

In and Around Toronto

JUVENILE PIC-NIC. The Juvenile Court of the A.O.H. will hold a pic-nic at High Park on Saturday, August 15th.

SANCTUARY BOYS' OUTING. The St. Patrick's Sanctuary Boys held their usual excursion to St. Catharines on Tuesday. Many of the parents accompanied the young excursionists.

RETREAT AT THE ABBEY. Rev. George Nackey, S.J., of Georgetown University, Washington, conducted the annual eight-day retreat at Loretto Abbey. One hundred and fifty of the community attended. It was in every way most successful.

DEATH OF MRS. McCauley. Among recent deaths is that of Mrs. Helen McCauley, who died at the residence of her son-in-law, 202 Farley avenue, on August 1st. The funeral took place on Monday to St. Mary's church, then to St. Michael's cemetery. R.I.P.

ST. HELEN'S SANCTUARY BOYS. On Tuesday, the 11th inst., the sanctuary boys of St. Helen's will hold their annual outing to St. Catharines. A large number is expected to join this always enjoyable excursion. Come without fail and bring your friends.

RETREATS AT ST. JOSEPH'S. The first annual retreat at St. Joseph's Convent, attended by one hundred and twenty of the Community, is closed. Rev. Father Mulhern, C. S.S.R., conducted the exercises. The second retreat begins on Friday evening.

LORD LOVAT WITH THE CATHOLIC UNION.

On Monday next at 1 p.m., the Catholic Union will entertain Lord Lovat at luncheon at McConkey's. The Duke of Norfolk, who was unable to postpone his return to England, has written expressing his regrets. His letter will be read by Mr. E. J. Kyle. The health of the guest will be proposed by His Grace Archbishop McEvay.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH.

On Sunday at the Masses, Rev. Father Canning announced that the church in which the congregation of St. Joseph's have gathered since the destruction of their church, will be known in future as the Church of St. Augustine. Renovation is in progress at St. Joseph's.

DEATH OF MR. PATRICK HANNIFAN.

The death occurred suddenly Friday afternoon of Patrick Hannifan, of Bradford, Pa., who came here with his wife to visit his brother-in-law, J. P. Conway, 511 Adelaide street west. For a few days previous to his death he had been slightly ill. He was 65 years of age, and was well known at St. Catharines, being for many years manager of the Stevenson House there. His widow was formerly Miss Jennie Conway, niece of Rev. Father Conway of Norwood. The funeral took place from St. Mary's church on Monday, and the interment was at St. Catharines. R.I.P.

New Convent at Temiskaming

Actuated by a desire to spread knowledge and build up a noble womanhood in Canada, the Grey Nuns of the Cross, of Ottawa, have decided to establish a Convent at Ville Marie, on the Temiskaming, and the new institution will be opened in September. It will be known as Notre Dame de Lourdes. The building, situated at the foot of a hill, with its grotto "a fac simile" of Lourdes, overlooks the village of Ste. Marie and beautiful Lake Temiskaming. At the Convent both English and French will be taught, and there will be courses in music and also in arts.

The Rev. B. J. Kiernan, P.P., whose arduous efforts in supervising the erection of the new church of St. Mary have been crowned with such success, left on Friday last on a visit to the Old Country, accompanied by the best wishes of his many friends in Quyon. All alike are animated by the hope that the well earned vacation spent amidst the scenes of his youth and the tender associations of the Green Isle will go far to restore him to a vigorous state of health.—Quyon Advance.

Here's Something New

A chapel for celebrating Mass is rarely found in connection with a hotel, yet Mexico City provides such a convenience for the use of visiting priests. It is believed to be the only one of its kind in the republic and receives the patronage of priests stopping in the city. The hotel which provides this accommodation is the Colon. For years it has maintained a private chapel and on this account has gained a wide reputation.

