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Mrs. BRONSON Lusk, Aymer, Que., writes: "I
have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry
for Diarrhoea for several years past and I find it is
the only medicine which brings relief in so short a
time."

lifted higher and now shed downward
a soft and mellow radiance.
Dr. Ogden Moore, from his seat
upon the broad seat of the veranda
had watched its upward course, un-
moved, ignoring the potent summons
even as he had ignored those of a
pair of big blue eyes which many
times that evening had sent their
pleading message.

"Ogden," said a soft voice at his
shoulder, a voice that held the faintest
suspicion of a quaver. He arose
quickly to his feet.

"Yes, Gladys."
"Ogden, I wish to have a talk with
you." A certain pleading accent of
the voice bled its dignity. "Come
down to the summer house, where we
will not be disturbed."

Side by side, yet separated by an
infinite distance, they passed across
the dewy lawn. At the entrance to
the bower the girl turned to him sud-
denly and raised her wistful face.

"Ogden, can you forgive me?" Her
voice contained a passionate appeal.
He looked at her thoughtfully.

"I'm afraid not, Gladys," he an-
swered in a tone of deep regret.

"Why not?" she demanded, almost
fiercely.

"Because—you see, you insulted my
guests; not openly, to be sure, but
through me. I would not have blam-
ed you—in fact, did not blame you for
what applied to me personally—but,
you see, one's guests are sacred, espe-
cially when they are so unfortun-
ate as to be unable to defend them-
selves."

"But I did not know that, Ogden.
I did not understand. It never oc-
curred to me that they were your
clinical, charity patients. I do not
know much about people outside of
my own caste, as you said the other
day; but I thought that your clinic
people were very poor, destitute."

"They are. I doubt if the dozen
people that you saw would be able to
raise fifty dollars all together."

"Then you won't—forgive—me—
Ogden?" It was the faintest whis-
per.

"I am very sorry—" he began
coldly, then paused, finding the words
difficult.

Gladys turned slowly from him and
started to walk back toward the club
house. The mellow moon rays rested
lovingly on the fair, thoughtless head,
now wiser than a week ago, wiser
for the knowledge of some of the ex-
quisite pathos of humanity. Ogden
saw her round shoulders lift suddenly
and caught a low, heart-rending
scream.

"Gladys!" He reached her in one
swift stride. His strong arms drew
her to him, her own crept softly
around his neck. Her tear-stained
face was close against his chest.

"Oh, Ogden—" she sobbed.

"Hush, darling! Of course, I'll
forgive you."—Henry C. Rowland in
Pearson's Magazine.

Martyrs of Early Canada

The petition recently presented to
the mayor of Montreal to be for-
warded to the Pope, asking that cano-
nization be conferred on six Jesuit
Fathers, who in the early days of Cana-
dian history, sacrificed their lives to
their devotion to the spiritual
welfare of the savages, has had the
effect of once more drawing public
attention to those distant days when
Canada was in the making, and when
the zealous missionary or intrepid
voyager were the solitary outposts
in the march of civilization. Of those
times Canadians can never know too
much and can never feel too proud;
for in them and in the deeds of hero-
ism and self-sacrifice which they pro-
duced were laid the seeds of the fu-
ture greatness of the Dominion.
Though the past of Canada is laid in
comparatively recent years in the
ancient standing of the nations of
Europe is considered, still it is a
fact which for the qualities of the
picturesque, the romantic and the
brave, has never been surpassed.

Hardy couriers des bois, dressed in
the spoils of the chase, gallant sol-
diers of the old regime in gay silks
and sweeping plumes, black gowned
priests and friars, all filled with the
same untiring energy and doubtless
courage, crowd the pages of early
Canadian history as in the scenes
of a romance. And amongst them
all, if degrees can be distinguished in
such extreme bravery, the bravest

were probably the missionaries, who
were led not by a desire for adven-
ture or for spoil, but by a disinter-
ested zeal for souls, and who endur-
ed toil, privations, and sufferings such
as would seem to those who read
their story in these latter years to
have almost been beyond the power
of man. And not infrequently it
happened, as in the case of those
whose canonization is now petition-
ed for, that they consummated their
work by giving up their lives at the
hands of those to whose spiritual wel-
fare they had devoted them.

