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The Catholic Register.

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VOL. IX.—No. 43.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Golden Jubilee of Sisters of St. Joseph

(Special for The Register.)

Golden as the festival it shone upon, the glorious autumnal sun lighted up with sparkling brilliancy and dazzling splendor the Convent and Academy of St. Joseph, as on Tuesday, October 15th, the Feast of St. Teresa, it opened wide its portals to royally welcome on the morrow, back to their beloved Alma Mater, its pupils from far and near, who, in the last half century had received instruction within its hallowed halls.

THE ARCHBISHOP PREACHES

The sermon was delivered by His Grace, the Archbishop, who commenced by stating that "The regular sermon of this celebration will be given to-morrow, and to-day I have simply to say a word or two to ask you to unite with me in offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in thanksgiving to God, as is befitting the purpose of this Golden Jubilee."

In the Epistle of the day, we are reminded by St. Paul in these words: Let him that glories, glory in the Lord, for not he that commendeth himself is approved, but he that the Lord commendeth.

MUSIC IN PLAIN CHANT.

The Mass was sung by the Nuns' Choir in Plain Chant and although the Gregorian is not specially adapted to female voices the rendering of the solemnly grand and deeply devotional Church Music was perfect as was possible in an unmix'd choir.

DR. TREACY'S SERMON.

An eloquent Jubilee Sermon was preached by the Rev. J. P. Treacy, D. D., who took his text from St. John, 15th Chapter, and 16th verse: "I have chosen you and have appointed you that you should go and bring forth fruit and your fruit should remain."

Although these words in their literal sense were applied by our Divine Lord to the Apostles, and through them to the Bishops and priests, their successors in the sacred ministry, yet they may without impropriety be applied to the religious of the Community of St. Joseph, who have assembled this morning to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of their establishment in the diocese of Toronto, and to thank Almighty God that the fruits of fifty years' labors have been allowed to remain as a reward of a glorious past, as well as an incentive to a hopeful future.

"I have chosen you and have appointed you that you should go and bring forth fruit and your fruit should remain."

The present occasion is one that appeals not only to the members of the Community, but also to the clergy and laity of the entire Province. Assembled to-day around the altar of God, we humbly desire to bear witness to their fifty years of unremitting toil in the service of religion; to praise them, if indeed it be lawful to praise the living, for the virtues they have practised; to encourage them in the noble vocation to which they have devoted themselves, and finally to breathe the loving hope that the spiritual and temporal blessings which have attended their labors in the halls of learning, in the wards of the Hospital, in the crowded dormitories, where the poor, the aged, the suffering and the dying receive their blessed ministrations, may long continue in our midst, may increase with the coming of the years, until the pilgrimage of life being over, one and all may receive that imperishable reward which God has promised to those who devote their lives to the service of fallen humanity.

Although this day is a day of natural joy and elation for the members of this Community, yet it must be also a time of quiet meditation and retrospection. On all occasions of great joy or sorrow, the human mind is naturally retrospective. It loves to go back to other days and dwell upon other scenes in order to temper present joys by past sorrows, and sweeten present afflictions with the recollections of the past.

Founded according to the idea of St. Francis de Sales the Sisters of St. Joseph were in advance of their century. It would seem when we study their original rules that its holy founders possessed the prophetic spirit which looked into future ages, when the changed condition of men and times would necessitate a corresponding change in the religious life which ministered to them; or rather let us say that they were founded for all ages and all conditions of life, like the Catholic Church of which they were destined to become such bright jewels.

According to impartial history, the foundation of the Community of St. Joseph may be directly traced to St. Francis de Sales, the holy Bishop of Geneva. About the year 1612, the saintly Prelate established the Order of the Sisters of the Visitation, with the object of uniting the life of religious activity in the world with the contemplative life of the cloister.

This plan of the saintly bishop was however, frustrated. The Archbishop of Lyons, Mgr. Marquet, to whom the motto was referred went so far as to say that without canonical enclosure for women no community could preserve the religious life. Such was the prevalent opinion of the day on the necessity of enclosure for women. Men could live in community and fulfill their religious obligations without such a restriction, but for women the cloister was absolutely necessary.

The Bishop of Le Puy recommended them to other bishops of France as a Community which embodied the original plan of St. Francis de Sales. In the first chapter of the constitutions we read: "The Sisters of St. Joseph shall endeavor, in their entire conduct, to imitate the life of the former Sisters of the Visitation."

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THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH AT NORTH BAY

On Saturday morning, October 5th, His Lordship Bishop O'Connor of Peterboro arrived in North Bay on the train from the West. The Bishop was escorted from the C. P. R. depot to the church by several of the parishioners and the children who were preparing for Confirmation. The streets were tastefully decorated for the occasion with evergreen arches bearing appropriate mottoes.

MR. JAS. MURPHY, OF CORK, IRELAND

Our Irish exchanges record the death of Mr. James Murphy, of Cork, Ireland, a cousin of Sir Thomas Grattan, Esmonde, and of Mr. Nicholas Murphy, K. C., of this city.

Mr. Cole was very glad that Mr. Mayne had availed of that opportunity to give what he considered a well-merited expression and a public expression to the worth of that good man who had so suddenly been called away. He was a member of a family whose name would pass down to posterity with one distinguishing mark, and that was one of great benevolence to the citizens and of great activity of character, personified in him to a remarkable degree.

an old and sincere friend of his own.

HALL CAINE'S ETERNAL CITY

"The Eternal City," by Hall Caine, is a book that has been much talked about lately, and no doubt will be widely read. Perhaps a short review will not be uninteresting, and satisfy curiosity as to its contents.

This Italian reformer calls upon the Pope to relinquish his claim to temporal power, and thus exercise his dominion in the spiritual realm. This brings us to the author's attitude towards the Catholic Church.

He does not descend to vulgar ridicule of Catholic practices, but nowhere does he exhibit great sympathy. He describes beliefs held by pious Catholics and personal characteristics of some of the clergy in a manner calculated to excite a smile of derision.

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The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

ENGLAND A LAMENTED PRIEST.

The Catholic Church in London has suffered a severe loss by the death of the Rev. T. C. Denny, Missionary Rector of Hackney, who passed away after a brief illness. The deceased was ordained nearly 25 years ago, and has labored for many years amongst the poor of London.

A REMARKABLE IRISH AUSTRALIAN.

The Sydney Bulletin gives interesting particulars of the career and personality of Mr. James McKean, a well-known solicitor and politician in Melbourne, whose death has been announced. Mr. McKean, who was the biggest man in Melbourne—his height was 6 feet 6 inches—arrived from the North of Ireland in Melbourne as a lad of twenty. He worked as miner, sheep-shearer and cook for several years, became editor and then proprietor of a small country paper, and was eventually admitted as a solicitor, when he gained a large practice. He went into the Victorian Parliament, and became Minister of Mines, with a seat in the Cabinet. He was, both when pleading in the police court and when speaking in Parliament, rough and blustering in his manner, and was on one occasion told by the Bench to behave himself, as he was not then in Parliament. Mr. McKean immediately replied that his fellow-members were a lot of low ruffians, and the man who behaved himself in their company would not be understood. For this sally Mr. McKean was adjudged to have committed a breach of privilege, and was placed in custody by the Victorian Legislative Assembly—at a cost of £1 per diem, which he was expected to pay. He declined either to pay or to apologize, and the House escaped from an awkward position by allowing him to go free.

DUKE OF NORFOLK'S GENEROSITY.

It is announced that the Duke of Norfolk has contributed a further sum of £4,000, making £5,000 in all, towards the scheme which the Fathers of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri at Edgbaston, Birmingham, have inaugurated for erecting a suitable memorial to the late Cardinal Newman. It is proposed to erect on the site of the present Oratory Church a building worthy of the Order and of the eminent ecclesiastic who did so much to promote the reputation of the school. The cost of the scheme is estimated at £23,000, towards which about £8,000 has already been subscribed. Mr. E. Doran Webb, F. S. A., has been entrusted with the preparation of the plans, which comprise a handsome tower, having to the right a Lady Chapel and a Chapel to St. Philip Neri, and around the church will be smaller chapels and altars dedicated to St. Joseph, St. Valentine, the Blessed Juvenal, and Sebastian, also a Chapel of the Sacred Heart. The high altar, a beautiful work recently presented to the Oratory Fathers, will be an artistic feature of the new building.

LADY HOWARD MEMORIAL CHURCH.

His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan laid the foundation stone of a new church to be erected in the Mile-End road as a memorial to the late Lady Margaret Howard. The old church in which the Catholics of Mile End had to worship was recently condemned by the County Council as unsafe, and upon hearing this Lady Mary Howard generously came forward and offered to defray the cost of a new building in memory of her sister, the late Lady Margaret Howard, who built handsome schools for the parish, and labored with zeal for many years amongst the poor of the district. There was a large gathering present at the ceremony, including the Duke of Norfolk, Lady Mary Howard, and a number of other distinguished Catholics, and a picturesque feature of the proceedings was the guard of honor to His Eminence supplied by the Mile End branches of the Catholic Boys' Brigade. At the close of the religious ceremony His Eminence delivered a brief address, in which he paid a high tribute to the splendid work being done by Catholics in the East End, especially by the Lady to whose memory the new church was being erected. A spiritual revolution, he said, had taken

place in the district, and he appealed to his hearers to further in every way in their power the good work that was being effected. The second edifice will, when completed, accommodate 600 worshippers, and is to be built in the perpendicular Gothic style at a cost of £11,000, which has been almost entirely given by Lady Mary Howard.

IRELAND THE NURSING QUESTION

At the inauguration of the 66th Session of St. Vincent's Hospital, Stephen's Green, Dublin, the 20th inaugural ceremony in which he has personally participated, Dr. Cox delivered an address of singular ability and practical importance. There was a noteworthy incident alluded to in his introductory remarks. Amongst the audience was the Earl of Meath, and Dr. Cox reminded his hearers that St. Vincent's Hospital, the building in which the patients were congregated and the address delivered had been the town mansion of the Earls of Meath. As the institution grew and flourished, the adjacent town mansion of the Earls of Wesmeath was added to the hospital. Though all will concur with Dr. Cox that never were those splendid mansions in Dublin's palmiest days more worthily occupied or employed, yet it is impossible to ignore the significance of the indication that with the Union the glory had departed from the Irish Metropolis. The wealthy Irish noblemen who drew vast revenues from the Irish people no longer retained a residence in the capital of Ireland. A few of those splendid mansions were rescued by charity and religion for purposes of wide-reaching practical benevolence, but the vast majority degenerated into squalid tenement houses or fell away to careless ruin. It is however, an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the causes that swept the nobility out of Dublin left this great mansion in 1833 vacant for the advent of the Sisters of Charity and for the foundation of St. Vincent's Hospital, whose splendid services to suffering humanity Dr. Cox so justly and so eloquently celebrated.

In moving the vote of thanks, which was deservedly and unanimously accorded to Dr. Cox, the Rev. Dr. Delany, S. J., expressed the hope that the "trained nurse" would never supersede the religious nurse at the bedside of the patient. There is, as Dr. Cox pointed out, room for both in the efficient care of the suffering poor. The nuns have largely revolutionized the workhouse infirmaries of Ireland with a beneficent revolution by which order and cleanliness have been enthroned. They are willing to work hand-in-hand with the trained nurse in affording the suffering patient the most effective protection and relief that medical science can afford.

A NEW GALWAY CHURCH.

The Very Rev. Canon Lyons, P. P., Castlebar, may indeed be heartily congratulated. After infinite labor and unparalleled discouragement the beautiful new Church of Our Lady of the Rosary was solemnly dedicated, in the presence of a vast lay and clerical congregation. The Most Rev. Dr. McEvilly, Archbishop of Tuam, presided, and the Most Rev. Dr. McCormack, Bishop of Galway, and the Most Rev. Dr. Ludden, Bishop of Syracuse, participated in the ceremonial. When, after much labor, the church was almost finished, an Atlantic hurricane laid the unroofed walls level with the ground. An man of less resolute soul than Canon Lyons would have despaired. But misfortune seemed only to nerve him to more strenuous effort. He has fitting and full reward for his labors. The beautiful church—one of the finest in the Western province—is a lasting memorial to his indefatigable zeal.

TRINITY COLLEGE.

Apropos of the present Irish Chair in Dublin University, it is not a little remarkable that it was through the influence of Dr. Andrew Sall, a perverted Jesuit, that an Irish lectureship was established in Trinity College, Dublin, in 1681; and the Professor appointed was Rev. Paul Higgins, who was given the tempting salary of "£16 per annum, with rooms," as we read, "to Mr. Higgins for his trouble." The real object of these lectures in Irish was to give the students sufficient knowledge of the native tongue to be able to read the Irish Bible, the proofs having been read by Dr. Sall from the transcript made by the aforesaid Higgins. Dr. Sall wrote a preface for the Irish New Testament (O'Donnell's edition), in 1681, and died April 6th, 1682. The Irish lectureship collapsed in 1684, and was not again revived till 1706, when Archbishop King approved of Charles Lynegar to instruct the students in the Irish language "as a means to convert the Irish natives and bring them over to the Established Church." This scheme

also collapsed in 1709, and was not again mooted for nearly a century. Thus it was not to revive the Irish language, which had long been forbidden among the Palemen, but to use it as a medium for proselytism, that the teaching of Irish was spasmodically carried on within the walls of old Trinity.

UNITED STATES

The Buffalo Catholic Union and Times says: We thought we had roasted in their holes all the Apsist reptiles that once poisoned the air of this region. But it seems one at least escaped, or it may be that it is a new importation that has crawled over the border from Canada. Alas! what would become of our American liberties if we had not Orange vigilance and Orange prowess to detect the designs of the Pope and to nullify the n... of the "Man of Sin!"

