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VOL. XII., No. 45

TORONTO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1904

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## CAPT. DONELAN IN A RIOT

Extraordinary Exhibition of Police Dragooning in Ireland

Canadians who observed what a mild-mannered and reserved gentleman is Capt. Donelan, who accompanied Mr. John Redmond on his recent tour of this country, will be surprised to hear of the hon. gentleman figuring in a riot and being assaulted by the Irish police. It happened in this way: About the time Capt. Donelan got home to Cork an encounter took place between the police and people at Watergrasshill, in the vicinity of the pleasant waters of the river Lee. The name Watergrasshill is immortalized by Father Prout, as most of our readers know. Several of the residents of that poetic spot about a week since were charged with obstructing the police in the local court room. Capt. Donelan, William O'Brien and several other members of parliament, went down to witness the trial, during the progress of which the prisoners, or defendants being out on bail, actually had their heads smashed by the police while the magistrates were hearing evidence in the case. Shouts of murder brought Capt. Donelan outside the court room, and what happened to him is thus described in the newspapers:

"Without a word of warning the police drew their bludgeons and bated round them in the most merciless fashion. Young men and old fell bleeding profusely on the road, and when the scene, which lasted for about seven minutes, closed, the road was in many parts covered with blood. In retaliation some sticks and stones were used, but while several people were injured, not a single policeman received as much as a scratch.

That the melee did not last longer and assume a far more serious aspect, involving, perhaps, the loss of life, is due to the timely arrival of Capt. Donelan, M.P., and the Rev. Father Burtis, C.C., Clounhane, on the spot. They ran amongst the people, and at considerable risk to themselves, saved many from being bated to the ground. Unfortunately, however, several persons had been wounded before their arrival, and two or three cases are of a particularly grave character.

A more unprovoked attack was never made on a defenceless body of people. Up to the moment that the police drew their batons not a stick had been raised, nor a stone thrown, and when challenged on the subject not one of those in control even attempted to suggest that the people had given the remotest provocation.

Capt. Donelan, M.P., who was in the thick of the fight for the greater part of the time, and who acted with great courage and judgment throughout, entered a strong protest against the brutal treatment to which the crowd had been subjected. He accosted Co. Inspector Rogers and, addressing him, said:

"You are a disgrace to your profession and to the commission you hold." To this the County-Inspector made no reply. But Captain Donelan was not yet done with him, and he demanded an explanation as to why the people had been bludgeoned. The County-Inspector, in reply, asserted that the police were struck, and thereupon Captain Donelan invited him to point out a single policeman who had been assaulted. But Mr. Rogers attempted no such task, for he knew it was impossible of accomplishment, and he met the challenge of Captain Donelan by saying that such was not necessary. The truth was, as already pointed out—neither hand, stone, or stick was raised by any civilian throughout the day.

Capt. Donelan having rescued the defendants from the bludgeons of police, tried to escort them to the court room, which he reached after considerable difficulty, when the following discussion with the magistrates on the bench ensued:

"Addressing the Bench, Captain Donelan said: I insist on getting the names of those police outside who prevented me from coming into this court. They have dragged me and assaulted me, and I insist on being furnished with their names."

Mr. Mayne R.M.—You had better apply to the County Inspector, who is here.

Captain Donelan—I told them five or six times I was a member of parliament.

Mr. Mayne—There is a County Inspector here, and he is the proper person to apply to.

Captain Donelan—With the greatest respect I submit that you are in control of this court.

Mr. Mayne—I am in control of the court, but not in control of the Constabulary. The County Inspector is here, and he is the officer on duty. I am perfectly certain that he will give you every assistance if you go to him.

Mr. Howard—At the same time Capt. Donelan is entitled to get the names of the policemen who assaulted him.

Mr. Mayne—Certainly, he is.

Mr. Howard—Are the people stopped and the order the Chairman has given is that the County Inspector is to give them to you.

Captain Donelan—They not only obstructed me, but assaulted me.

Subsequently, as the case was about to be proceeded with, Captain Donelan, addressing the Bench, said: I wish to point out that the courthouse is half empty, and there is a great number outside who desire to come in, and I presume your proceedings are public, and not a Star Chamber.

Mr. Mayne—It is perfectly public. There is no intention of making it a Star Chamber. The court is open to the public as far as it will hold.

Mr. Howard—Are the people stopped?

Mr. Cream, M.P.—They are, and the defendants even are stopped from coming in.

Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M.P.—Surely, sir, if you intimate to the officer in charge of the constabulary that the Bench desire that within reasonable limits, according to the dimensions of the court, the people should be allowed into it, there would be no necessity whatever for any heat.

Rev. Fr. Russell, C.C.—I must make the remark that when I was coming in here I was told that I was not to come in, as no one was to be allowed in except the defendants.

Mr. Mayne—That is entirely wrong. (To Head-Constable Blessing)—Will you intimate to the officer that the people are to be admitted to the court as far as its capacity will admit them.

One of the defendants had his head smashed in and was in a dangerous condition.

Mr. Howard—As a magistrate who is here by the votes of the people of the entire County of Cork, I ask my brother magistrates to tell Mr. Mulliner to bring in Mr. Rogers, the County Inspector, and if he is not able to bring in the policemen who injured the defendant in that way, then I say the state of affairs in the country is most unhappy. We are for peace, justice, and fair play, and I ask you to send for Mr. Rogers and find out who is guilty of this outrage.

Mr. Mayne then despatched a constable for the County Inspector.

Mr. Wm. O'Brien—The magistrates are the defenders of the constitutional rights of the people, and they ought to be the people's defenders against atrocious misconduct of this kind. In a village as peaceable as a cemetery, among a people who were perfectly good humored, some scoundrel, whoever he may be, actuated by bad blood, committed an assault upon this man, just as the landlord in this case tried to smash all efforts at conciliation in the county by his blackguard conduct.

Mr. Mayne (pointing to Mulcahy)—Take the man outside.

Mr. Howard—Yes, send for a doctor.

Mr. O'Brien—I say you should have the County Inspector before the bench and have it out with him. You are the masters and not he.

Mr. Mayne—We have sent for him. County Inspector Rogers at this stage entered the court, whereupon

Mr. Mayne said—Mr. Rogers, can you give us any explanation as to how this man got injured?

The County Inspector—Yes. His conduct in the crowd was most violent. He was a member of a crowd who tried to force their way through us, and some of them used sticks on us.

Mr. O'Brien (to the County Inspector)—It is a perfectly monstrous thing for you to represent that some scene of violence was going on in the neighborhood when everybody in court can say that there has not been the least semblance of violence.

Mr. Mayne—This is very irregular to have one of the defendants in this case so that his head is smashed, and that he has to return into court with blood streaming from his head.

Mr. Howard—I asked the chairman to send for Mr. Rogers. There was not a particle of difficulty in hearing this case. Mr. Rogers has told us that this man forced his way along a road. I ask him as a magistrate what right has he to prevent a man going along the public highway. It was a different thing if there was much commotion.

The magistrate then adjourned the proceedings for six weeks while the defendants were removed to an hospital.

## Catholic Vote in Italy

There have been many recent newspaper rumors about the Papal injunction against voting for Parliamentary representatives in Italy, or being voted for as a Parliamentary candidate, but the injunction still holds good. To the Monarchist Party it would seem that the Pope is an enemy. Signor Santini, a member of Parliament, who had the courage to visit the Pope was, on that account dismissed from the Monarchist circle, of which he was President. This is a sign of the attitude of the Monarchists towards the Papacy. They appear to prefer treating with the Socialists rather than with the Pope; they wish for the Catholic vote to strengthen them rather than to be just to the Holy See.

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## IRELAND AND ENGLISH PARTIES

With Whole-hearted Liberal Support  
Mr. Redmond would have defeated Balfour

Speaking in Dublin last week upon the policy of the Irish Parliamentary Party in view of the approaching general elections in Great Britain, Mr. John Redmond said:

"We are at this moment on the eve of a general election (hear, hear), and we would, indeed, be criminal and unworthy of any success in our national endeavor if we lost a single moment in preparing ourselves so as to be ready to take full advantage of the opportunity that lies before us (applause). Now, I can say on this question of preparation nothing new. I can say nothing that I have not been saying for years—that all of us have not been saying for years. My confirmed conviction is that all that is necessary to ensure success for us in the comparatively short period of time in the future is a united Party (applause). Gentlemen, I put a united organization first. Father Monahan correctly gave expression to the view I and my colleagues have always held—that without a united organization in Ireland no Irish Party can be powerful, and no Irish Party can long remain united (applause). I am glad to think that, speaking of the Irish people generally, the National organization is strong, widespread and united (applause). This meeting here to-night is an assurance to me that in the immediate future Dublin will take steps to put herself once more in her rightful position—in the van of that movement (hear, hear). As the organization is united, to also is the Party (applause). Without a united and disciplined Party the Irish representation would be absolutely powerless (hear, hear). By unity and discipline I do not mean anything in the nature of a east-Irish uniformity of views and opinions (hear, hear). Such a thing as that is, in my opinion, impossible amongst the representatives of intelligent people like the people of Ireland, and even if it were attempted to be enforced it would be an unnatural state of things, and, in my belief, would not last (hear, hear). In a party like ours there is, and must be, room for men of many and varying shades of opinion (hear, hear). And there must be full liberty of expression of those opinions (hear, hear). But, gentlemen, there is

AN IMPORTANT LIMITATION.) On essentials the decision of the majority of the Party, arrived at after full deliberation and free discussion, must be held to bind the minority (applause). That is the meaning of a united pledge-bound Party (hear, hear), and surely at this time of day it is unnecessary to emphasize the fact that unless an Irish Party is a united and pledge-bound Party in that sense, that Party would deteriorate in the House of Commons and be deprived of all influence for good in the future of Ireland (applause). I desire to say, in thanking this meeting for the generous expression of confidence in the Party, one or two words on that subject (hear, hear). Gentlemen, the action and policy of the Irish Party in this last session has been criticized. I would like to remind the public that the Irish party commenced its work in the last session in Westminster under very great disadvantages. We were deprived then of the counsel and assistance of some of these men who had been the most trusted and responsible leaders of public opinion in Ireland for many years, and whose views and opinions always had the most enormous weight with the Party as well as with Ireland (applause). When we went to Westminster Mr. Dillon (applause) was unfortunately absent owing to his ill-health, and when we held the meetings of the Party to consider the action and policy of the session we were deprived also unfortunately of the counsel and advice at these meetings of Mr. William O'Brien (hear, hear). Under these circumstances it is true, in a sense, that it would not be true if I did not say it, that owing to the absence of some colleagues, for the policy and action of the Party last session I was more

personally responsible than I would otherwise have been. Yet I say here to-night that the decisions that we came to in our Party meetings, after full deliberations and the unanimous action to be taken as to policy to be pursued, were right (hear, hear). The policy we adopted was a proper and inevitable policy (applause). In the session of last year we gave a general support to the Government, and why? Because it was engaged in passing a great measure of reform for Ireland which we believed would have a most beneficial effect, not only on the future of the Land Question, but upon the general political conditions of the country (applause). When we met at the commencement of this year the question we had to decide was this—should we or should we not continue during this year the general support which we gave the Government last year? Now, just before Parliament assembled I addressed my constituents in the city of Waterford, and I then took it upon myself plainly to indicate to the Party and to the country what my view, what my individual view, was as to the policy we ought to adopt. I there expressed my perfect willingness to go on during the session

SUPPORTING THE GOVERNMENT UPON ONE CONDITION, and that condition was that the Government should go on introducing useful legislation for Ireland (cheers). I clearly indicated that that was the only condition upon which the Irish Party would be justified in supporting the Government, and I declared that if the Government was false to their pledges on the University question and on the Laborers' question, and in reference to their end promise of useful legislation whatever it would be our duty to withdraw our support from them and, as a necessary consequence, strike them as hard as we could (loud applause). That is the policy I returned to put before the country and the Party, and it was unanimously adopted by the Party, and the result was that we went into the House of Commons perfectly free in this matter. We wanted to know what the Government was going to do, and on the second night of the session I submitted certain questions to the Government, first in reference to the question of Home Rule, because I put that first and in the front of every question. I submitted a question on the University question, and in reference to their pledges on the Laborers' Bill. What was the reply I got? Within twenty-four hours after the assembly of Parliament Mr. Wyndham rose in his place and stated that, whatever his individual opinion on the university question might be, the Government would not, and, in his view, ought not, introduce a measure dealing with the matter until they had perfect unanimity upon it in Ireland (laughter). The Laborers' Bill, as I know, which was introduced by the Government, was a defective one, indeed, I might almost say, an insulting Bill, a Bill in open violation of the pledges repeatedly given by them (hear, hear). Am I to be told of the decision of our demand for Home Rule, in face of their deliberately falsifying their pledges on the University question and on the Laborers' question—am I to be told in face of those facts

THAT THE PROPER POLICY WAS TO SUPPORT THE GOVERNMENT through thick and thin, as we did the year before when they were passing the Land Act (applause). No; I believe we took the right decision (loud applause). We did not take it until we heard the statement of the policy of the Government, but the moment we heard that statement we made up our minds to attack them with all our might, and if we had received from the Liberal Party anything like a whole-hearted support the Government would be out of office several months ago (applause). I am convinced that in adopting this policy the Party I acted in conformity with the opinion and views of the vast majority of the people of Ireland (applause).

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## RENOUNCED ORANGISM

Lord Rossmore Found it the Mental Slavery of an Unpatriotic Political Machine.

The letter below has been sent to Doctor Campbell Hall, Deputy County Grand Master of the Orange Society of Monaghan, Ireland:

Rossmore, Monaghan,  
25th October, 1904

Dear Brother Campbell Hall—For some time I have felt that my position as County Grand Master in the Orange Society is not in strict conformity with what I continue to be absolute impartiality, considering that I hold the office of his Majesty's County Lieutenant at the same time. You may remember that I told you and others some three years ago that it was my intention to resign even then, as I was anxious not even to appear a partizan while acting as his Majesty's Lieutenant. At that time I allowed myself to be persuaded by you and some others not to sever my connection with the Grand Mastership. Recent events, however, leave me no option but to give up this position and membership of the Society as well. I need not state that the wicked and singularly bigoted attack made on you by some Orangemen, by reason of your having shown a just and broad-minded interest in a matter which vitally concerns Protestants of all classes as well as Roman Catholics, urged me to the conclusion that local Orangism was coming to mean an organization seeking to establish the worst mental slavery and this on the part of men who profess in constructive policy of any character in what has relation to our country and to our fellow Irishmen, their policy is solely negative—ever in opposition—ever seeking to sow dissension—a state of things I fancy to be directly at variance with the rules and constitution of the Society, as every intelligent member must clearly realize.

It is a source of deep regret that individual, moderate Orangemen do not think out such matters for themselves. To me they appear to be following blindly the lead of some few professional politicians and office-holders, whose advice seems invariably to be the result of a contemplation of their personal interests, and hardly ever the outcome of a desire for peace and prosperity of us Irishmen. Guides such as these feel that their positions and salaries depend in a great measure for their continuity on the divisions and antipathies of those who would work together to bring more prosperity to their homes and greater happiness to their common country.

Recently it was a subject of disappointment to me to learn of the utter inability of my brother Orangemen to grasp my motive in attending Lord Dunraven's Association, the wisdom, from the point of view of a Unionist, of seeking a solution for the present isolated and stagnant condition of those in the country who cannot fall in with the Nationalist demand, as we understand it, but who are desirous of doing in concert with moderate Nationalists what would be likely to contribute to our common prosperity, and leave the principles of each untouched.

Surely Orangemen cannot necessarily mistrust our fellowmen in all that appertains to the concerns of our common country. What can be wrong in moderate Unionists meeting moderate Nationalists and discussing with them a possible plan by which all sections of our present divided community may have a voice in the decision of those matters which concern the country's finance, and, if considered wise, in the creation of a centre board or council, or call it what you will, which would have to do with subjects purely Irish, and in no sense of an Imperial character. Notwithstanding what may be urged to the contrary mostly by interested or thoughtless persons, such a disposition is fully in accord with true Unionism in policy and in truth.