The names of the Jesuit priests
mentioned in the petition for canoni-
zation are: de Brebeuf, Daniel, La-
llement, Garnier, Chabonell and
Jogues. The names of the friars,
Goupil and Lalonde. Of all these the
first, Father de Brebeuf, was the
most striking figure. "He was," says
Parkman, "the masculine apostle of
the faith, the Ajax of the mission."

A man of tremendous physical force
and endurance, Nature had given him
all the passions of a vigorous man-
hood, and Religion had crushed them,
curbed them, or tamed them to do
her work—like a dammed up torrent,
sluiced and guided to grind and saw
and weave for the good of man. Be-
side him, in strange contrast, stands
his co-laborer, Charles Garnier. Both
were of noble birth and gentle ra-
ture, but here the parallel ends. Gar-
nier's face was heartless, though he
was over thirty years of age, and his
constitution, bodily or mental, was
by no means robust. With none
of the bone and sinew of rugged man-
hood he entered, not only without
hesitation, but with eagerness, on a
life which would have tried the bold-
est; and, sustained by the spirit with-
in him, he was more than equal to
it. His fellow missionaries thought
him a saint and all his life was a
waiting martyrdom.

Noel Chabonell came later to Cana-
da than these two, and it was not
till 1643 that he reached the Huron
mission. "He disliked the Indian
life—the smoke, the vermin, the filthy
food, the impossibility of privacy. He
had also a natural inaptitude to
learning the language, and labored at
it for five years with scarcely a sign
of progress. But in spite of these
natural deficiencies for the task which
he had taken upon himself, he refused
to return to France and made a vow
to remain in Canada till the time of
his death—a vow which he carried out
to the letter."

Isaac Jogues was of a character not
unlike Garnier. Nature had given
him no especial force of intellect or
constitutional energy, yet the man
was indomitable and irrepresible, as
his history shows throughout. For
the other members of the group of
Canadian martyrs there are but few
means of characterizing them other-
wise than as their traits appear on
the field of their labors.

The long journeys performed by
these devoted soldiers of the Lord,
the terrible privations they suffered
in the wilderness where they were
obliged to go for days at a time
without food, the almost incredible
toil they accomplished the innumera-
ble adventures they met with from
savage beasts and still more savage
men, their many hair-breadth es-
capes, though they form one of the
most interesting and inspiring parts
of Christian annals, are all too long
for insertion in so brief an account
as this. The most that can be given
here are some few details of their
deaths.

Rene Goupil was the first of these
martyrs to give up his life. He was
a layman who, from religious mo-
tives and with no hope of material re-
ward, had taken service with the
Jesuits. In the month of August,
1646, he in company with Father
Jogues and another layman of the
name of Couture, were with a party
of Hurons paddling up the St. Law-
rence at Lake St. Peter, when they
were suddenly attacked by the war
party of Iroquois who, after killing
most of the party, conducted the re-
maining members, among whom were
the three religious, to the Mohawk
towns. The tortures which the pris-
oners endured on the way from their
fiendish captors are almost beyond
belief, and were equalled only by
those which they suffered when they
had reached their destination, where
they were led from one town to an-
other to be tortured by its inhabi-
tants. They survived this dreadful
ordeal, however, and strangely enough
Goupil's death came all of a sudden
through the mad rage of a young
Iroquois at the friar having made the
sign of the cross on the head of a
child. This was regarded as an evil
spell and in revenge the Indian drove
his tomahawk into the head of the re-
ligious, who fell dead with the name
of the Redeemer on his lips. Jogues,
after innumerable adventures and suf-
ferings, finally effected his escape
to the Dutch settlement of Manhat-
tan and so on to Europe, whence he

returned to Canada, and shortly after
met his death in company with the
friar Lalonde at the hands of the
same Mohawks to whom he had gone
on a mission. A pestilence in the
Mohawk villages was attributed to
soretry on his part, and he and his
companions were both killed by being
brained with a hatchet. In Jogues
died one of the purest examples of
Christian heroism which this West-
ern continent has seen.

Daniel met his death at the St.
Joseph Mission, which was on the
south-eastern frontier of the Huron
country. During the absence of a
large body of the warriors a war
party of Iroquois broke in upon the
little village. All fled except the
dauntless priest who, robed in full
vestments, advanced to meet the sa-
vage enemy who riddled his body with
arrows and bullets and then threw it
into one of the burning dwellings.