Here is a letter we received last Tuesday. It is postmarked Tonawanda, and we submit that it deserves a place in the Elder Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature." It is printed precisely as written and is as follows:

Mr. cronin Dear sir it is only a few days ago that the Bells Rang and cal out a band of men that slotered meny of our boyes at the slivins liands they Were the Bells from the Romincallic church it is only a litly Wild ago that our president Was murdered how comitted the deed it Was a Roman catholic linkin was al so murdered by a Romincallic catholic Wether he is an artist or Wether he is a prest he is one of the pops Dear ones Just the same How dare you get up and simpitze With us for the los of our presdent When you belong to a nowar that is seeking to over turn our government. It is not possible that you are egerent of What the Romincallic church is ameing at there is thousands of people that does not say eny thing But they no What you are. With al your long Robs and your fair speaking you can not Deceve god nor his people. you talk about free instutins for gods sakes open your nonerys and let tase Dear ones so that you hold there that nobody nose What becoms of them. they are the chambers of hell it self you no it you no they Would murder you if you Would come out and expose them is that the spirit of christ But We no that he how is exaulting as god Will be destroyed When christ comes and the pope is the only one the Bible Refers to christ said he Would send his sprit But he never said he Would send a pope to Rule his people I am not Righting through malac But thrugh love that you may be saved and that you may be the meanes of saving meny others i hope to meet you as a Brother in christ som day i Would give you my name onely you no What the end Would be if i did you Will find meny friends if you Will come out on the lords side, christ is a Frennd that sticket closer then a Brother

The sense of humor gives way to a feeling of pity that such dense ignorance and blind bigotry as are here displayed should be found in this day and generation in America. No doubt the poor benighted person who penned the foregoing is sincere in holding such monstrous views. But what are we to think of those roaming agents of the devil who in pulpit, rostrum and pamphlet are continually sowing the seeds of such abominable harvests of foulness and lies? Are they not a species of anarchists whose writings and harangues incite to lawlessness and crime? Was it not such howlings—contumacious by Lyman Beecher—that led to the burning of the Charlestown convent, and later to the disgraceful tarring and feathering of the Jesuit priest Father Bex in Maine? While not reflecting much credit on "The Little Red Schoolhouse on the Hill," our correspondent has our deep sympathy in his ignorance. We reprobate the wish for his salvation, and we herewith insure his life against the murderous hand of any agent of the Pope, should he ever honor us with a visit.

FRANCE SYMPATHY WITH RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

All the best men of the country are raising their voices in denunciation of the iniquitous measures directed against the religious orders. Last week Jules Lemaitre was quoted, and now Viscount E. M. de Vogue, who is also an Academician and writer. The Associations Law "has been recently sharpened to a fine point by the circular of M. Monis, Minister of Justice, who tells all his subordinates in France how they are to ferret out and harass the religious who seem to be refractory. The circular reads something like the Irish Penal Laws of old, and one can hardly believe that it emanated from a French Republican. Viscount de Vogue, writing in The Gaulois, says that the Benedictines, Carmelites, Jesuits and others are now going away to countries which know nothing of the famous "Rights of Man" of the Revolu-

tion. Capital is leaving the country with the Congregations, and the few who save a few pious people, laicants the exiles. The Viscount attributes this to the fact that the French people are now docile under every yoke; they have been pulverized by so many revolutions that they resemble a big flock of sheep ready to allow themselves to be led by jacksals without even uttering a bleat. The Viscount might have added that the bulk of the French are becoming indifferent to ideal religion. This is also the case in other Continental countries with the exception of Belgium, which, like Catholic Ireland, remains as firm as adamant in the Faith. There, as the Liberals are forced to admit, religion remains a national force, and the laws of the Church are observed with strictness.

Belgium continues to offer large shelter to the French religious, who have also found many new homes in England. The London correspondent of one of the most important French Republican papers, hostile to the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry, says that even among the English Dreyfusards there has been a reaction against the French Cabinet. Meanwhile the applications from the Congregations to remain in France are increasing in number. Among the applications recently sent in are those from the Irish and English Passionists of the Avenue Hoche, and from a few Carmelite Communities. Most of the Carmelites, both Monks and Nuns, intend to leave France. The Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, Mgr. Leroev, states that he has no need to apply for authorization. The Congregation has been re-established in France as being of public utility. The Jesuits of the Rue de Sevres, in Paris, are now dispersed. For the sons of St. Ignatius there is no such thing as authorization. Their arch-enemies, the Jews and the Freemasons, who are controlling France, will see to that. Their splendid chapel in the street mentioned was formally closed the other day after a touching farewell service, during which many of the congregation were in tears. There was a similar scene in the house of the Benedictines in the Latin Quarter, where the priests and novices of the Order on their way from Liguet to exile were saluted by some of the leading French Catholics, who are powerless to do aught else.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

A French Catholic was discussing some literary points with an English friend, and the latter observed that in all attempts at translation from one language to the other the finer shades of meaning must necessarily be lost. "Even in ordinary cases," he said, "how difficult it is to find really equivalent expressions, and when it is a question of how to render such a thing as a play upon words the matter becomes hopeless. Take, for instance, such a quip as the famous answer to the query, 'Is life worth living?' That depends on the liver! How impossible it would be to turn that into French!" "Ah, mon ami," smiled the Catholic, "ce n'est qu'une question de foie (foi)."

CHRISTIAN LIBERTY.

I am liberty—God's daughter! My symbols—a law and a torch: Not a sword to threaten and slaughter, Nor a flame to dazzle and scorch; But a light that the world may see, And a truth that shall make men free.

I am the sister of Duty, And I am the sister of Faith: To-day, adored for my beauty, To-morrow, led forth to death. I am she whom ages prayed for, Heroes suffered undismayed for, Whom the martyrs were betrayed for. —John Boyle O'Reilly.

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When we are about to pass judgment on the dealings of Providence with other men, we shall do well to consider first His dealings with ourselves. We cannot know about others; about ourselves we do know something; and we know that He has ever been good to us, and not severe. It is not wise to argue from what we know, to what we do not know? It may turn out in the day of account that un-forgiven souls, whilst charging His laws with injustice in the case of others, may be unable to find fault with His dealings severally towards themselves.

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The HOME CIRCLE

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK. Twenty-second Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel, St. Matt. xxii. 15-21.

A BUSY MAID. This poem was sent me by a niece nearly thirty years old, with the request to print it instead of her letter, but to please not give her name:

I know a little maid, She's scarcely ten years old— A busier little maid This whole world does not hold. She's up at early dawn, And when her prayers are said, She tidies up her room And makes her little bed.

Although she goes to school, And does her tasks right well, She's time to do more things Than I have time to tell.

The dishes she will wash, And sometimes sweep a floor, And water all the plants About the kitchen door.

And when her work is done, She dearly loves to sit Right at the open door And sometimes pretty knit.

Yet she is full of fun, My busy little maid, You ask her name? Well, that Is what I have not said.

OUR HUSBANDS — WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THEM? James was just perfect as a lover. When he came to call before we were married he was always in a good humor.

The great poet tells us that "men are but children of a larger growth," and in the case of husbands this is certainly true. If you want to be happy yourself, you must make your husband happy.

Never for one moment let James see that you think he could do anything discourteous or mean. Think him above all petty meanness; show him that you believe him to be honorable in all things, and he will try to live up to your ideal of him.

Always put your husband in the very best possible light before others. If he has any particular charms or talents, give him an opportunity to let others see them.

Be as courteous to your husband as you would be to a guest in your house, and exact like courtesy. By the use of persistent gentleness and courtesy some very unpromising husbands have become models, and a woman with a loving heart, intelligence, and perseverance can transform a thoughtless husband into a tender lover.

ILL HEALTH IN ROYAL HOUSES.

One of the most curious phenomena of our time is the ill-health of Royal Houses. The Empress of Russia is delicate and undersized; his father, a giant in size and strength, was cut off in his prime.

disease. Of the Royal House of France, four numerous and flourishing branches existed a hundred years ago — the Elder Branch, the House of Conde, the House of Conti, and the Orleans Branch. The last now only survives; the rest are extinct in the male line.

AN OLD IRISHWOMAN'S DEATHBED.

The following is taken from a volume of The Irish Monthly: I have this story, says the writer, who signs himself A. C., from the lips of the late Father Martin Everard, S. J. About the year 1872 he was engaged in missionary work at Galashiels.

and over to obtain the grace of a happy death. Calling as usual on a certain Monday morning, he found poor old Granny not at all well. She told him that most probably before the next Sunday came round, she would have to send for his Reverence.

The next morning's post brought a letter from the daughter begging Father Everard to come at once, as her mother was growing hourly worse. He determined to go by the afternoon train, thinking there was no need of greater hurry, but soon after came a telegram.

But God was too good to deny her the grace that she had prayed for so fervently many a long year; she died, fortified by the last sacraments and all the holy rites of our Mother the Church. It happened thus. One of her grandchildren, a little boy four years old, was standing on a table near a window that looked out on the road; he saw a carriage drive past, and he shouted to his mother in childish glee, "O ma, ma, two priests, two priests!"

Both priests entered the cottage, and found the old saint conscious still but evidently very near death. One of the priests immediately heard Granny's last confession, while the other hastened to the chancel to inquire from the caretaker where the priest kept the key of the safe where the Holy Oils were reserved.

Who were these two priests who perhaps had never passed by that way before, and who would have passed unnoticed now but for the vigilance of the little sentinel on the table? To the dying Christian it mattered not who they were. Strangers as they were, they were her priests at that supreme moment, God's messengers to her.

IN NATURE'S STOREHOUSE THERE ARE CURES.

Medical experiments have shown conclusively that there are medicinal virtues in even ordinary plants growing up around us which give them a value that cannot be estimated. It is held by some that Nature provides a cure for every disease which neglect and ignorance have visited upon man.

BLESSED VIRGIN'S AGE AT DEATH.

It has often been asked, What was the Blessed Virgin's age at the time of her death? The matter is uncertain, says Suarez. The Blessed Virgin was in her forty-ninth year at the time of the crucifixion of our blessed Lord; "because when she brought him forth she had already completed her fiftieth year; and Christ had begun His thirty-fourth year when he died."

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail.

ASTHMA CURE FREE!



Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in All Cases. SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL.

Write Your Name and Address Plainly. There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and Asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and cruel lung disease, Asthma, and thought you had over-spoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full size bottle."

Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler, Rabbi of the Cong Bnai Isra.

Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co., Avon Springs, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901. Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma, Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful.

Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co., Avon Springs, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901. Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene, for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years.

Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co., Avon Springs, N. Y., Feb. 5, 1901. Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS.' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 130th St. N. Y. City.

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\$3.00 grade of other makes for only \$1.00. Unconditionally Guaranteed. Try it a week. If not suited, we buy it back, and give you \$1.00 for it.

H. C. TOMLIN. Phone Park 553. 420-422 Bathurst St. PARLOR EDDY'S MATCHES. "Victoria" are put up in neat sliding boxes convenient to handle.

Typewriters. All makes, rented \$2.50 to \$5.00 per month. CREELMAN BROS. TYPEWRITER CO. Toronto. SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH COFFEE ESSENCE. Makes delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble, no waste. In small and large bottles, from all Grocers.

Eureka Harness Oil. A good looking horse and poor looking harness is the worst kind of a combination. Give Your Horse a Chance!

SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH COFFEE ESSENCE. Makes delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble, no waste. In small and large bottles, from all Grocers. GUARANTEED PURE.

If You Have Asthma

Bronchitis, or a Severe Cold on the Chest and Lungs, Doctors Will Point You to Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine as the Most Effective Treatment.

For every class of disease there is one medicine which stands pre-eminent as being superior to all others. In the case of Asthma, Bronchitis and all throat and lung ailments the recognized treatment is Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. Doctors do not hesitate to say that when the patient becomes flushed and exasperated in his struggle for breath, wheezes loudly and experiences intense agony in his chest and lungs there is no preparation available that will give such prompt and thorough relief as

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

Mrs. G. H. Reid, North Augusta, Ont., says:—"Being troubled with bronchitis and asthma for a long time, have tried several remedies, but all failed to touch the spot, until I tried Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. I got relief from the first bottle. I can highly recommend it to all humanity suffering from throat or lung troubles. And you are at liberty to use this testimony as you see fit." Mrs. George Budden, Putnamville, Ont., says:—"I feel it my duty to recommend Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, as I had the Asthma very bad; could get nothing to do me any good. A friend of mine persuaded me to try this remedy, as he had tried it, and it proved successful. I tried it and it cured me. I am thankful to-day to say I am a well woman through the use of this remedy. I keep it in the house all the time and would not be without it."

The Catholic Register
 PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUBLISHING CO.
 PATRICK F. CRONIN,
 Business Manager and Editor.

OFFICE:—JORDAN ST., TORONTO.

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THURSDAY, OCT. 24, 1901.

ONTARIO'S BIRTH RATE.

The Register was the first paper in Canada to point out the problem of Ontario's birth rate. Five years ago we proved from the declining school population that the population of Ontario was not kept down by emigration to the west, but by the low birth rate. The Anglican Church committee has at last arrived at the same inevitable conclusion, and in the recommendation brought in last week included the following paragraph:

"(a) As to the birth rate—That the Bishops be requested in their pastoral to call the attention of the people to the Divine and social purposes of marriage, and to the awful sin of interfering to prevent the procreation and birth of children."

The Church Record says nothing about the "awful sin," but discusses the subject in the following style, which is certainly lacking in seriousness of tone:

"That wilful barrenness is a cause of the low birth rate in towns, those who are best able to form an opinion assure us. What are the social circumstances which render men and women unwilling to assume the duties of parentage at the present time? We suppose they are in the main two fold. First, because of the time and trouble involved in the care of children, and second, because of the expense.