QUEBEC'S TERCENTENARY

(Continued from page 1.)

might ere long bow beneath the saving waters of Baptism. The conferring of degrees and the eul to honors was answered in many cases by a stir from the body of the hall, when a gowned student or priest rose and receiving the treasured

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parchment, took place amongst the members on the platform. At the close of the meeting the rooms were thrown open and the treasured art—the grand master-pieces in oil, the many curious and valuable mementoes of this ancient seat of learning—became pleasure spots upon which the eye of the visitor might feast. One immense room like an old baronial hall, was covered with a rich red carpet and its walls adorned with paintings of priceless worth.

Having inspected the interior the visitors were admitted to the beautiful garden, and the writer was honored as being one of those present on the occasion, when for the first time within a hundred years, women were admitted to the charming spot. Quite a number of ladies availed themselves of the privilege, the beds of flowers, quaint shrubbery and plentiful stately gleaming in the moonlight, or under the ropes of colored lights, thrown across the grounds, well repaying the visit. Straying near the old walls, which surround the grounds, we climbed the stone steps of the terrace and looking over the parapet, an exquisite and ineffaceable picture was revealed. Below, the waters of the St. Lawrence flowed like a sheet of molten silver. Beyond were the hills and glimmering lights of Levis, and on the smooth surface of the waters rested the immense battleships of the nations, everyone outlined, from the topmost mast to the low-lying hull, by many globules of electric light. The effect was truly fairy-like—the quiet air, the motionless waters and their motionless burdens, the twinkling lights in the distance, the everywhere illuminated city which rose behind, and the outlined ships resting quietly at our feet, formed an ever memorable picture. One was forcibly reminded of Coleridge's description of the "painted ships upon a painted ocean." The visit to the old garden of Laval was something to be treasured as the realization of a poet's dream or as a reading from the entrancing pages of mythological times.

A RAMBLE THROUGH THE OLD SEMINARY.

Laval in daylight with Rev. Father Lambert of Louis River, New Brunswick, whom our party happened to meet at the door, as guide, was a delightful half hour with things ancient and new. Some of the thick old walls had stood two fires, while other parts were but of recent date and workmanship. The principal objects of our morning ramble were the chapels. The new seminary chapel is very beautiful, with its five altars and many paintings of value. It was perhaps the little chapel of Laval that proved most interesting. It was locked, but our guide—who by the way was like ourselves, a visitor, but a visitor who had before spent many years in the historic seminary, and whom everyone greeted with a delighted smile and hand-shake—obtained the key, and turning the lock, we found ourselves in the tiny apartment. All the party were not Catholics, but all undoubtedly felt themselves to be on holy ground. This was the spot which had often received the form of the great churchman, whose impress was upon the land and would be, though two centuries and a half had passed since the days of his earthly pilgrimage. Laval, whose university preceded that of Harvard itself, whose churchmanship was both conservative and adaptable, whose courage pitted itself in a cause which he esteemed just, as readily against a throne as against the savage Iroquois—Laval, scion of a noble house, who courted simplicity and practised heroic virtues, who had traversed oceans and taken the forest captive—this was he whose feet once ascended the steps of the tiny altar before which we now stood. It was very plain, but some old hand carving redeemed it from being poor and its associations made it venerable.

We were then shown into the Children of Mary chapel, where the students and priests who form the band of Our Lady's Knights meet every Sunday, recite her office and hold exercises in her honor. Leaving the seminary does not mean a ceasing of membership. Five hundred priests are enrolled on the register and Father Lambert told of the many Masses and privileges for those who die within its roll-call. Thanks to our kindly guide, and another walk through the long corridors, a few steps across the court-yard, and we again found ourselves in the midst of the busy city square of the Place d'Armes.

THE PAGEANTS.

Wonderful to the point of marvel were the series of pageants, in which the career of Quebec, from the time of the coming of Cartier to the moment of the present, were portrayed by Lascelles and his body of players. Three thousand took part in the tableaux vivants, the people of Quebec and some from other cities, proudly and efficiently entering into the spirit of the characters personated. The costumes of men, women and children were in every instance historically correct and the ensemble was often bewildering in its beauty of color and design. The pageants, seven in number, would form matter for pages of description. Here we can but touch upon one or two points. The coming of Mere Marie de l'Incarnation, foundress of the Ursulines, and her six companions, is most realistic and touching. The nuns are accompanied by their generous patroness Madame de la Peltre, and word of their coming brings forth the Governor and almost the entire colony of two hundred and fifty persons to meet them. Sieur de Montigny and his soldiers are vested in all the grandeur they can muster, the ladies of the little colony adorn themselves in their finery, still fresh from France, while the remainder of the population, including the Indians, are an assemblage in nondescript dress, all, however, are overjoyed to see the noble women who come to teach their little ones. The new arrivals are escorted to the Governor's residence with all honors and we see them later caressing and playing with the children, who sing the hymns of praise taught them by their new Christian teachers. The stand of Adam Dollard and his

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sixteen companions at the Long Sault against the Iroquois is dramatically effective. These young men in order to save the colony, prepare themselves by receiving Holy Communion and then go out to meet the enemy. While singing the Veni Creator they are espied and almost surrounded by seven hundred savages. They escape to the hut which they had made their fort, and for days defy the enemy. In the end every life is sacrificed, but so great a lesson of bravery are they for the army that the latter retreat, leaving the colony unmolesated.

Most impressive was the reception of the Governor, the Marquis de Tracy, by Laval, who in cope and mitre, with the swinging of censers and a full retinue of priests and acolytes goes forth to meet him. A canopy is borne over the head of the prelate. Indian accents, the ecclesiastics, while armed soldiers in all the panoply of their profession, surround the Governor. The meeting was most realistic, and the pageant one of the most impressive of the series.

Delightful and bewildering in color and richness was the scene at the French Court, when Champlain received from Henry IV. his commission to proceed to the Government of New France. The colors and shades of the dress of the courtiers and ladies of the court formed a picture which as an artistic treat and historical lesson was in itself well worthy of a trip to Quebec. Hours might be spent in describing those living pictures.

MILITARY REVIEW.

Magnificent was the military and naval review when 12,000 troops and 6,000 sailors stood in order awaiting the coming of their Commander-in-Chief, His Royal Highness Prince George of Wales. Up and down rode the Prince, reviewing the lines, and afterwards greeted with his staff, he sat almost motionless on his horse, with the exception of the ceaseless movement of the hand to his cap when returning the salutes of the passing companies, or the turn of the head in an occasional word to the officers near, while for an hour and a half the troops marched past in platoons, everyone preceded by its band playing its regimental air, the officers giving the salute and the colors drooping as they passed the spot where the Prince and his mounted staff were assembled. As the sailor boys in blue, the red-coated Grenadiers, the kilted Highlanders, the Alberta Horse, or the dark-coated Rifles, came on the assembled thousands cheered, and the kaleidoscopic views continued without intermission till brain refused to receive further impressions and the sight was satiated with the brilliancy and movement of the scene. A charming feature in the programme was when Lord Roberts, leaving his place just a pace behind the Prince, rode out to meet the Queen's Own Rifles of which corps he is honorary Colonel, and then riding at their head, joined in the march-past, saluting as he passed the Prince and afterwards returning to his place amongst the attendants of His Royal Highness. The Artillery display at the close, when the field being cleared, the guns were run across the course, was an exciting moment. The event was the greatest of the kind known in Canada's history.

A VISIT TO THE URSULINES.

A half hour in the wonderfully historic walls of the Ursulines was among the things of our stay in Quebec. A small court divides the old building from the street and your ring is answered from behind a grating and the parlor in which you await those whom you wish to see, is plainness itself. The convent, however, is not wanting in richness. It has its beautiful chapel, rich in treasures and a store-house of sacred reminiscences. Here Jogues, Brebeuf and the other martyrs, once said Mass; here, too, Montcalm was buried and here, too, the children of the colony for generations have learned all that is best, fitting them for this world and preparing them for the next.

Mother St. Edward, a noted teacher and charming lady was the object of our visit. An old friend had asked us to call. The gentle nun is a native of Ontario, a sister of Father Fox of Cobourg and Father Fox of Alexandria. Mother St. Edward has a little plan on hand which in the course of conversation she divulged and which because it may help her, is now given to the public. Her desire is to get a special library of English books for her English-speaking pupils. A few hundred dollars is needed. These she is trying to raise privately. Old friends, seeing this, may come to the assistance of their old-time acquaintance. Mother

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Going Aug. 10, 11, 12, 13th 1908. Returning Aug. 31st, 1908.

Our illustrated booklet "Tours to Summer Haunts" tells of the places mentioned above. Write for free copies to Toronto Ticket Office 51 King Street East

St. Edward does not dream that this desire of her heart is being thus thrown broadcast, but if the publication meets with happy results the publication will probably be forgiven.

THE DECORATIONS.

The decorations of the city of Quebec were on a most lavish scale and embraced almost every building and dwelling in the upper and lower town. What struck the visitor was the richness of the embellishments. Many of the flags were of silk, crimson, red and purple cloth in many instances draped the walls, festoons of roses hung round the great gates, and the illuminations were most beautiful. The Basilica, Laval's monument, the University and the Bishop's house formed a group the illuminations and designs of which could be seen afar, and made one of the most attractive features of the city. The Parliament Buildings were faced by a towering column headed with an illuminated crown, the court-house, gates, and Chateau were all outlined in electricity and these with the lighted ships in the harbor, produced a scene of beauty in keeping with the occasion and ever memorable to those fortunate enough to be amongst the witnesses.

STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

A flying visit to the wonderful Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre on the afternoon of the Feast was a fitting finale to the work of the Tercentenary. The great Basilica was filled and surrounded by pilgrims. Vespers were in progress and afterwards the procession around the grounds. The Scala Sancta was the resort of many, and all the old spots of devotion were sought out by travellers from many directions. The two hundred and fifty years since the founding of the parish was being marked by a Triduum, the day of the Feast of Ste. Anne being the opening. The Prince of Wales visited the Shrine during his stay.

NOTES ON QUEBEC.

The people of Toronto, and especially of St. Patrick's parish, will be glad to learn that their old friends, Fathers Barrett and Gannon, are well and doing well in their namesake parish, St. Patrick's, Quebec. Both have made an easy success of working their way into the hearts of the people, and the manner in which the Rev. Superior, Father Hanley, and his associates, are improving the church and its surroundings is common topic of conversation. The church has been recently re-adorned interiorly and a new set of stations—paintings on copper—at an expense of one thousand dollars, have lately been erected.

Another St. Patrick's with a somewhat remarkable history came to our knowledge, when on the way to St. Anne de Beaupre we fell in with a party from Erie, Pennsylvania. Our chance acquaintances were not themselves members of this parish, nevertheless they told its story with pride and zest. This St. Patrick's is in charge of Father Cauley, who with his three brothers as assistants, performs the duties called for by the parish. These four priests, members of one family, have two sisters in religious communities, another sister attends to the housekeeping of the presbytery and the father and mother were also members of the household. The father is now dead. Father Cauley and his brothers have made St. Patrick's and its people noted far and wide. Morally and materially, they have no equal in the vicinity. Outside districts once almost without the pale, are now seated on the throne of respectability and self-respect, through the efforts of Father Cauley, who for the reclamation of the people went amongst them somewhat in the same way as did the noted English priest, Father Vaughan, and working with them, lifted them at first unconsciously, to the level of higher things. This priest is a social power in the city in which he resides, even non-Catholics knowing no higher honor or pleasure than to "shake hands" with Father Cauley. This being the first instance in which we have come across four brothers, priests, working together, the incident may be of interest to our readers as it was to the writer.

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