I venture to suggest that a truce of both sides who mean the best for themselves and their country are standing in their own light and in the way of genuine, necessary, progress. We should not wish to root out Roman Catholics and if we would we could not do so. Roman Catholics—certainly the vast majority of them—do not wish to get rid of us. Why then may we not at least confer and strive for a common ground of brotherhood and of wise and Christian toleration? Why insane and endless suspicion?

In now severing my connection with the Society, which has lasted for so many years, I wish to thank the brethren for very many past kindnesses and for having year after year elected me to the position of Grand Master. My parting word would be to invite the Orange Society to think

## CATHOLIC SCHOOLS IN ENGLAND

The Bishops Find the Lately Enacted Education Law is not Fairly Administered.

At a meeting of the Archbishops and Bishops of England last week important resolutions were adopted in reference to the position of Catholic education under the new system established by the Act of 1902. The Bishops were agreed that in giving their general approval to the Bill which afterwards became the Education Act of 1902, they did so with the expectation that such Act would be honestly and honorably carried into execution. In too many instances, however, the local authorities had proved themselves hostile and vexatious in carrying into effect the provisions of the Act. The Bishops therefore might justly reconsider their attitude with regard to this Act unless it were proved that it were possible to administer it without injury to the rights of Catholics. Nevertheless, recognizing that it would be impossible at present to ask for fresh legislation the Acts of 1902 and 1903, they agreed to urge upon managers the necessity of thoroughly studying the provisions of these Acts and of safeguarding the rights conceded by them of the non-provided schools. The Bishops were of opinion that nothing should be permitted in the administration of the Education Acts which would tend to weaken the religious education of the country, and therefore that all education authorities should do all in their power to facilitate in the schools such religious education as parents desire for their children. On this account managers of Catholic schools should insist that no less than sixty minutes a day should be assigned to religious instruction in order to ensure the reasonable facilities to which they were entitled for that purpose. All Catholic schools should be closed for the whole day on such other occasions as have been customary for religious observances.

## Oratory Old Boys in Parliament

Mr. Hilaire Belloc, the Liberal candidate for South Salford, London, is not only a Catholic, but is partly of Irish descent, for his father was half French, half Irish. His election to the House of Commons would enable the Oratory School to be represented in the three parties. At present there are three old Oratory boys—Mr. John Boland among the Nationalists, Lord Edmund Talbot and Mr. James Hope among the Tories. Mr. Belloc's views on the Irish question have recently been given to the Westminster Gazette. "In regard to Ireland," he says, "I know of no alternative to the present system of Government but to try the experiment of Home Rule. Incidentally I am convinced that the Irish problem is a religious one. I have heard Ireland compared to Scotland, and I have heard men say, 'sometimes in good faith, but more often in bad' why Ireland was not content. Well, if you can give it, give Ireland her own laws (as Scotland has), her own system of land tenure, her own type of University, her own religion; be chary of disturbing her least prejudice, and there will at least be a starting point for debate. As it is, with an alien ownership of land, an alien governing religion, alien laws, and alien tenure, the country is worse off than any part of Christian Europe—and that is saying a good deal; but it is true. You could not have had the Sheridan case anywhere else."

## Hon. E. Blake, M.P.

The Hon. Edward Blake arrived in Newfoundland to act as Government Arbitrator in regard to the indemnity claim of the Reid-Newfoundland Company against the Government for taking back the telegraph lines under contract of 1901. The amount claimed is \$3,350,000. The Court will sit on the 27th inst.

for themselves, and to consider well and carefully their present position in their native land, and not to be blind to what must be the inevitable result of always opposing what wise and moderate people devise for the general good. Progress is going on all round, and if they be not up and on execution. In too many instances their weakness.—Yours very truly,  
ROSSMORE.



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HER FATHER'S GUARDIAN

Mr. Baxton Miller was the wealthy owner of a steel plant in Northern Illinois. It appeared to be no trouble to him to accumulate dollars, but it did appear to the outside world that Mr. Miller's ever-increasing wealth was accompanied by an equal increase of avarice and an unbearable tyranny over his employees.

The more they did the more he exacted from them, while he invariably refused to raise their wages. In fact, things had reached such a pitch that the men would bear it no longer and the result was a general strike.

Things were in this unsettled state when one day a group of the strikers congregated outside their place of labor in no very peaceful frame of mind, judging from the expression of their faces. It was noon hour and a very hot day in July.

Prominent among the men was one Anthony Dwyer, a noted desperado, for whom nothing was too daring. He was the centre of attraction just then, for he was in the act of telling his companions that he would do something desperate to end their trouble.

"To-day, my friends, to-day," he said, "not later than to-day," and as though to add earnestness and determination to his threats, he disclosed the shining muzzle of a loaded revolver, which he had concealed in an outside pocket.

Look well at him, dear reader, as the demon of murder takes possession of his soul. See his haggard face and wandering eye. Watch him as he leaves the others and steals into his master's garden, with a grim smile of satisfaction as he spies the object of his search, Mr. Baxton Miller, among the flowers. That gentleman is giving instructions to his head gardener, utterly unconscious of the danger which lurks near him.

Dwyer, pleased with the situation, crouched behind the shrubbery to await a satisfactory moment in which to do his cowardly deed.

It came sooner than he expected. Mr. Miller finished his instructions and walked off to more secluded part of the grounds where he sought a rustic seat, deep in thought.

"There he is!" hissed Dwyer between his teeth, as though communicating with an unseen companion. "Doesn't he hide well his rascality? Oh, how I hate him! See, his sins are weighing him down. Now's my chance," and with a devilish chuckle he stole through the shrubs till he found himself close behind his hated master.

His hand sought his revolver and with another fendish glare of triumph was just about to pull the trigger, when a tiny girlish form sprang upon Miller's knees and broke the awful stillness with her rippling laughter.

"I knew I would surprise you, papa," she said, settling herself on his knee. "I've been hunting you high up and low down. And now that I've found you I'm very tired and would just like to stay here and rest."

"You can rest here, darling, but I'm afraid papa will not be able to stay with you, for he has important work to attend to."

"Oh, papa, you have always 'portant work to do. Don't you think that I'm a little bit 'portant sometimes. Since mamma died I've only you, and you know, papa, I ran away from nurse just to talk with you. And now you won't stay with me," and with a suppressed baby sigh she hid her curly head on his shoulder.

"Now, Hettie, do not be unreasonable, child. I thought all good little girls understood that their papas had to work to make money."

"Work, indeed!" thought Dwyer, as he studied the contrast between father and child. "You would be a darned sight better if you did have to work, you hardened scoundrel. Now I would love to put this bullet through you, but the sight of that little angel makes me. Heavens! I feel as if I had no strength left! Why did she come here at this minute?"

"But why must you have money, papa," she was saying. "Everybody isn't rich and they can live just as well as we can."

"Perhaps," he replied absently. "Sometimes I think it isn't worth the trouble. But then there is the glory of it."

"I don't know anything about glory," said the little daughter, "but I s'pose I will when I get big."

"Yes, that's it, Hettie, that's it, dear," and he stroked her golden curls. "When you get big, I can talk of these things to you, but now you are too young."

"You may play with your dollies now, pet, or run after butterflies in the meadow while I go and arrange my business. What a kiss? All right. Now, good-bye."

He took the garden path towards the house, while Hettie, overjoyed at the permission to hunt butterflies in the meadow, skipped off in that direction, her large lace handkerchief by its strings from her neck. Dwyer followed and kept her within sight.

"Butterflies, butterflies, come when I call, High-a-fly, sky-a-by, over the wall, Yellow or red or purple or blue, Butterflies, butterflies, I will catch you."

Over and over again she sang these sweet lines with an air all her own, as she ran heedlessly along among the sweet-smelling clover. Presently a big yellow butterfly fluttered just under her eyes, and dared her to follow him in his uncertain course.

"Isn't he a beauty," she exclaimed, as she darted after it.

First on one bow, then on another he alighted, but however quietly she tiptoed after him, he always eluded her little fingers.

after his innocent child? He did not mean to harm her, then why did he follow her?

To none of these questions could Dwyer find an answer. Some unseen power had forced him to abandon his murderous intentions and keep watch over the little wanderer.

"After all, how could I harm the father of that angel?" he thought as he continued to look at her. "To kill the father would mean to leave the child an orphan, and surely what could be more cruel."

"Oh, no, my God!" he cried, and his strong frame shook with emotion. "I will not do it. Heaven help me to be strong."

"How sweetly and calmly she sleeps," he thought, "all unconscious that she has saved her father's life, and me from becoming a murderer! A cold-blooded murderer!"

He shuddered at the awful meaning of the word became clear to him, and from the depths of his soul rose a prayer for pardon which pierced the clouds and found favor with God.

Hettie turned her golden head and a smile—Dwyer thought it a heavenly one—played around her dimpled mouth.

He moved cautiously away lest he should wake her, and sitting down at a short distance, he continued to keep his vigil over her.

Before long, discordant sounds broke on the still air and lending an attentive ear, Dwyer discovered that they were the voices of his enraged fellow-laborers, coming, no doubt, in maddened desperation, to seek redress of grievances at the master's house.

In an instant Dwyer was up, his blood boiling with anger as the old rebellious feelings were awakened on hearing the shouts of his comrades. But one glance at the little form outstretched in sleeping beauty, and all rebellious thoughts were stilled within his breast.

On came the noisy band of strikers from their cottages. They were now in the meadow, and close upon the spot where lay Hettie asleep and Dwyer concealed.

"Hello! What's this?" shouted the foremost, as he caught sight of the child. "I'll be blowed if it isn't the boss' young'un. What d'ye say, boys, if we make short work of her to begin with?" and he advanced to the now awakened and terrified Hettie.

"Stand back, you infernal murderers!" yelled Dwyer, springing at them like a tiger. "Stand back, I say! Touch not a hair of her head or it is with me you will have to deal!" and he took the weeping baby in his arms.

"Now stand aside and tell me what brought you here."

His comrades looked at him and got one another, ungle for the instant to give an explanation. Then one stepped out.

"We want what we have always wanted and what you yourself want—fair treatment. You told us this morning you were going to free us, and an hour after you had—made your escape, no one knew where, while the boss extorts more unbearable regulations. We won't stand it. We want justice."

"And you will get it if you let me have my own way," replied Dwyer, cooling down. "Return to your homes and if in the morning you are not satisfied with the outlook of things you can follow your own course. Can't you trust me, boys. When I say a thing I'll do it if it is in the power of man at all. But I must have my own time and way. Now go and don't stand scaring this little one to death."

They turned without a word, for when Anthony Dwyer spoke it was law.

"Please, sir, what is it all about?" timidly asked Hettie, when the retreating figures had disappeared.

"It is, dear, that your papa won't oay his men enough money for the work they do for him, and they are angry with him."

"Angry with my papa? Oh, they mustn't get angry with my papa. He has lots of money and he will give some to these men. I know he will."

"But he won't. That's just what makes them angry. They have asked him more than once."

"Well, p'raps my papa din't un'stand me either when he is thinking about 'portant business, you know. But if I talk to him about mamma, then he always un'stands me and gives me whatever I ask. It makes papa cry when I talk about mamma. But he says he loves his little Hettie and would do anything for her, so s'pose I ask him to give money to those angry men."

Dwyer could not have asked a better arrangement. In fact, it was just what he had in mind.

"That's what you must do, Miss Hettie, so be sure you tell your papa that the angry men want money."

"Yes, yes, I know. Papa has plenty of money. It is 'portant business, but I don't like it 'cause it makes men angry. 'Guess I'm hungry now," she broke off abruptly, looking at Dwyer. "Is it dinner-time yet?"

"No, miss, not yet. But we can get a bite to eat at my cottage over here, and then I will take you home. You will see my little daughter Mabe; she is just about your size, but not so nicely dressed, for she is poor."

"I'm so sorry she is poor. But take me to her, won't you?" she asked coaxingly.

ler paced the ground in front of his house, trusting to see the familiar little figure run to him from behind some tree. When, however, his servants returned from a fruitless search he was like one dazed.

"Keep on hunting, storm or no storm," he commanded, "my child must be found. Go now, don't waste the precious minutes. It may mean life or death to her. My God! What rain! And my Hettie can't be found. Oh, hurry, my brave men, for her sake, for God's sake, hurry! Five hundred dollars to the man who will bring her back to me!"

They obeyed, despite the raging storm, and left him alone.

"She was all I had to live for," he cried, in real, heart-felt, sorrow, as he paced his room during the long, weary hours that followed. "All I had and she has been taken from me. My poor little Hettie! Merciful Heaven. Have they stolen her from me?" he gasped, as threats he had heard flashed suddenly across his mind. "Great God! Why are such deeds allowed? My child! My flesh and blood! The image of her dead mother. Is she to be thus taken from me? Oh, no! It cannot be! It cannot be. God is good after all. He knows how I love her and what I have suffered for her sake. He will not allow harm to reach her."

These and many such thoughts filled his gow feverish brain. The hours sped on. The storm increased with the approach of night and still no news reached him. He threw himself into a chair and butted his face in his hands.

Pictures of his enraged workmen came up before him. Their homes, wives and children lay exposed before his troubled gaze, deprived of work, food and money, and for the first time thoughts of how they were suffering caused him some uneasiness.

"And all because of my stubbornness," he reasoned. "My God! You are punishing me. I know it! I feel it! But I am sorry, just God! I repent! I will make amends; only give me back my child. I cannot live without her."

The long hours of the night dragged slowly on. From one room to another, out into the grounds where the storm seemed to mock at his grief, anywhere and everywhere went the stricken father like a restless spirit.

Daybreak brought him no consolation—no hope. He passed out to the garden once more where the air was pure and refreshing after the night's storm. He turned to the old rustic seat where he had last seen and talked to her.

He sat there for some time when approaching voices met his ears. His heart gave one bound. He listened and looked. It was her voice chattering gaily. There she was, the darling, coming towards him, but at the head of his rebellious workmen. What can it mean?

He knows very soon what it all means, for in less time than it takes to tell it, Hettie is in his arms and between kisses and hugs is pouring out her little story.

Anthony Dwyer is there, too, and in a rougher but perhaps more satisfactory manner added that he had not been for the storm he would have brought the child home the night before. As it was the passed the night in his cottage.

"Yes, papa, only for him, p'raps your Hettie would really and truly have been lost, or maybe killed."

"Hush, dear," said her father with a shudder, as he held her to him.

"But deed, papa, I know it," and she drew his ear close to her baby lips to whisper the rest of her story.

"Won't you now, papa?" she asked aloud with a knowing little glance at Dwyer.

"Yes, pet, I will."

"Dwyer, you can tell your comrades that they can go to work as soon as they like. I agree to their terms. You, yourself, may come to my office in the afternoon to receive the \$500 reward which I offered to the finder of my little Hettie."—Mary J. Lupton in The Rosary Magazine.

Port Arthur, Ont., Nov. 7.—(Special)—That Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the Kidney ills of men and women alike has been proved time and again in this neighborhood, but it is only occasionally they get a chance to do double work in the same house. This has happened in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Souvey, a farmer and his wife, living about seven miles from here. In an interview Mr. Souvey said:

"My wife and myself have used Dodd's Kidney Pills and have found them a big benefit to our health. We had La Grippe two winters and were exposed to much frost and cold. Our sleep was broken on account of urinary troubles and pain in the kidneys, and each took six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and now enjoy good health."

A good conscience is the testimony of a good life, and the reward of it. There is no honor in the victory when there is no danger in the way to it.

Who can govern that has not suffered? Who can avoid error but by experience of its evils?

The man that would be truly rich must not increase his fortune, but retrench his appetites.

Just the Thing That's Wanted.—A pill that acts upon the stomach and yet is so compounded that certain ingredients of it preserve their power to act upon the intestinal canals, so as to clear them of excreta, the retention of which cannot but be hurtful, was long looked for by the medical profession. It was found in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are the result of much expert study, and are scientifically prepared as a laxative and an alternative in one.

THE TWO ROSES

AN ALLEGORY.