"There is no doubt that children are troublesome. In our large towns, where tiny houses command a high rent, and where there is but little room for out-door games for the children except in the street, the mother has indeed an anxious and worrying time. In a more affluent stratum of society, the mother has room and she has servants to help, but here comes in the question of social pleasures and supposed claims, which are interfered with by the periodic bearing of children.

"We fear that it is steadily growing more and more 'unfashionable' to have large families. There is perhaps a merited reproach in a recent cartoon published in a French-Canadian paper, which represents Baptiste and his smiling wife and family (Quebec) in an automobile, meeting Mr. and Mrs. Ontario, the latter with a pet dog in her arms. However this may be, there is certainly something radically wrong in the disinclination to have children, and the half-contemptuous pity for the mother of a large family. It is wrong on religious grounds, it is wrong on moral grounds, it is wrong on social grounds. It is a mistake, too, to suppose that one is really rendered happier by avoiding an obvious duty. The real happiness of large families is a subject of frequent comment, and it is a happiness which increases with age. A childless marriage means, in only too many cases, a lonely and embittered middle life and old age. There comes a time when the mother of children is an object of envy to the childless. We think there are few childless people in old age who do not sigh for children, and few, if any, parents of families who envy the childless."

Rev. Dr. Langtry, who preached upon the subject on Sunday last, indulged in no gingerbread English for fear of shocking the audience. The Doctor is thus reported:

"The worst of human crimes, murder, has increased a thousand fold. I am not thinking of the atrocious murders and more atrocious suicides which defile the columns of our own daily papers. I am thinking of the wholesale murders that are being perpetrated by wives who ought to be mothers moving, many of them, in the

highest ranks of society. The vital statistics leave no doubt that this crime is being committed on an enormous scale, and if not arrested will end in the destruction of our Anglo-Saxon race and the substitution of a Celtic Roman Catholic population for that of which we are so proud. You may depend upon it that in families where there are no children, or where there are one or two children, in nine cases out of ten there has been murder. And the mothers that ought to have been will be arraigned on the judgment day as murderers, and their husbands, in many cases, as accomplices. Something must be done to stop this enormous iniquity, which is the outgrowth of what is called an educated age. The church declares solemnly at every marriage that marriage was ordained first for the procreation of children, to be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Yes, and there is no more gladdening work, no nobler achievement, no life that has in it a surer reward, than that of the mother who devotes her life so to train her children for the great hereafter. But for the sake of selfish ease, and to escape the care and toil of guiding her children, many women are robbing themselves of the truest joys on earth, drying up the sweetest natural affections and preparing a desolate, unloving old age for themselves. And all this is the outcome of putting out the light of God's truth and of sweeping away the mould which God has formed for the fashioning of home life."

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

"Onlooker" (himself a Catholic), in a recent issue of The Register, appeared to have felt not the least touch of reflection when he described the Catholic press of this country as "Liberal first and then mildly Catholic." "Onlooker" is well aware that one of the principal elements that go to make up the so-called "Liberal" color of the Catholic papers is their necessarily continuous criticism of the leading Conservative organs, notably The Mail and Empire. Last week, for instance, the majority of our religious contemporaries had occasion to take to task that old offender "Flaneur," and that for the hundredth time. The Register is not ignorant of the fact that there are Catholics both in public life and in religion who would have the Catholic press ignore "Flaneur" and all the small fry who have gained a little journalistic notoriety in Toronto by catering to the anti-Catholic element. We are told that the public is too intelligent to be influenced by palpable catch-penny bigotry. Perhaps if they were to occupy for a few weeks the editorial chair of any Catholic paper they would alter their opinion. "Flaneur" and his fellow paragraphers who grope in all the anti-Catholic exchanges for the little morsels that feed their gradually diminishing flock in Ontario really do a great deal to keep alive ill-will and misunderstanding in this mixed community.

The Church Record is now before us with a long communication from a gentleman named Thomas Armstrong, who appears to be suffering from extreme excitement which leads him to unsparingly abuse Catholics and High Church Anglicans; and all apparently upon no better provocation than some sensational information he has gathered from The Mail and Empire. Now, there is no gainsaying that the influence of the had spirit thus stirred up is not all absorbed by the paper upon which it is printed. It meets Catholics working in shop, factory and store, and even deprives some of them of their bread.

The editor of the Catholic paper sees all this; and he would certainly be recreant to his duty if he did not strive to counteract it, though his doing so should injure the political party of which The Mail and Empire is the official organ, and though he should be exposed himself to the partisan insinuation of doing some Liberal axe-grinding.

The Register has often said it before, and this is a truth which cannot too often be repeated, that the most effective point to strike at in the anti-Catholic press is their partyism. Their anti-Catholic activity is to be sure but a means

to an end — which end is party interest or the ill-judged desire to serve it. On the other hand there are the political "Codlins" to consider. In deference to their great desire for conciliation it must be admitted that it is rather hard on persons of so sentimental a turn to be challenged by the Catholic press.

But would it not be better that they should themselves take up the cudgels to "Flaneur" in The Mail and Empire, which could not refuse them a hearing in deference to their party standing? This is a practical suggestion.

ANOTHER HORRIBLE EXAMPLE.

The following is the comment which I. N. Ford, The New York Tribune's London correspondent, makes upon the trial of the notorious Ann O'Delia Diss Debar and her male companion who goes by the name of Jackson:

"With the return of the King and the Prime Minister there will be a marked revival of public life. It cannot come too soon, for the attention of the public has been centred upon one of the foulest and most abominable cases ever investigated by any Police Court, and there has been revolting disclosures of unspeakable horror day after day. Everything occurring in a Court of Justice is by English usage sacrosanct, and the only limitations upon the publication of obscenity and blasphemy are the restraints imposed by the conscience or squeamishness of news editors at a dull time, when half-penny journalism needs an adventurous lift for circulation. There is no apparent reason why a filthy trial from which women are excluded as spectators by the court officials cannot be held with an empty reporters' table, after the newspapers have been warned from the bench to suppress the testimony. Mr. Curtis Bennett, the Magistrate presiding over the Horos inquiry at Marylebone, holds that under the existing law he has no power to exclude reporters."

The woman in the case is one of the flock of "converted Romanists" who in their day have "exploited America. Ten years ago she took the wife of a Chicago Methodist minister around the Windy City looking for mysterious agents of the Jesuits; but the discovery the Methodist lady finally succeeded in making was that Miss Diss Debar was "an agent at lying."

Nevertheless a great flutter was made in those dovecots that burn with love for the enfranchisement of the poor, enslaved and unenlightened Catholics. A Chicago professor undertook to protect the bogus "distinguished convert" from the assassins of Rome, who were alleged to be dogging her footsteps all over the globe. So thrilling was the tale she told that her dupes were really sorry to believe her a fraud, and probably would have held on to her only that Margaret Sheppard turned up with a still more fascinating tale, which caught the attention of the prurient-minded and Miss Diss Debar was forgotten.

The present London trial brings the adventures once more into the public eyes. Margaret Sheppard has been exposed in the meantime; so that we suppose the time is ripe for the appearance of another bold impostor with a lying tale monotonously like the yarns that have done service for Maria Monk, Miss Diss Debar, Margaret Sheppard, and the rest of the "No Popery" recruiting agents.

SCHOOLS OF TORONTO.

The controversy which has been carried on in the public press since the middle of August between Dr. John Ferguson and School Inspector Hughes has cast an instructive light upon the supposed efficiency of Public School education in the City of Toronto. Mr. Hughes having a weak case has had resort to temper, with the usual result of increasing the advantage of his opponent. He has been reminded this week by one journal that he does not own the schools, but is merely paid to inspect them. It would have been better for him had he kept out of this controversy altogether. As the matter stands we are bound to accept the accuracy of Dr. Ferguson's figures when he

"In Toronto there were 656 candidates. Of these 362 were successful or 55 per cent. In Hamilton 76 per cent. passed; in London 85 per cent.; in Ottawa 81 per cent., and in Kingston 84 per cent."

In this comparison, of course, the Public School, of one Ontario city are placed beside another. There are still some Catholic parents who imagine that in purely secular education it would be an advantage to their children if they could attend the Public Schools. We have gone to the trouble of ascertaining the percentage of pupils from the Separate schools who pass the High School entrance examinations. The following are the figures: 1895, 68 per cent.; 1896, 65 per cent.; 1897, 75 per cent.; 1898, 61 per cent.

The totals for the last two years are not to hand. We may add that at the last entrance examinations some of the Separate Schools that did well are: Barrie (4 teachers), 9 wrote, 9 passed; Cobourg (4 teachers), 12 wrote, 11 passed; Lindsay (7 teachers), 14 wrote, 14 passed; Orillia (4 teachers), 16 wrote, 16 passed; Hamilton (36 teachers), 54 wrote, 40 passed; St. Mary's, Kingston (5 teachers), 20 wrote, 20 passed.

Compare these figures with the 55 per cent. successful Toronto pupils, and we think the Catholic people of Ontario may well congratulate themselves that not only have they schools in which their children receive a religious training, but in which is imparted, as shown by the results, a better secular education than the pupils of the Public Schools can boast.

AN ILL-MANNERED LORD BISHOP.

The influence of the Duke upon the manners of some persons in Ontario has been short lived. No sooner is his back turned than they are returning to their old ways. Last week he had Prof. Clark, whose public exam. is always excellent, impressing upon the faculty and students of Trinity College the great desirability of copying the Duke, if they would speak correct English. When H. R. H. addressed the Catholic bishops at Laval, and when he spoke in Ville Marie and Loretto convents he never failed to refer to the "Catholic Church." But on Tuesday last, Right Rev. Dr. Mills, Lord Bishop of Ontario, preached in Trinity College, and the following words are extracted from the report of his address published in The Toronto World:

"It was not merely their Romanist friends who were erring in worshipping before the image of a dead Christ."

This is not only incorrect English and a departure from the example of H. R. H.; it is grossly and wantonly insulting language. The Bishop who uttered it cannot be so ignorant that he was unaware of its character. The lesson taught by Prof. Clark evidently has not the approval of Bishop Mills, who prefers the phrases of sectarian ill-will to the correct forms which the future head of the Anglican Church uses and which in any event should be employed on all public occasions.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Goldwin Smith, in this week's Weekly Sun, favorably reviews Mr. Grattan Grey's new work "Australia." Mr. Grey is an Irish-Australian Catholic.

Mr. John Redmond, M. P., accompanied by several members of the Irish Parliamentary Party, is now on his way to the United States to arouse the Hon. Rule forces in the Republic to the necessities of Ireland's case. Mr. Redmond will not visit Canada through lack of time.

It seems only the other day that General Buller's ears were ringing with the applause of his flatterers. Now he has been drummed out of the army on half pay by Lord Roberts, and the flatterers are tickling the ears of his successor, General French. The English Army must be commanded by Irishmen.

A London cable despatch says: The judicial appointments have been left in the Lord Chancellor's hands, and are highly acceptable to the legal profession. Justice Collins, the new Master of the Rolls, is a most eminent, capable Judge, and Justice Mathew, who takes his place in the Court of Appeal, has long been marked out for promotion. Each is an Irishman by birth, and Justice Mathew has been a strong Gladstonian home ruler and is a devout Roman Catholic. Sir Robert Finlay, the Attorney-General, is mentioned as a candidate for Master of the Rolls, but his appointment would have involved important changes in the law offices of the Crown and at least two bye-elections. He is the natural successor of Lord Halsbury as Lord Chancellor, is in the prime of life and can afford to await the King's pleasure.

Rev. Dr. Langtry blames the irreligious education of the young

for the alarming increase of prenatal murders in Canada. He fears the Catholic Celts are superseding the Anglo-Saxons, though from the tenor of his remarks we are in doubt as to whether he is pleased or pained by the prospect of the future. Rev. A. U. De Pencler, another Anglican clergyman, also gives credit to the Catholic religion. Preaching on Sunday he said: "The Roman Catholic section of the community put them to shame. The poorest Roman Catholic mother was careful to see that her child received systematic religious teaching. If all parents were true to this duty, there would be no drifting away. Parents insisted on their children being taught the usages of polite society, while religious instruction was belittled and slighted. Should this continue and increase, there would be a drifting on to the rocks, which would wreck not only the church, but the state."

Rev. Dr. Courtney, Anglican Bishop of Nova Scotia, had a surprise party prepared for the Duke of York, whom he expected to attend the service in his church in Halifax on Sunday last. The Duke, however, did not come, and from what followed we are led to suppose that Major Maude must have read over the manuscript of His Lordship's sermon. Dr. Courtney is reported as follows: "He said that the belief in the divine right of Kings was dead, and he thanked God that such was the case. Robert Burns was the man who he considered had done more than any other in his generation to establish the equality of mankind."

If Dr. Courtney simply meant that the idea that the eldest son of the Sovereign must succeed to the throne by divine right, and that any denial of this doctrine spells treason, he is theoretically and theologically upon solid ground. But why have chosen the visit of the Heir-Apparent for making a declaration that is simply a challenge to the son of the Sovereign to behave himself? If Dr. Courtney were not an Anglican Bishop, we apprehend he would have been suspected of Socialism or Fenianism.

A Dr. Long, who has stirred up a great deal of sectarian ill-feeling, both in England and Ireland, by his repeated attempts to carry on a proselytizing campaign in the City of Limerick, Ireland, has signally failed to injure the reputation of the Catholics of Ireland as a tolerant people. Judge Adams, on October 1, made some comments from the Bench in Limerick which should be taken to heart by Dr. Long's supporters. His Honor said that up to a very recent date amongst all Christians — Protestants and Catholics — there existed in the most marked degree that true Christian feeling which sought, as far as conscience allowed, to make much of those lessons of mercy and love which were the common heritage of every Christian. That was shown in the respect, esteem and regard which Catholic and Protestant had for each other. He might refer to the attitude adopted there by Christians towards a little community amongst them for the Jew, who was persecuted in Moscow, persecuted in Berlin, and was not looked at all upon with too much favor in East London, is found in Limerick in comfortable and happy homes. There was not a more respected or respectable community amongst them than their Jewish brethren, now numbering several hundreds. "We must," said Judge Adams, "leave the methods that have been adopted by this gentleman (Dr. Long) to public opinion, as to whether or not the cause of common Christianity has been served by what has been going on in our midst."

