dempsey; 3. P. Bero; 4. W. Kennedy; 5. Leo O'Leary; 6. J. Jamieson; 7. C. Finley. Senior Second—1. Harry Harrigan; 2. John Harkins; 3. Norman Cummings.

IT WILL BE FIELD DAY.

Saturday, Nov. 11th, is named as Field Day for the young men of St. Mary's Literary and Athletic Association. The events will be held in McDonnell Square, and many prizes will be awarded. Amongst the latter are the Catholic Register and True Witness for one year to the successful competitor.

PRESENTATION TO MISS FOY.

On Tuesday, the 24th October, a most interesting meeting took place in the hall adjoining St. Michael's Palace. The occasion was the installing of the new officers of St. Michael's Sacred Heart Union and Altar Society, and the presenting of an address to the retiring President, Miss Foy. A very entertaining programme had been arranged, those taking part being Miss Brazill, maitre d'hotel selection, Miss Mary McCann, vocal numbers, and Miss Marguerite Dunn, readings; Mr. Lockhart also gave some pleasing songs. Rev. Father Rohleder contributed a very appropriate address. Father Whelan, the director, made a very efficient and entertaining chairman. The address to the retiring President (which is printed below) was most beautifully illuminated. In response to a request from Miss Foy, Father Whelan thanked the members in her behalf in a few well chosen words. The meeting then dispersed, all declaring the evening to have been a most delightful one. Miss Foy, President of St. Michael's League of the Sacred Heart and Altar Society: We, the members of the "League of the Sacred Heart," cannot allow the occasion of your retirement from the Presidency, to pass without expressing our warm approval of the manner in which you have ever discharged the duties of your high and honorable office. During the eleven years that you have been President we have learned

to love and admire your devotion to duty, to appreciate and esteem the care and solicitude with which you have entered upon every good work in the parish and in a special manner upon all that pertained to the beauty and adornment of God's dwelling place.

It is mainly due to your zealous efforts that such an ample and magnificent system of illumination adorns our holy edifice, and that so many new vestments, adding as they do, to the grandeur and solemnity of the church's ceremonial, have been provided. Little trials and difficulties, it is true, have not been wanting, but they have been not only as incidental, nay, almost necessary, to every good work. But your untiring vigilance, your patience and perseverance, have surmounted them all, and have brought about the happy condition of prosperity which the Society now enjoys.

It is a source of great pleasure and gratification to us that we are accorded the privilege of still numbering you among our most honored promoters, knowing well that in all occasions you will continue to give to the Society the full benefit of your wisdom and experience.

Signed on behalf of the members of St. Michael's League of the Sacred Heart and Altar Society: S. LYSAYTH, President, M. BEALL, Vice-President, RAY G. SULLIVAN.

McGREGOR—McGUIRE.

At Dresden on Wednesday, October 25, the marriage of Mr. James McGregor and Miss Minnie McGuire was solemnized by Rev. Father Brady. The bride was attired in a handsome travelling gown of brown broadcloth with pretty brown hat. Her sister, Miss Margaret McGuire, was bridesmaid and was gowned in cream. The groom was supported by his nephew, Mr. Jas. D. McGregor of Toronto.

A dainty breakfast was served at the home of the bride's parents, after which Mr. and Mrs. McGregor left amid the good wishes of all the company, for a trip through the Western States.

The many handsome and useful presents received by the happy couple, gave ample evidence of the esteem and affection in which they were held by all who knew them. On their return Mr. and Mrs. McGregor will reside in Dresden.

Husband, Wife and Home

By Frederic Goss, published in Canada by William Briggs, Toronto, a series of essays on home life. Its blessed common sense is more valuable than radium to bring and keep sunshine in the home. "Glum and grumpy people will feel like going out of business after reading this book." Tears, laughter and wisdom in every chapter. We can cordially recommend the book to all, especially to the young man or lady embarking on the seas of life.

More Irish or Germans

One controversy which has been going on for many years is as to whether there are more Irish than German or more German than Irish residents of New York. The answer might seem easy to obtain from official statistics. Yet on this matter the vital statistics of each year disprove the census reports. In 1900, for instance, the figures given by the census were as follows: German population of the Greater New York, 322,343, and Irish population of the Greater New York, 275,172. This indicates a clear majority of German residents. But of 70,000 deaths reported in the same year, 6,000 were Germans and 7,500 Irish.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL—HONOR POLL FOR OCTOBER, 1905.