In a luxuriant garden, shut off from the street by a high wall, two roses bloomed side by side. They were singularly lovely, their creamy petals of a velvety softness and exhaling a delicate fragrance. The bright sunshine fostered them and the cool nights bathed them in dew. The bush grew tall and one day the roses leaned over the fence and took their first look at the world.

Heretofore the sister blossoms had been contented and happy. Their garden home was an abode of peace and beauty. There were many flowers, but perfect harmony reigned among them. The weary hours that followed. "All I had and she has been taken from me. My poor little Hettie! Merciful Heaven. Have they stolen her from me?" he gasped, as threats he had heard flashed suddenly across his mind. "Great God! Why are such deeds allowed? My child! My flesh and blood! The image of her dead mother. Is she to be thus taken from me? Oh, no! It cannot be! It cannot be. God is good after all. He knows how I love her and what I have suffered for her sake. He will not allow harm to reach her."

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Table with 4 columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and THE SOULS IN PURGATORY. The main heading is 'November 1904'. It lists liturgical events for each day, such as 'ALL SAINTS', 'Twenty-fourth Sunday After Pentecost', and 'First Sunday of Advent'.

Lighting Fixtures. For Electricity or Gas. Church work a specialty. McDonald & Wilson TORONTO

Educational St. Michael's College. IN AFFILIATION WITH TORONTO UNIVERSITY. Under the special patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and blessed by the Basilian Fathers. Full Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses.

Loretto Abbey... WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO, ONT. This fine institution recently enlarged to over twice its former size, is situated conveniently near the business part of the city, and yet sufficiently remote to secure the quiet and seclusion so congenial to the study.

School of Practical Science TORONTO. The Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering of the University of Toronto. Departments of Instruction: 1-Civil Engineering, 2-Mining Engineering, 3-Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, 4-Architecture, 5-Analytical and Applied Chemistry.

ST. JOSEPH'S Academy St. Alban Street, TORONTO. The Course of Instruction in this Academy... In the ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT special attention is paid to MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS, PLAIN and FANCY needlework.

IN THE KINDERGARTEN. "What day is it?" asked the teacher one Friday. "Saturday," guessed one, and "Monday" another. "Wrong," declared the teacher. "Do you know, Arabella?"—this to the littlest girl, who was holding up her hand. "Yes, ma'am," lisped Arabella. "It's Fish Day."



Children's Corner

SAUCER GARDENS.

Here is something the children can grow in their own windows. Get some raw peanuts and plant...

HE HELPED HIMSELF.

"Well, Bobby, how do you like church?" asked his father, as they walked homeward from the sanctuary...

WHAT HE COULD DO.

"Sir," said a lad, coming down to one of the wharfs in Boston, and addressing a well known merchant...

MANLINESS OF A BOY.

Several days ago I happened to board a car which was crowded. A little man—perhaps he was twelve years old—offered me his seat...

THE DIFFERENCE.

In an apron blue by the sand-heap she sits, And makes the most wonderful pies. She follows the brooklet that sings as it runs...

THE DOG THAT WORKS FOR HIS COUNTRY.

Out West there is a dog who really works for the United States. The railroad station is only a little way from the post-office, where Don spends much of his time...

A WEDDING-FLAG DAY.

"Teacher," said Johnny, as he came into the primary room one morning in June, "what is the flag up on the school building to-day for?"

"Somebody's wedding!" repeated the teacher, slowly. "Why, Johnny, that can't be. We have no flag day which celebrates a wedding."

THE REINDEER AS AN AID TO THE GOLD PROSPECTOR.

To the stout-hearted and sturdy-limbed prospector for gold the reindeer is as indispensable as he is to the missionary, teacher, scientist, or artist.

"BE YOU A LADY?"

Little acts of courtesy put the sunshine into life. Who has not felt the day brighten from a kindly act shown him, or even from a cheerful "good morning?"

MARY AND JANE.

"Evelyn Mabel," said little Mary Ford, thoughtfully. "Evelyn Mabel," repeated her little sister Jane, who was sitting close beside her on the front doorstep.

IRELAND'S INDUSTRIAL RESOURCES.

Paper-making is an industry that in Ireland has greatly increased within the last five years, and an industry that is certain to increase still more in the future.

PETERSEN'S PRICE.

Little Mrs. Hargrave, just six months married and with all her worldly goods packed in box-cars, was moving to a small town in Michigan, to which her beloved John had already been called by business.

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FATHER'S FRIENDS FREE... Koenig Med. Co. 102 Lake St. Chicago, Ill.

ed his rawboned horse.

All day long Mrs. Hargrave counted the trips, marking them down on paper. At any rate she would not, she declared, pay for any extra loads.

ed his rawboned horse.

The worried young housekeeper thought that Petersen's working day would end at six o'clock, but it did not. As at noon, the interval between loads was merely a trifle longer than usual.

ed his rawboned horse.

At a quarter after ten John arrived, viewed the heaped-up furniture, heard the story, and ruefully fished a handful of change out of his pocket. His naturally cheerfulness countenance had grown dismal.

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"Three dollars and forty-two cents is all I've got," said John. "I don't want to find fault, Lucy, but I do think you might have made some better arrangement with the man. That shark will just skin us alive."

ed his rawboned horse.

"Well," remarked the drayman, adding these articles to the already tottering heap, "I tank I vor all trew vit my job, tank goodness!"

ed his rawboned horse.

"I understand," said John. "My horse she vor dead tired on she's legs—her vor naffer so tired as now," continued Petersen, mildly, "I tank I have to buy liniment for she's legs."

ed his rawboned horse.

"That's too bad," returned John, coldly. "I'm sorry for the horse, but we didn't agree to pay damages or replenish any live stock. Now how much do you want for moving that furniture? I warn you that I won't submit to being robbed."

ed his rawboned horse.

"Vell," said Petersen, scratching his head reflectively, "I tank maybe you was going to kick on my price, but it von't do you no good, vor I von't shange my price for nobooty. I makes my own price an' I stinks by heem, an' I von't stinks by heem, an' I von't stinks by heem, but I will not."

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Do not let a cold settle on your lungs. Resort to Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup at the first intimation of irritation in the throat and prevent disease from lodging in the pulmonary organs.

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THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE BENEDICTINE SALVE

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says: 212 King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1903.

John O'Connor, Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont. DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again.

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism.

198 King street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation.

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

241 Sackville street, Toronto, Aug. 15, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Itching Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief.

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 16, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation.

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THURSDAY, NOV. 10, 1904.

ENGLISH-SPEAKING CATHOLIC REPRESENTATION.

Among the happy features of the election returns, must be mentioned the increased number of English-speaking Catholics in the new parliament.

On the Conservative side the comparison naturally is unfavorable, but the following are counted among the English-speaking Catholics: Monk (Jacques Cartier), Walsh (Huntingdon), Macdonell (South Toronto), Daniel (St. John City).

It will be observed that constituencies wherein the majority is overwhelmingly French-speaking have elected English-speaking Catholics as well as English-speaking Protestants.

THE GOVERNMENT MAJORITY.

That Sir Wilfrid Laurier's government would be endorsed by the electorate was a foregone conclusion. That the majority would be piled up in the neighborhood of seventy could hardly have been anticipated.

Huge majorities are sometimes considered rather a danger to the public welfare. A strong opposition is supposed to be necessary to the efficient operation of representative government under the party system.

The officials and employees of his department paid Hon. J. R. Stratton a well-deserved compliment on Tuesday evening when, at a complimentary supper, a cabinet of silver was presented to him.

THE 8TH OF DECEMBER.

Archbishop Bruchesi, who has left for Rome in the company with Bishop Casey of St. John, N.B., and Bishop McDonald of Charlottetown, issued a circular to his clergy on the eve of his departure, a translation of which appears in The True Witness.

letter anticipates the celebration on the 8th of December of the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception.

On the night of the 8th of December, I would desire to see renewed the magnificent spectacle presented in the whole diocese fifty years ago, at the definition of the Immaculate Conception.

ROOSEVELT THE VICTOR.

Theodore Roosevelt has carried the Republican banner to victory in the United States. The victory belongs to the man and to his record. Mr. Roosevelt has often been referred to as the ideal American President.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., in a speech at Accrington, England, last week, declared that when the Parliamentary elections come on the Irish voters in England will decline to subordinate the question of Home Rule to the school question or any other question whatever.

Professor Windle, the new President of the Cork Queen's College, Cork, is the son of the Vicar of Market Rasen, Lincolnshire, but he himself became a Catholic.

Hon. John Costigan, the veteran member for Victoria, N.B., preferred going into the election campaign to accepting a senatorship.

The officials and employees of his department paid Hon. J. R. Stratton a well-deserved compliment on Tuesday evening when, at a complimentary supper, a cabinet of silver was presented to him.

Illness of Mr. Lancelot Bolster

Mr. Lancelot Bolster, Manager of the Sovereign Bank, is lying seriously ill at a private hospital, under the care of Dr. John CaVen. He has been a sufferer for several years from kidney trouble, but within the past few days his condition has become so critical that his relatives have been summoned to Toronto.

BARRIE CORRESPONDENCE

Last Sunday at Vespers, as previously announced, Rev. Dean Egan commenced a series of lectures in reply to questions through the question-box system. The Rev. Dean intends to continue this system of instructions at Vespers throughout the winter months, and no doubt they will prove most interesting as well as instructive to all who attend.

THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

Saturday, Nov. 5th, the Franciscan Chapel, 937 Pine Street, Buffalo, was the scene of a very impressive ceremony of the reception and profession of several young ladies into the Third Order of St. Francis.

At exactly eight o'clock the solemn procession entered the Chapel amid the strains of that beautiful and appropriate hymn, "O Gloriosa Virginitas." Following the cross-bearer of Buffalo, attended by a number of resident and visiting clergy, among whom were: Rev. Fathers Bader, C.S.S.R., Parr, C.S.S.R., C. O'Byrne, J. Kiefer, F. X. Scherer, La Touche, E. Deck, Robert Mookel, Wm. Kuelerts, Fritton and A. Bachmann.

The names of the candidates were Miss Katharine Niemce of Tonawanda, who will be known in religion as Sister M. Eriestria; Miss Elizabeth Tahany, Ireland, as Sister M. Athanasius; Miss Bridget Caulfield, Ireland, as Sister M. Fabian; Miss Mary McHale, Buffalo, as Sister M. Imelda; Miss Mary Wilhelm, Buffalo, as Sister M. Emmanuel; Miss Clara Ahern, Buffalo, as Sister M. Gertrude; Miss Helen Gasper, Buffalo, Sr. M. Isobelle; Miss Walburga Hereth, Buffalo, as Sister M. Teresina; Miss Emma Schwartz, Philadelphia, as Sister M. Gulliana.

The ceremony of reception was indeed very impressive. The Bishop, in his kind, fatherly way, asked the postulants what they wished. In a chorus of firm, sweet voices the answer came, "To join the Third Order of St. Francis." After a simple but earnest exhortation the nine were given their habits as novices.

Ordination at Hamilton

Hamilton, Nov. 7.—In the chapel of St. Mary's cathedral yesterday morning at 9 o'clock, His Lordship Bishop Dowling ordained to the priesthood Michael Weidner, of Erie, Pa. The ceremony was private, being witnessed by the young man's parents, who came from Erie, and the cathedral priests. The bishop was assisted by the clergy present, and Rev. Father Weidner was attended by Rev. Father Zinger, of St. Jerome's College, Berlin. In the afternoon the new priest officiated for the first time at benediction of the blessed sacrament, at which a number of Catholic societies were present.

Illness of Mr. Lancelot Bolster

Mr. Lancelot Bolster, Manager of the Sovereign Bank, is lying seriously ill at a private hospital, under the care of Dr. John CaVen. He has been a sufferer for several years from kidney trouble, but within the past few days his condition has become so critical that his relatives have been summoned to Toronto.

STUDY BY MAIL

The well-known Central Business College of Toronto, is giving the very best mail courses obtainable, in all Commercial subjects, including Advertising and Illustrating, as well as a special course for the Chartered Accountants' Examination.

Excavations in the Forum

From time to time the expectation of some new discovery in the Roman Forum sets the minds of people on the alert. The director of excavations in the Forum, Commendatore Boni, has recently begun to seek what remnants, if any, the undersoil has preserved of the sacred and venerable shrine of the Lararium, where the figures of the public Lares, or household gods, were placed—a shrine erected and restored by Augustus at the highest point of the Sacra Via, and which must have stood near the Temple of Jupiter Stator, on the road which leads from the Sacra Via to Porta Mugonia on the Palatine.

SCHOOLS

ST. MICHAEL'S SCHOOL. (Boys' Department.) Honor Roll for October. Testimonials for Department and Application to Study: Fourth Form.

Senior Div.—Excellent, Frank O'Hearn, Charles Lalor, Charles Grant, Barker O'Leary, Leo Devaney, John O'Connor, Joseph Meahan, James Good, Robert Stormont.

Junior Div.—Excellent, William Hutchinson, Percy Small, Alphonsus McLean. Good, Frank Moran, James Kelly.

Monthly Examination. Senior Div.—1, Charles Lalor, R. Stormont (equal); 2, Roy Harmon. Junior Div.—1, William Hutchinson, Percy Small; 2, Hector O'Halloran.

Third Form. Excellent, Maurice Kelly, Frank Meehan, Archibald Gilmore, David Stormont, William Hickey. Good, John Qualey, William Foley, George Baker, Hilary Flood, Edward Labitzky.

Monthly Examination. Senior Div.—1, George Baker; 2, Maurice Kelly; 3, Archibald Gilmore. Junior Division.—1, Frank Malorana; 2, W. Hickey and H. Flood; 3, N. Smith.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL.

Boys who received testimonials of merit for excellent deportment and application during the month of October: Form IV., Senior Division—Michael Moad, Owen Lynch, Wilfrid Bourdon, Wm. Overend, Charles McCurdy, Edward Foley, Wm. Maloney, Walter Hanson, Charles Barrett.

Form IV., Junior—Francis Foley, Wm. Ayers, John Byrne, Romeo Grossi, Wm. Monahan, Edw. Nicholson, Thomas O'Brien, John Cicci, Edward Lane, John McCrohan.

Form III., Senior Div.—Harry Sullivan, Thomas Shannon, Leo Jenkins, Louis Murphy, Wm. Gibbs, Francis O'Brien, John Lane, Edward McCool, Henry Landreville, Albert Cain, Fred Fenomeno.

Form III., Junior Div.—Peter Haffey, James O'Neill, Joseph Skain, Edward McTague, Thomas Connell, Frank Connell, Albert Massey, Edward Conderan, John Bonney, Fred White, Willie Ingoldby, James Nicholson, Joseph Oswin, Gordon Fenomeno, Frank Corcoran, Frank Shanahan, Hugh Callaghan, John O'Reilly.

Form II., Senior Div.—Basil Hayden, John Danahy, Arden Watson, Wm. Madigan, Clifford Landreville, Charles Richardson, Wm. Watson, Francis McCormick, Wm. Fewer, James Hammill, Edw. Keating, Edw. Spellman, Edw. Curtis.

ST. PETER'S SCHOOL.

Honor Roll for October. Senior IV.—Excellent, Katie Ennis, Austin Malone. Good, Mary Bradley, Gladys Deegan.

Junior IV.—Excellent, Paul Warde, Lyndon Devaney, D'Arcy Leonard. Good, Margaret Hanley, Mary Williams, Martin McCarthy.

Senior III.—Excellent, Blaind Leonard, Teresa Curran, Nora Warde. Good, Christina Hamilton, Beatrice Malone, Mildred Gibson.

Junior III.—Excellent, Harold Halloran, John Leonard, Eva Kavanagh. Good, John Butler, Francis Kavanagh, Francis Redican, Edward Corcoran.

Senior II.—Excellent, Barbara Kavanagh, Annie Baird. Good, Carrie Bennis, Mary Keogh.

Junior II.—Excellent, Sara Broderick, Florence O'Reilly, Good, Marlon Krichbaum, Agnes Killackey. Part II.—Excellent, Norman Fahey, Willie Ennis, Bernard Hallett. Good, Lizzie Graham, Jack Kelly, A. Bradley, Charles Enright.

Senior Part I.—Excellent, Ruth Warde, Mary Waimann, George Meade. Good, Charles McGillivray, Hazel Schillinger, Marie Halloran.

Junior Part I.—Excellent, Francis Bennett, Laurence O'Keefe, Dorothy Devaney. Good, Charles O'Reilly, George Bennis.

ST. HELEN'S SCHOOL.

Senior IV.—Excellent, J. Foley, R. Clarkson, T. Dault, F. Riordan, F. Boland, E. Creary, W. Atkin, W. Galvin.

Junior IV.—Excellent, V. Kirby, T. Colgan, F. Reddin, C. O'Connor, J. Keaney, H. Tracy.

Senior III.—G. Norman, H. Pegg, W. Doyle, J. Powers, A. Maloney, J. Wallace, F. Ellard, C. Bishop, E. Boisseau, A. Riordan, J. Travers.

O'Connell's First Speech

It is not generally known that it was in the Dublin city hall, then the Royal Exchange, that O'Connell made his first speech. Speaking in 1843 in the Dublin Corporation in the discussion on the Repeal of the Union, he said: "The first time I ever addressed a public assembly, when I shuddered at the echo of my own voice, was on the 13th of January, 1800. That was my 'maiden speech,' and it was made against the Union. When we, the Catholics of Dublin, met in the Royal Exchange in pursuance of advertisements inserted for a fortnight previously in the newspapers, and for the purpose of petitioning against the Union, the chair was scarcely taken when we heard the measured tread of approaching military, and Major Sirr entered at the head of a huge force of soldiers, who arranged themselves along three sides of the room. Major Sirr called upon the secretary for the resolutions that were to be proposed and after reading them twice over, he then graciously permitted us to go on."

Jubilee of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception

Among the many preparations that are being made in Rome for the due celebration of the 50th anniversary of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, that of a Marian Exhibition in the great hall of the Lateran Palace is one of the most notable.

It is still in a condition of preparation, but it is expected that it will be opened to the public in the course of November. Besides this, the distinguished composer, Don Lorenzo Perosi, has been occupied in preparing a cantata in honor of the Blessed Virgin, to be sung and performed on this anniversary. He has announced to the Committee appointed for the celebration that he has completed the composition of the work. It is said that Perosi, in the December of 1902, happened to see the first announcement of the Jubilee celebration which the Committee was about to issue, and which contained phrases of devout enthusiasm inviting all people to take part in the celebration, he was deeply touched and inspired to offer a musical composition to the Committee.

The new work has incorporated in it a poem of the 15th century. The chief part of the vocal music is written for a baritone voice, with an organ accompaniment. There are parts also for contralto and tenor voices. There are angelic choirs which will be reproduced by boys. The triumphal hymn of the "Magnificat" founded on an ancient document is expected to form the great feature of the composition, and the cantata altogether is regarded as one of the best of this master's works.

His Eminence Katschthaler, Archbishop of Salzburg, has sent to the Committee of the Marian Exhibition a letter announcing his intention of sending them reproductions of the paintings and sculptures representing the Blessed Virgin existing in his diocese. Like contributions are coming from a great many dioceses throughout Europe. Those that will be sent from other parts of Italy will be of the greatest artistic and historical interest, and will contribute to render this Exhibition unique in its character and completeness.

Excavations in the Forum

From time to time the expectation of some new discovery in the Roman Forum sets the minds of people on the alert. The director of excavations in the Forum, Commendatore Boni, has recently begun to seek what remnants, if any, the undersoil has preserved of the sacred and venerable shrine of the Lararium, where the figures of the public Lares, or household gods, were placed—a shrine erected and restored by Augustus at the highest point of the Sacra Via, and which must have stood near the Temple of Jupiter Stator, on the road which leads from the Sacra Via to Porta Mugonia on the Palatine.

Boni hoped to discover indications sufficient to determine the position and extension of this monument, which had a double cell, and perhaps to bring to light some fragments of its restoration in the Republican or in the Augustan age.

Meanwhile the area that surrounded the Temple of Jupiter, and a great part of the road which ascends to the Palatine Hill, were disencumbered of the earth that covered them, and fine fragments of the old road, pavagonal blocks of grey blue lava, set together most accurately, were brought to light. This pavement is even superior in its preservation to that of the Sacra Via, which shows no traces of wear, and where only the red lines of rust mark the passage of the iron tires of the chariots over this famous road.

The exploration recently begun has already revealed the vestiges of dwellings dating from the era of the Republic, built in this classic area where through the memories of the great political movements of ancient Rome and of the worship bestowed upon the city by its founders— an area which for many long centuries lay neglected and abandoned, and which, in the course of time, became covered with earth, and that again hidden beneath nettles and weeds and wild flowers.

Death of Most Reverend Henry O'Callaghan

The death is announced of Most Rev. Henry O'Callaghan, titular Archbishop of Nicosia, died at the house known as the English Nursing Sisters, known as the Little Company of Mary, in the Via Ferruccio, Florence. Dr. O'Callaghan was a member of the Congregation of Oblates of St. Charles established at Bayswater by Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Manning.

When the Judge Played the Tough

Sir Henry Hawkins (Lord Brampton) has an extraordinary knowledge of the criminal class. The great English judge, as is well known, used to be very fond of sport. Once at Paris he got among a gang of loathsome English blackguards returning from a race, who hustled and bullied him, and evidently meant to rob him. "Lifting his hat to show his short hair," Mr. Hawkins assumed a bold manner and a rough East-end style. This is how the Judge himself tells the story: "Look-ee 'ere," said I; "I know you don't kee for me no more an' I kee for you. I ain't afraid o' no mah, and I'll tell you what it is; it's your ignorance of who I am that makes you bold. I know you ain't a bad un with the maulers. Let's have no more nonsense about it here. I'll fight you on Monday week, say, for a hundred a side in the Butts, and we'll post the money at Peter Crawley's next Saturday. What d'ye say to that?" Instantly the hustling ceased and Mr. Hawkins was able to get away home.

Earl Spencer in His Seventieth Year

Earl Spencer, the greatest of Irish coercionists, and also, after Mr. Gladstone, the greatest of English Home Rulers, has just entered his seventieth year. It is interesting to remember that one of Lord Spencer's uncles, the Hon. George Spencer, became a Catholic in his youth, and joined the Passionist Order, becoming a Catholic propagandist among the aristocrats of England.

E. A. ENGLISH

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D'Youville Reading Circle

The fortnightly meeting of the Youville Reading Circle, held on Tuesday evening, was both well attended and very successful.

The work of previous years compelled a rapid survey to facilitate the linking of the new year's programme. The current events, as usual, occupied first attention, interest centering, inevitably, on the awful Asiatic turmoil.

This necessitated an outlining of a continued study of the Eastern question, to be pursued this year on religious lines, that is, the great Asiatic religious ideals will be considered. At this meeting Sir Edwin Arnold's poem, "Light of Asia," was introduced, with the explanatory comments required. The European theme is the reactionary feature of the nineteenth century. The special subject begun was the religious agitation in England, marking the whole last half of the 19th, and compelling a close and personal study of the leaders of the Tractarian Movement; also compelling a study of what may be called the corresponding movement in America, which has resulted in the extreme standards represented by Emerson, Thoreau, Channing, Margaret Fuller, with Father Hecker and Orrestes Brownson.

The plan of the Circle is to study one of the Shakespeare comedies each session. Reasons were given why the comedies compel closer analysis than the tragedy or history plays. The selection for this year is "The Winter's Tale."

Several books of reference were alluded to in connection with this year's studies. Rev. Dr. Aiken of the Washington Catholic University, will be the chief authority on Buddha. The Oct. "Dolphin," Oct. "Harper's" and "Book-Lovers," magazines were used at this meeting for timely topics.

The Rev. Lucian Johnston, in Oct. "Truth" (Nazareth U.C.) was quoted in his review of the documents published by the I.C.T.S., giving the full correspondence between the Vatican and the French Government, in connection with the Bishops Laval and Dijon.

The first lecture of the season was announced. The lecturer will be Mr. John Francis Waters; the subject is "Shakespeare's Lesser Brethren," and it will be delivered on Monday, Nov. 14th.

ANNA DALTON.



E. MURPHY

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St. Jean Baptiste

A colossal statue of St. Jean Baptiste de la Salle, Founder of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, who was canonized by the late Pontiff, Leo XIII., is about to be placed in the other huge statues which decorate the niches in the nave and which commemorate the founders of Religious Orders and Congregations. The statue is the work of Commendatore Cesare Aureli, whose studio is in the Via Flaminia. The group, for the chief figure has two smaller accompanying figures, is cut out of a single block of Carrara marble. The statue of the Saint is 15 feet 3 inches in height; two smaller statues, one 10 feet high and the other 2 feet 6 inches, represent two youths, arrayed in the costume of the people of the 16th century. The whole group weighs 18 tons. The removal of it from the artist's studio along the Via Flaminia over the Pons Milvius, and by the road that skirts the Tiber to St. Peter's, began this morning two hours after midnight on a sort of sledge drawn by 24 horses. It must have been a strange sight to see the huge mass, lighted by the brilliant beams of an Italian moon, dragged along in the silence of the night in the desolate roads that lie between the artist's studio and the great dome of St. Peter's! In the right hand side of the nave, above the statue of St. Philip Neri, Founder of the Congregation of the Oratory, there is an empty niche now almost hidden behind a huge scaffolding, and which is destined to contain the statue of Saint Jean Baptiste de la Salle.

(From the French by Mary Banim.)

Nowadays there are few subjects that force themselves upon our attention with such resistless power as the question of education. But besides this urgency of popular education, there is another phase of the question looming up every now and then with remarkable significance, and by no means confined to the adherents of the Roman Catholic Church. Recently the educational problem has been decanted upon by quite a few prominent men and women outside the pale of the Catholic communion. One of the best means of knowing and appreciating the attitude of the Church on such matters is to glance over what has been attempted and accomplished by some of her bravest sons and truest educators. The International Catholic Truth Society has just published a brochure on the life and work of St. John Baptiste de la Salle, Founder of the Christian Schools. Although a mere compendium, and not intended to give any detailed account of this renowned educator of Christ's poor little ones, the reader will be surprised to find so much interesting information within the small compass of thirty-two pages. That Saint John Baptiste de la Salle was a providential man no one at the present time will attempt to deny. Like the Precursor of the Saviour, it may be said in very truth of De la Salle, "there was a man sent from God whose name was John." His earliest aspirations were toward the sanctuary, and of this sublime calling he gave proof from the very outset; and on April 10, 1678, he had the unspeakable happiness of celebrating the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the first time. His love for the mystery of the Blessed Sacrament was so great, so penetrating, that many were anxious to assist at his Mass to be edified and strengthened in their faith. After some years the day came when our Saint must be launched upon a career which in the dispensation of God's providence was to bring about his life's work. It all happened simply through the request of a pious lady, Madame de Maffleier, who solicited the help of De la Salle in founding a school for children in the city of Rheims. Masters were selected for the work and our Saint took charge of the mission. Much space would be required to describe in detail the founding of the Christian Brothers' Institute—their trials, persecutions, and final triumph. We shall not attempt even a brief review of this new life of the "Newest Saint," but shall content ourselves with recommending all good Catholics, and particularly the Christian Brothers' boys, to obtain a copy of it. Some, perhaps, do not fully real-

M. MURPHY

ize that Saint John Baptiste de la Salle was one of the very first in France to appreciate the great need of a system of free Christian education, long before the idea of popular education was evolved as we have it to-day. One of the greatest tributes ever paid our Saint was delivered within the present year by the French Chamber of Deputies by M. Buisson, a representative of the government. Among other things he said: "A young man, the eldest son of a rich, great and noble family, had established relations before the end of his studies with men like Olier, Bourdoise and Denna, who even in the time of Louis XIV.—for there were such men then—recognized that there were vast numbers of wretched children left without education and instruction. When this young canon became a priest he heard ever ringing in his ears the words of a friend at St. Sulpice who had just returned from a miserable quarter in Paris: 'Instead of going as a missionary to the Indies to preach to infidels, I feel it better in my heart to go begging from door to door to maintain a school-teacher for our abandoned children.' It was then that the young canon began to act as the rich act whose hearts are in the right place, he gave up his canonry to live with the poor. As there happened just then to be a famine in the city, he distributed day after day to the poor all that he had. And when he had nothing he thought he had then a right to preach self-sacrifice to his teachers. If that were the only thing in the life of John Baptiste de la Salle, I think he would be entitled to our respect. But the man who so acted in the beginning gave forty years of the most persistent, the most patient, the most unwearied devotion to the obscure work whose importance and grandeur he alone in France seemed to divine; for he alone saw the need of a system of free education, and he pursued it at the cost of sacrifices that cannot be described." These words, coming from such a source, ought to make us anxious to know more about the great Christian Teacher canonized by Leo XIII. on May 24, 1900, at one of the closing acts of his glorious pontificate. To-day, the fruit of De la Salle's mission is rich and abundant, as will appear from a perusal of the pamphlet the "Newest Saint."

English Pilgrims in Rome

Rome, Oct. 21.—Yesterday afternoon a group of pilgrims, under the auspices of the Catholic Association of England, was received in special audience by his Holiness Pius X. They had been in Rome for several days, and went about visiting the churches and Catacombs and shrines and dwellings of the saints in the city. Their reception by the Holy Father was the first and the crowning joy of their pilgrimage. They were presented to His Holiness by the Most Rev. Monsignor Edmond Stonor, titular Archbishop of Trebizond. The Pontiff received them with that kindly and gracious manner that belongs to him, and addressed them in a few words expressive of his delight in seeing them coming from their distant homes to testify thus to their faith and to their devotion to the Sovereign Pontiff. He then spoke a word or two to each, and gave them his hand to kiss. The audience was eminently satisfactory to the pilgrims, and they seemed profoundly impressed with the Pope's kindness to them. They leave Rome to-day on their homeward journey, some going directly by Genoa, Mont Cenis, and Paris, and others making a tour to Assisi, and Loreto, and Florence, and Venice on their way back to London.

Togo a Catholic

A correspondent of the London Westminster Gazette makes known for the first time the interesting fact that Admiral Togo is a Catholic. His conversion took place many years ago in England. Simultaneously with his instruction in the art of modern warfare, he directed his attention to the evidences of Christianity. As a result of this study he decided to become a Catholic, received the necessary instruction, and was duly received into the fold. While he studied at Woolwich he frequently assisted at the service of the mass.

CANADIAN CATHOLIC UNION EXHIBITION

REPRODUCTIONS OF RELIGIOUS PICTURES Ontario Society of Artists Galleries 168 KING ST. WEST November 12th to 26th GALLERIES OPEN 10 A.M. TO 10 P.M. Tickets 25c. Six Admissions

Extension of Time

The time for receiving tenders for the extension of the breakwater at Toronto Island is hereby extended to Thursday, November 10. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, November 3, 1904. Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department, will not be paid for. By order, FRED. GELINAS, Secretary.

A NEW THING

There was an excellent article in a recent number of the World's Work Magazine entitled "A New Ireland," by Seumas MacManus. The title of the article refers to the change that is taking place in Ireland by reason of the work of the voluntary associations for the promotion of trade, the agricultural commission, of which Sir Horace Plunkett is the president, and greatest of all agencies, the Gaelic League.

The Gaelic League, realizing that the use of the Irish language and the pursuit of strictly Irish ideals were essential to a national life, began to draw recruits chiefly from the young men of the country. For ten years they have continued coming in, until today the Gaelic League, though not numerically stronger than many political and agrarian leagues that preceded it, is morally stronger, has firmer roots, and steadier growth than almost any Irish league of the century. It has not only arrested a rapid decay of the language, but it has made startling progress in restoring it with the result that 3,000 of the national schools are teaching the language to-day to 95,000 pupils. Prayers in many of the Catholic churches of the country are now conducted in Irish, and last St. Patrick's Day the Protestant church of St. Kevins in Dublin, had its service conducted wholly in Irish. The work of the league has naturally had a beneficial effect on the movement for the revival of Irish industries and something like a boycott against foreign manufacture has been declared and "made in Ireland" is a rallying cry of the League.

No conscientious leaguer would wear clothing that had been woven or made in England, boots from Massachusetts, or a cap from Scotland; he would not write with ink from Germany, smoke cigarettes from France, nor subscribe for stained glass windows from Munich. The soap that washed him must be made in the County Tyrone, his towel in the town of Belfast, his biscuits in Cork, and his note-paper in the County Dublin; his shoelacking must be of Irish manufacture, as also the match that he applied to his Irish-spun tobacco, in his Irish-made pipe. He let his tradesmen see that they must keep goods manufactured in the country. In self-protection then the merchants had to patronize home-manufacture, with the result that the most of the manufactures of the country were immediately improved, some of them doubling, and some of them trebling their previous product; and men were encouraged to start new manufactures. This is very good and commendable and no doubt will be of real benefit to the country, but voluntary associations are not permanent institutions, and the Irish people will soon tire of insisting upon being served with home-manufactured articles, especially when they find that they will be expected to pay a higher price for the home-manufactured article than for the foreign. It is not possible that the manufacturers of Ireland, except in a few lines, can compete successfully against the long-established and highly organized industries of England or the continent, nor against the highly protected industries of the United States. The only apparent method by which the industries of Ireland could be permanently revived would be by the adoption of a tax on all articles not manufactured in Ireland, but would England allow that? England crushed the industries of Ireland by a protective tariff against her, by prohibiting her exports, and by ruinous taxes on her manufacturers, but would the manufacturers of England view with equanimity the imposition of an import tax on their products? It may be said that Canada adopted a protective policy for her manufacturers, and until recently England received the same treatment as foreign countries. The situation is different. Ireland is geographically close to England and Canada is 3,000 miles away; Canada is a colony and Ireland is a conquered country. The attempted vetoing by England of Canada's protective tariff would have caused such irritation here that the result might have been serious. The statesmen of Britain have not forgotten the lesson of the revolt of the thirteen colonies.

W. O'C.

The Concordat

It is said that not half a dozen French politicians know what the Concordat means. Even the ultra-clever and ever-cynical M. Clemenceau only read it recently, and he is now trying to lay down the law on it for his benighted readers. The English papers, too, have their writers ready to throw what they think will be illumination on the big battle now being fought on the Church and State question in the French Parliament. One well-known London daily has already begun the campaign, and its specialist is now studying the Concordat with a wet towel around his head and a cup of imitation coffee before him. IMITATION OF THE KULTUR-KAUF.

Everybody who knows anything of international politics is well aware that Bismarck's Kulturkampf inspired Gambetta, Ferry and the other anti-clerical founders of the Third Republic to attack, oppress, and subjugate the Catholic religion in France, has been worked with a vengeance by M. Clemenceau, M. Brisson, M. Combes, and the others. All this has been recently affirmed by the "Irish Ecclesiastical Record" for January, 1903. But, naturally, the "Record" is read by but very few amongst the laity. Were the individual cases mentioned in the published paper? Yes; that is, I published a list of about 250 or 300 cases, which at that time it was proposed to deal with. In almost every case, the date of the martyrdom—or as I should rather say, to speak with rigorous accuracy, the date, in each case, of the death that took place in circumstances which, it was claimed, constituted a case of martyrdom. Those all came from the time of persecution under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth? The Cromwellian persecution, answered the Archbishop, claimed many victims. There are others, too, of later date. The list includes persons.

The Canonization of the Irish Martyrs

His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin makes the following interesting statement relating to the Canonization of the Irish Martyrs:

His Grace says the proceedings now in progress in the Diocesan Court are, in their present stage, strictly private. But, he added, there is no secret as to the nature of the procedure, or, in fact, as to anything but the evidence that is being given from day to day. In such cases as those that are being dealt with, the evidence is, of course, historical evidence. It is the business of the Postulator, as he is technically designated—the priest who is acting, let us say, as solicitor in the case—it is his business in bringing forward each case, to make that case good by sufficient historical proof. He has to adduce proof that in the particular case, all those conditions are fulfilled which, according to the teaching of theologians, are required to make it a case of martyrdom in the strict sense of the word. He names the persons whom he considers to be sufficiently informed as to the history of the time in question to give such evidence. He presents them to me for examination,—as many persons as he wishes to present. But he must stand or fall by what is elicited from them in the course of examination and cross-examination in the Diocesan Court. He is not present. Moreover, he can know nothing of how his witnesses have fared. Each witness submitted by him for examination is forbidden under the most solemn religious obligation to communicate either with him or with anyone else outside the Court as to the evidence that has been given. We are all under the same obligation. You can see that our ecclesiastical procedure in this matter is by no means calculated to help the making up, or the propping up, of a weak case. Everything, in fact, is done in this respect to make the success of even the strongest case as difficult as possible. As to the evidence that is being given, or that has been given, the most absolute secrecy must be observed, at all events until the diocesan "process," as it is called, that is, the diocesan inquiry, is definitely closed.

At this point the interviewer inquired as to the admission of adverse evidence. You must understand, said His Grace, the nature of the proceeding that is at present in progress. It is only a preliminary proceeding. You know what the function of a grand jury in the criminal procedure of this country is. The grand jurors assemble. The depositions of the witnesses that are to be brought forward at the trial in proof of the guilt of the accused are submitted for investigation. It is, we may say, a one-sided proceeding. If the evidence submitted to the grand jury is of such a character that, unless broken down by cross-examination, or otherwise neutralized or overturned at the trial, it would establish the guilt of the accused, then it is the duty of the grand jury to find a "true bill" that is to say, they must send the accused for trial. They have nothing whatever to do with what witnesses may be available for his defence.

So, in the same way, in a case of canonization, the diocesan court has nothing to do with anything that can be put forward unfavorable to the canonization? That, said the Archbishop, is not a quite accurate way of putting it. It is true that we have not to bring up adverse witnesses. But through out the proceedings there is an ecclesiastical official present whose duty it is—and he is sworn to discharge that duty most strictly—to cross-examine, as far as may be needed, every one who comes to give testimony before us. Moreover the procedure is so arranged that every witness examined is bound himself to state anything that may have come within his knowledge regarding each case, whether it goes to establish the case of martyrdom or to weaken or disprove it. But, up to a point, there is a parallel between our procedure and that of the grand-jury room. There the accused has no opportunity of making his defence. His witnesses are not brought forward. To that extent the cases are parallel. For, to that extent, the proceedings in both cases are one-sided. But in the preliminary proceeding in a canonization case, the one-sided evidence is subjected to cross-examination and is sifted in every possible way by an official advocate of the other side—the "devil's advocate," as he is popularly designated.

Then there is such an official in the diocesan court, as well as at Rome? Certainly; and if the smallest iota of the proceedings were to take place whilst he was not present, the whole thing would be invalid. In connection with this, I may say to you that our proceedings have to be conducted, from beginning to end, under penalty of absolute nullity, with a rigorous observance, not only of substantial forms, but even of what may seem to be merely technical requirements, that is unknown in the procedure of the civil courts of this, or probably of any other, country. In answer to a question as to whether the secrecy of the proceedings covered the names of the martyrs, or covered the names of the martyrs, or the number of cases that are being inquired into, the Archbishop answered that as to this there is no secret whatever. Here His Grace referred to a printed paper. Last year, he said, I wrote a paper in explanation of most of what you are now anxious to get information about. It was published in the "Irish Ecclesiastical Record" for January, 1903. But, naturally, the "Record" is read by but very few amongst the laity.

Were the individual cases mentioned in the published paper? Yes; that is, I published a list of about 250 or 300 cases, which at that time it was proposed to deal with. In almost every case, the date of the martyrdom—or as I should rather say, to speak with rigorous accuracy, the date, in each case, of the death that took place in circumstances which, it was claimed, constituted a case of martyrdom. Those all came from the time of persecution under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth? The Cromwellian persecution, answered the Archbishop, claimed many victims. There are others, too, of later date. The list includes persons.

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I may say, of every class and of every rank in life—clergy and laity; bishops and priests; the clergy, secular and regular; men and women; some of noble birth and high station; others of the humbler social grades. The list that I speak of is the one that was published in January, 1903. Several names were subsequently struck out. Others were added. The list was allowed to stand for a full year in the provisional form, so that any one specially interested could have an opportunity of bringing forward for inquiry any case that was not inserted in it. As a matter of fact, a substantial number of additional cases were thus brought forward, and they have been included in the list that is now before the diocesan court. I may say also that the list includes names from all parts of Ireland—North, South, East and West—Armagh, Dublin, Cashel, Tuam, Cork, Drogheda, Limerick, Derry, and so on. In some cases the victims of persecution suffered death in Dublin, as, for instance, Dermot O'Hurley, the Archbishop of Cashel, and the Franciscan, Cornelius O'Devany, Bishop of Down and Connor. In such cases my ordinary diocesan jurisdiction, although, of course, it could be held by the bishop of the diocese to which the person, for whom the title of martyr is claimed, belonged. But, as a matter of fact, to simplify matters, I have proceeded at the individual diocese in Ireland. It may be of interest to add, as illustrating the general character of the list, that the names placed in what is known as the "title" of the case are the following: Dermot O'Hurley, Archbishop of Cashel; Cornelius O'Devany, Bishop of Down and Connor; Maurice Kenraghty, a secular priest of the diocese of Limerick; Arthur MacGeoghegan, a priest of the Dominican Order; and Sir John Burke, or De Burgo, of Brittas. Is not the case of Oliver Plunkett one of the most prominent? In answer to this question, the Archbishop said that, as a matter of course he was not at liberty to express any opinion as to the strength or weakness of any of the cases with which he had judicially or officially to deal. But, he said, as you have mentioned the case of Oliver Plunkett, I may explain to you that his case is not before us at all. This is a matter of procedure. I explained it fully in my paper in the "Record." But, as your Grace has said, the "Record" is not much read by the laity, and, naturally, the Catholic laity of the country are deeply interested in all this matter? Well, said the Archbishop, I will explain it to you for their benefit, but it is not easy to do this briefly. In cases of martyrdom, a diocesan inquiry has first to be held. When that is closed, an official transcript is sent on to the Holy See. Then a long and most searching examination of the evidence that has been collected takes place at Rome. This is conducted by trained officials who practically spend their lives in work of this particular kind. If they are not satisfied, everything falls to the ground. Thus there is, let us say, a second grand jury in the case. If they are satisfied, and their report is upheld by the Holy See, a further proceeding is then entered upon. This is called the "apostolic" process, because it is conducted by the Holy See, or by direction of the Holy See, and under its authority. The proceedings in the first instance before the diocesan court constitute what is known as the "diocesan" or "ordinary" process. It is so-called because it is conducted by the bishop or "ordinary" of the diocese conducted by him personally or by his direction and authority. What I am engaged in is, of course, this "ordinary" process. Now in Oliver Plunkett's case the "ordinary" process was gone through and completed many years ago.

That was not in Dublin? No; nor in Ireland. Oliver Plunkett was put to death at Tyburn, in London. Hence in that case, it was competent for the Archbishop of Westminster to hold the "ordinary" process. The case was dealt with in common with those of the English martyrs, properly so called. That was in Cardinal Manning's time, in 1874. Between 500 and 600 cases were taken in hand then. About 200 of these were put aside, at least temporarily, at the first inquiry in London. The number sent on to Rome was about 350. In 1886, the result of the official proceedings in some cases was made known; 261 cases were declared to have passed satisfactorily so far, and Cardinal Manning received authority to conduct the "apostolic" inquiry in all those cases. I am not in a position to state in what precise stage those cases, or any of them, now stand. Some years ago, the Holy See sanctioned the separation of the case of Oliver Plunkett from the others, with a view to having that case dealt with, as was natural, in his own diocese. The "apostolic" process, then, in Oliver Plunkett's case is to be dealt with, not in London, but in Armagh. It took twelve years, then—that is, from 1874 to 1886,—to get that case brought up to the point at which the holding of the "apostolic" process was possible. As such matters go, that was considered expeditious. So you can see that we are a long way off from the "apostolic" process in the hundreds of cases that I have been put in charge of, and that are being dealt with now. But, said our representative, it is understood that good progress has been made? We have, at all events, replied the Archbishop, been working very hard. The great burden of the work has had to be borne by my excellent officials in the tribunal. With myself, it was little more than giving the necessary time to it, presiding at

the various sessions. There have been over sixty of these, and many of the sessions were considerably prolonged. All the evidence has to be taken down word for word. This must be done in longhand. Otherwise, of course, there could not be the same evidence of the fidelity of the transcript when the papers are subjected to a critical examination, perhaps many years afterwards, in Rome. Besides, the evidence of each witness has to be read over for him and then attested by his signature. An enormous mass of evidence from printed books and manuscripts has been put in, the greater part of it transcribed, with, of course, the requisite attestation of the accuracy of the transcripts, from the originals in various libraries and collections in various continental countries as well as at home in Ireland. Then, in addition to the sixty sessions that we have held in Dublin, twelve sessions have been held in Sydney for the purpose of taking, by commission, the evidence of his Eminence Cardinal Moran. Cardinal Moran, I understand, has always taken a special interest in the case of the Irish martyrs? Yes, said the Archbishop, and it is not too much to say that if it were not for Cardinal Moran's untiring zeal in the matter, the present proceedings would, in all probability, never have been set on foot at all, at least not in our time. As I pointed out in my paper in the "Record," this, in a sense, may be said to be the work of Cardinal Moran's life. It was with this view that he began, even in the days of his early priesthood, to search through the stores of original manuscript materials, contemplatory letters, and other documents, and so forth, that have been preserved in such abundance in the various archives and collections in Rome. The date of his first published volume—the first edition of his Life of Oliver Plunkett—is 1861, over forty years ago. From then until now he has kept on, publishing volume after volume, and new editions after new editions, always increasing our stores of information, and always, I venture to say, with the one great object of facilitating, and hastening on, the canonization of those whom the Holy See may find worthy of being canonized as having died for the faith in the days of persecution in Ireland, he has now crowned all his labors by giving evidence formally before the Commission which it was my duty to appoint, with, of course, his Eminence's sanction, to take his evidence in Sydney.

St. Nicholas for 1905

The New Volume Promises More Attractive Fiction, Fun, and Information Than Ever. It has seemed in years past as if St. Nicholas, that true and tried friend of more than one generation, was as good as a magazine could possibly be, but 1905 promises to be a banner year. First and foremost in importance comes the new serial, "Queen Zixi of Ix," by L. Frank Baum, author of "The Wizard of Oz," "Father Goose—His Book," etc., etc. Beginning in November, 1904, this new story will run to October, 1905. "Queen Zixi of Ix" will be notable for its illustrations, sixteen full pages in color—a charming innovation for St. Nicholas,—besides sixty or more colored illustrations in the text. But this feast of fun and fancy will have plenty of richly attractive short stories for company. Just a few of those who will contribute fiction and sketches through the year are Commander Robert E. Peary, Bertha Runkle, Joanna Miller, Elliott Flower, Winifred M. Kirkland, Captain Harold Hammond, U.S.A., Dane Coolidge, Leslie W. Quirk, Henry Gardner Hunting, and Frank J. Stillman. "The Practical Boy" will be a series of twelve valuable papers for the boy who likes to do things, by Joseph H. Adams, for years chief designer of artistic wood and metal work for a big manufacturing firm in New York. The papers will treat, among other subjects, simple carpentry and the use of tools, decorating a boy's room, the making of camping outfits, ice-boats, skating-sails, skees, a home-made gymnasium, boats, motor-boats, canoes, wind-mills, power-wheels, pet-shelters, and other handicraft. Another important series of papers, six in number, by Dr. E. E. Walker, will discuss "Until the Doctor Comes." These are designed to tell, briefly and clearly, what to do in case of accident or sudden illness, burns, sunstroke, sprains, fractures, apparent drowning, etc. Charles H. Caffin, one of America's leading art critics, has prepared for the 1905 St. Nicholas a series of articles on "How to Study Pictures," in which he adopts the plan of contrasting, in each article, the work of some great artist with that of another equally great master—showing a single picture painted by each, and pointing out the likenesses and differences between the two pictures and the methods of the two painters. Many other notable contributors and contributions will add to the value and interest of St. Nicholas during 1905. In every family where there are young people, St. Nicholas should be not alone a welcome visitor and a valued friend, but a necessity. To do this is the best time to subscribe for 1905.

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**DAYS AND DOLLARS**

Tekla, who was seventeen years old, felt very important indeed, for a surprising thing had happened. It was only five days since she had graduated from the high school, and here she was with a working knowledge of the real estate business already at her finger-tips—literally, because her business was principally concerned with the typewriting machine in the office of Armstrong & Wolfe. The knowledge, perhaps, did not extend far beyond her finger-tips, because most of the letters she wrote at the dictation of her employers conveyed absolutely no meaning to her mind; but this did not trouble Tekla or anybody else.

Her copy was neat as well as accurate, and there was nothing about the completed letters to indicate that the typewriting young person was as innocent as the typewriter itself of the difference between the east half of lot fifty-seven and the north-west forty in Skandia township.

"You're wonderfully fortunate," said Geraldine Pease, who was four years older than Tekla. "I've always wished I could work for Armstrong & Wolfe—it's such a good place. How did you ever happen to get it?"

"Oh," returned Tekla, overlooking Geraldine's somewhat uncomplimentary emphasis, "Mr. Wolfe and I knew I'd have to do something to help mother out, and so when Miss Dodd's sick father telegraphed for her to go East, Mr. Wolfe came to me. I'm to have thirty dollars a month."

Mr. Wolfe, who was almost sixty, but looked younger, was a large man so well proportioned in every way that his great height did not impress one until he stood looking down upon some ordinary "six-footer." His shoulders were broad, his hands and feet huge, his good-natured mouth was wide, his mild eyes stood wide apart.

Everyone loved and respected him because of his kindly ways. He had few enemies. No unfortunate person ever appealed to him in vain, yet in spite of his amiability he was seldom imposed upon.

Tekla was conscious of no desire to impose on him; but she was young, it was summer time, often there were no letters to be answered, and she found idleness irksome.

The baseball match between the teams of her own town and of Ironwood was the beginning of her fall from grace. The office closed at four on Saturday afternoons and at half-past five on other days, and work was supposed to begin at half-past eight each morning. It seemed to the restless girl that two hours' playtime on Saturday afternoon ought not to make much difference to the firm, and she asked if she might be excused.

It is probable that she would not have enjoyed the game so well if she had suspected that Mr. Wolfe, whose large, blunt fingers did not lend themselves gracefully to typewriting, had been compelled to answer at considerable length and with much discomfort two important letters that had arrived in the three o'clock mail.

Mr. Armstrong, the other partner, had not learned to use a typewriter, and always had enough to do, besides in his own special department. The ball game, however, was only the opening wedge. Tekla was popular, and her friends and classmates were having a glorious time that summer.

At first, indeed, the girl stood out bravely, refusing all daytime amusements; but after that baseball game Tekla found it so easy to ask and to obtain leave of absence for part of Monday morning, all of Tuesday afternoon, or every bit of Wednesday, that Mr. Armstrong, an irascible, wiry man, with nervous dyspepsia, feared Mr. Wolfe was in danger of being compelled to do all the typewriting.

One forenoon Mr. Armstrong observed Tekla, who had arrived three-quarters of an hour late, looking at her watch with more than her usual irritating frequency. When she was not occupied with this futile employment, she was casting impatient glances at a visitor who had, in her opinion, already stayed too long.

Mr. Armstrong knew what her impatience portended. The door had barely closed behind the visitor before Tekla had taken the intruder's place beside Mr. Wolfe's big desk.

"Oh, Mr. Wolfe," she said, in her bright, pretty, pleading way, "should you mind very much if I were to go home a little earlier? It's almost eleven, you know. I'm going to a party to-night, and I want to try on the new gown mother's making for me. It's just the prettiest dress—"

Mr. Wolfe glanced over the papers in his big hand to the office clock.

"This letter—" he began.

"Couldn't I do it the first thing this afternoon?" pleaded Tekla, eagerly. "You see, mother can't do a thing more to the waist until I've tried it on."

"Well, if that's the case, I suppose—"

"Oh, thank you!" cried Tekla, hurriedly, darting away.

Mr. Armstrong, who had suffered in silence for six weeks, rose and slammed the door.

"That girl's the limit!" he snapped. "If I had my way, I'd fire her so quick she wouldn't know what happened."

"In that case," said Mr. Wolfe, "she probably wouldn't realize why she was fired, and the experience wouldn't do her any good."

"It would do me good!" declared Mr. Armstrong. "She's utterly impossible."

"No," said Mr. Wolfe, "there's good stuff in that girl. It means something in this business, where figures count for so much, to have a girl who is absolutely accurate—"

ers as he sat down at Tekla's typewriter. "If they weren't built so like sausages—I wouldn't mind, but it seems to me that I hit everything within six inches every time I aim for a key. Look at that! Figure 2 for 'A' every time. But hard as it is, it's more legible than my handwriting."

"Why don't you give the girl a good talking to if she's worth talking pains with?"

"Well," confessed Mr. Wolfe, inserting a fresh sheet, and with one heavy forefinger laboriously ticking off the date, "to tell the truth, I have. I went around there one night about three weeks ago and talked to her like a grandfather. You know you can't be right down hard on a little light-hearted thing like that. Her mother doesn't seem much older than she is, and they certainly do need the money. I talked to them both. They—they seemed pleased."

"Humph!" exploded Mr. Armstrong, indignantly. "I'll talk to her."

"No, you won't," said Mr. Wolfe, resting his large, calm eyes for a long moment on his partner's perturbed countenance. "Talk just rolls off that girl like salad dressing from an iced tomato. Some sort of a kindergarten method might work better. I'm willing to take a little pain with her because of her father. Mighty nice chap was old Samuel Bliss. Now don't you worry, Armstrong. She'll be trying to work thirteen hours a day, the way you do, before I'm done with her. I haven't quite figured the way out yet, but I think I see light."

Nothing on paper had ever looked quite so beautiful to Tekla as the check she had received at the end of her first month's sadly neglected work. The envelope, addressed to Miss Tekla Bliss, and placed on her table, had greeted her the morning she was so disgracefully late from oversleeping at Mildred Hull's coming-out party. For three days afterward Tekla had experienced, at breakfast time, something surprisingly like a sense of duty. It hurried her to the office and kept her there until closing time. But the glamor of the check and the unprecedented sense of duty flickered out together by the afternoon of the fourth day when Tekla succumbed, at half-past two, to temptation in the form of a naphtha-launch picnic.

Mr. Armstrong noticed that his partner frequently paused in his work to lean back and regard Tekla with puzzled, almost remorseful eyes. Sometimes, while so engaged, he scribbled something in a little book that he carried in his waist-coat pocket. Toward the end of the month the puzzled expression departed, but the sorrow remained. Mr. Armstrong could see that although the kind-hearted old man had made up his mind to deal with Tekla, he was far from happy over the prospect. She herself had no misgivings. She continued to arrive late, to go home early, and to absent herself whenever she happened to feel like it.

"You do have an easy time in that office, don't you?" said Geraldine Pease, meeting Tekla one noon in holiday attire. "I don't ask for a day off once in six weeks."

"Oh, I'm not afraid!" returned Tekla, airily. "Mr. Wolfe isn't the scolding kind. He says I'm the neatest typewriter he's had—when I'm there. Mr. Armstrong looks like a thunder-cloud all the time, but Mr. Wolfe lets me go any time I ask."

"But," asked Geraldine, curiously, "haven't you any conscience in the matter?"

"Not a scrap," laughed Tekla.

"I should think," said Geraldine, "that you'd like to feel sure you were earning your salary."

"As long as I'm getting it," returned Tekla, "I'm satisfied."

Pay day was approaching and Tekla was glad. Just before that important date Mr. Wolfe said, one morning, "Never mind Miss Bliss's check, Armstrong. I'll attend to it myself."

It was the thirty-first of August, and for the first morning in two weeks Tekla was not late. After hanging up her hat, she turned expectantly toward her table; but no white envelope greeted her. A moment later Mr. Wolfe rose from his chair and laid a large, oddly lumpy envelope before her. As Tekla picked it up, Mr. Wolfe turned suddenly to his partner.

"Armstrong," said he, "you remember that appointment with Johnson at the bank?"

Thus considerably left alone, Tekla opened her large envelope. Inside were twenty-seven smaller envelopes, on the outside of each of which was printed "\$1.11. Please count immediately." Besides this, each small envelope bore a date, one for every day in August, the Sundays excepted. Tekla, wondering what this meant, opened one of the envelopes, spread the inclosed coin on her table, and counted.

"Why," exclaimed Tekla, "I must have made a mistake! I'm eighteen cents short."

But the second count brought no better result. Ninety-three cents was all the packet contained. Laying it aside for future consideration Tekla opened the next tiny envelope. Something was wrong with that, too. It contained only seventy-eight cents. Three packets contained the full amount, one dollar and eleven cents. These, however, were offset by two others, holding respectively nineteen and fourteen cents, while a third inclosed, absolutely nothing but a large Canadian penny. Tekla gasped, and looked at the date. It was Aug. 10.

"Now what," mused Tekla, beginning to see light, "was I doing on Oh, yes, that was Elizabeth Button's birthday. I telephoned Mr. Wolfe that I wouldn't be down, because I was invited to help Elizabeth celebrate."

Tekla, with a flush creeping into her cheeks, counted her money. It amounted to fifteen dollars and seventy-five cents. A slip of paper attached to the nearest of the dollar bills caught her attention. She read the words, "An honest day deserves an honest dollar."

"An honest day—an honest day," repeated Tekla, regarding with misty eyes the heap of silver and copper coin. "Does he mean that the other days weren't honest?"

An hour later, when Mr. Wolfe and Mr. Armstrong returned, Tekla's cheeks were red, her eyes were resolute, the machine was giving forth short, sharp, metallic clicks, and all round the industrious girl were neatly typewritten pages, for Tekla was doing an honest day's work.

She did not have a relapse to her old, easy-going habits. Nothing was said, but when pay day came again Tekla received two checks, Mr. Arm-

strong's for thirty dollars and Mr. Wolfe's for fourteen dollars and twenty-five cents. Choosing a moment when Mr. Armstrong was absent, Tekla laid the second check on Mr. Wolfe's desk.

"I didn't earn it," said she, briefly. "Not last month, perhaps," said Mr. Wolfe, pushing the slip toward Tekla and smiling, "but you've more than made up for it since. Mr. Armstrong says you're worth two Miss Dodds. That's a good deal from Mr. Armstrong, you know."

"Oh, I'm glad!" breathed Tekla, fervently. "That's worth all the picnics I've missed."—Carroll Watson Rankin in the Youth's Companion.

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strong's for thirty dollars and Mr. Wolfe's for fourteen dollars and twenty-five cents. Choosing a moment when Mr. Armstrong was absent, Tekla laid the second check on Mr. Wolfe's desk.

"I didn't earn it," said she, briefly. "Not last month, perhaps," said Mr. Wolfe, pushing the slip toward Tekla and smiling, "but you've more than made up for it since. Mr. Armstrong says you're worth two Miss Dodds. That's a good deal from Mr. Armstrong, you know."

"Oh, I'm glad!" breathed Tekla, fervently. "That's worth all the picnics I've missed."—Carroll Watson Rankin in the Youth's Companion.

**TO A POET—TWO VOICES**

First Voice.

I.

Strong watcher o'er the night wolds,  
Where we but faint and cover,  
Sing not to us of stars and peaks,  
Your far, prophetic dower,  
Beneath our feet the grasses wave,  
Lend us the hope and trust,  
That our dead loved ones' spirit forms  
Soar o'er their mouldering dust.

II.

The cressets on your mountain flame,  
Your hills are hid in smoke,  
As when from Sinai's thundercloud  
The hidden Godhead spoke,  
Your Delphi of the clouds and stars  
A timid heart forsakes,  
Teach us to staunch the tear that flows,  
To bind the heart that breaks.

III.

Who heeds the blind old Paritan,  
A slave in Pluto's hall,  
When here the human Shakespeare  
holds,  
The hearts of men in thrall?  
Above the stars grim Dante shook  
A wavering wing that fell  
To stronger poise when his hot tears  
Rained on the nether hell.

IV.

Out from the black root, hellebore,—  
Drug of the maddest woes,—  
From the iron-chained and frosted  
ground  
Gleameth the Christmas Rose,  
Sing it, or speak it, mountain Seer!  
Out from the blackened earth  
Soareth to immortality  
The flower of our second birth.

V.

When the great giant, Antaeus,  
Battled with Hercules,  
The strength of God suffused his limbs  
Couched on his mother's knees;  
But soon Aemena's royal son  
Swung his assailable free  
Into the thin, blue ether,  
Stiffing his energy.

VI.

O poet, lean on Mother Earth,  
There shall you find your power;  
Forth from her bare and rugged  
breast,  
Springeth the wild mother-flower,  
That blows but for her favorites  
Binding her children's brow,  
Steeping in light their visions fair,  
Pledge of their vestal vow.

VII.

Read well, read right, your brothers'  
hearts,  
Study your sisters' tears;  
There is your world, this singing  
globe  
Of joys and sighs, and fears,  
Leave angels to their raptures,  
Leave dreams to those who sleep;  
O watcher, tell us who wake  
The secret songs you keep.

VIII.

Does the night pass? Has yet the  
dawn  
Purpled the mountain-tops?  
Has Nature's magic mother hand  
Loosened the organ-stops?  
Of bird, and sea, and heart of man  
In one wild burst and free?  
O great Interpreter, translate  
To us the mystery!

Second Voice.

I.

Stand high above the herd if thou  
wouldst reign,  
And turn their wondering faces un-  
to thee;  
And if thine own be smitten with the  
pain,  
Or furrowed from a life-long agony,  
Be sure their pleading faces will re-  
spond,  
To thee a tear, to thee a sigh of  
love,  
And thou to them wilt be a god be-  
nign,  
Paying back a deed of mercy for  
their love.

II.

But go not down, nor mingle with  
the throng,  
Let them not touch thy garments,  
Nor thy hair;  
Nor hear from thee a jest, or Lydian  
song,  
Nor breathe with them a soft Ca-  
puaean air.  
Thy brethren are iconoclasts. They  
deem

Those of their stature even such as they.

They see not on thy brow the Sinai gleam,  
They only watch to tread thy feet of clay.

III.

It is not good for thee to venture down  
From the cold, lofty summit of thy state;  
It is not right for thee to lay thy crown  
At the soiled feet of men insatiate  
Of that dread rapine which would level all  
To one coarse medium of gold or worth,  
In sunder break the battlement wall  
That grids and guards the Holy ones of earth.

IV.

Yes! it is cold far up upon the heights,  
The sun strikes bleak and level on thy brow,  
And 'tis the time when age to rest invites,  
And but the voice of duty can arouse  
The soul to its high calling; and far down  
In the deep valleys is there warmth and light  
But men's rude grasp thy forehead will discrown,  
And snatch the aureole of the Infinite.

V.

Yes! go not down, for if thou once should fall  
From the hushed splendors of the Elysian Mount  
Wherewith no Maenad's rage, but voices call  
As waters spring from an eternal fount,  
And trumpet their wild way towards the sea,  
There would be no returning, for the leap  
Is but for winged angels, not for thee.  
Once fallen, henceforth doomed to crawl and creep.

VI.

Yes, I know well the craving and the thirst  
For something human in its sympathy;  
Nay, the sad pity over souls accurst,  
That once were leashed in brotherhood with thee,  
Still more, the yearning after fellowship  
With the choice spirits of a race or age,  
The soul that speaketh through the trembling lip,  
The spell that might demoniac rays assuage.

VII.

The gathering and the falling of a tear,  
More frequent than tongues of Rome and Greece,  
The silence of an overmastering fear  
That Love, as strong as death, in death should cease;  
Dreams that make ever deeper the sad sense  
Of all our littleness, and are yet the gauge  
Of all the greatness, which Omnipotence  
Hath wrought within us for our earthly stage.

VIII.

It matters not, and thou must not descend  
Nor leave thy sacred calling. The reverse  
Of high vocation is the basest end;  
Angels become but fiends, and im-  
merse  
Their blinding splendors in some nether  
hall.  
So should it be. Then, let the pleading voice  
Call its compeers. With thee it shall be well,  
When thou obeyest God's beckon,  
and thy choice.

IX.

I have seen slaves on horseback; and beside  
Kings and their Counsel in the mire to walk;  
I have seen giants pigmied in their pride,  
And pigmies, grown colossal, stride and stalk.  
The worst is aye corruption of the best.  
The highest angels lowest devils be.  
Yes, go not down. Obey the hidden  
best,  
Nor barter glory for tranquility.  
—P. A. Sheehan in Irish Monthly.

X.

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KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS

BY J. HARRISON

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CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"Leigh!" warned Mrs. Fenton. "Do be careful!"

"Why?" she asked. "You are making a good marriage. Hugh is a splendid fellow."

"Well?" cried the girl, impatiently. "I bring wealth, my freedom, my youth, my beauty, one of the best of names! And you, you, my own mother, think I should be grateful for his marrying me?"

"My dear, I fully realize that you are a girl above the ordinary by far. But, remember also, what a man Hugh is. Many will envy you."

Leigh was silent. "I don't know what to make of you," said the mother, despairingly. "I can safely say I do not understand my own child!"

Leigh laughed. "Did you ever flatter yourself that you did? Your nature is content with small things—it knows neither doubt nor struggle. You think I should be satisfied because Hugh is good."

"You have no idea of the value of that goodness to your future," said Mrs. Fenton. She thought of her own married life. Wedded to an unsympathetic husband, almost against her will, neglected and slighted and despised.

"Goodness! Faith! Belief in God! What a bugaboo to frighten a child from wrong-doing. You have begun too late to preach. And because Hugh is clever and true and honest I should kneel before him, worship him! I tell you, mother, I expected much more in my husband."

"Much more? Great heavens, what?" gasped Mrs. Fenton, almost in dismay. "What you and father deprived me of—the love I dreamed of," she returned, bitterly. "The day that I gave Hugh my promise, when I looked into his eyes, I fancied the same love for me transformed him, as once was mine. I was mistaken. He is a cold-blooded scoundrel whom I shall hate in six months!"

"Leigh!" cried her mother. "What are you saying? Of whom do you speak?"

"Whom? Oh, how well you know! I swore never to mention his name in your presence. But I tell you that you have wrecked my life—wrecked my future—"

"A miserable gambler, an itinerant musician!" said the mother, roused at last. "A pleasant person to win the affections of Leigh Fenton! Yes; and so you would have married Allan Fraser, would you? And been unhappy ever after. A nice pair of vagabonds you would have made—penniless and destitute. Perhaps you could have helped to earn your mutual livelihood when times were bad!"

"I should have been glad even to do that," said the girl, in a strange voice. "When one really loves, nothing is hard for—"

"I refuse to discuss this question any further," said Mrs. Fenton, sharply. "You are engaged to Hugh Lindsay, and you will marry him. That settles it."

Only great fear could have induced the mother to speak in such a tone to her imperious girl. She was thoroughly frightened at the bare possibility of this marriage falling through. It was a consequence she refused to contemplate.

CHAPTER XV.

The Hidden Picture.

The following week found a gay party gathered under the Lindsay roof-tree. There were Bayard Cameron and his handsome brother, Roger; a rather lackadaisical young fellow named Jerome Beardsley (whose chief motive in life seemed to be to pay attention to Hugh's sweetheart); the last named young lady and her mother, and ex-Senator Hilliard. One would scarcely recognize the place in the transformation that this merry crowd effected in it. Hugh had met his betrothed in New York, and seen her safely en route for home, but with such a preoccupied, grave face that it made the girl feel she was not so absolutely first with him as she anticipated being. He told her he did not expect to get away for another week, and then that he could only have a fortnight with her before his final return. His somewhat cool behaviour satisfied Leigh just then, whose excitable nerves, after her mother's speech, were in an upset condition. By the time Hugh got back to Lindsay she was ready to welcome him with the ardour she had felt during the first week of their engagement.

All unpleasant thoughts left the young man when he alighted from the train at Kentboro and saw Leigh waiting for him in the dog-cart, having taken the long drive alone. He looked at her with loving eyes as she made room for him beside her and gathered up the reins in her dainty hands.

They said very little on the way home. Leigh, now that she saw him again, felt positively indifferent, and Hugh was too happy for much speech. As they passed along the wooded roads and came out in full view of the manor, with its grey gables and wonderful air of stability and oldness, Leigh involuntarily reined in the horse and sat looking at it.

"How beautiful it is!" she said, softly. Hugh, too, was gazing at the home of his fathers. His heart stirred a little at the admiration in her tones. He put his hand over her two gloved ones.

"I have learned to love it dearly, very dearly," he said. "I am proud of this beautiful place, Leigh—prouder than I ever thought I could be. It is the Lindsay feeling, I suppose."

She nodded assent. "I suppose so." She continued to look at the house with appreciative eyes. "And it is to be our home, Hugh."

"Some time," he answered. "It is not because it is to be my future home that I love it, Leigh, but because there have been so many Lindsays who stand as you and I do to-day, admiring it."

She did not enter into his mood, but touched the little pony lightly with her whip and they started off. "We won't have to stay here, anyhow," she said. "We can come back to it, of course. But don't stay here."

He was struck with the note in her voice. "And why not?" "Oh, Hugh, could you be satisfied to live year in and year out in this wilderness? We shall travel, of course, you and I. There is such a beautiful world far away beyond this, such a beautiful old world. There are Rome and Venice and Naples, and Berlin and Paris and London! We shall travel so much, and come back to rest ourselves at Lindsay Manor. I have a mania for travelling. I could never be satisfied long in one place."

"And yet, Leigh," he said, quickly, "if it is so decreed that Lindsay Manor is to be mine—God keep that day far distant—our main interests will centre right here in this place. And as for the first years of our married life—A little house in the suburbs of the city, with one serving maid, is all I have to give you, as I have told you often. I know it is a great sacrifice for you to make, Leigh," he said humbly. "But it will not last long. My pictures will be famous, and with you beside me to incite me to great things, I shall do wonderful work. It is in me—I feel it, I know it."

"Smaller than Lindsay Manor," she said, musingly. "As small as—as your home in Westport? It will be queer, Hugh. I can scarcely imagine it. I am afraid, almost."

"When I am with you," he said, "the earth is transfigured. A hut in the mountains with you would be sweeter than a king's palace without you."

Her heart was stirred again. How true he was, how honest! Surely, surely, she could in time grow to care for him.

"Do not doubt me, Hugh," she said, more earnestly than she knew. "Doubt you? If I doubted you, then would I be poor indeed and miserable. I am all joy, all delight, all thanksgiving, that the sweetest and truest, and purest girl in the world will be my wife."

"Joy, delight, thanksgiving!" She shook her head. "Don't you take any real views of life at all, Hugh? I have grown wise since I went to Westport. Where is the joy, the delight, the thanksgiving in real life?"

"Where, Leigh? Why, all around us. You are the epitome of all three. Ah, dear, you shouldn't say such gloomy things. They fit but ill upon your lips."

"Do they? My life has not been all of roses!" "Ah, but now it shall be," he said, tenderly. "Now it shall be, my sweetheart. I will banish all disagreeable things from it. Leigh, you will try to be happy with me, won't you?"

"Yes," she answered, softly. "Yes, Hugh, I will."

"Hugh, my lad," said Uncle Eric to him later in the day. "I wish you to drop a line to Banks and Belding for me. I haven't made that change in my will yet, and it is beginning to prey on me. Not that it really makes much matter—such will be made out in favor of my eldest nephews—but for fear of complications, for fear of complications, as Banks would say."

"Poor Laurence!" said Hugh. "Eric, but not quite in the same tone. 'It hasn't been changed since his time—somehow I always felt that Harry would disappoint me. Banks made a few complimentary remarks when he drew it up for me—I always had a suspicion since that that the man thinks I am slightly insane. But we won't bother—it will be fixed all right now.' Uncle Eric laid his hand affectionately on his nephew's arm. "Somehow, Hugh, I shall be glad to leave the Manor to your care than to anyone's. I really loved Laurence, but he was too much for me. And Harry—well, I'll let the dead rest. I'm a bitter old chap, Hugh, but you've taught me that much. You won't begrudge your uncle a corner in your heart after he's gone, will you, boy?"

"Uncle Eric!" Hugh caught the hand resting on his arm in a gentle pressure. "Do not talk of such a gloomy thing. And I never thought to care for you half so much as I do to-day. When I think of Lindsay, even though it was here that I met my greatest happiness, you are first with me—and when I come here it is for your sake—to see you."

"I believe you," said Uncle Eric, slowly. "It is a great thing to have faith in human nature, my boy, a great thing. I lost it for some years, but you have brought it back again. Only how great a thing it is, I have known how great a thing it is."

They were interrupted by Leigh and Mildred, who entered the room now, the beauty with a look of discontent on her fair features.

Leigh had been very unsatisfactory this last week, and Hugh had had the chance to see her daily, in companionship with people whom she heartily despised. This itself set the girl at a disadvantage. She became moody and abstracted. More than once she led the conversation to Monte Carlo, to Nice, to Paris—and to Fraser, the handsome violinist, though she never mentioned his name. At first the ex-Senator was very willing to speak of him, but after a quiet interview with his sister he found means to adroitly evade the subject. This angered her still more, for she knew her mother was at the bottom of it. And Hugh found her cold and cutting; or tender and gentle; or so silent that she sat hours without opening her lips; or so ray and volatile as to cause comment.

She, too, was seeing her lover every day, was having longer and longer moments of disappointments. His quietness palled on her—for her nature craved excitement. The breaking of hearts had been with her a pastime. Hugh was an uncommon

lover. It was new to be taken possession of as he had taken possession of her; to be told her faults as he had told her of them; to cross swords in diverse opinions. But even these resources failed her now, for his love was mingled with a tender pity that would not permit him to quarrel—a sorrowful pity. She was no longer the fair, sweet goddess he had revered, but a passionate, faulty girl—and even her wonderful beauty could not blind him to this fact. It seemed to him that he was constantly breaking off conversations and breaking into others to avoid an open breach. He thought all this due, however, to her home influence. She made such fine speeches, but her deeds did not correspond with them. He did not know that when love begins to analyse it has lost its sweetest characteristic—blindness.

She had been very daring in her remarks this evening, and Hugh sat listening to her with grave face, in silence. He knew well that she was aware her words were offending Aunt Estelle, whose code of propriety was very rigid. At last that good woman could stand it no longer. Leigh had been telling of an ovation that had been accorded a matinee idol, in which she and three other young ladies took part.

"I wasn't interested in the least," she flung, languidly, "but it was quite popular just then to be in love with one of the theatrical heroes—and I couldn't be out of the fashion."

Jerome Beardsley made some inane remark. He was very much smitten with the girl and showed it, despite the fact that Hugh's diamond glistened on her third finger.

"I should think a young woman who so far forgets herself, whether it is the style or not, is very careless," said Aunt Estelle. "After all, her husband was a Lindsay—she had the privilege of expressing what was in her mind, at least."

Leigh smiled in the insolent way that Aunt Estelle had learned to hate. "I am speaking of the greater world. You must remember this is only a small portion of it—this State of South Carolina—even though it does contain Lindsay Manor."

The words were bad enough, but the tone! "Out in the world there is a wider horizon—one is not bound by so many distressing restrictions," she pursued.

Mrs. Fenton looked up from the book of photographs lying on the table before her. She saw Aunt Estelle's flushed and angry face, and the deep scowl between Eric Lindsay's brow—a scowl which had come there very often during these last few days. Gertrude turned to Hugh with a laughing remark, and at her request he went with her to the piano. Leigh's eyes, hard and cold, followed the two figures, her lips curving into the scornful, superior smile she always assumed when she looked at Gertrude. Her fair head rested on the soft velvet of the chair, one hand depended carelessly over its broad arm, her whole slender figure was the incarnation of insolent grace. Gertrude, turning, caught that look and that smile, and though they stung her to the quick, she answered them with a steady stare. Then Mildred sat down on the stool, Hugh made his way to his sweetheart's side.

"Are you coming to congratulate me on my new mentor?" she asked languidly. "As one calls to the echo so it answers," he returned, more coldly than he was aware of. "My aunt is an unworshipful woman, Leigh—and she is older than you. For your own mother's sake, you should not speak so to her."

"You are what they call a model young man, I believe," she answered. "I have heard that many times recently. I can only wonder what you saw in me when—let us say, Gertrude was around? Why did you not ask her to marry you, Hugh? She would so have suited—your mother!"

He hesitated a moment, then his eyes took on the steely glitter she knew so well. "You will not speak in that manner, or in that tone to me, Leigh?" "No, I am unused to obedience."

"Therefore I would not command, but request," he returned, more quietly. "And my little sweetheart will do as I desire."

She did not answer. He always made her feel ashamed of herself, as she had told his mother, and this was one of the instances. She rested her head on her hand, listening. Bayard Cameron had followed where Gertrude led, as usual, and had taken Mildred's place at the piano. His playing was entirely different to the girl's somewhat colorless but faultless execution. Leigh forgot her anger and vexation. Her face kindled.

"That sonata! I know it so well, Hugh! Listen—did you ever hear anything more divine? Oh, Hugh, I love it, I love it!"

He smiled at her almost childish enthusiasm, at the light on her face, the eagerness of her whole erect body. Then Uncle Eric's voices, harsh and cold, came from behind them.

"Mr. Cameron, you will oblige me by not continuing that thing," he said.

Leigh's expression was one of complete astonishment as she turned to look at the old man, who was scowling heavily. Then she sank back into her chair again with curling lip. Bayard Cameron, scarcely believing his ears, lifted his hands from the keys.

"Laurence used to play it," whispered Gertrude. "Run into something else—anything, but not that."

"Laurence! Who is Laurence?" asked Leigh. "She had caught the whispered word and addressed this query to Uncle Eric, who had to pass her on his way to the group at the piano. "...y nephew, who is dead," said Uncle Eric, grimly. Even she could read the antagonism in his face and was silent. But when, later on, Hugh's uncle and Mrs. Fenton, with Aunt Estelle and the ex-Senator, sat down to a game of bridge, Leigh turned eagerly to the younger members of the household. They had gathered about her—she generally attracted the interest of every one in the room.

"Come, tell me, who is Laurence?" she began, wistfully.

"Laurence Lindsay—Uncle Eric's eldest nephew—my Uncle Gerald's son," explained Hugh. "A black sheep, poor fellow."

"A black sheep in this virtuous



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In and Around Toronto

MOUNT HOPE CEMETERY.

The majority of our city Catholics have not yet visited the new cemetery of Mount Hope; nevertheless it is the ultima thule of the journeyings of most, and as such a word about it may be of interest. The annual meeting of the committee in charge suggested a visit to the spot, and the suggestion resulted in a trip on All Souls Day. The outing is quite an extensive one and those contemplating it merely as an outing, had better start early in the afternoon. If you are the fortunate possessor of a carriage your way will take you continuously up Yonge street for about two miles past St. Michael's, after which a turn directly east takes you along a smooth road right to the cemetery gate; entering you may continue along the broad walks of the interior and view your surroundings without once leaving your comfortable equipage. If you belong to the great army of the rank and file who have to depend on the street cars as a means of locomotion, the Yonge street car with a transfer to the Metropolitan, transports one the greater part of the distance, after which a smart walk of about ten minutes brings you to the new city of the dead. The entrance is quite attractive, a pretty white fence enclosing the large stretch of land known as Mount Hope. The gate is large and supported by tall white pillars each surmounted by a pretty cross; the fence, with its widely open gate, is seen from the street-car, and seems alluringly near. But the test journey finds the walk longer than appearances seem to promise. The first sight of the Mecca of our journeying is quite inviting; a neat and pretty house for the caretaker is just within the entrance. It contains two the office where all business is transacted, and transacted apparently in a very business-like way. The office itself is immaculately clean, bright and neat. The books in which the records are kept seem to offer no opportunity for adverse criticism, and a mistake or loss of location under the system adopted at Mount Hope seems an impossibility. When a new tenant arrives, an account is entered of everything relating to his identification, the name, age, date of death, cause of same, doctor in attendance, and so on, are all entered; a number is also given to each and an index book is on hand to which a moment's reference will give the number and page in the book containing the full details. In this manner, even after the lapse of many years, information can be got at a moment's notice. Another book is kept with the plan of each plot or grave; these are all measured and certified to by an authorized architect and the allotment of each may be ascertained to the very inch. Mount Hope contains fifty-two acres of land; a good deal of this is altogether devoted to trees and presents a pleasant, sunny slope, where, in keeping with popular sentiment the sunshine may rest lovingly on the lowly beds of the quiet sleepers. The general tendency of the land is that of a gentle incline and where nature was negligent in this respect, art came to her assistance, and a good deal of work in the way of leveling has been done by the committee in charge. Part of the ground is as yet a thick bush, much labor will of course be necessary before this part can be put to its proposed use. Some innovations are noticed by comparison with our older cemetery—St. Michael's. In the new one a uniformity of surface is everywhere seen; the old familiar mounds to which so much poetry and sentiment has attached itself in the past are no longer in evidence; no visible line of demarcation tells of the exact occupancy of the dear dead, the stone or mark, if their be one, of course gives some indication, but somehow the once familiar forms seem much further away and so much more intangible when covered by the unobtrusive though green and smooth surface. On the other hand this sameness of level has its advantages; all the graves will be uniform with regard to care and attention, no forgotten and neglected spot will form a contrast for another; a higher tariff will be charged at the beginning after which nothing more will be exacted for special care. In this way one is assured, even though many miles distant, and though years may have elapsed, that the graves of the always loved ones are not uncared for or neglected. There are at present four hundred and seventy-five graves in the new cemetery, but as it is several times larger than St. Michael's and as the latter formed a last resting place for about twenty-one thousand, it is easily calculated that unless some great epidemic overtakes Toronto it will not be within the time of the present generation, nor will it be within the jurisdiction of the present committee that the work of selecting a new God's Acre for the city will be accomplished. Many handsome and durable monuments are already at Mount Hope, chief of which is the beautiful Ryan Mausoleum, which to describe would take an article in itself. Most of the monuments are in line with the expressed wish of the Archbishop in the matter of bearing somewhere in their make-up the sign of Christianity, and if I am not mistaken in no single instance is there any remnant of paganism as typified by the urn and flowing crenelated of other cemeteries. If Mount Hope loses anything in the matter of pathos and poetic sentiment as compared with St. Michael's, it on the other hand gains much by the natural beauty of the situation and the up-to-date and business-like manner in which things seem to be conducted.

NEW MONUMENT AT ST. MICHAEL'S.

A monument has lately been erected on the plot of Mr. Matthew O'Connor at St. Michael's cemetery. The result is a very handsome piece of workmanship in grey granite, the pedestal being of smooth unpolished stone, while the upper one presents a finely polished surface on which are tablets with memorials of the departed members of the family, the whole crowned by a beautifully designed Celtic Cross. Quite a bit of history pertains to this monument, or under it, the remains of another Matthew O'Connor, the grandfather of the present well-known bearer of that name and the first of the family to make Toronto his home.

Here, however, his residence was not of long duration. Coming out in 1832, he shortly afterwards died of cholera. Eight years after, in 1840, the father of the present Matthew O'Connor followed with his family, and making search for the burial place of the first pioneer of the family, found it on the spot where St. Mary's church now stands. A sheet of tin bearing a rough inscription led to the identity of the grave and the remains themselves were still capable of identification. Under the new monument at St. Michael's the pioneer Matthew O'Connor is laid together with later members of the family, and with him is buried the sheet of tin which proved a useful though humble means to his recognition.

MISS MARGARET ANGLIN ILL.

The daily papers tell us of the illness of Toronto's talented actress, Miss Margaret Anglin. Nervous prostration brought on by overwork is said to be the cause; it is, however, thought that a few days rest will restore Miss Anglin to her usual health and that she will be able to continue her work as of old.

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE AGAIN WINS.

In the Rugby match between St. Michael's College team and the Denials, played a few days ago on the Varsity campus, St. Michael's were easy winners with the score of 13 to 0. St. Michael's team was: Pickett, Foster, Murphy, Buckol, Doolin, McGaw, Boyle, Gavin, Waters, Swabe, Staley, Monaghan and McCoole.

THE EIGHTH OF THE MONTH.

The call for special devotions on Tuesday of this week, the eighth of the month, is the last before the great day for which all the others of the year have been but days of preparation. Even now bishops and prelates of every rank are hastening to the Eternal City to take part in the celebration which promises to be the most magnificent of modern times. We in Toronto shall only catch the echo of things passing and as we are creatures dependent to a great extent for a knowledge of things through our senses, it would seem as if it were altogether impossible for us to enter into the spirit of the time in the same way as those who will find themselves in the heart of Catholicity, where all things that can conduce to an understanding of the occasion will be presented to the ear and eye, and that, too, under the most intensely Catholic coloring possible. Even our neighbors in the Lower Provinces will see things differently, the citizens of Montreal being exhorted by their departing prelate to illuminate their houses and prepare as for a grand public holiday. Circumstances in Toronto prohibit a similar demonstration, at the same time the devotion with which the day of preparation has been remembered throughout the year augurs well for as zealous a participation as possible in the world-wide celebration of the semi-centennial of the great dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH CLASS.

The Annual Commencement of St. Joseph's High Class for girls, took place in the hall of the La Salle Institute on Monday at 3.30 p.m. A large gathering of the parents and friends of the pupils had assembled to witness the exercises and amongst others were noticed the Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., Rev. F. Bourke, Rev. A. Stubb, C.S.S.R., Rev. C. McGrand, Rev. J. Hand, Rev. C. Cantillon, Rev. P. Lamarche, Rev. T. O'Donnell, Rev. W. A. McCann, Rev. C. Creamer, Rev. R. Bourke, C.S.B., Rev. Bro. Odo, Rev. Bro. Michael, Mr. D. Carey, Mr. Power, and Government Inspector Prendergast. When the curtain rose it revealed about one hundred bright and lady-like young girls ranged in tiers upon the platform, a programme of instrumental and vocal music, interspersed by readings, was then presented by the pupils in a most creditable manner. A violin solo, "The Angel's Serenade," was executed by a young performer, Miss Elsie Kane, in a manner which gave much promise for the future, and the recitations "Matins" and "Ave Maria" by Miss Cecilia Johnson and Miss Mary Connors respectively, left nothing to be desired in the way of intelligent interpretation. Certificates for Junior Leaving and Matriculation awarded by the Education Department and Toronto University, and Commercial Diplomas awarded by the Dominion Business College, were then presented, the winners being the Misses Lillian Reilly, Charlotte Renzie, Zita Dickson, Julia McGue, Maggie Vahey, Annie McMan, Lizzie Donoghue, Josephine Vahy, Cecilia Muldoon, Irene Watson, Mamie Carter, Evelyn Brown, Lena Connolly, Nellie Currie, Edith Higginbottom, Mamie Fulton, Olive Henry, Emily O'Leary. The Gold Medal presented by Rev. W. A. McCann, for the highest number of marks obtained at the Entrance from the city separate schools was awarded to Miss Anna Dee of St. Francis' School. A special prize for the highest marks at Entrance from St. Mary's school, presented by Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., was obtained by Miss Josephine McMunn. After the distribution of certificates and diplomas, Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann addressed the gathering. He congratulated the pupils on the most pleasurable entertainment they had provided and made special mention of their singing as a most satisfactory exhibition of what is being done in this direction in the schools throughout the city; in this connection he complimented Mr. Donville, musical Director, on the success attending his work and assured him of its appreciation by himself and the other members of the Board. The Vicar-General also complimented the teachers and parents of the pupils, saying they might indeed be proud of them and of the work they were doing as shown in the results that afternoon. Before closing he expressed his regret that better high school accommodation was not afforded under present conditions, and further stated that he believed the time opportune for the asking and obtaining of a Catholic high school for the city. Rev. Father Hand and Mr. D. Carey made each a short address in which the remarks of the former speaker were endorsed, the necessity for a new Catholic high school in particular being emphatically stated. Mr. W. Prendergast, Inspector of the

schools, also addressed the pupils. He spoke of the strenuous life which women were entering more fully upon day after day, and reminded the young girls whom he addressed that whilst this was quite legitimate it was necessary to remember that womanly dignity was never to be sacrificed and that home was the domain of which she was never to forego—the graceful and womanly superiority. Mr. Prendergast also stated that last year the attendance of Catholics at the university was eighty, and expressed a hope that this number would be yearly increased, and that more might be encouraged to go on for the higher education of the school. The chorus, "Our Immaculate Mother," followed by "God Save the King," brought the interesting event to a close.

CANADIAN CATHOLIC UNION EXHIBITION.

What promises to be an interesting and somewhat unique event at the exhibition of Reproductions of Religious Pictures to be held in the galleries of the Ontario Society of Artists, 165 King street west, from November 12th to 26th. The venture is under the auspices of the Canadian Catholic Union, and the object is "to present a collection of reproductions of superior quality in the hope of supplanting the too prevalent quality that now circulates. "Having annual exhibitions of this kind so frequently met with and which are often foisted upon well intentioned, though simple, people, who, because those so called pictures come to them under the name of religious representations, imagine they are bound to receive and respect them, it must be conceded that if the Canadian Catholic Union are able to remove this impression even in a small degree, that this in itself will be a recompense for their work. The exhibition will be opened by Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann on Saturday evening, when Professor Fraser of Toronto University will give a lecture with lantern illustrations on "Religious Art in Italy." This auspicious beginning ought to insure the patronage of the entire Catholic population of the city. Tickets for entrance are placed at the nominal charge of six for twenty-five cents and may be had either from the Secretary, J. P. Hynes, or at the galleries.

ST. PATRICK'S COMMANDERY ENTERTAINMENT.

St. Patrick's Commandery No. 212, and the Ladies' Auxiliary, No. 4, Knights of St. John, will hold their annual entertainment in St. George's Hall on Thanksgiving Eve, November 16th. The affair promises to be up to its usual pleasant and high class standing and an enjoyable hour is certain for all who care to avail themselves of the opportunity. Tickets may be obtained from the President, Mr. J. Neville, or from Miss E. Goeltke, Secretary.

THE LADIES WERE THANKED.

At all the masses on Sunday last at St. Patrick's church, mention was made of the new rules affecting the choir. Referring to the withdrawal of the ladies from participation in the musical services of the church, the different speakers from the pulpits expressed their appreciation of the work done by the ladies of the choir in the past; their fidelity and perseverance had made their choir such that it was surpassed by none in the city; great regret was experienced at dispensing with their services, but in accordance with orders it had to be done. The members of the choir are now under special preparation and at the beginning of Advent will take entire work of the choir.

WINNER OF SCHOLARSHIP.

Miss Evelyn O'Donoghue, who some time ago was a winner in a scholarship contest for vocalists at the Conservatory of Music, has now added to her laurels by becoming the winner of Miss Gordon's scholarship for piano given at the same institution. Excelsior!

MASON—MARTIN.

On Saturday, Nov. 5th, the marriage of Mr. Harry G. Mason, second son of Col. Mason of the Home and Savings Bank, took place at St. Mary's church, the bride being Miss Catherine Martin of that parish, and the ceremony being performed by the Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann.

REV. FATHER CREAMER TALKS ON CHILL.

Rev. Father Creamer, son of Mr. J. Creamer of this city, is here on a visit, after a period of nine years of work among the people of Chili. On Sunday last the Rev. gentleman gave the collectors and ALAE Society of the Donoghue, Josephine Vahy, Cecilia Muldoon, Irene Watson, Mamie Carter, Evelyn Brown, Lena Connolly, Nellie Currie, Edith Higginbottom, Mamie Fulton, Olive Henry, Emily O'Leary. The Gold Medal presented by Rev. W. A. McCann, for the highest number of marks obtained at the Entrance from the city separate schools was awarded to Miss Anna Dee of St. Francis' School. A special prize for the highest marks at Entrance from St. Mary's school, presented by Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., was obtained by Miss Josephine McMunn. After the distribution of certificates and diplomas, Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann addressed the gathering. He congratulated the pupils on the most pleasurable entertainment they had provided and made special mention of their singing as a most satisfactory exhibition of what is being done in this direction in the schools throughout the city; in this connection he complimented Mr. Donville, musical Director, on the success attending his work and assured him of its appreciation by himself and the other members of the Board. The Vicar-General also complimented the teachers and parents of the pupils, saying they might indeed be proud of them and of the work they were doing as shown in the results that afternoon. Before closing he expressed his regret that better high school accommodation was not afforded under present conditions, and further stated that he believed the time opportune for the asking and obtaining of a Catholic high school for the city. Rev. Father Hand and Mr. D. Carey made each a short address in which the remarks of the former speaker were endorsed, the necessity for a new Catholic high school in particular being emphatically stated. Mr. W. Prendergast, Inspector of the

DEATH OF MR. EDWARD WALSH.

At 63 Gloucester street, the home of his father, Mr. James Walsh, on Monday, 7th inst., the death occurred of Mr. Edward Walsh, who, though ailing for some time, was not judged to be in a serious condition as resulting in the end. Pneumonia of a few days proved fatal. Mr. Walsh was the brother of Mr. James Walsh, real estate agent, and Mr. Frank Walsh of the city hall, also of Mr. John Walsh of Napanee and Miss Walsh of Toronto. Funeral from St. Basil's church, to St. Michael's Cemetery on Wednesday morning. R.I.P.

THE ART GALLERY.

Since writing the above notice of the exhibition to be held under the auspices of the Canadian Catholic Union an opportunity has arisen to visit the gallery where the collection of pictures is to be seen. Here things promise to be in a state of readiness for the Saturday opening. Many of the pictures are already hung and others lie ready for placing. A visit to the gallery will probably dispel many popular ideas on the subject; this is not so much an exhibition of pictures as an exhibition of art; it is not a gathering together of vivid colors and attractive frames, but a collection supposed to suggest what is true and beautiful in the conception of a subject. No picture is exhibited for its intrinsic value, but for what it is supposed to teach of correct and acknowledged rules of art, with particular application to Catholic doctrine and sentiment in the church and at home. Amongst the contribution are found some from the well-known Copley Prints, the Perry Pictures, and from A. W. Elson & Co., Mr. R. A. Cram and W. Wythe, all of Boston. Specimens of architecture and photos are also seen from John T. Comes, Pittsburg, and from Mr. B. Walker of this city. Copies of different Catholic periodicals are also on hand, and these while they serve to diversify things, may also introduce themselves into places heretofore unknown.

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SUDDEN DEATH OF THOMAS CASSIDY.

On Sunday last Mr. Thomas Cassidy, who resided with his daughter, Mrs. James Murphy at 17 Bellair street, died very unexpectedly. He had attended mass as usual, but shortly afterwards while in conversation with the members of the household, was seized by an affection of the heart which in a very short time terminated fatally. The funeral took place from the above address on Wednesday morning to St. Basil's church, thence to St. Michael's cemetery. R.I.P.

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THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

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

ENTRY

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

HOMESTEAD DUTIES

A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required by the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act and the amendments thereto to perform the conditions connected therewith, under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years.

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

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

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

The term "vicinity" used above is meant to indicate the same township or an adjoining, or cornering township.

A settler who avails himself of the provisions of Clauses (2), (3) or (4) must cultivate 30 acres of his homestead, or substitute 20 head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have besides 80 acres substantially fenced.

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

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

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

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

INFORMATION

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

JAMES A. SMART, Deputy Minister of the Interior.

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

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