Mr. John Lavery, the well-known Catholic artist of Glasgow, Scotland, has just added another laurel to his European fame by gaining the first-class medal at the eighth international Art Exhibition a present going on in Munich.

A POPULAR RAILROAD MAN.

London, Oct. 21.—Mr. Jeremiah McCarthy, a native of this city, died at Chicago Saturday evening after an illness of several months duration. Deceased, who was a son of the late John McCarthy, of the G. T. R., received his early training on the G. T. R., and by honest endeavor rapidly advanced in the railroad world. For many years he was a valued officer of the West Shore line at Buffalo. A number of years ago Mr. McCarthy was promoted to the position of general western passenger agent of the West Shore, a position he held until his recent illness. He was widely known and highly popular in railroad circles and his death will occasion profound regret.

The following brothers and sisters survive: Mrs. Arthur McKenna, East London; Mrs. Edward Nouty, York street east; Mrs. Jerry McDonald, York street west; Mrs. Edward McDonald, and Miss Katie McCarthy, Chicago, and John, Robert and Thomas of Chicago; Edward, of the Chicago and Grand Trunk Railroad, and Charles, of Columbus, Ohio. The remains will arrive here to-morrow morning at 8.15 over the Wobash Railroad, and will be taken to the residence of Mrs. Jerry McDonald, of No. 5 York street west. The funeral will leave the house at 9 o'clock on Wednesday morning for St. Peter's Cathedral, where High Mass will be celebrated.

CHAMBERLAINISM AND BARBARISM.

Prof. Goldwin Smith, in The Weekly Sun; "There has been nothing more serious in this South African business than Mr. Chamberlain's announcement that Great Britain will henceforth 'feel herself at liberty to use her Eastern soldiers to any extent in wars with civilized nations. The question was raised some time ago when Disraeli, for theatrical effect, brought Sikhs to Malta, and the jingo rhyme

"We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do, We've got the men, we've got the ships, we've got the money, too,"

was parodied

"We don't want to fight, but by Jingo, if we do, We'll stay at home at ease ourselves and send the mild Hindoo."

On that occasion European civilization protested, as it did when the French used African chasseurs in their war with Germany. It is said that the Sikhs and Afghans have behaved well in China. Private information does not perfectly tally with public information on that subject. However, it cannot be doubted that the Sikhs, though very good soldiers and faithful to their paymaster, are essentially barbarians, who could not be trusted when their passions were fired, and they were let loose on an enemy's country, to keep the laws of war and the rules of humanity. In 'Up Among the Pandies,' that unobtrusive little record of facts otherwise withheld concerning the suppression of the Indian Mutiny we find a description of the treatment by Sikhs of a prisoner guilty of nothing but a brave and obstinate defence. They first tried to tear him in two; failing in this, they stab him in the face with their bayonets, and then slowly roast him to death on a small fire of dry sticks. British officers coolly look on, showing the effect upon the character of Europeans. The Japanese, it is said, are Orientals, and the Japanese soldiery behaved well. But the Japanese soldiery are national, not hirelings like the Indian mercenaries of Great Britain. If Mr. Chamberlain's policy were adopted on a large scale, Great Britain might become, like Carthage of old, a great commercial state, waging wars of aggression with hordes of mercenary barbarians. Other Governments which have masses of barbarians in their dominions would feel themselves at liberty to follow suit. What would be the consequences to civilization?

CREDIT TO WHOM IT IS DUE.

To the Editor of The Register: Sir—Last week you gave Hon. Mr. Stratton special credit for the magnificent illuminations in the Queen's Park and of the Parliament Buildings during the Royal visit. Hon. F. R. Latchford, Commissioner of Public Works, is responsible for the decorations and all the credit appertaining to them. READER.

"Reader" is quite right. We are very glad to remove the credit to the proper shoulders. The people of Toronto thought it very handsomely done on the part of the Provincial Government to make such a display in the park, and if Mr. Latchford perseveres he will certainly make himself very popular in the city.—Ed. C. R.

Mr. John Lavery, the well-known Catholic artist of Glasgow, Scotland, has just added another laurel to his European fame by gaining the first-class medal at the eighth international Art Exhibition a present going on in Munich.

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Golden Jubilee of Sisters of St. Joseph (Continued from page 1.)

Sisters of St. Joseph respond to the expectation of St. Francis de Sales and their holy founders. Although we naturally look for extraordinary holiness and fervor in the beginnings of all religious orders, yet nowhere do we find such humility, simplicity and self-effacement as in the lowly daughters of the silent father whose life was hidden with Jesus and Mary in the peaceful home of Nazareth.

Under women like Mother St. John the Community rapidly increased. Branches were established in every part of France, Africa, Italy and South America. On the 25th of March, 1836, the first foundation of the order was laid in the United States, in the City of St. Louis. Great indeed were the privations which the Sisters had to endure in the founding of the different institutions in the United States. They were often deprived of even the necessities of life. Strangers in a strange land without proper food or clothing, their lot was a hard one. Yet in the midst of trials, even when dining on bread and water with the snow coming through the roof of the convent the younger Sisters would thank God that though there was little bread and poor clothing, yet there was always a superabundance of air, snow and water. At the invitation of Bishop de Charbonnell, who had visited the Sisters at Philadelphia, it was determined to bring the Community to Canada, and accordingly Mother Delphine accompanied by three of the Sisters left the city and laid the foundation of the Community in Toronto, on the 7th of October, 1851.

Now 250 years in existence the Sisters of St. Joseph have penetrated into every land. From the shores of Protestant England to the banks of the Ganges, from the fertile plains bathed by the waters of the Garonne to the ice-bound coasts of Scandinavia, these daughters of the Church are to be found in the Academies of learning, in the hospitals of the sick, in the homes of the poor, dispensing everywhere the blessings of education, religion and charity.

Although no link now joins the present generation of Sisters with the original foundress of the Toronto Community, since the death of that gentle, kindly soul who was ever the friend of the priests of the diocese, the guardian of youth and the mother of the orphan, yet I trust it is not too much to hope that their memories will always serve as a link, and that the spirit which animated Mother Delphine and her companions in the discharge of their duties, which sustained them in their poverty and fortified them in their charity, will live always in the religious of St. Joseph's Community. The works which these noble women have done are still in our midst. Their fruits still remain. St. Joseph's Convent, and Academy, the House of Providence, Sunnyside Orphanage, St. Michael's Hospital, St. Nicholas' Home, and the different branches of the Community planted in London, Hamilton, Peterborough and other parts of the Province are the works of their hands and of women animated by the same spirit of sacrifice. Works speak more loudly than words, and these splendid institutions dedicated to religion, to education and charity are more eloquent than any panegyric that human tongue can utter. In the language of Pagan Rome, they can say but in attributing all the glory to Almighty God: "Monumentum exegi aere perennius." We have erected monuments more lasting than bronze. Yes, they have erected monuments more lasting even than the splendid institutions where they carry out their work of divine charity. They have erected monuments of Christian education in an age when God is banished from the schools, and religion from the hearts of the children. In the midst of the godless education of the day, it is consoling for Christian fathers and mothers to have institutions presided over by religious, where the head is educated as well as the heart, and where sound ideas, correct thinking and solid reasoning are imparted to their children, as well as good morals, without which education is not only imperfect, but is criminally injurious to the individual, the family and the country at large. But beyond that, they have erected monuments of love and gratitude in the hearts of the aged, the sick and the destitute, who in every condition of life have beheld in them the active virtues of our holy faith, and finally they have also erected monuments of respect and reverence in our age and country, which despite its hostility towards the Church of God, will never entertain any but the most cordial feelings for her virgin daughters. And now I speak to the members of the Community. If these monuments of love, these institutions of zeal and charity are to last, as we hope they shall, it will only be in proportion as the spirit which directs them is drawn from the sources of humility, simplicity, charity and perfect obedience to ecclesiastical authority, upon which the foundations of the Community itself were laid 250

years ago. You will always need, of course, the moral and financial assistance of your brothers and sisters in the world, but that assistance will always be given promptly and generously if we are only true to the original spirit of the Institute.

One last word to the pupils, and I have done. You are here to-day to rejoice with your parents and teachers in the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of this institution. The most acceptable way of congratulating your teachers is by obeying their precepts, by listening to their counsels and instructions, and by applying yourself diligently to your studies. You have, in this Academy, advantages that cannot be too highly prized, for upon their proper appreciation and use, depends your future success in life.

You have privileges here which are denied to others, more worthy perhaps than yourselves and who if they enjoyed the same opportunities would put them to better account. The great tide of Time never stops for any man, but is always moving onward to the ocean of Eternity, and if we do not make good use of every day and moment of that time, we shall be held accountable by Almighty God and when we take our places finally in the world in the great struggle of life, we shall realize when too late the bitterness of the proverb, "Opportunities once lost can never be recalled." If our teachers by virtue of this holy rule are bound to increase every day in the humility of St. Joseph, you in like manner are obliged to imitate the Child Jesus, of whom the Gospel said, "And Jesus increased in wisdom and age and in grace with God and man."

In this way the Convent will be for one and all both teachers and pupils, a perfect picture of the holy home of Nazareth and also I trust shall be the anticipation of that Heavenly Home where with Jesus, Mary and Joseph we may one day possess the perfect knowledge, love and enjoyment of God through the endless ages of Eternity.

A HAPPY DAY.

After the Mass the former pupils who were for one bright brief day the guests of their old teachers, dispersed through the Convent, and although no sunshine brightened the outside world, for the clouds hung heavy and the rain came down in unceasing showers, there was joy and brightness within the walls of Alma Mater, for sunshine fair and golden, other than that of the glorious day-orb, shone everywhere; it was the sunshine of love, the light of happiness beaming on bright and winsome faces, reflected from loyal loving hearts that bounded and pulsed and thrilled with great gladness at the happy reunion of dear friends long parted but brought together once more. What matter if in many cases silver threaded the once raven or golden hair of the erst school girl; the true and tender heart was still unchanged; and bright eye beamed and hand clasped hand and old school-day memories awakened and loving reminiscences were recalled, and soft eyes were filled with the unshed tears of love at the meeting of dear ones distance and time had separated. Young and old, all were children again, gay, careless happy children for one brief bright day. Many reigning now over hearts and households showed their delighted little ones, now pupils of the dear old Convent school, Mother's place in the study-hall and class-room, Mother's bed in the dormitory or alcove, Mother's favorite haunt in the green, rain-drenched gardens, and many whose talents have brought them to the fore in the great struggling world without, forgot for a day their trials and triumphs, their early struggles and later successes, to greet, with the old-time warmth and love, their unforgetten school companions who, like the Dove of the Deluge, have returned to the dear Convent Home to consecrate their lives to God, and follow in the footsteps and take up the work of revered and saintly teachers living now with God. But some there were whom the voice of affection, the loving invitation, the heartfelt summons to the dear old school could not reach; they had passed over the dark river into the silent valley; they had gone home to the Eternal Father, the tasks of life forever over, its lessons forever learned; but they had been all the better prepared for that voyage that knows no returning, because of the spiritual guidance which had given them in life the compass of faith to guide them, and the polestar of religion to lead them on. But these solemn thoughts seemed not to fill the minds of the happy ex-students; past and future were blended together in one blissful present, and merrily the happy hours sped on until 4 p.m. when the present pupils of the Academy assembled to give an entertainment to their welcome guests.

THE ENTERTAINMENT.

The Assembly Hall had been tastefully decorated in yellow and white, and the flood of silvery light from many incandescents brought into relief the pictured features of the saintly foundresses in the background, the gentle countenances of these holy laborers of

the past seeming to smile a benediction upon their Canadian children's joyous reunion. By 4 p.m. the spacious hall was filled to overflowing. The programme, which bore a somewhat spiritual character in harmony with the feast, commenced with a delicate Salutatory in sweet, poetic numbers, apposite to the occasion. The music which displayed admirable taste and proficiency was characterized by refinement and delicacy of expression. The selections rendered by the orchestra, the sweet familiar Irish and Scotch airs were particularly taking. A part song "Ave Maria" by Abt, sung with exquisite feeling received special applause.

In the elocution the pupils displayed a simple, unaffected, graceful realism which charmed their audience. But perhaps the most delightful number was the Minims' Cantata, in which the little ones representing wild and garden flowers wove a garland of blossoms as tribute to the Golden Jubilee. At the close of the entertainment, Vicar-General McCarthy addressed the young ladies of the Academy and their guests. In his own courteous way he congratulated the former on the talent and ability displayed throughout their programme. The reverend speaker then dwelt, as the occasion suggested, on the wonderful growth of the Institute, which he likened to the stream spoken of by the Prophet Ezekiel. He marked the labors of the Sisters during the half century, their vastness and variety, and the success which invariably attended them; for all of which praise and thanksgiving was due to God. It was, he believed, a day of reunion for former students, but as all had received lessons from the Sisters of St. Joseph, so all might indeed consider themselves as pupils and join in one heartfelt prayer of thanksgiving. For it was not, as the eloquent speaker beautifully put it, an occasion of self-glorification, but of joy and praise to God, whose hand wisely and silently guides all to a happy issue.

BENEDICTION AND CLOSING WORDS.