Form IV—Senior—Thomas O'Brien, Edward Lane, John Barrett, Edward McCool, Wm. Ayers, Alfred Scully. Form IV—Junior—John Ciceri, John Lane, Thomas Shannon, Romeo Grassi, Wm. McGinn, James Doyle, Thomas Lundy, Thomas Scallon, John Cronin. Form III—Senior—Gordon Fensom, Joseph Deferari, Fred. Fensom, Hugh Callaghan, John Bannon, Edw. Condoner, Joseph Feeley, Wm. Hand, Frs. Hickey, Frs. McCormick, John O'Reilly, Wm. Thompson, Alfred Smith, Joseph Skain, Francis Shanahan. Form III—Junior—Charles Hogan, Basil Watson, Wm. Watson, Edgar Prince, Patrick Foley, Justin Reel, Louis Scallon, Clifford Landreville, Wm. Enright, Roy Devins, Arthur Keating, Gordon Oswin, Edward Barnes, Arden Hayden, Wm. Madigan, John Moroney. Form II—Senior—Leo Shannon, Frs. Lavin, Bert Foley, James Banane, Louis Aekrey, Charles Ayers, Angus Lane, David Stewart, Thomas Johnston, Philip Burns, Antoine Poquette, Wm. Halleran. Monthly Examination—Pupils who obtained the highest number of notes: Form IV, Senior Division—1. Wm. Ayers; 2. Alfred Scully; 3. Thomas O'Brien.

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Form III, Senior Division—1, Alfred Smith; 2, Frs. Hickey; 3, Patrick Spelman.

Form III, Junior Division—1, Chas. Hogan; 2, Basil Watson; 3, Edgar Prince and Patrick Foley (tie).

Form II, Senior Division—1, Philip Burns; 2, Leo Shannon; 3, David Stewart.

HYNES—SHEEDY.

On Tuesday, Oct. 31st, Miss Florence Hynes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Hynes, Wilton avenue, was married to Mr. Mathew Sheedy of Toronto, Rev. Father Rohleder officiating.

PROFESSION AT MONASTERY OF PRECIOUS BLOOD.

On Tuesday, the 21st inst., two members of the Precious Blood Community made their religious profession in the chapel of the Monastery, St. Joseph street. The newly professed Sisters are Sr. Mary St. Roch, formerly Miss Marie Elise Roux of Victoria Ville, and Sister Mary St. Michael, formerly Miss Mary Ann Moore of Barrie, Ont.

The University Commission

The following has been published in The Toronto World: Editor World: With regard to criticism of the personnel of the present university commission, in which Rev. Mr. Pearson suggests that the Methodist body has not been properly represented, let me point out that the Catholic denomination has been completely ignored. Not that sectarianism is going to play any part in either the report of this investigation or its results, but such conditions only warrant the opinion abroad that the University of Toronto is a Protestant institution and Catholics are allowed there only on sufferance. This belief is current among intelligent Catholics throughout the province, so much so that many ambitious Catholic youth is denied by his parents the privilege of a university training, and I have a personal knowledge of three young men who were not allowed to enter the university for such reasons, when I was a "freshman" there some years ago. This accounts largely for the painfully small attendance of Catholics at our provincial university. Nor is this belief indulged in by Catholics alone for no later than yesterday a very prominent Protestant business man in this city and one who is regarded by himself and others as particularly well informed, said to me that I would never have received a professional training had it not been for a Protestant university. I took exception to this, but all my efforts could not convince him that I had been educated at a provincial and not at a Protestant university. To him these terms were synonymous, and I may say that I can scarcely blame him for his opinion, for an examination of all university appointments would seem to bear out his assertion. In this connection I think it is not unfair to remark that despite their qualifications in some conspicuous examples at least, Catholics have been studiously kept out of professional chairs there, and whether looking at the senate or scrutinizing the long list of professors, associates, professors' lecturers and assistants, the name of a Catholic strikes the eye with its uncanny ominous absence. It should not be necessary to mention names in this regard, but it is very regrettable that when cabinets are formed every nerve is strained to have a Catholic in that cabinet, and afterwards, while in matters, such as appointing to the university, which are not so much if at all beneath the elector's eye, this principle is not only observed, but on the other hand those of that faith are restrained. The question is which is the more commendable; to give those of certain denominations representation in our provincial cabinet when evidently not on the relative merit of the ability of the man appointed, or thereby hope to catch the votes of that race or denomination, or, on the other hand to make some small attempt in university affairs to give the same denomination some representation, while the reward is not likely to be political votes, but the inducing of a greater number of Catholics to receive university training at a university which is known to be not sectarian but provincial? Which result is going to be better in the interest of our province? A Catholic University Graduate.

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