Brebeuf and Lallement were taken
in much a similar way at St. Ig-
nace not many months afterwards.
They did not, however, find so quick
and comparatively easy a death, but
were made the victims of their cap-
tors' most exquisite ingenuity in
the art of torture. Brebeuf was
tied to a stake and scorched from
head to foot, his lips were cut away
in order that he might not address
his converts, around his neck was
hung a collar of hatched heads heated
red hot, boiling water was poured on
his head, strips of flesh torn from his
limbs and finally he was scalped. He
bore all these fiendish cruelties with
unflinching courage and the savages
finally in despair of breathing his re-
solution, tore out his heart and de-
voured it in the hope of sharing in
his bravery. Thus died Jean de
Brebeuf, the founder of the Huron
missions, its truest hero, and its
greatest martyr. Lallement, physi-
cally weak from childhood, and slender
almost to emaciation, was constitu-
tionally incapable of such a display
of fortitude. After being wrapped
in burning bark he was led back
to a hut and tortured there all night,
till one of the Iroquois growing weary
of the entertainment, killed him with
a hatchet.

Garnier died at St. Jean, a mission
in the country of the Tobacco Na-
tion. This was also surprised by a
war party of Iroquois and Garnier
was shot as he was running about
giving absolution to his people. He
was not killed instantly, but with his
last dying energy was dragging him-
self towards a wounded convert when
an Iroquois rushed upon him and
brained him with a nateneq.

Chabonell was the last of the group
to suffer martyrdom, which he met at
the hands of a renegade Huron who
met him in the forest when he had
been deserted by his escort, fleeing
from fear of an Iroquois war party.
The murderer afterwards confessed
that he had killed him and thrown
his body into a river, after robbing
him of his blanket, his clothes, his
hat and the bag in which he carried
his books and papers.

Thus perished eight men whose lives
were one long devotion to the spiri-
tual welfare and uplifting of the sa-
vages of the new world, and who for
the accomplishment of this end en-
dured every toil and privation, en-
countered every peril, and finally gave
up their very lives. Their history
is one which for devotion to high
ideal and unflinching heroism stands
high in the annals of all time and
adds a new dignity and lustre to the
story of Canada.—Montreal Star.

A Magic Pill.—Dyspepsia is a foe
with which men are constantly grap-
pling but cannot exterminate. Sub-
dued, and to all appearances van-
quished in one, it makes its appear-
ance in another direction. In many
the digestive apparatus is as deli-
cate as the mechanism of a watch
or scientific instrument in which even
a breath of air will make a varia-
tion. With such persons disorders of
the stomach ensue from the most tri-
vial causes and cause much suffering.
To these Parnee's Vegetable Pills
are recommended as mild and sure.

The Negro Nun

One of the most picturesque sights
of the Vieux Carre of New Orleans is
the Negro nun. Come upon her where
you will, and as often as you may,
she is ever a fresh delight. Her de-
mure, downcast face, her severe garb,
and, above all, that snowy bonnet, in
striking contrast with that black
face, make something so vastly dif-
ferent from what we are accustomed
to in the women of her race.

One of the Sisterhoods is that of the
Holy Family, domiciled in Orleans
street, in the great gray brick build-
ing not a stone's throw from the
Blossom Close of the St. Louis Cathe-
dral. This building used to be the
Orleans Theatre. In its great rooms
were held famous quadroon balls.

But ring the bell of that door now
and it is opened by a black Sister,
and as at her invitation you walk
across that tessellated hallway it is
impossible to so wrench the mind as
to realize that vanished past—so
sharply drawn is the difference be-
tween it and the present.

This particular order was founded
before the war by three rich, intel-
ligent free women of color. Its work
is altogether good. Its first care is
that of orphaned children, then of
those whose natural guardians are
neglectful or cruel. This latter field
of labor is a wide one, as the aver-
age colored parent makes a fetish of
the rod and punishes her children
brutally.

black through all the lighter shades
up to a dirty, freckled, red-haired
white, all cleanly dressed, all well
behaved, all quiet as mice, at least
when visitor are present. There are
children from Mexico, the West Indies
and South America, these latter, the
children of well-to-do parents, who pay
generously for their keep and insist
upon those seductive accomplishments—
fancy work and piano music.

The most of them have some educa-
tion and the mothers superior of the
different orders are women of much
intelligence and ability.

Butterfly Suspenders. A Gentle-
man's Brace, "as easy as none."
50c.