The musical entertainment was followed by Benediction at 5.30 p.m. Celebrant, Rev. A. Stuhl, C. S. R.; Deacon, Rev. E. Murray, C. S. B.; Sub-Deacon, Rev. M. Kelly, C. S. B. The music, like that of the morning, was Gregorian, and was faultlessly rendered. The Jubilee Ceremonies, which had commenced with a Mass of Thanksgiving for all the graces and favors Almighty God had lavished upon the Community for the last fifty years, were closed by a Solemn High Mass of Requiem for the souls of departed Sisters and pupils. The Mass was celebrated by the Rev. F. Frachon, C. S. B., who for thirty years has been the devoted, self-sacrificing Chaplain of the Convent and Academy. The gentle, holy Basilian has guided and counselled and blessed generations of St. Joseph's pupils during the triple decade of his sacred ministry among them. To him and to the reverend clergy of the Archdiocese, secular and religious, who have been so devoted to the Community's temporal and spiritual interests, the Sisters return their deep and heartfelt gratitude; to the laity who have assisted them in times of trial, who have aided them in seasons of affliction, the Community offer their sincerest thanks. In return for so much goodness what can the Congregation hope or pray, but that the same sweet Providence that has guided and guarded the Institute for fifty long, eventful years may guide and guard and bless Archbishop, priest and people, and that for one and all this Golden Jubilee of Time may be but the precursor of the Eternal Jubilee whose ravishing delights "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," whose heavenly blessedness the heart of man cannot conceive so surpassingly great are "the joys which God hath prepared for those who love Him."

BROTHER ROGATION RETURNS.

Rev. Brother Rogation, principal of the De La Salle Institute last year who was called to France in the summer, is now on his way back to Canada. His many friends in Toronto will regret to learn that Brother Rogation is to be stationed in Montreal.

NOW IS THE TIME

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Notice to Creditors

In the matter of the Estate of George W. Rielly, late of the Township of York, in the County of York, farmer, deceased. Notice is hereby given pursuant to R. S. O. 180, Chapter 129, Section 38, that all persons having claims against the estate of the said George W. Rielly, who died on or about the 9th day of January, 1897, are requested to send by post pre-paid, or delivered to John O'Donohue, solicitor for the administratrix, on or before the 30th day of October, 1901, their names, addresses and full particulars of their claims, and that after that day the administratrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard to the claims of which she then has notice. Dated at Toronto, this 25th day of September, 1901. JOHN O'DONOHUE, Solicitor for the Administratrix. No. 100 Church street, Toronto.

ST. MARY'S C. L. & A. A.

The annual election of officers was held at the rooms of the Association on Sunday afternoon. Mr. J. G. O'Donohue acted as returning officer and Mr. J. J. Kelly and J. Marsh as secretaries. The following are the successful candidates:

President—C. J. Read. Vice-President—J. J. Murray. Recording-Secretary—C. A. Girvin. Financial Secretary—C. Gillooly.

Treasurer—H. C. Stuart. Librarian—John J. Henry. Sergeant-at-Arms—Bert. Carton. Trustees—J. G. Lavelle, J. A. Muldoon, M. J. McInerney. House Committee—S. Doyle, F. McCue, D. Sullivan.

The various offices were closely contested and a good vote was polled by the members on each ticket, the total vote cast being 95. Under their new officers the Association gives promise of renewed activity and progress during the coming year. The election of the different committees takes place next Sunday.

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This new and extensive purchase includes some of the finest examples of Point Arab, Point Colbert, Marie Antoinette, Brussels, Point, Tombour, Swiss Applique, Irish Point and Point Duchesse ever made by a Canadian house. Here are particulars of some of the lines:

Nottingham Lace Curtains

Prices ranging from 85c to \$10 per pair and including:

—White Nottingham Lace Curtains, very new goods, 42 inches wide by 3 yards long, special extraordinary, per pair \$3

—White Nottingham Lace Curtains, a handsome line, 50 inches wide x 3 1/2 yards long, special extraordinary, per pair \$1.35

—White Nottingham Lace Curtains, a handsome line, 50 inches wide by 3 1/2 yards long, special extraordinary, per pair \$1.50

—Something beautiful in Nottingham Lace Curtains, with Grecian double border both sides, 63 inches wide by 3 1/2 yards long, special extraordinary, per pair \$1.60

Brussels Lace Curtains

Prices ranging from \$1.25 to \$65 per pair and including:

—A beautiful Brussels Lace Curtain, size 50 inches wide by 3 1/2 yards long, very suitable for drawing rooms, special extraordinary, per pair \$4.50

—A beautiful Brussels Lace Curtain, design Louis XV., size 50 inches wide by 3 1/2 yards long, special extraordinary, per pair \$5.25

—A beautiful Brussels Lace Curtain, design Louis XV., size 50 inches wide by 3 1/2 yards long, special extraordinary, per pair \$6.00

Marie Antoinette Lace Curtains

Prices ranging from \$6.25 to \$25 per pair and including:

—This is the most exquisite line of Marie Antoinette Lace Curtains that we have ever shown.

—Beautiful goods, with plain tulle centre, and handsome border and edgings, size 50 inches wide by 3 1/2 yards long, special extraordinary, per pair \$6.50

—Beautiful goods, with plain tulle centre and handsome border and edgings, size 50 inches wide by 3 1/2 yards long, special extraordinary, per pair \$8.00

Real Renaissance Lace Curtains

Prices ranging from \$5.50 to \$47.50 per pair and including:

—Point Renaissance Lace Curtains, real renaissance border, size 50 inches wide by 3 1/2 yards long, special extraordinary, per pair \$5.50

—Point Renaissance Lace Curtains, real renaissance border, size 50 inches wide by 3 1/2 yards long, special extraordinary, per pair \$7.50

—Beautiful Point Renaissance Lace Curtains, with wide border, 60 inches wide by 11 feet long, special extraordinary, per pair \$11

Real Point Arab Lace Curtains

Prices ranging from \$3.50 to \$75 per pair and including:

—Point Arab Lace Curtains, with plain tulle centre and handsome border, size 50 inches wide by 3 1/2 yards long, special extraordinary, per pair \$3.50

—Point Arab Lace Curtains, with plain tulle centre and wide border, 50 inches wide and 3 1/2 yards long, special extraordinary, per pair \$7.75

Tambour Lace Curtains

Prices ranging from \$4 to \$10 per pair and including:

—White Tambour Lace Curtains, embroidered all over, newest designs, size 50 inches wide by 3 1/2 yards long, special extraordinary, per pair \$4

—White Tambour Lace Curtains, handsome goods, 60 inches wide by 3 1/2 yards long, special extraordinary, per pair \$5.50

Muslin Curtains

Prices ranging from 75c to \$3.75 per pair and including:

—Very unusual values in frilled muslin curtains, per pair, at 75c, 85c and \$1.00

—Muslin Curtains, embroidered, dainty border, with frill, 44 inches wide by 3 1/2 yards long, special extraordinary, per pair \$1.00

—Muslin Curtains, embroidered, dainty border, with frill, 45 inches wide by 3 1/2 yards long, special extraordinary, per pair \$1.75

OUT-OF-TOWN ORDERS.—The assortment is of such a size that out-of-town shoppers, if they will give us something like a complete description, may safely rest upon our judgment in making a selection for them. We are doing this for hundreds of shoppers all over the Dominion, and the present special sale is one that those residing out-of-town should not miss.

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Sister Adelaide, one of the Benedictine Nuns, who are now settling down at Northend House, Cowes, was in the world the Dowager-Duchess of Braganza. Born Princess of Lowenstein-Wertheim-Rosenberg in 1831, she married in 1851 Dom Miguel, Infant of Portugal, the Duke of Braganza. He died in 1866. Since 1897 his widow has been a member of the religious

community established in the Benedictine Abbey of St. Cecilia, at Solesmes.

It is believed in well-informed Irish Nationalist circles that Mr. Thomas Sexton, ex-M. P., will consent to come back to active political life in response to the urgent request of his old constituents in Belfast.

THE STEPMOTHER

(Kate M. Cleary in McClure's Magazine.)

The world is filled with folly and sin, And love must cling where it can, I say, For beauty is easy enough to win— But one isn't loved every day! —Owen Meredith.

"You are going in town to the memorial services, Dan?" questioned the woman. Her voice was appealing. The young fellow standing in the doorway shifted his position impatiently. He was twenty-three, tall and brawny. Years of labor on the farm had developed his limbs and tightened his muscles. Later in life he would be stooped and shambling, as are those who follow the plow and guide the harrow after the days of youthful manhood have passed. Now he was straight and stately, and the colossal symmetry of his frame was good to look upon. His cotton shirt, falling loosely at the neck, revealed a triangle of sunburnt skin. His low-browed, strong featured face was coppered also. The jaw was heavy—the chin square. The blue eyes he turned on the woman had the sullenness of one who expects opposition.

"Yes, I'm a-goin'." "In the new buggy?" He nodded. There was a silence which she wistfully waited for him to break. As he said nothing she picked up the sewing which lay in her lap.

"I was hoping I could get to go," she said, speaking in the plaintive monotone produced by colorless years of self-repression and self-denial. "I've been every time when I could take or leave the children. It's a year since I've been to town." Her edle was suspended. She looked afar over the boundless expanse of prairie with weary eyes. "My father and brother are buried on the hill there. Little Ruby—she's there, too. She died when she wasn't but eight. She was the greatest child for flowers! The weeds even were flowers to her. I guess she'd know if there were some put on her grave."

Again there was silence, she sending him eager, furtive glances; he staring out where an ocean of oats tossed turbulently in the glaring sunshine.

"Even if the celebration brings sad thoughts," she went on, "it's kind of cheerful, too. There's so many folks in town. There's the flags—and the music. The girls have new hats and dresses. It's sociable-like. There hasn't been a soul in this house since Christmas. Then it was only some campers whose wagon broke down. But it seemed good to see them, even."

"Look here, mother," he broke out. "I know you ain't got much pleasure. I'd like you could fix it to go. But as for me drivin' you in—well, I promised to take Chastina Marks."

She said nothing, but the look that quivered out on her face made him set his teeth hard for an instant. Then, with a scarlet blotch burning on either thin cheek, she took up her sewing again, and went on stitching—stitching.

The home of the Carneys was a forlorn place. There was no timber in that region. The small, shabby house perched upon the bluff was exposed to the bitter winds of winter and to the almost more malignant furnace blasts of summer.

It was nineteen years since Oliver Carney had married for the second time. Then, he and his two sturdy boys had sadly needed the ministrations of a woman. The girl he married was young and romantic. She pitied him. She mistook her exquisite sympathy for the divine passion itself. When he traded his business in the East for a rocky Nebraska farm, and went to live where his lack of experience and the capricious climatic conditions together conspired against him, the outcome was despondency and futile regret. He not only failed to do one thing well; he succeeded in doing many things ill. He credited fate with peculiar perversity toward himself—

with an almost personal antagonism. Dyspepsia, the grim demon evoked by farm-house viands, became a constant torment. Insomnia duly followed. Pessimism, the prompt handmaid of these, waited upon them. So he became gloomy and unreasonable, except when his depression was temporarily merged in the maudlin amiability of liquor.

It was upon the woman, however, that the burdens of failure pressed most heavily. She had been a brave and gallant young creature, but the cowardice and shirking selfishness of the man she married ate into the core of her being like an acid.

None knew better than she that work from long before light on winter mornings and the first streak of pearly dawn in summer skies was hard. She knew that poverty was a rabid, a relentless thing. She knew that it made petty those who would be great and generous; that it fettered hands which would fain be extended in royal generosity; that none might scale its ramparts which barred out possible ambitions—pleasures—joys! But

these she accepted—the poverty and the toil. At the melancholy of inertia surrounding her she rebelled. She dreaded its contagion. She refused to have her heritage of hope wrested from her. She would not live in an atmosphere of rayless foreboding. She denied the right of one man to condemn her to profound and enduring discontent. She was not one of those who succumb to adversity willingly. She made a hard fight. Occasionally she conquered—less frequently as the year went by. The struggle told on her. She lost expectancy of expression and elasticity of step. Child-bearing and child-rearing were part of her handicapped existence.

Now a fresh fear had arisen. What if Dan were to marry—Dan, upon whom they all depended, rather than upon the moping, misanthropic father! "Dan!" Her voice sounded strange to herself, and she waited until she could speak as usual. "Dan, what would we all do without you?"

She had been a school teacher in her youth, and she spoke with a correctness and a precision which, although marred by occasional idioms, still distinguished her speech from the lingual slovenliness of the Western farm woman.

"Oh, I guess you'd git along!" A dull, slow color had crept into his face. "It's goin' to be a good year. Dick could take my place."

Dick—take—his place! He was thinking, then—he was going to— "We—we can't depend on Dick!" she murmured. A vision of Dick rose before her—gay, pleasure-loving, inconsiderate Dick. She smiled—a sad smile. "I didn't think Chastina was the kind of girl you'd take a fancy to, Dan."

He swung around. "What," he demanded, "have you got agin her?"

Her work fell on her lap. She clasped her thin, knobby-jointed hands upon it, and looked up at her stepson. She was a frail little body, gowned in the everlasting print wrapper of the prairie housekeeper. Her large hazel eyes were bright—too bright. She breathed quickly. She had lost two of her front teeth. To have them replaced would be an extravagance not to be considered. Frequently, when speaking, she lifted her hand with a nervous gesture and covered her mouth.

"She's frivolous, Dan. She likes admiration—and pretty clothes—"

"Is that all? What girl don't, mother?"

"It seems to me," she went on, hurriedly, "that your—your marriage to her would be—a—a mistake. Think it over a bit—"

"Think it over!" he burst out. "Mother, you didn't use to want to stand in my way! Don't you s'pose I have thought it over? Do you think I'm goin' to be dray horse for all's here—two of 'em as well able to work as me—all the born days of my hull life?"

The hot May sun streamed down on him. She could see his great chest rising and falling, and the muscles of his arms working under the worn sleeves of his shirt.

"You have more than your share of the work!" she admitted. Her voice faltered again. A stray sunbeam glinted on her needle—an idle needle just then, "And—I don't want to stand in your way, Dan. Only—you've always seemed like my boy—the only boy I ever had. Maybe I'm saying this to you about Tina because—because I want to keep you." Her hungry eyes never left his face. "Perhaps I'm—'m just making excuses. Perhaps—"

The scarlet blotches faded in her cheeks. She picked up her sewing again, but the hands trembled over the coarse cotton cloth. She could not ply the glittering implement she held. Suddenly she went deathly pale. She lay back, drawing her breath in short, soft gasps.

"Mother!" cried the young fellow. "Mother!" "It's nothing," she panted. "Nothing."

But her lips took on a bluish tinge, and after a faint shiver she lay quite still. He dashed out to the well for water, brought it to her, and forced her to swallow it. He watched her anxiously, all the sullenness gone, as she shuddered back to consciousness.

"I didn't mean to rile you, mother," he said. "But seems like I couldn't bear to have you comin' between Chastina an' me."

He had dropped on one knee beside her chair in a bewilderment of dumb and clumsy penitence.

"I know it's hard for you," she murmured. "You are young—and it's hard for you."

The tired tears were clipping down her cheeks.

"It ain't dead easy for you, mother."

"Oh, don't think of me!"

"We don't. We've got out of the way of thinking of you."

Her little skinny arm lay near him. It never occurred to him to give it a gentle touch. They are chary of caresses—the prairie people. Perfunctory kisses are given at the marriage feast or before the burial—but even these are few and far between. He stumbled to

his feet, ashamed of the compassionate impulse which had temporarily mastered him. The woman rose, too. "It's time to get supper," she said. "They'll be in soon."

But as she crossed the kitchen to set her work aside she suddenly put her hand to her breast—stood still.

One stride and Dan was beside her. "You're nor forgettin' what the doctor said?" he questioned. "That if you got scairt—or—or hurt, an had another heart spill you was like—like to—"

She flashed around on him. Suddenly her face was young, yearning, eager. "Oh, I was forgetting! Do you think—?" But as suddenly as it had come the brilliance waned. She shook her head. "No—I shall not die—not soon," she said.

She went on filling the little rust-red stove with coals. Dan did not offer to assist her. The attitude of a young Western farmer to his mother is that of an Indian to his squaw. All domestic drudgery properly pertains to her.

"I'll go out an' take a look at the young peach trees," he said. "They're comin' on fine. This'll be the second year of bearing'. There ought to be enough made out'n 'em to pay dad for the hogs the chlery got."

"What you talkin' about?" rasped a dolorous voice. "Them peaches? They'll be some, maybe. But the nursery man fooled me on the settin's. He didn't give me the Baltimore beauties I bought o'n him—o'n'y the common kind. An' the common kind is dreadful plenty. It's the best that fetches the price. Every one's agin me. Every one cheats me. I allus had the worst luck of any one I ever knowed."

He sank into the only comfortable chair the room afforded, a limp heap of inactive humanity. He watched the woman preparing supper.

"There's them," he announced, placidly, arousing himself from a trance of indolent content.

"Them" came tumbling in, a riotous, roystering, healthy brood. They laughed, and mocked, and fought, and burst into peals of laughter. The head of the house regarded them with bland interest.

"Seems like," he remarked, "I ain't never so happy as when I'm a-sittin', so to speak, in the bosom of my family."

His conciliatory manner was one to incite distrust. His wife sent him a swift glance. "Have you been to town?" she asked.

He declared that he had not been to town. That even if he had she knew better than to suppose that he would go into the Owl-King—or near the Owl-King, or—

Dick perfumed, pomaded, and in his Sunday best, came lattering down the ladder-like stairway.

"Hurry up, mother. I'm goin' in town to a strawberry festival at the Methodist Church. Here, Dolly, you got your supper. You let me set there."

Dolly protested with a howl. Dick picked her up and deposited her on the floor, where she appeared to shrink together like a collapsible drinking cup.

When Dan came in from his aimless tramp through the orchard the owner of the farm was sunk in stertorous oblivion. The last child had been tucked in bed. The last utensil had been washed and set aside. And the woman, sitting by the kitchen table, in the dull light of the kerosene lamp, was sewing, stitching into Dan's denim shirt rebellion, regret, resentment—love. That unselfish love of all loves—

Chastina Marks was waiting for Dan when he drove up. She was a slender, brown-haired girl, clad in the inevitable white lawn and fluttering ribbons of the prairie belle. She was not pretty, but she was charming. There was a fresh wholesomeness about her as pleasant as the scent of wild-plum blossoms. Her quiet eyes held a look of reserve. They were eyes which might, indeed

"Keep back a daring lover, Or comfort a grieving child."

"T'is late." He had jumped down and was helping her into the buggy. "It's a fine morning, but I'm afraid it's going to blow up a bit."

She looked away to the horizon, with the keen and prescient vision of those who are prairie-born. "It will be a dust storm, I think."

The little town presented its usual Memorial Day appearance, which was that of festivity—festivity, however, the most seemly and decorous. But—as Dan's stepmother had remarked—the flags, flowers, music, the groups promenading in their finest attire, the uniforms of the band of bent veterans, the gold-lettered badges of the Women's Relief Corps, the importance and celebrity of the few officials on horseback, the forming of the parade, the deliberate progress to the church, the singing of the speeches, even the bulging baskets in the back of the wagons, were "sociable-like."

Dan enjoyed neither the day nor the propinquity of the girl he loved. His brow was contracted. He spoke seldom. His companion wondered—silently—She was wise enough to know that to question a secretive man is to invoke a lie.

The dust storm she had prophesied did come. At first there was only the most infantile—the most

ineffectual little breeze. Then the tiny spirals of dust rose in the country roads. Suddenly the tawny spirals were as tall as waterspouts. The increasing wind, blowing up from Kansas behind the dust into a curtain—a well—encompassing, enveloping fog. Dan, urging his horses homeward, tried to protect Chastina. He pulled up the buggy top. He drew the linen robe over the lap. He gave her his silk handkerchief to tie over her eyes. But the man does not live who can combat a Nebraska dust storm. The yellowish powder sifted in through the joints of the canopy. It stung the flesh like the bits of myriad infinitesimal insects. It grimed the lap-robe and the girl's white gown. It maddened the old farm horses until they were mettlesome as pastured colts. It pierced, and penetrated, and choked, and blinded. And all the time the wind sent the buggy careening, screeched in the ears of its occupants, and howled in its fury after each rare pause to take breath. All the time, too, the sun blazed down—a great blotch of deep orange seen through saffron clouds.

"I shan't let you out at your house," Dan shouted. "I'll take the short cut to our place. There is something I want to tell you."

The violence of the storm was spent when they turned into the narrow road that zig-zagged towards the desolate house on the bluff. Dan slackened rein. At last he could make himself heard.

"Tina," he blurted out. "I asked you to marry me. I didn't know then—anyways I didn't think. But I s'posed we could git married this fall. Now—well, now we can't. I've thought it over good an' hard—an' we can't. I got to stick by mother a while longer. Maybe this year—maybe all next, too. I don't s'pose now you'll want to keep company with me no longer. But," doggedly, "I got to stick by mother."

She turned her grave eyes on him. The illimitable love in them dazzled him. His heart plunged.

"I wouldn't think much of you," she said, "if you didn't stick to your mother after all she's done for you. My mother often told me before she died how strong and pretty Miss Carney was when she first came out to Nebraska. She said how nice she kept you an' Dick—always good clothes an' the best of everything for you, when she didn't have a stiff dress to her back. I'll wait for you, Dan."

"Tina!" he cried. "Tina!" he ventured again. But the pain in his throat precluded speech. He yelled to the horses. They forged ahead.

Suddenly Tina leaned forward—clutched his arm. "Look, Dan, look! What's wrong? The children are running down the bluff. They're comin' this way. An' your father—he's beckonin'! There's Miss' Harrowsley—I know her cape—an' Miss' Peterson Hurry—hurry!"

"Oh, my God," muttered Dan. The world seemed to reel away from him. Tina's hand steadied him. Tina's voice recalled him. All at once he was standing up—was lashing the horses. "I wish I'd taken her!" the girl heard him cry. "I wish to God I'd taken her! She wanted so to go on this Memorial Day!"

"Hush, Dan, hush, dear! It will be all right!"

Some one was at the horses' heads. He hurled himself out of the buggy—was in the house.

"We don't know just how it happened," one of the whispering group in the kitchen was saying. "She was alone when the storm came up."

"She went out to drive the young calves under shelter," interposed another.

"A loose scantling struck her in the side," volunteered a third. "She ain't been real strong of late anyhow. That heart trouble's awful unreliable. The doctor? Can't get him. He's over in Kansas. Miss' Peterson knows well as him, though. She 'lows there ain't anything' to be done."

Dan pushed by them into the little poor best bedroom. His stepmother lay in the pine bedstead. The patchwork quilt was drawn to her chin. He fell on his knees beside her. His shoulders were heaving. She lifted one weak arm and laid it around his neck. "Look at me—Dan."

He lifted his haggard eyes to hers, which were sweet and luminous.

"Dan," went on the voice, which seemed to come from a distance. "I'm—I'm sorry for what I said—about Tina. She is dear—she is good—like her mother before her."

"Mother—she is here."

"Yes—I can see her now. I am glad—very glad. But—Dan."

A woman came in, insisting that the sufferer should not speak. The workworn hand was imperious then as any which ever swayed a scepter. At its light motion the intruder left the room.

"Dan—where are you? Listen!" "I am listening, mother."

"Don't make Tina's life—too hard! Women are not fitted—to bear as much as—men. They—must—bear—more. Men love women, only—they—don't—understand. This is Memorial Day." Her hand found his rough head and rested there. "I hope you'll remember—every Memorial Day—about Tina. And that a woman isn't always—well—or happy—"



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just because she keeps on her—feet—and doesn't complain. And let her know—you—"

Grayness swept over the face like an obliterating billow. "Mother!" he sobbed, hoarsely. "Mother!"

The bed shook to the beat of his breast.

"Little Dan," she was saying, softly. "No—I can't think he's my stepson. He's my boy." The hand on his head moved caressingly. "Such pretty—pretty, curls! My boy—the only boy I ever had."

Then she was whispering about Ruby, the little sister who had died when she wasn't but eight. The little girl to whom the weeds were flowers.

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A MODERN ST. IGANTIUS

The Late Bishop of Demarara was First a Soldier and Then a Saint.

The following account of a very remarkable man has been recently contributed to The Record-Herald by a special correspondent in Dublin:

Dublin, Sept. 25.—With crozier and sword crossed on his coffin, Rt. Rev. Anthony Butler, S. J., was buried in Demarara three weeks ago. It was probably one of the most remarkable funerals in the annals of the church and of the British army, for the body was borne to its last resting place on a gun carriage, and as the remains were lowered into the grave made for them in the cathedral, soldiers outside fired their farewell shots for the hero of the soutane and the sabretache.

Thus ended the career of one of the remarkable men in the British empire—a career of romance, adventure and asceticism—that has few equals in the pages of fiction. Anthony Butler was 71 years old at the time of his death. Born in the County Clare, he was descended from a family of high connections in both Munster and Connaught, and was connected with an "army family." His father was Walter Butler of Ashfield, and his mother, before her marriage, Frances Blake of Frenchfort. Several members of the family have won distinction under the colors in various campaigns of early and recent dates.

Butler was educated at the famous Jesuit College of Clongowes and at the Oscott school, near Birmingham. At 19 he entered the army as a lieutenant in the Royal Irish Fusiliers (the celebrated Faugha-Ballaghs) and at once began active military work, serving in China and the Indian mutiny. For deeds of valor he was decorated with many clasps and medals, and promotion was rapid. He was a favorite of the younger officers, and was familiarly known as "Fony" Butler, but little these roving, reckless fighting men thought that in years to come Captain Butler, instead of being their boon companion in warlike exploits and adventures, would become their chaplain. That is what actually occurred, though, for at the age of 36, Butler informed his family that he had decided to abandon the army and to join the Church. He was in barracks at Portsmouth when he penned the famous letter expressing his determination to enter the Jesuit novitiate at Rochampton, and the letter is said to have been a strangely impressive document.

The earnest protests of his family were futile, and in 1866 Captain Butler entered the Society of Jesus and was ordained to the priesthood in 1872. He was then sent to Jamaica on a mission, but soon returned to prosecute his theological studies, for which purpose he entered a college at Ghent, Belgium. When Father Butler took charge of a mission at Belford-Leigh, Lanarkshire, and in 1878 the Pope appointed him Bishop of Demarara and Vicar Apostolic of British Guiana, in succession to the late Dr. Heridge. It was at this time that ecclesiastical fighting qualities of the new prelate developed. The greatest difficulties were surmounted, schools, missions and convents multiplied, and more especially was the cause of education advanced and the care of the unfortunate lepers on the West Indian Islands promoted.

Arduous labors finally affected the soldier-bishop's robust health, and the depressing climate also had ill effects. He visited Europe in 1898 in the hope of bettering his physical condition, and the trip proved him considerably; but the rigors of army service on the sun-baked plains of India and the malarial swamps of China had deep impress on his constitution and upon his return to Demarara he declined rapidly. He died peacefully on the 25th of August, twenty years exactly from the date of his elevation to the episcopate, and Bishop Butler's funeral took place with impressive solemnities at Georgetown, the archbishop and the state participating in the obsequies. It was, however, distinctly a military funeral—something remarkable for a prelate of the Church of Rome.

Grandmother at Her Window.

Grandmother is at the window looking out over the quiet room. She sits there of the day, looking placidly out over the world. It is May, the air is sweet with the fragrance of lilacs and creamy magnolias, and a few late blossoms are still out on the lawn. There is a soft, droning hum from the bees as they settle on some honey-laden branch. Grandmother leans forward a little. Gertrude, the pretty granddaughter, is coming up the walk, carrying her strap of books. There is the charm and delight of it in her light, firm step, and the poise of her brown head. Grandmother watches her lovingly. "Dear creature!" she says, "seems just the other day when she was a little mite in her long white dress, putting out her arms and legs to grandmamma to take

She sighs a little, and then a wistfulness creeps into her eyes, as she looks down on the buoyant, girlish figure and thinks how more than 30 years have passed since she walked with such a springing, elastic step. She glances with a little patient smile, at the feet on the old carpet hassock; they move so slowly and languidly now. It is very sweet to be young and strong and glad! Will Gertrude think to look up, with a smile and a gay word? Sometimes she does, but often—well, it is no wonder young folks sometimes forget the old—they have so many beautiful things to think about.

She watches the clock with growing eagerness. It is almost time for the mail-carrier to come by. Perhaps she will get a letter today from Katharine. "Give my love to grandmamma, and tell her I am going to write to her soon!" That is what Katharine has been saying for months in the postscripts of her letters to Gertrude. So grandmamma watches the clock every day as the time draws near for the gray uniformed figure to come down the street. If the letter does not come to-day, it may tomorrow. That is the way grandmothers always reason, trying to put away the chilling disappointment settling over her.

It is queer how an old, tired heart like hers can quicken its beating, just for a little, fluttering hope. There is almost a childlike wistfulness in her eyes when the letter-carrier comes in sight. He is in front of the house—by the gate now—but he passes by. She settles back with a little, patient sigh. She wishes the clock would go faster—it is so many hours before the dark comes and she can go to sleep. There is a new magazine laying on the little stand beside her, but her eyes ache too much to even look at the pictures any more.

She looks out of the window again, her face turned intently on the street, while the shadows grow longer on the yellow road and the bright, vivid green of the grass. "Twenty-three!" she says aloud. It is a little game she has invented to cheat the monotony of her days—this counting of the bicycles that go spinning down the road. Sometimes it is white horses that she numbers, sometimes it is the human passers. Whichever it is, it helps the minutes go by.

COST OF THE WORK.

A Statement About Decorations in St. Joseph's Church.

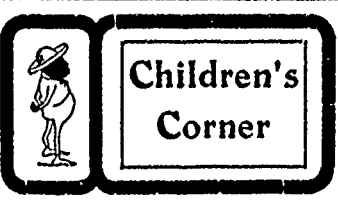
Ottawa, Oct. 14.—Rev. Father Murphy, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, gave a statement yesterday as to the cost of the decorations and repairs recently made in the church. The cost was \$10,500, and of this amount \$7,000 had already been paid. There still remained to be paid \$3,500. Father Murphy said that placing himself in the position of a member of the congregation he could understand why it was that the contributions may not have been very generous during the past few months in the envelope collections. The inscription on the envelope was "Church and hall fund," and there was some uncertainty about this. The uncertainty was twofold, first as regards the realization of a hall and the usefulness of such a building, and secondly as to the length of time contributions would continue. This inscription had now been changed to "church decoration fund" and that ought to do away with any uncertainty. The matter of a hall was no longer to be considered. The original plans and contracts for the decoration of the church had been followed out closely and any changes made were in the nature of more artistic work. There was a year in which to pay the \$3,500 now due, and then the envelope collection would be discontinued.

CATARRH CAN BE CURED.

Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

STREET CAR ACCIDENT.

Mr. Thomas Sabini says: "My eleven-year-old boy had his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the Street Railway. We at once commenced bathing the foot with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, with the discoloration and swelling was removed, and in nine days he could use his foot. We always keep a bottle in the house ready for any emergency."



THE OLD-FASHIONED BOY.

Oh, for a glimpse of a natural boy— A boy with tattered face, With forehead white 'neath tangled hair and limbs devoid of grace;

Whose feet toe in, while his elbows flare; Whose knees are patched all ways; Who turns as red as a lobster when You give him a word of praise;

A boy whose's born with an appetite, Who seeks the pantry shelf To eat his "piece" with resounding smack, Who isn't gone on himself;

A "Robinson Crusoe" reading boy, Whose pockets bulge with trash, Who knows the use of rod and gun And where the brook trout splash.

It's true he'll sit in the easiest chair With his hat on his tousled head; That his hands and feet are everywhere, For youth must have room to spread.

But he doesn't dub his father "old man" Nor deny his mother's call Nor ridicule what his elders say Or think that he knows it all.

A rough and wholesome natural boy Of a good old-fashioned clay— God bless him, if he's still on earth, For he'll make a man some day! —Detroit Free Press.

THE COMING YEAR.

What shall I wish thee for the coming year? From toil—say cease? A bliss unmingled? From all care and fear A sweet release?— No path on earth is but with flowers strewn; No human heart, secure upon its throne, Holds perfect Peace.

What shall I wish thee for the coming days?— Friends loyal and true, Who ne'er will fail thee in the devilous ways Thou travelest through?— On these we may count, for it may be, With the to-morrow's sun that sets on thee, These vanish, too.

What shall I wish thee for the coming days? Wealth? honor? fame? The tribute, dear to most, of well-earned praise, A lauded name? Ah! these are fleeting treasures, and their worth Must perish with the perishable earth From whence they came.

What shall I wish thee for the coming year? A spirit strong, A faithful heart, A conscience light, and clear From sense of wrong. A hope that soars beyond the bounds of Time— That finds its fruitage in a purer clime! The ages long. —Henry Faulkner Darnell.

A QUEER HOSPITAL.

(Carry on) Wells in Youth's Companion. There's a hospital down on Absurdity Square, Where the queerest of patients are tended with care.

When I made them a visit I saw in a crib A little Umbrella who had broken his rib.

And then I observed in the very next bed A bright little Pin who had bumped its poor head.

They said a new cure they'd decided to try On an old Needle, totally blind in one eye.

I was much interested, and soon I espied A Shoe who complained of a stitch in her side.

And a sad-looking patient who seemed in the dumps Was a Clock with a swell face because of the mumps.

Then I tried very hard, though I fear 'twas in vain, To comfort a Window who had a bad pane.

And I paused just a moment to cheerily speak With a pale Cup of Tea who was awfully weak.

As I took my departure I met on the stair A new patient, whom they were handling with care,

A victim, perhaps, of some terrible wreck— 'Twas a Squash who had fatally broken his neck.

THE PENCIL-TREES.

Oh, could I find the forest Where the pencil-trees grow! Oh, might I see their stately stems All standing in a row! I'd hie me to their grateful shade, In deep, in deepest bliss; For then I need not hourly hear A chorus such as this:

CHORUS. Oh, lend me a pencil, please, mamma! Oh, draw me some houses and trees, mamma! Oh, make me a floppy Great poppy to copy, And horses that prances and gees, mamma!

The branches of the pencil-tree Are pointed, every one. Aye! each one has a glancing point That glitters in the sun; The leaves are leaves of paper white, All fluttering in the breeze; Ah! could I pluck one rustling bough, I'd silence cries like these:

CHORUS. Oh, lend me a pencil, do, mamma! I've got mine all stuck in the glue, mamma! Oh, make me a pretty Big barn and a city, And a cow and a steam engine, too, mamma!

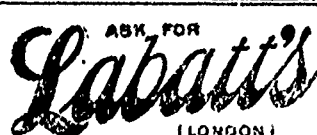
The fruit upon the pencil-tree Hangs ripening in the sun, In clusters bright of pocket-knives— Three blades to every one. Ah! might I pluck one shining fruit, And plant it by my door, The pleading cries, the longing sighs, Would trouble me no more.

MENDING HOSIERY.

'The ordinary method practiced' by our grandmothers is good enough for all others, that is, weaving in a filling, with threads across one way and in and out the other. When the hole is large, use a darn-egg, and draw the edges of the hole—not together, but into position—with long stitches of white basting cotton, otherwise it will stretch. Leave a tiny loop at the end of each thread, for the stocking will stretch, while the darn-egg-cotton will not; in filling in do this closely, but not heavily. Let your work extend far enough to form a border to the hole which you mend, else the darn will pull away from the stocking, leaving breaks all around it. Stocking darning in these days of cheap hosiery is a virtue which may be carried to excess, but within limits it is both necessary and praiseworthy; it is not every mother who can afford always to buy new stockings instead of mending the worn ones. It does not take any more time to insert a new heel into a small boy's stocking than it does to darn a big hole, and if the work is neatly done it will look better and be more comfortable. One may find heel protectors of kid and chamois skin on the stocking counter of every large store, but those made at home of unbleached Canton flannel, wear better, besides costing many times less. Make them of two pieces, like the heel of a stocking or a doll's cap, with crown in shape of a U and a straight piece sewed around it.—The Delineator.

WHEN GIRLS SHOULD MARRY.

A girl should marry when she is capable of understanding and fulfilling the duties of a true wife and thorough housekeeper, and never before. No matter how old she may be, if she is not capable of managing a house in every department of it, she is not old enough to get married. No matter how plain the home may be, if it is neatly kept and the meals (no matter how simple) served from shining dishes and clean table linen, the husband will leave his home with loving words and thoughts and look ahead with eagerness to the time when he can return. Let a girl play the piano and acquire every other accomplishment within her power, the more the better, for each one will be that much more power to be used in making a happy home. At the same time, if she cannot go into the kitchen, if necessary, and prepare a good meal, and serve it after it is prepared, she had better defer her marriage until she learns. If girls would thoroughly fit themselves for the position of intelligent housekeepers before they marry, there would be fewer discontented, unhappy wives and more happy homes.—Popular Fashions.



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Canadian News

LOUIS AND JAMES CONLON.

Thorold, Oct. 16.—On Monday morning the death occurred here of Louis Conlon, aged 17 years, the youngest son of Thomas Conlon of the well-known lumber firm of J. & T. Conlon of Thorold, and Little Current, Ont. The deceased was a general favorite with a large circle of young and aged friends, being of a very kind and gentle disposition. He was a student at the High School here, and the school flag is at half-mast. He had been ill for some months past, with malarial fever. His father was at the mills at Little Current when he died, and the wires being down between Sudbury and there, the messages were detained in reaching him, until Tuesday noon. On the same night his second youngest son, James Conlon, aged 21 years, who had been ill with typhoid fever at Little Current for some weeks, died. He also was a general favorite with a very large circle of friends, for the past three years. He was bookkeeper for the firm at their Thorold office, and went to Little Current to fill a responsible position there this spring. He was a graduate of Ottawa College, and was a bright and clever young man of much promise.

The deceased young men are survived by their sorrowing father and two brothers, John or Little Current and Frank of the School of Practical Science, Toronto, and one sister, Mrs. James Battle of Thorold.

The people of Thorold and the whole Niagara district, where Mr. Conlon and his family are well known and numbered among its oldest and most esteemed and respected residents, are extending their warmest sympathy.

The funeral of Louis took place on Thursday morning to the Church of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, where the pastor, Father Sullivan, chanted Requiem Mass, after Mass he addressed in eloquent words the large numbers who filled the Church, taking the following for his text: "He was taken away lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul. Being made perfect in a short time, he fulfilled a long time. For his soul pleased God therefore he hastened to bring him out of the midst of iniquities." Wisd. 4:11-14.

He referred to the beautiful and holy life lead by the deceased, who up to a year ago was an altar boy and to the last was a regular monthly communicant and a faithful attendant at every devotion and service of the Church. The interment then took place at Lakeview Cemetery.

On Friday afternoon James' remains arrived from Little Current via Owen Sound, accompanied by his heart-broken father. Kind friends met them at the station and accompanied them to the home, and on Saturday morning the funeral took place to the Church of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, and Father Sullivan again chanted a Requiem Mass and reached an appropriate sermon to the hundreds who again filled the church. The funeral then took place to Lakeview Cemetery, and dear "Louie and Jimmie" Conlon are sleeping their last long sleep beside their mother, who died years ago.

On Sunday morning all their companions and a large portion of the congregation went to Holy Communion, offering it up for the repose of the souls of the lamented dead.

MICHAEL FARRELL.

Arthur, Oct. 17.—Michael Farrell passed away at his late residence, Erin, a few days ago, after an illness of two or three days, although he had been very feeble for seven or eight years. Deceased was in his 77th year. He was a very estimable gentleman and much beloved by all who knew him for his charitableness and kindly disposition. Deceased was born in County Cork, Ireland, and emigrated to this country about 50 years ago with his father, the late Michael Farrell, and settled on lot 28, con. 6, Eramosa, at that time practically a wilderness and went through all the hardships of an early pioneer. Some years later he bought lot 31, con. 1, Erin township, on which place he lived until his death. In 1860 he married Mary, eldest daughter of the late Thos. Langford, who still survives him. He leaves to mourn, his loss seven sons and four daughters, viz., Ellen and James, on the homestead; Mrs. John Beechiner, of Shiloh; Mrs. O'Neill, of Galt; Mrs. Ellsworth, of Cleveland; Michael, of Proton; Davin, of Chicago; Thomas, of Oakville; Peter and John, of Erin; Jeremiah, of Montana. The deceased leaves two sisters and one brother, viz., Miss Ellen, at home; Mrs. O'Connor, Grand Rapids, Mich., and Patrick, of Peel township. The funeral took place from his late residence to-day, and was followed by a large number of neighbors and friends. Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. J. J. Feeney at St. Peter's Church, Oustic.

CAHALAN—HOGAN.

Arthur, Oct. 17.—Miss Minnie E. Hogan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hogan, was wedded on October 7, to Mr. Will H. Cahalan, of Arthur, at St. Peter's Church, the pretty little edifice situated on the eminence overlooking the village of Oustic.

When the bride, accompanied by her father, entered the church to the peals of the bridal march, played by Miss Beatrice Cummings, of Rockwood, the edifice was filled with spectators from the vicinity and from a distance, anxious to witness the nuptials of a lady who has been a universal favorite in the community. The bridesmaid, Miss Amy Crowe, of Guelph, daughter of Alderman Crowe, preceded the bride, and the bride's three little cousins, Mary O'Brien, of Birge's Mills; Kathleen Hogan, of Brantford, and Maister Vincent Hogan of Guelph, following behind, completed the bridal party. Mr. Frank Radigan, of Hamilton, was best man. Rev. Father Feeney said the nuptial Mass. Solos were excellently rendered by Miss Marjorie Hogan, of Brantford, cousin of the bride; Miss Margaret Cahalan, of Arthur, sister of the groom; Will J. Hogan, brother of the bride, and Prof. A. Kaiser, of Guelph, formerly of Arthur. The children of the parish sang Leonard's "Kyrie," "Sanctus," and "Agnus Dei." It was a delightfully pleasing feature—their youthful voices filled the church with sweetness.

Miss Hogan has been organist in St. Peter's Church since her childhood, and the appreciation of her services were several times acknowledged by gifts from the congregation. Her presence will be very much missed, not alone in the home and social circles, but also in the church. We join in the wish earnestly expressed by their many friends that their wedded life, so happily begun, may be fraught with every blessing.

Very Rev. V. Marijon, Provincial of the Basilian Order in America, has returned from a visit to the Motherhouse in France. He is accompanied by Rev. Fr. Chalandard, who is well known here, having for many years been the conductor of St. Basil's choir, until called to France by his superiors. Father Chalandard will leave in a few days for Sandwich, where he will assume the duties of assistant parish priest.

LITTLE BATEESE.

W. H. Drummond. You bad teetle boy, not moche you care How busy you're kipin' your poor gran-pere, Tryin' to stop you ev'ry day Chasin' de hen aroun' de hay— Why don't you geev' dem a chance to lay? Leetle Bateesel

Off on de fiel' you foller de plow, Den wen you're tire you scare de cow, Sickin' de dog till dey jump de wall, So 'de milk ain't good for not'ing at all— An' you're only five an' a half dis fall, Leetle Bateesel

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer to-night? Never min'; I s'pose it'll be all right, Say dem to-mo-row—ah! dere he go! Fas' asleep in a minute or so— An' he'll stay lak dat till de rooster crow. Leetle Bateesel

Den wake us up right away touts suite Lookin' for sometin' more to eat, Makin' me t'ink of m long leg crane, Soon as dey swaller, dey start again, I wonder your stomach don't get no pain, Leetle Bateesel

But see heem now lyn' dere in bed, Look at de arm underneat' hees head; If he grow lak dat till he's twenty year I bet he'll be stronger dan Louis Cyr An' heat all de voyageurs leevin' here, Leetle Bateesel

Jus' feel de muscle along hees back, Won't geev' heem moch' bodder for carry pack On de long portage, any size canoa, Dere's not many t'ing dat boy won't do, For he's got double-joint on hees body, too, Leetle Bateesel

But, leetle Bateesel please don't forget We rader you're stayin' de small boy yet, So chaso de chicken an' mak' dem scare, An' de wa't you lak wit' your ole gran-pere, For wen you're heeg feller he won't be dere— Leetle Bateesel

BE SURE YOU GET THE KIND YOU HAVE ALWAYS HAD.—Owing to the great popularity of "The D. & L." Menthol Plaster, unscrupulous makers are putting up one like it. For rheumatism, neuralgia, &c., nothing is so good. Made only by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

HON. EDWARD BLAKE RETURNS.

Hon. Edward Blake, member of Parliament for Longford, left the city last week on his way back to England.

REV. DR. CONSTANTINEAU.

Rev. Dr. Constantineau has resigned the rectorship of Ottawa University, on account of ill-health, it is said.

FATHER SINNETT AND WESTERN SETTLEMENT.

Rev. J. Sinnett, chaplain with the Second Canadian Contingent in South Africa, has returned from a two months' visit of inspection to the Northwest Territories, especially in the vicinity of Edmonton. Father Sinnett has been offered a large tract of land in the vicinity of Edmonton on condition that he would bring a colony of a hundred families to settle upon it.

A SEPTIC TANK INVENTION.

Mr. Martin Quinn of the Public Works Department has invented an automatic flush valve to be used in connection with septic tanks for sewage disposal. The device is intended to secure the prompt emptying of the tank/retaining the liquids, and thus avoid the blocking of pipes which frequently occurs from neglect. The members of the Provincial Board of Health inspected a working model of the invention at the Parliament Buildings last week and pronounced themselves well satisfied with the simplicity of its action as well as its satisfactory mechanical construction.

CHANGES IN A LEGAL FIRM.

The legal firm of Cameron & Lee has been dissolved, the business having been taken over by the junior partner, Mr. W. T. J. Lee. Mr. Lee has formed a partnership with Mr. John G. O'Donoghue, B. C. L., L. L. B., son of D. J. O'Donoghue, ex-M. P. P., prominent in trades and labor matters. Mr. O'Donoghue's record as a student is a very creditable one, he having taken the gold medal at Trinity University, several scholarships at Osgoode Hall, and also the degree of L. L. B. at Toronto University. The firm have retained the offices, corner Victoria and Adelaide streets, formerly occupied by Messrs. Cameron & Lee.

A YOUNG CANADIAN CANTATRICE.

Among the old pupils who gathered together to honor the Golden Jubilee of their Alma Mater was Miss Theresa Kormann, a graduate of St. Joseph's, now a vocalist of considerable fame and an artist of great merit. Miss Kormann lately returned from Europe where she had gone by the advice of her former teachers to study under the best French and Italian masters. While abroad she won an enviable reputation and the complimentary paragraphs of European journals in reference to the brilliant Canadian contralto are most satisfactory to her Canadian friends. A pleasing incident of her stay abroad occurred during a visit she made to Lourdes. A number of Nuns from the Community of St. Joseph of Tarbes made a pilgrimage to the Holy Grotto and Miss Kormann, as a graduate of a Canadian Convent of the Order, was invited to sing in the great Basilica. The young lady is the bearer to her Academy of a medal from Archbishop Mery del Val, also a gift to the Community in the shape of a plaque in Italian workmanship, bearing a copy of the inscription on the celebrated Obelisk at the entrance to St. Peter's. The former Delegate Apostolic has evidently not forgotten St. Joseph's warm greeting accorded him on his visit to Canada a few years ago, as his heartfelt wishes accompanying the gifts testify.

It takes a good deal of time to eat or to sleep, or to earn £50, and a very little time to entertain a hope and an insight which becomes the light of our life.

DEATHS

MURPHY — At Dobbs Ferry, New York, Thursday, September 12, 1901, James J. Murphy, beloved husband of Minnie Made'n, eldest son of the late Bartley and Ellen Murphy, of Montreal.

O'DONOGHUE — In Montreal, on the 17th inst., Margaret, aged 43 years, young's daughter of the late James O'don, and beloved wife of Daniel O'Donoghue.

QUILLAN — At Ste. Agathe, Que., on the 17th inst., Maggie, beloved daughter of Thomas Quillan.

O'BRIEN — In Hamilton, on Sunday, Oct. 20, 1901, at his late residence, 76 North Victoria avenue, Nicholas O'Brien, formerly of Quebec.

MCDONOUGH — At the residence of her son-in-law, James Mcagher, Esq., 1,680 Queen street east, on Saturday, 19th inst., Hannah, beloved wife of James McDonough, Kleinburg.

LONG — In Hamilton, on Thursday, Oct. 17, 1901, at his late residence, 346 King William street, Timothy Long, a native of the County of Kerry, Ireland.

THE MARKET REPORTS.

Better Tone in Wheat—Live Stock Trade—The Latest Quotations.

There has been a very good movement in whole-sale trade circles at Toronto this week. The reason is getting well advanced now, and the fallers take notice in the temperature reports. The demand for goods is increasing, and with the first smart drop in the temperature there will be a large increase. The demand for goods is increasing, and with the first smart drop in the temperature there will be a large increase. The demand for goods is increasing, and with the first smart drop in the temperature there will be a large increase.

Toronto St. Lawrence Market.

Trade was a little dull on the street market to-day. Prices generally remained steady. Grain receipts were large, 1,450 bushels of wheat, 1,000 bushels of barley, 500 bushels of rye, and 500 bushels of oats. Wheat—Was steady, 200 bushels of red selling at 65c to 66c per bushel, 200 bushels of white at 62c to 63c per bushel and 500 bushels of gray at 63 1/2c per bushel. Barley—Was a shade firmer, 3,500 bushels selling at 49 1/2c to 50c per bushel for 1st and 2nd quality for malt. Oats—Were steady, 1,500 bushels selling at 39c to 40c per bushel. Rye—Was steady, 20 loads selling at \$10 to \$11. Straw—Was steady, 4 loads selling at \$11.50 to \$12. Butter—Was steady, 5 loads selling at \$9 and 1c to 1c for crocks. Eggs—Were higher at 20c to 25c per dozen for new laid. Chickens—Were a little easier, selling at 50c to 75c per pair. Poultry—Were lower and now sell at \$7.75 to \$8 per cwt.

Cheese Markets.

Campbellford, Oct. 22.—Campbellford Board met this morning, 3,450 boxes offered. Sales were as follows: Coed 350, Hodgson 320, Alexander 220, Breton 60, all at 10c. Balance unsold. Board adjourned for two weeks.

Toronto Live Stock.

Trade was a little steadier in some classes at the Toronto cattle market to-day. But the export cat and stockers there was only a dragger and the market. The export cattle suffered largely on account of the demand, and as a result only the choice offerings would sell. The reason of this is a result of the condition of the market, which at present is not so liberal as it was. Yesterday there were no less than 4,000 cwt. of live stock offered. The market was generally firm, but with a tendency to advance. Feeding cattle were steady, but also showed strength. Heavy ones sold at 10c per cwt. and some of lighter grades were a bit stronger. Stockers were dull and slow in sale. The offerings are light and there is but little demand. Steers were steady. Lambs were easier, quite a number being unsold. Hogs were steady, showing no change since Friday's decline. There were 17 loads of sheep, which included 1,340 cattle, 1,301 sheep, 500 pigs, 20 calves, and 200 horses. Export Cattle—Were very dull. The lack of demand is keeping prices low. There were many lots of cattle offered, but only a few were sold. Choice exporters will bring \$4.50 to \$4.75 per cwt. The latter price being paid to-day for export. Butchers' Cattle—Were steady and perhaps a trifle firmer. The highest price for picked lots was \$4.50, but most of the market was at \$4.25 to \$4.50 per cwt. Choice butchers' cattle brought \$4.50 to \$4.75 per cwt. Feeding Cattle—Were firm, particularly in the lighter grades, which sold well at \$3.50 per cwt for steers. Steers brought from \$3.50 to \$4.15 per cwt. Stockers—Were dull and inactive. The demand for stockers was very light. Heavy ones sold at \$3.75 to \$4 per cwt, and off-cuts and bulls \$1.75 to \$2.25 per cwt. Hogs—Were steady, but showed a tendency to advance. Those offered sold at \$25 to \$25 each. Those offered sold at \$25 to \$25 each. Lambs—Were steady, but showed a tendency to advance. Those offered sold at \$25 to \$25 each. Hogs—Were steady, but showed a tendency to advance. Those offered sold at \$25 to \$25 each. Hogs—Were steady, but showed a tendency to advance. Those offered sold at \$25 to \$25 each.

East Buffalo Cattle Market.

East Buffalo, Oct. 22.—Cattle—Offerings, 3 cars, 120 head, including 100 head of yearlings, 20 head of calves, 20 head of heifers, 20 head of cows, 20 head of bulls, 20 head of steers, 20 head of pigs, 20 head of horses, 20 head of chickens, 20 head of ducks, 20 head of geese, 20 head of turkeys, 20 head of rabbits, 20 head of cats, 20 head of dogs, 20 head of monkeys, 20 head of apes, 20 head of kangaroos, 20 head of wallabies, 20 head of koalas, 20 head of possums, 20 head of opossums, 20 head of armadillos, 20 head of sloths, 20 head of anteaters, 20 head of armadillos, 20 head of sloths, 20 head of anteaters.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Oct. 22.—Cattle—Receipts, 6,000, including 1,000 Texas and 5,000 westerns; steady but slow; good to prime steers nominal at \$6.25 to \$6.50; but best at \$7.25; cows and calves steady and feeders, \$2.25 to \$4.25; Texas fat steers, \$2.80 to \$3.80; western steers, \$1.65 to \$3.25; Hogs—Receipts, 10,000, including 1,000 from the lower; closing active; mixed and butchers', \$5.50 to \$6.47 1/2; good to choice heavy, \$5.50 to \$6.50; light to heavy, \$4.50 to \$5.50; pigs, \$4.00 to \$4.50; sheep, \$4.00 to \$4.50; lambs, \$4.00 to \$4.50; calves, \$4.00 to \$4.50; bulls, \$4.00 to \$4.50; steers, \$4.00 to \$4.50; horses, \$4.00 to \$4.50; mules, \$4.00 to \$4.50; ponies, \$4.00 to \$4.50; colts, \$4.00 to \$4.50; yearlings, \$4.00 to \$4.50; calves, \$4.00 to \$4.50; pigs, \$4.00 to \$4.50; sheep, \$4.00 to \$4.50; lambs, \$4.00 to \$4.50; calves, \$4.00 to \$4.50; bulls, \$4.00 to \$4.50; steers, \$4.00 to \$4.50; horses, \$4.00 to \$4.50; mules, \$4.00 to \$4.50; ponies, \$4.00 to \$4.50; 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