Lost to the Faith

The gains that the Catholic Church
in America has made by conversions
are large, but they are probably more
than offset by the constant "leak-
age" that is going on. In the South
especially, the loss has been notice-
able. Writing in the Boston "Pilot,"
Michael Lynch gives the following ac-
count of the process by which Catho-
lic families in the South are lost to
the faith:

"All through the South, especially
along the Alleghenies, are thousands
upon thousands of families with pure-
ly Gaelic names—O'Neills, McCarthys,
Lynches, Caseys—while everywhere
are Fitzgeralds, Burkes, Roches and
others who came over with Strong-
bow, and all Baptists or Methodists.
The very name of the present Mayor
of Birmingham, Ala., where this is
written, is Ward, and he succeeded
Drennen. There people know that
their names are Irish and that they
have Irish blood in their veins. And
they are proud of it—indeed so proud
of it that it is almost the first
thing they will boast of. And they
are just Irish, purely Irish.

"These people are all Protestants
to-day, and the perversion is going
on even at this moment. In any of
the larger cities of the South, where-
ever a young Catholic man or woman
settles down and gets married, the
children are almost inevitably
brought up as Protestants. He or
she are perhaps the only ones of the
faith for miles around. They never
see a priest, the neighbors are kindly
and friendly, the one set of children
associate with the other, and from
the Public school they drift into the
Sunday school. The Catholic father
or mother, as the case may be, gives
up in despair and sullenly acquiesces,
remaining themselves of no religion
the children and the children's chil-
dren are Protestants, and to the his-
torian Scotch-Irish, for once Protest-
ants even a McCarthy or a Lynch is
no longer a Celt.

"That this is no fiction I can testi-
fy, since in Virginia three years ago,
I saw a case in point. In the oldest
town now existing in the State, one
whose name is celebrated in Ameri-
can history, lived a very respect-
able man, a mason by trade, and do-
ing a good business. He was the son
of an Irish father and mother and
had a very Irish name. They were
the only family of the kind in the place,
and no priest ever came their way.
The father and mother as well as the
son were still Catholic, but never had
a chance to go to church except on
the rare occasions in which they vis-
ited Richmond, Norfolk or Newport
News. But the two daughters, when
they did go to church, went one to
an Episcopalian and the other to a
Methodist. It was church societies
and entertainments that won them.
The parents could not stop them, for
in the South parents seem to have
less control over their children than
even in the North. That is how the
Catholic Church has lost in America
and is losing. Perhaps some of the
money spent in a rather doubtful
task in China and Japan might be as
profitably employed on traveling mis-
sionaries here in the South and in the
North among those of our own blood.

"The institution of slavery greatly
hindered the growth of the Church in
the South, through hindering immi-
gration to that section. It is worth
remembering, however, that Catholic
slaveholders very numerous freed
their slaves long before the abolition
movement, and that the free colored
population of Baltimore and New Or-
leans, early in the nineteenth cen-
tury, made possible the foundation
of two religious communities of col-
ored women, the Oblate Sisters of
Providence, in Baltimore, and the
Sisters of the Holy Family, in New
Orleans—both to-day flourishing in the
cities of their beginning, and estab-
lished in other parts of the country.

"The South on the whole, however,
was Protestant and Anglo-Saxon.
Not until after the Civil War was
there a chance for the white immi-
grant of the Catholic faith, and by
that time he was fixed in his habits
of landing at New York and Boston.

"The Southern Bishops had difficul-
ty in providing for their own flocks
after the war. Resources were at
ebb-tide, and so were vocations. The
Catholic English as a sort of repara-
tion for their country's part in col-
onial days in establishing slavery in
the South, sent us the Josephite Fa-
thers for the Negroes. They still re-
main, doing excellent work, but are
now an independent organization.

"The Paulists began a few years ago
to reach out to the whites, and among
the many converts made through
the priests of the Missionary
Union are those whom we may call
accidental Protestants, children of
Catholic instruction and worship be-
fore they knew what the Church is."

If attacked with cholera or summer
complaint of any kind send at once
for a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's
Dysentery Cordial and use it accord-
ing to directions. It acts with won-
derful rapidity in subduing that dread-
ful disease that weakens the stron-
gest man and that destroys the you-
est and delicate. Those who have used
this cholera medicine say it acts
promptly, and never fails to effect a
thorough cure.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS
CURES
Dyspepsia, Bolls, Pimples, Headaches, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, and all troubles arising from the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood.