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VOL. XI, No. 23

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1903

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CONFIRMATION AT COBOURG

(Contributed.)

Trinity Sunday, 1903, will long hold a place in the memory of the Catholics of Cobourg, for the events of that day shall ever have a prominent place in the annals of the Church in our good old town. His Lordship Right Rev. R. A. O'Connor, Bishop of Peterborough, arrived here on Saturday last for the purpose of administering the holy rite of Confirmation on Sunday to those children of the proper age who had been instructed and prepared for the reception of this great strengthening sacrament which should make them more firm and valiant soldiers of Jesus Christ and defenders of His divine faith. The chief credit for the preparation of the children to properly receive this sacrament, which was to them one of the most important events in their lives, is rightly due to the good and zealous Sisters of St. Joseph's Convent, who seem never to tire of the work of goodness and solicitude in behalf of the children under their fostering care.

The kindly and zealous priest of the neighboring parish of Grafton, Father Scanlon, was here on Friday and Sunday giving aid to Father Murray in the necessary preparations for the great event of Sunday. His Lordship celebrated early Mass at 8 o'clock, and at 10 o'clock Father Murray celebrated grand High Mass, after which His Lordship ascended the pulpit and delivered a forcible and touching sermon to the congregation, the spacious and handsome church being packed to the doors, including quite a number of other denominations, all apparently being interested in the feeling sermon of the day. His Lordship took his text from the Gospel of the day, Matt. xxviii, 18-20: "Jesus said to His disciples, all power is given to me in heaven and in earth; going, therefore, teach ye all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

His Lordship then prepared to administer the holy rite of Confirmation to the one hundred candidates prepared to receive that Sacrament. The children occupied thirteen pews on each side of the front of the middle aisle, and there were fifty-eight boys and forty-two girls. The grand altar was a perfect blaze of many-colored lights, and the Sanctuary was made beautiful with tasteful and effective decorations of rare and odoriferous flowers, making a scene full of joyous magnificence not soon to be forgotten. His Lordship was attended in giving the rite of Confirmation by Father Murray and the acolytes of the Sanctuary. The children were all tastefully and very becomingly dressed specially for the great occasion, and had been carefully drilled by the Sisters in the observance of every movement necessary to be made. Their beaming demeanor was the admiration of all.

The Catholics of Cobourg can scarcely fully appreciate the amount of good which the Sisters of the Convent have quietly and without ostentatious show conferred upon themselves and their children. They have in their own way taken upon themselves the spiritual direction of the children placed under their care and tuition, and where the parents have hitherto been careless and remiss they have brought the children up to a better appreciation of their duty to

their God and their neighbor. Under their benign care the children are every day becoming more improved in their Christian demeanor and good will to all. And where there may be at any time an act of insubordination or display of a refractory disposition be assured the good Sisters are not in any way blameable for it. In the afternoon at 3.30 o'clock His Lordship, accompanied by Fathers Murray and Scanlon, repaired to the cemetery, where the greater portion of the congregation had already assembled, and at once proceeded with its blessing and consecration. This ceremony is never performed on any Catholic Church property until all debts or liens upon it has been fully discharged, so that the cemetery is quite free of debt, and the Church and all other church property nearly so. Father Murray has now been in charge of the Cobourg Mission for twenty-four years, and he is at present engaged in adding a very fine and much needed addition to the convent school. He is untiring in his energy, beloved by his people, and very popular with all.

On Sunday evening there was grand Vespers and another sermon by His Lordship, taking his text from John xv: "Remain in Me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, unless it abides in the vine; so neither can you, unless you abide in Me." His Lordship delivered a very effective discourse to an overflowing congregation, including a good percentage of other denominations, after which he administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to no less than seven converts to the faith. We have surely something to show for the progress of the faith in Cobourg.

ST. FRANCIS CHURCH

The Ceremony of Blessing—Archbishop O'Connor Officiates.

Sunday last was a red letter day for the Catholic people of that section of the west end of the city embraced in the new parish of St. Francis. The new church on the corner of Grace and Arthur streets, which has been in course of construction for about a year, was completed and ready for blessing. The ceremony was performed at 10.30 o'clock, by His Grace Archbishop O'Connor, assisted by Vicar-General McCann.

The most holy sacrifice of the Mass, which was celebrated after the blessing, was attended by a crowded congregation chiefly from the new parish and the parent parish of St. Mary's. The celebrant was Rev. Father O'Donnell, Rev. Father Barrett, C.S.S.R., acting as sub-deacon and Rev. Father Plumber as deacon.

The Archbishop delivered one of his lucid and informing addresses called for by the occasion. He congratulated the people of the district on their possession of a house of God where the adorable sacrifice would daily be offered. He spoke encouragingly of the co-operation of the people in the work when first contemplated and while under construction and prayed that God would bless them.

Vespers were sung in the evening by Rev. Father Williams, of St. Mary's.

In the new parish of St. Francis about four hundred and fifty families are enumerated. Rev. William McCann, the pastor, has worked most earnestly to accelerate the work and his example has especially inspired the parishioners. The church building is ornate and designed to fill the needs of the district in the centre of which it stands. There is street connection to the door by the Arthur street route. The church was designed and its construction superintended by Mr. C. J. Read.

Confirmation at St. Peter's Church, Toronto

Trinity Sunday will be the central day in the lives of many of the parishioners of St. Peter's, for on that day some 25 children received their First Communion at the early Mass, and in the afternoon at 3 o'clock 50 candidates, of whom seven were converts and a considerable number adults, were confirmed. All these were not members of St. Peter's parish, St. Helen's and St. Basil's contributing a quota.

The Archbishop, who was accompanied by Fathers Frachon and Murray, showed little sign of the hard work he had already done, for he assisted at the First Communion of the children of Our Lady of Lourdes and officiated at the dedication of St. Francis Church, Arthur street, on that day.

He examined the children thoroughly and at the same time encouragingly, so that they betrayed no nervousness. They came through the ordeal well, whilst the girls were assured that the Archbishop confided his questions to the boys, because he was quite satisfied that the former were well up in their catechism.

The examination was accompanied by a running commentary of a very instructive character, and, after Confirmation was given, its nature,

graces and duties were explained and urged home with great clearness and earnestness. A large congregation filled the church and in addition the sidewalk were lined with people. The services concluded with the Episcopal benediction and was over considerably before 5 o'clock.

Knights of St. John Convention

The tenth annual convention of the Ontario Grand Commandery Knights of St. John was opened in O'Neill's Hall, Toronto, Wednesday, June 3. Over one hundred delegates, ladies and gentlemen, representing the various Commanderies and Auxiliaries of the Province, answered roll call.

The reports of the officers and committees were very favorable indeed, especially the report of the Finance Committee, which showed that the order was progressing very rapidly, and also that it had secured a sound and substantial basis in the Province, both numerically and financially.

The numerous ideas and suggestions which were advanced by the different delegates for the promulgation and advancement of the Order, were the means of drawing out many valuable and instructive debates, all of which were conducted in a decorous manner. One suggestion which was adopted by the convention which is worthy of special mention, was that the Grand Commandery offer for competition "two valuable prizes" to be won by the Commandery and Auxiliary respectively, who should gain the largest number of members within a given period. This idea seemed to be suggestive to the delegates as not only being a means of creating a friendly rivalry amongst the different commanderies and auxiliaries throughout the Province, but that it would also have a tendency to arouse the enthusiasm of the individual member in trying to secure for his or her Commandery or Auxiliary as large a number of members as possible, ultimately strengthening the organization to a greater extent.

A very pleasant feature of the convention was the large attendance of lady delegates from their respective Auxiliaries, and the lively interest that they exhibited in the business of the session is proof positive that the Lady Knights have the welfare of the Order at heart.

The election of officers, which took place after the routine business had been transacted, was not the least interesting feature of the session. A few of the old officers, not deeming it expedient to monopolize the offices, tendered their resignations, they being also desirous of seeing some of the younger members taking an active interest in the organization. The officers were well contested, and the following is the result of the election:

Grand President—Thos. Callaghan.
Grand Vice-Presidents—John Whelan, Miss M. Prendergast.
Grand Secretary—G. P. McCann.
Grand Treasurer—J. J. Nightingale.
Grand Trustees—W. J. Dillon, Chas. J. Regan.
Grand Auditors—Miss E. Goedike, J. E. Fullerton.

After the officers were duly installed by the Past Grand President, a vote of thanks was tendered him by the Grand President on behalf of the delegates for the able manner in which he and his fellow officers had guarded the interests of the Order during their term of office. Sir Knight Kelz responded with a few well-chosen remarks, thanking his officers for the assistance they had given him during his term of office, and also the delegates on the splendid manner in which they had helped in conducting the business of the convention.

The convention then adjourned in due form.

G. P. McCANN,
Grand Secretary.
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OTTAWA CORRESPONDENCE

The death of the Hon. James O'Brien, of Montreal, one of the millionaire merchants of Canada, who for many years has filled a seat in the Canadian Senate, places in the power of the Liberal Government an opportunity for favoring a friend. Already a swarm of budding statesmen, each of whom aspires to the vacant Senatorship, have made the Russell House their headquarters.

The Hon. James McShane, popularly known by that sobriquet which he gave to himself, "The People's Jimmy," is on the run for the vacant position; so is Mr. H. J. Cloran, who on more than one occasion was a defeated candidate for Parliamentary honors, but fell back for higher honors on the village of Hawkesbury. Here he was elected Mayor. Mr. W. E. Doran, the well-known architect, is not a dark horse but is before the world in the light of a June sun, searching for Senatorial honors. Dr. J. J. Guerin, a Minister without portfolio in the Province of Quebec, is anxious to transfer his great talents from the scene of his legislative triumphs to a higher sphere at Ottawa, and last, but not least of all, Mr. Edmund Guerin, the well-known K.C. of the commercial metropolis, is in the centre of the field, fully confident of winning the coveted prize. Who the future Senator may be, is somewhat difficult to tell, but indications are on the political firmament that Mr. Edmund Guerin gets into the Canadian Senate, not only on both feet, but with his head. He has the warm support of Mr. Gallery, the active and popular member for St. Ann's Division, Montreal, and those who know the persistence with which he backs up his friends in their requirements, will have no hesitation in predicting that his protégé, Mr. Guerin, will knock all competitors out of time and out of wind.

THE COSTIGAN BANQUET.

Preparations for the forthcoming banquet to Mr. Costigan, which takes place on the 25th inst., are progressing favorably. A large attendance is anticipated and the presence of some of the leading orators of the Dominion is fully assured.

OBITUARY.

Many will regret to learn of the death early Monday afternoon of Miss Gussie Sims, eldest daughter of Mr. R. A. Sims, the well-known contractor. Miss Sims' death took place at the family residence, 385 Sparks street, after only a brief illness. She was a particularly attractive young lady, was highly accomplished, being a graduate of Gloucester Convent, and possessed a disposition of character which endeared her to all with whom she came in contact. Miss Sims was a faithful member of St. Patrick's Church. Besides her parents she is survived by two sisters, Mrs. J. A. McCabe, widow of the late Dr. McCabe, who at the time of his tragic ending, which threw a gloom over the large congregation attending St. Patrick's Church, was the able principal of the Ottawa Normal School, and Miss Ethel Sims, and one brother, Mr. Gerald Sims, an employe of the Dominion Express Company. Miss Sims, whose life was an exemplary one, died fortified with the spiritual graces which the Catholic Church imparts to the departing

DEATH OF MRS. PATRICK McCABE.

One by one we are called upon to chronicle the demise of the older generation of settlers who link us with the past. This week it becomes my painful duty to record the death of Mrs. Patrick McCabe, which sad event occurred at her late home near North Lancaster, County Glengarry, on Tuesday morning, the 2nd of June, at the fine old age of 84 years. Mrs. McCabe was amongst the oldest settlers in the County Glengarry, having resided in the home in which she died for over sixty years. Leaving Loughrea in the County Galway, Ireland, when quite a young girl, Mary Cowan, for that was her maiden name—a name much respected in the home of her birth—with her younger sister, crossed the Atlantic and made for the home of an uncle, Mr. John Devine, who was engaged in mercantile pursuits in the village of South Lancaster. Here, two years later, she met with Mr. Patrick McCabe, a native of the County Monaghan, the home of the Clan McCabe, to whom she was married. Mr. McCabe himself lived to a fine old age, having passed away about seven years ago, after having reached the patriarchal age of ninety years.

In education Mrs. McCabe stood above the average; as a neighbor she was kind; as a Christian she ever true to the teachings of the Catholic Church; as an Irish woman she was true to the land of her birth; as a mother she was kind and indulgent, and as a wife she was affectionate. Endowed in an eminent degree with those fine qualities, we are not surprised that the home of Mrs. McCabe was invaded by anxious callers during her illness, and that her remains were followed to the grave by a large cavalcade of mournful sympathizers. May she rest in peace.

ST. BASIL'S SEPARATE SCHOOL.

Names of pupils in Class II. who came first in general proficiency during the last six months:

In Senior Division—May McCarthy, Irene O'Driscoll, Morene Flynn, Hilda Ellard, Gertrude Conlin and Gussie O'Brien.

In Junior Division—Isabel Cassidy, Lillian Murphy, Albert Gates, Saxon Hunter, Susie Todd and Irene Hinchey.

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And every time that nature fails to perform its proper functions it is less disposed to perform them.

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SOCIALISM CONDEMNED

In the name of the Catholic Church Bishop N. C. Matz of Denver condemns Socialism. The Bishop's sermon was delivered at the Logan avenue cathedral in the presence of a congregation that filled the edifice.

After reviewing in a general way the labor conditions throughout the world, which he characterized as a spirit of universal unrest, the Bishop remarked:

"This fretful condition of our age is due in a measure to a new power, which has appeared on the stage and is forging ahead at a tremendous rate and demanding recognition at the hands of modern society. This new power is organized labor, which is composed of the bone and sinew of the laboring class.

"Young, full of vigor, conscious of its strength, and buoyant with hopes, it storms our capitals, fills our Legislatures with its representatives, formulates laws and carries them into execution. Willing or not, our age shall have to reckon with this power, and the sooner it prepares to do so the better it will be for all concerned. Youth and vigor are by their very nature prone to rashness and fond of experimenting, with no thought of what might be the cost and consequences of the experiment.

"Thus we have seen our last two Legislatures wrestling with the single tax theory, and the Western Federation of Labor, which was in session this week in this city, openly committing itself and all its members into the arms of socialism.

"The Catholic Church has ever been labor's staunchest friend, and has never failed to strain every nerve in bettering the condition of the laboring classes.

"When she had freed them from the bondage of slavery," the Bishop continued, "she devoted herself heart and soul to educate them. She it was who created the ancient guilds to protect labor from the ruinous power of competition and the oppression of the usurer.

"Under the mantle of the Church's protection these guilds grew into power and their members became wealthy. Their destruction by the revolution has been deeply deplored by the reigning pontiff, Leo XIII.

"These are facts which cannot be contested. And yet where can you find at this day one of these labor advocates or labor leaders willing to admit these undeniable claims? The truth is, these men are openly committed to socialism, the enemy of the Church. They have made a public confession of this in their convention in this city this week; and they are pledged to hand over the labor organizations which they control, bound hand and foot, to socialism.

"Socialism, in a nutshell, is the destruction of private property, which would be transferred to the keeping of the socialistic State, wherein universal suffrage should govern. Socialism, therefore, is a dream, and will never be but a dream as long as man is what we know him to be, an imperfect being, full of passions and prejudices. For this reason Christ, who understood human nature perfectly, did not reconstitute the human family in the New Law under the pattern of a religious community.

"It now becomes my duty as Bishop to warn all our Catholics against any and all unions, whatever may be their name, that would commit them to Socialism.

"President Moyer in his address, which was given to the public on Thursday, May 28, advises the reaffirmation of the doctrine of socialism as the most efficacious method for the working classes to ultimately secure the full profits of their toil."

"The moment this advice is acted upon and incorporated in the programme of a society or union as a doctrine to be professed by its members and put into practice, no matter by what means, this society stands condemned by the Catholic Church. We have always stood forth as the staunch friend of the laborer; we have at all times advocated his right of association for mutual protection, better wages where labor is hard and surrounded with dangers; shortening of the hours of labor under similar conditions.

"These are legitimate aims, and association for the securing of these aims is equally legitimate, just as much so as associations of capital for the maintenance of fair prices. But when capital combines for the purpose of advancing prices or depreciating labor beyond the limits of justice it commits a crime against society just as great as labor when it attempts to raise wages beyond the limits of equity.

"If the fear of God possessed our hearts and Christian charity formed our rule of life there would be no need of any such trusts or associations. Their existence points to an

evil which Christianity would banish from the face of the earth with that simplest of all commandments, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'

"Sympathetic strikes are unjust because they imply the breaking of a just contract—freely entered upon between contracting parties. They are unjust because they are the ruin of industry and commerce, bring hardships on the people and create disorders endangering the welfare of the Commonwealth.

"In the erection of one large building in Chicago there is record of twenty-seven strikes and our own St. Vincent's orphanage has been delayed fully four months because of strikes. In the meanwhile the sisters and children were crowded together, all through the winter in a condition of sanitation that could never have stood the test of an investigation by the Board of Health. And this abnormal state of affairs is owing to the abnormal condition of the country with the daily occurrence of strikes throughout the land. That this is an outrageous situation which must eventually exasperate the people to such an extent as to bring about a revolution must be evident to any thinking mind.

"The reasons advanced to justify the situation, namely, the betterment of the laboring classes, may be ever so plausible; but if this betterment must be brought about by unjust, iniquitous means, it will never stand. We want to see the condition of the laborer improved, the Church wants it; she is pre-eminently the Church of the laboring man; but that improvement must be wrought along the lines of justice and equity, otherwise she could never countenance it. Now, if this betterment be attempted in the way contemplated by socialism, then the Church must stay to the labor party: 'You cannot do this, for this would imply an enormous iniquity, namely, the expropriation of landed proprietors and the confiscation of wealth.'

"Let no man be deceived on that score. The Church is God's representative on earth, and with God she will say with her last breath, 'Thou shalt not steal.' When Mazzini, the most celebrated Italian revolutionist and the most gifted and ardent plotters in the cause of Italy's unification under the form of an Italian republic, offered to Pius IX. the presidency of said contemplated republic, Pius answered: 'Non possumus,' we cannot; it is an injustice, because it involves the extinction and destruction by violent, unlawful means of all the principalities, dukedoms and little kingdoms of the realm which have existed for centuries in Italy.

"Now the salvation of the labor union lies, not in the embrace of socialism, but as the Holy Father clearly states, in a return to Christianity. The Church has saved labor twice; first by the abolition of slavery, to which it had been condemned by paganism; and, secondly, by the establishment of the guilds and the fostering care she bestowed upon them in the educating and training of the laborer in her industrial schools, the ancient monasteries. She can and she will save labor a third time, but on the one absolutely necessary condition, namely, a return to Christianity, without which she cannot exert her saving and elevating influence upon the laborer. She alone holds the key to the solution of the labor problem, which rests with Christian charity."

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The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

DEVOTED TO FOREIGN NEWS

ROME

The correspondent of The New York Freeman's Journal in Rome writes: The news which has most interest at the present moment in Rome is that which comes from France.

FRANCE

The result of the recent debate in the Chamber of Deputies leaves the Combes Cabinet between Scylla and Charybdis, or between the devil and the deep sea.

importance, would be utterly insignificant, if he did not contrive to make himself notorious at any price.

Catholics who take in The Times should be warned not to attach any importance to the very frequent quotations which the Paris correspondent of that important paper makes from the bi-weekly journalistic lucubrations of M. Jean de Bonnefon.

Polish Women Endure Almost Incredible Brutalities For Faith

If Ozar Nicholas is sincere in his decree granting religious freedom to all his subjects, his manifesto will occupy a position in the history of the twentieth century as exalted as does the English Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829 in the history of the nineteenth century.

There are a few instances, of course, of people and prelates who forsok their loyalty. These renegades were invariably more relentless and cruel than the Russians themselves.

At Witebsk they were lodged in a shed adjoining a stable of the house of so-called "black nuns."

Victor Charbolet, the ex-ecclesiastic who is at the head of the present anti-clerical agitation in Paris, and in other parts of France as well, is one of the most sinister figures of the century.

they had to sweep the house, light the fires, and prepared the wood and water for the house; then for six hours they had to break stones and wheel them away in barrows, to which they were chained; from twelve to one they were allowed to rest; then hard work again till dark, when they were required to attend the cattle and finish the household.

The sisters especially mourned because they could not frequent the sacraments, and one day they were rejoiced to recognize in a visitor their late almoner, Michaelewicz, whom they had not seen since they left Minsk.

Michaelewicz made a last fearful effort to subdue the "obstinacy" of the heroic women. He confined Mother Makrena with eight of her nuns in a cave so damp that it "was filled with worms which soon covered them from head to foot and crawled into their eyes, ears and mouths."

Siemaszko's next visit was to participate in the "reconsecration" of the ancient church of Witebsk to the Orthodox worship. He attempted with the aid of the soldiers to force the Sisters to participate in the ceremonies.

What a grand organization would that be that would combine in one solid body all the zeal and talent of thousands of men, who would dare to throw all their resources of mind and body to destroy the empire of the demon of intemperance!

The Catholic Church, through its priesthood, does very effective work for the cause of temperance, personal and individual work, in the home and in the confessional, a work that is silent and hidden, the fruit of which is incalculable.

A RECOGNIZED REGULATOR - To bring the digestive organs into symmetrical working is the aim of physicians when they find a patient suffering from stomachic irregularities, and for this purpose they can prescribe nothing better than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which will be found a pleasant medicine of surprising virtue in bringing the refractory organs into subjection and restoring them to normal action.

The dangers that best these boys are greater than the temptations that surrounded their fathers. The zeal and patience, energy and perseverance exercised in their regard will be am-

President of Temperance Union to Dubuque Convention

The Rev. Walter J. Shanley, of Hartford, Conn., has addressed the following letter to the Catholic Total Abstinence Union in annual convention assembled at Dubuque, Ia., May 29:

The good work accomplished for total abstinence by the Dubuque Union urges me to offer a word of congratulation as well as of counsel and encouragement on the occasion of the annual convention. The report sent to me by the President, the Rev. Father Toomey, indicates a prosperous condition, and affords assurance of greater success.

The delegates of the National Convention held at Dubuque were astonished and delighted at the zeal, activity and earnestness manifested by your Union, the youngest in the National body. No doubt you will fulfil the promise of your beloved and zealous Archbishop, and double your membership in the near future.

Public opinion is developing in favor of our noble cause. Intemperance is generally regarded as a fruitful source of evil. Bitter experience has proved, beyond doubt, that there is no vice around which are grouped such manifold and gigantic forms of vice as around intemperance.

The drink evil, harmful as it is to its victim, is made disastrous in its effect on society. Scandal, infidelity, divorce, are its fruits. It is working havoc to-day in the highest grades of society, and unfortunately among those who by social position, and refined associates, ought to be cream of the cream.

An English periodical tells us that 60,000 die annually in England from the effects of drink, and that "there are no less than 600,000 habitual drunkards in England and Scotland, who riot and waste with comparative impunity in the presence of terrified children and despairing partners, and too often end in suicide and homicide."

The saloon as we know it, is an Anglo-Saxon institution. It is unknown in the Latin countries, except where it has been imported. It is the bane of all English-speaking countries, the British Isles, the United States, Australia, South Africa and our new possessions in the Philippines, where intemperance with its criminal concomitants was unknown till the introduction of our civilization, where the drunkard is looked upon with the most undisguised horror and contempt.

What a grand organization would that be that would combine in one solid body all the zeal and talent of thousands of men, who would dare to throw all their resources of mind and body to destroy the empire of the demon of intemperance!

The Catholic Church, through its priesthood, does very effective work for the cause of temperance, personal and individual work, in the home and in the confessional, a work that is silent and hidden, the fruit of which is incalculable.

A great store of spiritual energy and intelligence, which is of the greatest worth, may be used against the agencies that are antagonistic to the work of the Church, such as the drink trust that is growing apace, a powerful agent owing to our apathy, and various phases of intemperance in every class of society, bringing innumerable victims to ruin, wrecking lives and blasting homes and propagating innumerable evils.

There is a grand apostolate, a difficult though much needed work among boys. There are thousands between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one who could be associated in our work, and for whom the total abstinence society would be a great safeguard.

The dangers that best these boys are greater than the temptations that surrounded their fathers. The zeal and patience, energy and perseverance exercised in their regard will be am-

ply repaid by results far greater and more abiding than that produced in any other sphere of our work. The more difficult the work is, the more it challenges our energy, zeal and patience.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union has a mission of practical influence in society. Its power for good, within the fold and without is incalculable. Fidelity to its Catholic principles will bring its work to a successful issue, will give glory to God through its good works, performed in favor of the neighbor, through its light that will witness against the world's darkness.

WALTER J. SHANLEY, President C.T.A.U. of America, Hartford, Conn., May 22, 1903.

Cardinal Gibbons on Individual Liberty

(James Creelman in N. Y. World.) When Cardinal Gibbons speaks to the American people he always commands attention, but when he raises his voice against the oppression of the non-union workman by the union workman—as he did in a short conversation I had with him recently—his words have an impressive significance, for it was this most intently American of all prelates, this faithful and unpretending friend of the American toiler, who once saved the Knights of Labor from ecclesiastical condemnation by Leo XIII.

A SWEET AND VENERABLE FIGURE

The primate of the Catholic hierarchy of America sat in the quiet reception room of his residence in Baltimore, a sweet and venerable figure. Another case bore the countenance of Cardinal Newman. Through an open window one caught a glimpse of swaying green branches.

A slender, nervous figure, clad in a black soutane, with scarlet trappings; a thin, bony, pointed face—straight nose, high cheek bones, wasted temples, deep lines about the kindly, humorous mouth—a straight, wrinkled brow, and gray hair issuing from under a scarlet skullcap. The American Cardinal is sixty-eight years old, but he has the eager address and patriotic enthusiasm of a boy. His gray eyes snap and sparkle as he talks. His slender hands, which have been raised in countless benedictions, are extraordinary in their suppleness and refinement.

The whole personality suggests sanity, modesty and sincerity. In spite of the golden chain and its pendant jeweled cross, the flashing episcopal ring and the princely scarlet, one cannot meet the Cardinal without feeling that he hears the honors of his great office meekly, that he is, before all things, a simple-hearted, devoted American citizen. Love of country is the keynote of his whole character.

"A SOURCE OF GREAT POWER." "The struggle between capital and labor in the United States is a source of great sorrow and uneasiness to me just now," he said. "It is not only a serious interruption of the productive energies of the country, but it is a profound social upheaval—it is confusing our life."

"Here we are on this continent engaged in the supreme experiment of free government in the presence of the whole world, in the presence of history. The enemies of our institutions can smugly show their fingers at the public if we show that we cannot govern ourselves reasonably. We claim that we have liberty without license and authority without despotism. I do not want to live to see that claim discredited."

"The workmen of America should realize how deeply and directly they are interested in preserving from injury the reputation of the United States as a land where liberty and law go hand in hand."

"The corporations, the employers, are powerful and united. They have the government behind them to protect their rights. That is as it should be."

"The workmen have formed unions for mutual improvement and protection. They are as much entitled to combine for business purpose as are their employers. That fact is undeniable. They are equally entitled, to have their rights defended by the Government."

RIGHTS OF THE NON-UNION MAN "The third factor in this situation is the non-union workman. He too, has his rights, which must be maintained."

"He has the right to enter a union or to stay out of it; to sell his labor when and where and for what price he pleases."

"When the union labor man denies that right he denies a liberty which he claims for himself."

J. E. SEAGRAM DISTILLER AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS AND MALT AND FAMILY PROOF WHISKIES, OLD RYE, ETC. WATERLOO, ONTARIO

Educational LOVES FREEDOM BETTER THAN ANYTHING ELSE.

"The American workman loves his freedom better than anything else. That is one of his finest traits. He resents anything that means compulsion of his rights. It is time for thoughtful labor union men to recognize this fact."

THE D'YOUVILLE READING CIRCLE

Ottawa, June 4, 1903. Editor of The Register: The d'Youville Reading Circle held its last meeting for the season Tuesday, May 26. It was very general in character and several important announcements were made.

The school is equipped and supported entirely by the Province of Ontario, and gives instruction in the following departments: 1-Civil Engineering, 2-Mining Engineering, 3-Mechanics and Electrical Engineering, 4-Architecture, 5-Analytical and Applied Chemistry.

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The Course of Instruction in this Academy embraces every branch suitable to the education of young ladies. In the ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT special attention is paid to MODERN LANGUAGES, FRENCH, ITALIAN and PRACTICAL BOOKKEEPING.

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RICE LEWIS & SON LIMITED

Cor. KING & VICTORIA STREETS Toronto. I have never gone out to mingle with the world without losing something of myself.—B. Albert the Great.

Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and liturgical text for June 1903. Includes dates for Trinity Sunday, Second Sunday after Pentecost, and Third Sunday after Pentecost.

In the midst of wealth and luxury there are those who listen and long in vain for some expression of disinterested kindness. Speak to those while they can hear and be helped by you; for the day may come when all our expressions of love and appreciation may be unheard.

Chats With Young Men

DON'T WAIT TO BE TOLD. If you want to advance rapidly in your position, or get on faster in the world, don't acquire a habit of waiting to be told what to do.

THE WHITE DOVE OF PEACE.

Noah opened a window of the ark and sent out over the waste of waters a white dove. And when the dove returned she bore in her mouth an olive branch.

AN OLD-TIME PARSON AND HIS SHAY.

The diary of a Puritan minister who settled in Malden, nearly 200 years ago, shows a scrupulous regard for his sacred calling.

LITTLE HINDRANCES TO SUCCESS.

It is not so much the great things that injure a man's business or profession as the little things, the trifles that he does not think worthy of his attention.

SOME WORDS TO FIRST COMMUNICANTS.

Follow your Mother Mary to the Cenacle, and listen to the lessons she gives you. She receives them from her divine Son.

THE ROMANS MADE MONEY FROM BURNING HOUSES.

One of the strangest businesses in ancient Rome is mentioned by Juvenal in his satires. It consisted in buying houses on fire.

THE MEN TO MOVE THE WORLD.

The tendency of modern civilization which ignores the gospel, sneers at the Church and scoffs at the Sacraments, is to substitute respectability, decorum and honor for the horror of sin and the fear of God.

WE ALL HAVE MISSIONS IN THE WORLD.

There is a work to do for every man on earth, there is a function to perform for every thing on earth, animate and inanimate.

SPEAK KINDLY WORDS NOW.

In the course of our lives there must be many times when thoughtless words are spoken by us which wound the hearts of others.

NO REASONABLE MAN expects to cure a neglected cold in a day.

But time and Allen's Lung Balm will overcome the cold and stave off consumption. Cough will cease and lungs be sound as a new dollar.

The Rheumatic Wonder of the Age. BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures Rheumatism, Felons or Blood Poisoning. It is a Sure Remedy for Any of These Diseases. A FEW TESTIMONIALS

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.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto. DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure that I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say that your Benedictine Salve has done more for me in one week than anything I have done for the last five years.

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, City. DEAR SIR—I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salve. It has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been trying to do for years.

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.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont. DEAR SIR—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve.

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.

John O'Connor, Esq., 199 King Street East. I was a sufferer for four months from acute rheumatism in my left arm; my physician called regularly and prescribed for it, but gave me no relief.

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.

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.

Mr. John O'Connor. DEAR SIR—I do heartily recommend your Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for rheumatism, as I was sorely afflicted with that sad disease in my arm.

John O'Connor, Esq., City. DEAR SIR—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve.

John O'Connor, Esq. DEAR SIR—Your Benedictine Salve cured me of rheumatism in my arm, which entirely disabled me from work, in three days.

JOHN O'CONNOR, 199 KING ST. E. FR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 17 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. E. Price, \$1 per box.

Head over Heels. Not a tumble, but your head is always where it should be with Dunlop Creeper Heels.

The HOME CIRCLE

THE OLD HOME RE-UNION. The youth was tall and young and fair. And manly beauty graced him now; The head was noble, and the hair Fell in soft ringlets o'er his brow.

The weary castaway now torn, With pleasure's toils and pleasure's pain, Looks at the paper old and torn, And reads it o'er and o'er again.

And oft to her each day he said, My mother, dear, I'll never stray From those straight paths where you have led Me ever faithful day by day.

Yes! to-night I can see it, the dear old bay, Gay with flags, and lights shining in boats, I can watch the parade through the streets in the day.

The manly youth, his mother's pride, Soon left the guarded way, Forgot his home, his friends, And fled from duty day by day.

Hush! don't disturb me, I hear sweet bells pealing, Oh! Dear home, shall I ever be with thee again?

Each wasted hour as idly passed, Unused and buried with the dead Could only say "Now I am classed As one dull moment that soon sped."

Then sweetly he sings, as he walks on the strand; "A charm, from the skies seems to hallow us there,"

Upon her knees she falls in prayer To Him who hears the widow's cry, Bring back my boy, my only care, Back to his God before I die.

When the dear home he reached, the mother was there, And the prodigal son met a loved one's embrace;

Thus silently the mother's word Was registered on roll above; The Angel listening softly heard That vow of her maternal love.

And ere the glad pageants had died in the city, And the old-home-reunion its mission had done,

As years rolled on, he rarely thought Of home or her he once held dear; Yet now and then he vainly sought To stifle some new untold fear.

And in the course of our lives there must be many times when thoughtless words are spoken by us which wound the hearts of others.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1903.

REV. DR. TEEFY'S JUBILEE.

The Register would, for many reasons, wish to be among the first to offer congratulations to the Reverend President of St. Michael's College upon the attainment of his sacerdotal silver jubilee on the 16th of this present month.

We understand that Dr. Teefy's many warm friends both of the clergy and laity intend that the occasion shall not pass unnoted. But the happiest, because the real, celebration of those five and twenty years of ministerial life, which have so gratefully conformed to the divinely ordained rule of poverty, chastity and obedience, will be witnessed in St. Basil's Church at half-past ten o'clock on the morning of the 16th when the anniversary Mass will be offered up by the faithful servant of his Master. Of this the true character and purpose of the celebration, it is enough for us to make the simple announcement, remembering with our readers who know Dr. Teefy as the model priest, those words of Ecclesiasticus: "With all thy strength love him that made thee and forsake not His ministers."

It is in this spirit that Dr. Teefy's Catholic lay friends will essentially share in the fruits of his forthcoming jubilee. But there are also in the relations of the priest with his Catholic and non-Catholic circle of acquaintance certain personal ties that seem to be drawn closer by the occurrence of an anniversary like that which Dr. Teefy is, with the help of God, so soon to accomplish. In our society there are, for instance, the common relations of citizenship. We know that at the same time Dr. Teefy has lived according to the strict standard of the poor priest, his position as a citizen has demanded from him all the obligations of a leader. He is a leader in educational science, a forceful orator and an accomplished man of letters. In the last mentioned sphere of his intellectual activities The Register has known him intimately, as he was the first editor of this paper writing its leaders during the years 1893-4. We are happy to know that the bond of mutual friendship has never been weakened.

Dr. Teefy is the son of one of the oldest settlers in Toronto. Mr. Matthew Teefy, J. P., Postmaster of Richmond Hill, who was prominently associated with the early printing trade of this city. John Read Teefy was born at Richmond Hill in 1849. He is a B.A. and silver medalist in mathematics of Toronto University, which institution conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D. in 1896. As President of St. Michael's College he is ex-officio a senator of Toronto University.

His latest achievement for education was the erection of the new wing of St. Michael's College, the funds for which were subscribed for the most part by Dr. Teefy's personal friends. This handsome building is the first step towards the general plan of reconstruction and advancement which the Community of St. Basil have decided upon carrying out in connection with St. Michael's College. Dr. Teefy put his heart into the task of completing the eastern wing which has cost in the neighborhood of \$50,000 in time for the College Golden Jubilee celebration. Had he, of course, no thought of his own jubilee following the other so quickly. But to the mind of his admirers it is a happy coincidence, and a monument to the closing year of his first quarter century in the priesthood. May the future be as fruitful. Ad multos annos.

SYMPATHY FOR SPECULATORS.

A letter has appeared in one of the daily papers lamenting and upbraiding the lack of patriotism among Canadians, who are so base that they will keep even a dollar in their pockets

whilst a Napoleonic broker falls a victim to the stock manipulators in Wall Street. The broker in question had failed with eight or ten millions of liabilities of every description, from the savings of the poor in his private bank to the accommodation that had been afforded him by the chartered banks in which the great bulk of the savings of the people are deposited. Perhaps our Canadian brokers who dream of beating the Wall Street brethren at their own game may be entitled to sympathy when the hour of their rude awakening overtakes them. But we observe that no sympathy is felt for their victims. The depositor is especially an indifferent thing. All eyes are turned upon the captains of industry, the men of brains and action, who go up against Wall Street with other folk's cash, or else throw it into some hole in the ground artfully covered by a gold or steel charter. Anything will do, so long as it is dazzling. Gold and steel are very shiny. In the City of Toronto within the past nine months \$40,000,000 at least have gone down in the dust of the Waterloo against which the Napoleons of many a deep water stock are desperately contending.

The sense of humor is not characteristic of Canadian journalism; but we observe some signs of its awakening to the plight in which "stock investors" now find themselves. The Globe editorially is somewhat ironically gay. It says:

"That quotations will be restored to their normal level there is no reason to doubt. But it will take time. Factors that will help in the restoration of values are numerous. * * * It will require time to develop the pluck and nerve and to accumulate the ready money necessary to again engage in stock market operations on a large scale. In the meantime the effect of the recent fall in prices may not be without good results. In the past year or two young men of moderate means and not a few women, with the example before them of a few traders on whose operations fortune had smiled, determined to have a try at the get-rich-quick plan, with such disastrous results as have been heard of on every side the present week. Their experience reminds us of a humorous French writer, who put a similar experience in this way:

'Monday I bought stocks;
 Tuesday I owned millions;
 Wednesday I built a grand mansion;
 Thursday I drove a coach;
 Friday I gave a fine ball;
 And Saturday failed with nothing at all.'

A few days before the foregoing appeared The Globe announced the suicide of a man who after retiring from business with \$50,000 had it all drawn into the hands of his brokers by repeated calls for more margins. It is quite true though not irrepressibly funny what The Globe says about women speculators. Three went insane after the Ames failure. Is there some gruesome idea of humor in the tendency of women gamblers to insanity and male gamblers to suicide? The recent instances of suicide in Toronto are not hard to recall. But such things can have no terror for great minds. Now there is young Mr. Rockefeller who on Saturday crushes the life out of the holders of this or that stock and on the Sabbath explains to his Sunday School class the law which governs and sustains him—the same law that orders the destruction of a hundred smaller rose buds, so that one American Beauty Rose may be brought to the highest development. So that, no doubt, the tragedies of stock speculation are beautiful and even humorous to think upon. But the mind needs education for it.

THE COMMISSION OF JUDGES.

The commission of Judges appointed by the Ontario Government to investigate the charges of bribery made in the Chamber at the opening of the Session by R. R. Gamey, member for Manitoulin, reported a week ago against the accused. Chancellor Boyd and Chief Justice Falconbridge opened wide the door of evidence, nor did they draw latitudinal lines in the way of cross-examination. Their report, accompanying the transcript of evidence, is, like their policy throughout the investigation, exhaustive. The charges are discredited positively. The sum of money surrendered by Mr. Gamey is held impounded until its ownership is proved. It falls short of the amount of the alleged bribe by \$1,200, which latter portion of the

spoils Gamey involved in a sort of a personal transaction with a confidante and which he retains upon that pretext.

The net result of the enquiry, therefore, apart from the bill which the public must pay, is this:

That Mr. Gamey is just where he was before he made the charges—in the Legislature—from which the Government will make no attempt to expel him.

Mr. Stratton is cleared of complicity in the alleged trafficking for the transfer of Mr. Gamey's vote from the Opposition to the Government.

The political partisans are as much at sixes and sevens as they ever were, and the Legislature will probably adjourn in a few days.

If nothing else has been accomplished, as between the opposing forces of Provincial politicians, it would seem at all events that Manitoulin is in danger of becoming an accepted political principle. The active political elements may resolve themselves into Manitoulinites and anti-Manitoulinites. The former will insist upon believing that Ontario is rotten from Dan to Bersheeba and that Gamey is a martyr—with \$1,200 to the good. The discussion is likely to be waged until the next general election, when the public mind will have become thoroughly fogged by it.

But the common sense of the people will experience no difficulty in conceding the real value of the Judges' opinion. Here is a member of the Legislature who professes to lay a trap for a weak government. He is ready to accept money for his vote, intending to use the conclusive evidence of his bribe as a weapon to destroy the administration. Still he is not desirous that his proof should be too conclusive, because he goes vainly looking for his money to an election lawyer acting only for the party organization. In fact, he was more eager for the money than for the evidence, and when at last he, by his own story, got the cash, it was when his back was deliberately turned upon the bearer of the bribe. Then the money was made use of at once by this interesting circumventer of governments and most of it was still in use when the disclosure was made in the House.

On its face the story was too thin, and the Judges very properly emphasized every point of the evidence in defence that made its improbability the more apparent.

The public like the Judges have not lost all faith in the inherent respect which responsible government commands in this country. If the costly machinery of our representative institutions be all devised and employed to sustain life and power in a government that can be undone by so ragged a conspiracy as the Gamey scandal it is about time for us to abandon the last shred of respect for our law-makers and their laws for our citizenship and all its safeguards.

EDITORIAL NOTES

In connection with our article of last week upon the Kishineff atrocities, we observe that Sir Horace Rumbold makes a suggestion that the best method of preventing a recurrence of the scenes of horror would be to move the kindly and high-minded ruler of Russia and the venerable and benignant Pontiff to interfere personally in the question of the ritual murder fables by making publicly and officially known their reprobation of this detestable fiction, whereby the ignorant masses are incited to acts of senseless and devilish atrocity.

In concluding an article last week on Mr. Chamberlain's preference policy for the colonies, "The Register" said: "Imperialists and Free Traders will watch for a sensational move on Mr. Chamberlain's part." The move has already been made. Mr. Chamberlain's policy was debated in the Commons this week, and a rupture of Mr. Balfour's Cabinet seems imminent. The Tories see the danger and are taking time by the forelock, denouncing the Colonial Secretary before he shoots his bolt. In this way they may render it impossible for him to rally any considerable faction in the House around himself should he make a bold bid for the Premiership. He has treated Mr. Balfour almost as badly as he treated Mr. Gladstone.

The news that Iona is to pass from the possession of the Duke of Argyll into the keeping of a trustee for one of the religious orders expelled from France is one of the interesting items

of the week. The late Duke rendered possession of the cathedral into the hands of trustees, who now hold it on behalf of the Church of Scotland, and plans for the restoration of the cathedral have been entrusted to Mr. Honeyman, a Scottish architect of high standing, who has restored several old Scottish churches with success. A memorial of the late Duke is to be erected in the cathedral at the expense of the Dowager Duchess. He wrote a book on Iona, which tourists can still buy there and in Oban, in which he did his very best to conceal the fact that Columboille was an Irishman!

It is not often that we find the ring of candor in The Orange Sentinel. Its latest issue, however, contains a letter signed by Major William Wallace, of the 36th Peel Regiment, denouncing a cartoon of the McFadden Flats order that appeared in The Canadian Military Gazette. The militia paper with a conception of humor entirely its own gives itself the sub-title of "The Canadian Gentleman's Magazine." What its relations with the Government may be we are not aware of, but Major Wallace calls upon Mr. E. F. Clarke, M. P., to bring the character of the paper to the notice of Parliament. We cordially commend Major Wallace's indignation and endorse his suggestion to Mr. Clarke. But we think there are also some matters in The Sentinel itself which might be coupled with the insulting cartoon in The Military Gazette. There is, for instance, a vile article on His Holiness in which the mischievous and disloyal assertion is made that King Edward's visit to Pope Leo was an affront to Italy, a friendly nation. Mr. Clarke would do well, we think, when demanding that the military scamp be brought to the bar of the House to ask that he come in hand-cuffed to the editor of The Sentinel.

Farewell to Father Crinion

The Congregation of St. Michael's, Dunville, Subscribe a Purse of Gold.

Dunville, June 5. — Last Sunday Rev. J. E. Crinion, parish priest of Dunville, held his farewell service, prior to leaving his new parish at Paris. After the service the following address was read, accompanied by a purse of gold.

To Rev. J. E. Crinion, P.P., on the occasion of his transfer from Dunville to Paris:

We, the congregation of St. Michael's Church, Dunville, gather around you to-day to convey to you some feeble expression of our sorrow at your departure, and of the high esteem, sincere affection, and lasting gratitude in which you were justly held during the well nigh 17 years you have been in our midst as our first resident pastor. You have endeared yourself to us by many lasting ties, made personal sacrifices we shall ever remember, and conferred benefits we cannot hope adequately to repay. With slender resources you have built and tastefully furnished this beautiful house of God, the completion and freeing from debt of which cost you so much solicitude and anxiety, until it is to-day our pride and one of Dunville's ornaments. The new house, suitably furnished, entirely free of debt, with its trim lawn and beautiful shade trees planted by your own hands, bear testimony of your taste, financing and management.

Nor have you forgotten our beloved resting place for them. The new cemetery has been reclaimed by under-draining it with tile and raising it with hundreds of loads of earth, and the sinking of an artesian well for the two-fold purpose of drainage and flower culture.

By your care and attention to the sick and afflicted you have enabled them to accept their sufferings with resignation, consoled and fortified them in their last decisive hour by the administration of the last sacraments, and soothed and healed the breaking hearts of their living bereaved ones.

You have been with us, heart and hand, in prosperity and adversity alike, in joy and in sorrow. We may be pardoned then, whilst bowing obediently to the will of our bishop, for feeling the separation keenly. Always interested in everything that interests your fellowmen; your zeal, devotion, energy and rare eloquence have ever been devoted to the cause of religion, education and temperance.

We feel that the accompanying purse of gold is a poor offering to make you, but we beg your acceptance of it, dear Father, not as a reward, but as a token of the high esteem, respect, affectionate good will and sincere gratitude of a faithful and devoted congregation whose cordial co-operation you have always enjoyed and appreciated, and whose hearty, good, kind wishes and humble prayers will follow you wherever you go.

WM. BARRY, Jr., Secretary,
 St. Michael's Congregation.

PRESENTATION TO FATHER CLEARY

The Paris Review says: After High Mass on Sunday last a committee of the congregation of the Church of the Sacred Heart waited upon Father Cleary, and after reading an address, presented him with a handsome gold watch. Father Cleary leaves this week to take up his new duties as parish priest in Dunville, and the parishioners here have become so much attached to him during his stay that they could not let the opportunity pass without expressing their appreciation of his good work while here. In reply to the address, Father Cleary said that he had become very fond of Paris, and of the people here, and was finding it much harder than he had anticipated to sever his connection with the parish. He thanked the people for their kindness to him during the whole of his stay, and particularly in the presentation of such a handsome gift. He promised that he certainly would revisit Paris as early and as often as possible. The following address was read by T. Murray:

Reverend and Dear Father Cleary: It was with feelings of genuine regret that the members of our congregation learned you were about to leave us. Since you have been among us every member of the parish has learned to have admiration and respect for you in a degree greater than your natural modesty will permit you to believe.

In our minds, your duties, although at times in the face of many drawbacks and considerable difficulties, have been efficiently performed. In leaving Paris you have at least the satisfaction arising from duty well done, and you have also the unanimous good will and best wishes of the congregation.

We beg of you to accept this watch and hope that in future years it will often serve to recall to your mind the happier of the associations of the last eighteen months.

We would like to have you remain with us, but, since that cannot be, we hope that at least you will not forget to visit the parish as often as opportunity offers.

Signed on behalf of the congregation
 URBAN O'NEILL,
 LEO LAYDEN,
 Paris, May 30, 1903.

DECORATION DAY.

The Order of the A. O. H. Decorates the Graves.

On Sunday last some of the branches of the Ancient Order of Hibernians assembled at their hall on Yonge street above Bloor and paraded five hundred strong to St. Michael's Cemetery, where they decorated the graves of the many men who when alive were prominent members of the order and patriotic sons of Erin. A visit was also paid to Mount Pleasant Cemetery by a committee composed of Messrs. Hugh Kelly, County President; A. T. Hernon, F. Walsh, J. Mohan and J. Whalen, who laid a wreath upon the grave of Dr. Burns, to which was attached suitable verses by Mr. J. Mohan.

The C. M. B. A. in this parish, and since your election to the important office of Grand Trustee, you have labored assiduously on the platform and otherwise to organize and increase the membership in other parishes throughout the Dominion. We thank the Grand Council of the C. M. B. A. of Canada for the honor done our Branch in electing you one of the Grand Trustees of the whole Association. We feel you have the good of the Association deeply at heart and that its best interests shall be safeguarded in your hands.

We beg your acceptance of the accompanying gift as a souvenir from Branch 123, Dunville.

If our earnest prayers avail, then your future will be one of happiness, peace, and success in the parish of Paris, where the seeds of the Catholic faith were early sown by saintly and devoted men.

(Signed by the members of Branch 123, C.M.B.A.)
 DANIEL O'KEEFE, Sec.-Sec.

FATHER CRINION'S REPLY.

"I know that these addresses came sincerely from your hearts. In responding to them, I must not dwell at any length on the many reasons why this parting is very trying to me. I must not because I cannot. It would be simply evoking emotions which you and I will have to control on this occasion, but I may say that the presentation of an address, couched in terms so generous and affectionate as this, was not needed to cement the union of sympathy and mutual tender attachment that has been abidingly formed between you and me during my 17 years' in your parish. During these years I have received many acts of thoughtful, generous and delicate kindness, but this last act, quite unexpected and undeserved, is the most grateful of all. When I first came among you, I quickly found out that the people amongst whom I was going to live and labor were endowed with those estimable qualities and virtues which combine to form good Christians, practical Catholics, and generous willing workers; and I attribute whatever success God has been pleased to bestow on my labors to the capacity for fruitful results with which nature and grace have marked your own character. I found you at all times edifyingly docile, indulgent of my shortcomings, faithful to me and sensitive of my needs, grudging no sacrifice for me or the church if I asked for it; performing good works and attributing, as you do in your beautiful address to-day, the credit of them to me; and prone to accept with confident trustfulness such counsel as I gave. Your confidence never shrank from the largest bestowal of trust. From all this there arose between you and me a localized expression of that sacred union which binds together by an indestructible golden chain the hearts and fortunes of the priests and people of the Catholic Church. Although I cannot claim a tithing of the ability or zeal with which your charity credits me, I am, nevertheless, hopeful that my mission amongst you has not been wholly devoid of fruitfulness; and I will not affect to deny that I feel proud when you remind me of the days of trying toil and anxiety which I so freely devoted to the building up of this new parish and church, which, after all, has only kept pace with the progressive spirit of the town and the world round about us. But even in those days I merely directed; you, generously aided and assisted by your fellow citizens, performed the continuous indefatigable work—done only for God—known best to Him.

"With reference to your munificent gift, I cannot trust myself to say many words. From the moment I first heard of your intention to accompany your address with the presentation of a purse of gold, I offered all the strenuous and persistent opposition consistent with my unwillingness to give offence. Many and valid reasons urged me to refuse it, but of these reasons I need now make reference to only one, namely, my conviction, resting upon personal knowledge, that any extra draft on your means should, of necessity, involve considerable sacrifice to many. Finding finally that my absolute refusal would give you pain, I consented to accept what you assured me would be no more than a memento. It has now largely overreached the dimensions of a memento, and the pain has been transferred to myself. I accept your gift, however, with the expression of my deep and lasting gratitude, begging you at the same time to feel assured that its being seasoned with those evidences of spontaneity and generous insistence constitutes its most gratifying element.

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CONCLUSION, I shall always try to merit a share in your prayers by giving you a large share in my own."

Rev. Father Crinion responded at length to the address from the C. M. B. A., but his reply to the Children was the most pathetic and affecting. There were few dry eyes in the church.

REV. J. E. CRINION'S FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE CITIZENS OF DUNNVILLE.

On Thursday of last week, at the Hose Boys' annual Decoration Day ceremonies in the Dunville cemetery, Rev. J. E. Crinion availed himself of the opportunity to say farewell to the citizens of Dunville collectively, because, as he said, it would be impossible to do so individually. First, after continuing his subject on former decoration days, namely, a description of the cemeteries he visited in Europe, especially Italy, during his travels, he described on this occasion the catacombs of Paris, and then concluded as follows:

"I am bidding adieu in a few days to Dunville which has been my home for so many years. I should have been indeed cold and unsympathetic had I not learned to love its citizens, who for so many years have been my acquaintances, friends and associates in civic, social and business life. Now that I am going away to take up my residence in another town, the pain of parting is increased by the thought that I am leaving a town where I know everybody and everybody knows me; and not only have they known me, but trusted me and honored me with their respect. I desire on this occasion, to thank the citizens of this town for the kindness beyond my deserving which they have shown me, and I wish to assure them in return that neither time, nor place, nor distance, shall ever efface the remembrance of them and their towns from my memory."

Rev. Father Crinion leaves in Dunville a host of warm friends, who will heartily coincide with the eulogy of him expressed in the address from the members of his own church, and wish him Godspeed in his new home. —Ed. of Dunville Chronicle.

PILGRIMAGE TO THE SHRINE OF STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

The Ontario Pilgrimage to Quebec and Ste. Anne de Beaupre will be held on Tuesday, July 21st. It will be under the auspices of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Kingston and the direction of the Rev. Father Twomey, of Tweed. Rates, time limit, etc., will be about the same as last year. Further information will be given in a later issue of The Catholic Register.

Put your heart into the search for a friend, freely offer assistance to any of the crowd who needs it, and, sooner or later, you will find a hand outstretched towards yours, and your soul will meet its likeness. Do not imitate those who, shut up in their individuality as in a citadel, indifferent to all passers-by, yet send forth on the four winds of Heaven the melancholy cry: "There are no friends!" They do exist, be sure of it; but only for those who seek, and for those who do not remain content to spin out the thread of life in a corner, like a spider's web, intended to catch happiness.

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SEPARATE SCHOOL BOARD MATTERS

Editor of The Catholic Register: Sir—Certain allusions to the system of parish grabbing as the bane of our Separate Schools, which appeared recently in your paper, have, it seems, drawn on your devoted head the wrath of some of the trustees. Your position, sir, is far from enviable. Whenever you venture beyond the declining birth rate of Ontario and the shrinkage in public school attendance you are sure to have your Catholicity fall under suspicion. Were he to you if you venture near the hallowed precincts of the Separate School Board, and if you dare to hint that anything might be improved there, incipient horns may be expected to break through your locks at any moment. On this account the writer of this communication deems it well to take upon himself the responsibility for his awful temerity in criticizing the recent regulation of the Separate School Board concerning Fourth Class pupils.

At the outset let me say that criticism should not be confined to fault-finding. Busy men deserve a great deal of credit for the amount of time and pains they devote to school matters. Then due consideration must be given to the greater difficulty of Separate School management as compared with that of the Public Schools, whose resources and numbers, whilst covering only the same area, are many times greater. Worse than all, there is the parish deputation, demanding additional teachers or accommodation without the slightest regard to the liabilities of the Board or the state of affairs in other schools.

But the parish deputation is a minor evil compared to the parish trustee. He is there to get what he can for his own particular school, and brings into a Board which ought to regard all the schools in its charge with equal solicitude the worst features of the ward grabbing system. There could be no better illustration of this than the Board's recent action regarding Fourth Class pupils. On the last meeting in June a report was brought in and carried that the Fourth Book should be taught only in the following schools: Bolton Avenue, St. Paul's, St. Michael's, St. Patrick's, St. Mary's, St. Helen's and Toronto Junction. Let your readers grasp for a moment the true inwardness of this move. These schools are for the most part on or about the line of Queen street, and three of them, St. Michael's, St. Patrick's and St. Mary's, are practically within the mile and quarter between Yonge and Bathurst streets, whilst St. Paul's is not very far east. The whole northern portion of the city is put under contribution to this clique of schools. Children who live away up by the C. P. R. track on Ossington avenue and Dovercourt road, aye, and on St. Clair avenue, must come all the way down to St. Patrick's or St. Mary's, if they want to get the rudiments of a decent primary education (for no child can be said to have even a half decent primary education who has not advanced at least to the Fourth Class). Parents must be burdened with daily car fare or children must lose their mornings and evenings in a tramp of several miles, simply in order to make the growing and healthy portions of the city tributary to certain schools which have one or two trustees to fight for their special benefit. It may be said that there are too many teachers for the number of pupils in our Separate Schools. Very true. But where is this state of affairs to be found? Not in St. Peter's School, for example, where three teachers are looking after 150 pupils or more. The surplus of teachers is to be found in the favored schools, where in some cases two teachers and two rooms are devoted to considerably less than fifty pupils of the same grade. There is where the doubling-up should take place; but this is just what the wire-pullers do not want. It is much nicer (for them) to drag children for miles through the burning heat of summer and the snows of winter through narrow streets beset with wagons and trolleys.

But do you want us to leave rooms vacant in our down town schools and incur the expense of building in other places? Certainly not. You might, however, have had the good sense not to build new rooms and new schools quite recently in places from which you knew the population was moving away. This was another exemplification of the principle of parish grabbing. You were not thinking of Catholic interests in the city but of St. Mary's, St. Michael's, etc.

Three things are imperatively necessary, if the present system of every one for himself is to be abolished. In the first place, the people must take more interest in school matters. In the next place the personnel of the School Board must be radically changed. There are some excellent men there now. Let us add to them a few of our best and broadest Catholic laymen who will not be for this or that parish, but for the whole city alike—men who have some regard for geography—men who are far-seeing enough to build schools where they are wanted and not where they are stranded. Thirdly, the supervision and regulation of schools should be in the hands that are not tied by any affinity to teachers or parishes. Let these measures be taken and let the people stand by a Board so constituted

and strong enough to say "No" to the wirepuller whatever be his character or position. Then we will see a better state of affairs, and we will not have excellent men disheartened by the narrowness of the present system. L. MINEHAN.

POPE LEO'S DAILY LIFE

Luigo Turso in The Philadelphia North American writes: The health of the Sovereign Pontiff continues good, and even the lying reports of occasional fainting fits spread by the enemies of the Papacy have ceased for some time.

In this connection a glance at the daily life of Pope Leo will doubtless be of interest to the readers of The North American. Among the persons employed in the service of the Pope is one known as Ceutra, the famous Ceutra, as the Roman papers delight to call him. He is the particular body servant of the Pope, and one who sees him first in the morning and is last to bid him good-night. Not to be in favor with Ceutra means many annoyances even to those high in authority in the councils of the Church, for this son of a poor hatter in Carpignano is close in the confidence of Leo XIII., and to him all doors open and his access to the private apartments of the Pope is as free as if it were his own house.

THE PONTIFF RISES AT SEVEN. At 7 in the morning, when the great bells of St. Peter's send forth their solemn notes, repeated in the diminutive tones of the numerous clocks that are distributed here and there in the Papal apartments, seeming, as it were, to be a symphony of minor salutes to the Holy Father, he promptly rises, admits the faithful Ceutra, who is already at the door, and commences to dress.

There are two doors to the bedroom, the minor one being fastened by the Pope himself, while the outer one is locked at night by Ceutra, who retains the key and practically holds Leo XIII. as a prisoner during the hours of sleep.

His SIMPLE MORNING MEAL. At 9 o'clock the Pope goes to his dining room, where Ceutra has ready a simple plate of broth, a cup of chocolate or milk and a halfpenny roll of bread, which suffices for the sustenance of the meagre and spiritual-like form during the hours of morning work.

This finished, he goes directly to his library, where those pilgrims who have been favored with an interview are received. Of whatever nation they are, or whatever position they may hold, he converses with them as familiarly as he would with his compatriots, the peasantry of Carpignano.

At the termination of the audience the Pope retires to his study, on a simple desk in which are masses of half completed manuscript, unfinished notes and memoranda that embrace in an abrupt and detached form the letters that are to go out to the Catholic world, the foundations of the Christian philosophy which are to make up some future encyclical, all of which are written in the most classic style of Latin, and which would do honor to the best writers of Pagan days.

DISPOSITION OF HIS CORRESPONDENCE. At 10.30 precisely the Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla, enters the study of the Holy Father, bearing under his arm a portfolio containing the most important of the correspondence received since the previous morning, which has already been classified and annotated for discussion.

A MODEST DINNER. At midday, if there should be some crowned heads or other distinguished personages to whom special audiences have been granted, they are introduced in one of the large salons adjacent to the Papal apartments.

After these special interviews are over the Pope goes to his dining room, where, in conformity of his custom and desire for the absence of ceremony, he partakes of his frugal meal in solitude.

stopping at certain points to observe the growth or bloom of some favorite.

APART FROM THE WORLD. This constitutes the only diversion of the day, lasting scarcely an hour, after which the Pope returns to the foot of the colossal tower of the Leonine City. Leaving his attendants, he then slowly ascends to the grand salon, which commands an extended view of Rome and its Campagna.

This is the private study, the "Sancta Sanctorum," where no one, not even the omnipresent Ceutra, is admitted during the hours when the Holy Father shuts himself out from the world. When the warning clock indicates that sunset is at hand the Pope calls his attendants, and closing the study, descends to a room below, where the frugal evening meal is served, consisting of two eggs, a plate of fruit and the favorite Carpignano wine.

MARRIED AT ST. MICHAEL'S. At 11 o'clock on Tuesday morning, in St. Michael's Cathedral, Miss Evelyn Mary Falconbridge, second daughter of Hon. William G. Falconbridge, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, became the wife of Mr. Vincent J. Hughes, of Montreal, son of the late B. B. Hughes.

ORDINATIONS AT ST. BASIL'S. On Friday last His Grace Archbishop O'Connor ordained to minor orders Mr. J. J. Hughes, and Mr. J. F. Dittman received the tonsure. On Saturday Messrs. J. F. Dittman and Wm. Fitzgerald received minor orders from His Grace.

DOMESTIC READING. Beauty is worse than wine; it intoxicates both the holder and the beholder. Act well at the moment, and you will have performed a good action to all eternity.

Paralysis and Locomotor Ataxia Cured Positively by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mr. James A. Deal, Bridgewater, N. S., writes: "About a year ago I suffered a stroke of paralysis, which left me in a very bad state of health. To add to my troubles, last winter I took la grippe, which completely exhausted my nervous system. I could scarcely walk or talk, my legs and arms were partially paralyzed, my blood did not circulate properly, and I could not do any work. In fact, I was so bad that the doctors gave me up and thought I could not live through the summer."

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY LINDSAY. Lindsay, June 2.—On Friday evening last a very pleasing entertainment was given by the pupils of the Senior Grade, assisted by Mr. Paul Zahn, of Toronto, and Miss Mabel Waters, of Lindsay. The pupils and their teachers received many congratulations on the excellence of the programme and the perfect manner in which it was rendered.

THE D. W. KARN CO. IS A GOOD NAME, A DISTINGUISHED NAME. IT IS A GOOD NAME ON A PIANO AND THE PIANO THAT BEARS THE NAME KARN IS A GOOD PIANO.

THE CROWN'S PERFECT PROTECTION POLICY Is an Ideal Insurance Plan. It provides an Annual Income for those dependent upon the Insured for Twenty Years after his Death, and as long thereafter as the Beneficiary may survive.

Following is the programme:

- PART I. 1.—Instrumental Solo, "Pasquinade," (Gottschalk), Miss N. Kingsley. 2.—Song, "Life's Lullaby," (Lane), Miss Clotilda Maginnis. 3.—Instrumental Solo, "Bridal Procession," (Greig), Miss Etheldreda Gorman. 4.—Song "Butterfly Time" (Verona) Miss Ida Galvin. 5.—Recitation, "Mice at Play," M. Donoghue. 6.—Instrumental Solo, "Valse Aragonaise," (Thome), Miss Pearl White. 7.—Song, (a) "Come unto Him," (Handel), (b) "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," (Burns), Miss M. Lonergan. 8.—Cello, (selected), P. Hahn.

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- PART II. 1.—Song, (a) "Violets," (Wright), (b) "Japanese Love Song," (Thomas) Miss Molina O'Connor. 2.—Instrumental Solo, "Sonata Op. 27," (Beethoven), Miss Mary Fleury. 3.—Song, "O Dry Those Tears," (Del Reigo), Miss Mabel B. Winters. Cello Obligato, P. Hahn. 4.—Instrumental Solo, Nocturne in F Minor, (Chopin), Miss Molina O'Connor. 5.—Recitation, "The Petrified Fern," Miss Etheldreda Gorman. 6.—Song, May Song, (Normann). 7.—Cello, (selected), P. Hahn. 8.—Song, "Irish Folk Song," (Foote), Miss Mabel B. Winters. 9. Concerto in G Minor (Mendelssohn), first piano, Miss M. Brady; second piano, Miss N. Kingsley; violins, Miss M. Cairns and N. O'Boyle; cellos, P. Hahn and E. Kingsley. Accompanists, the Misses Winters, Brady and O'Connor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. In the matter of the estate of Mary Lynch, late of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, spinster, deceased.

McSHANE'S BELLS. French Lessons—Course followed, 1st, principles of pronunciation explained; 2nd, verbs acquired by means of conversation; 3rd, idioms and phrases; pupils addressed in French from the beginning, to cultivate their ear. Subjects chosen in accordance with pupil's profession or business. For terms apply to Mile. E. de Coutouly, 4 Laurier avenue, Toronto.

There are two elements that go to the composition of friendship, each so sovereign that I detect no superiority in either, no reason why either should be the first named. One is Truth. A friend is a person with whom I can be sincere. The other element of friendship is Tenderness. When a man becomes dear to me I have touched the goal of fortune.—Emerson.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

PAINS, LIKE THE POOR, ARE ALWAYS WITH US.—The portion of man's life which is not made up of pleasure is largely composed of pain and to be free from pain is a pleasure. Simple remedies are always the best in treating bodily pain, and a safe, sure and simple remedy is Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. You cannot do wrong in giving it a trial when required.

A right moral state of mind germinates or even generates good intellectual principles. Activity is liable to commit some injuries; but indolence is sure to do no good.

A HOT-WEATHER BEVERAGE "SALADA" CEYLON TEA ICED. Make it in the usual way, draw the liquor off the leaves, stand in a cool place and then ice. Squeeze in a little lemon juice. You will have a most delicious summer drink. Sealed lead packets only. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. By all grocers.

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CITY OF TORONTO Taxes, 1903. Saturday, June 20th. Tuesday, September 15th. Tuesday, November 10th.

First instalment payable from Tuesday, 16th of June, to Saturday, 20th of June, both days inclusive.

ALLOWANCE FOR PAYMENT IN ADVANCE. 1. Ratepayers who prefer paying their taxes in full on or before the 20th day of June shall be entitled to a reduction of one and one-half per cent.

PERCENTAGE. An addition of five per cent. shall be made to every tax rate or assessment, or any part or instalment thereof, remaining unpaid after any of the dates herein mentioned for the payment thereof, and being the actual instalment or instalments then in default, and it shall be the duty of the Collector of Taxes to collect by distress or otherwise all such taxes or instalments of taxes as remain unpaid, together with the said percentage charge of five per cent. Provided, however, that, upon any taxes payable before the 10th day of November next, and not paid on or before the day or days herein fixed for payment, the following percentages only shall be charged and payable.

On taxes payable on the 20th of June, if paid before the 20th of July, one-half of one per cent. After 20th July, five per cent. will be added. On taxes payable on the 15th of September, if paid before the 15th of October, one-half of one per cent. After 15th October five per cent. will be added.

A PLAIN QUESTION: Do you realize the only Painkiller—Perry Davis'—when you ask for 167 better than sorry. It has not, in 60 years, failed to stop looseness and pain in the bowels.

The Stone of The Lily

By B. E. Wade.

There was but one way of making Bassanio talk. You might coax him until you were tired. He would but shake his head, and say: "What cares the stranger for an old man's story? To the cold American it is but an idle tale, and as soon forgotten by him as old Bassanio himself."

"Here sat the gentle Margherita," said Bassanio, "and here might now be sitting but for the chatter of a foolish maid. Since that day, now twenty years past, Bassanio's lips have been sealed, and none have heard why Margherita left Grazzi, or how she found her way down to the Florence she loved, and entered singing—the Florence where that song was hushed for ever. But Bassanio knows why, even now, the candle burns brightly in the passage beneath the Fountain of the Nymphs. Alro!

cello had said Margherita had been long enough alone, and must go into the world to meet men and women of her station. He had given orders that his palazzo in Venice be put in order for their reception that winter, and Margherita was now under the care of the count's only sister, who had come to prepare her in the ways of noble people. No more did Margherita chase the butterflies, or tease old Domenico, the peacock. But she did not forget Bassanio, and often came to sit here, on this bench, and to talk about the flowers she was soon to leave.

Bassanio, the gardener of Grazzi, fell senseless to the floor. "That is the end of the story of Margherita. Count Marcello never spoke from that night, and died some weeks later. Bassanio's fate was worse. His ankle soon grew strong. Death came not, and the years pass! Of Rinella, some say that she went mad and threw herself into the Arno. Bassanio knows not. Altit! But so long as he lives shall the candle burn for Margherita in the dark, lonesome passage below. Thou shalt see!"

bell, and had been set upon by the Macdougalls at Dalry, a wide strath, wood-covered, with here and there a mass of jutting rocks and one lonely lakelet, was the scene of another disastrous encounter, and Robert had again to fly. As he passed by a house the pursuit was aided by three fresh enemies whose presence was totally unexpected. A weaver and his two sons appeared at the door of the hut and shouted to the pursuers to get hold of the man with the cloak. They did not know that the cloak covered a battle axe, and leaped after the fugitive. And he, sore pressed, made for a swamp, and as the sons of the weaver came up to him he swung round on them, knocking them both down. But the father, coming up an instant later, got hold of the mantle and, although struck by Bruce, retained his grasp and fell, gripping the cloak with his brooch, called now the Brooch of Lorne and still in possession of the descendant of the chief who on that day came so near to saving King Edward from the disgrace of Bannockburn!

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be attacked. Yet in the end Bruce contrived to get not only the Campbells, who were always staunch to him, but also the whole power of the Lord of the Isles on his side; and so the forces of freedom gathered in secrecy until strong enough to give the English garrisons defiance. And helped by the death of the first Edward and by the unpopularity of the second of that name, the English ranks, despite their splendor and their vastness, were broken, and Robert became indeed the king he had so long in vain claimed to be.

ATTACKS EVERYBODY Dyspepsia no Respector of Persons -Proof that there is One Sure Cure-Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Dyspepsia is no respecter of persons. It attacks rich and poor alike and gradually though painfully reduces them all to the same stage of misery and despondency.

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After Work or Exercise POND'S EXTRACT Soothes tired muscles, removes soreness and stiffness and gives the body a feeling of comfort and strength. Don't take the weak, watery witch hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract, which easily sores and generally contains "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

Robert the Bruce There are still to be gathered among the people many tales of the kind whose name is so dear to Scotsmen all over the world, and I will give you in the language of an old Gaelic-speaking Highlander, who told his tales years ago, some of the adventures of "the Bruce," writes no less a personage than the Duke of Argyll for the benefit of Youth's Companion readers. The old Highlander could not read, so that all he knew came to him by oral tradition handed down from old days, when they told such stories round the fire kindled in the middle of the floor of a cottage.

These houses had no chimneys, the smoke going up through a hole in the thatch of the roof. Except where castles were built by Norman families or the rude round towers like apothecaries' mortars placed upside down were seen on hill or promontory of the sea, there were no better dwellings. There was much fir and birchwood in the glens, giving cover which has now almost disappeared.

From the Highland railway you see a pretty stream called the Tummel. On its banks Bruce heard from one of his friends that De Valence was encamped at Methven Bridge, near Perth. It was with a force of Highlanders that Robert advanced and called on Sir Aylmer to surrender. The reply came back that, although it was too late to fight that evening, Bruce would find him ready on the morrow. The Highlanders kept bad watch, and Sir Aylmer, rightly believing that they would think his message meant no fighting till the day, made a night attack and routed them.

The disaster caused Robert Bruce to begin that wandering life which made him hide in the Argyll country, where his brother-in-law, Sir Neil Campbell, had influence. It is a mountainous land, full of intricate inlets of the sea, called lochs, which run up far inland. The waters reflect wild woods and tumbled hills, which give good hiding.

But the MacNaughtons, the Macnabs, the MacLeans, the MacPhersons and the Macdougalls, whose chief was brother-in-law to the "Red Comyn," were all against him. Macdougall of Lorne was his bitterest enemy, for Robert had found out that Comyn was a traitor to him, pretending friendship while secretly arranging for his capture, and overcome with loathing and hatred, Robert had killed him before the high altar in a church. The penance for this crime was to be the hiding like a hunted beast for weary years, and after the chimaera of glory in the red field of Bannockburn to die a victim of leprosy. So are the greatest in this world abused and raised up and again cast down. And while we follow him through some perils of his time of trial, so wondrously overcome, we must think of the constant peril lurking in the dark woods, in the coming of every sail up the deep lochs, in the uncertainty lest an enemy be found wherever a hotel seemed to offer cheer to desperate hunger; for there were always merciless enemies about, resolved to compass his ruin, and the lonely hills and caves were well known to many of his enemies and could not afford any lasting protection. Then, for instance, the Bruce had resolved on visiting Sir Neil Camp-

bell, and had been set upon by the Macdougalls at Dalry, a wide strath, wood-covered, with here and there a mass of jutting rocks and one lonely lakelet, was the scene of another disastrous encounter, and Robert had again to fly. As he passed by a house the pursuit was aided by three fresh enemies whose presence was totally unexpected. A weaver and his two sons appeared at the door of the hut and shouted to the pursuers to get hold of the man with the cloak. They did not know that the cloak covered a battle axe, and leaped after the fugitive. And he, sore pressed, made for a swamp, and as the sons of the weaver came up to him he swung round on them, knocking them both down. But the father, coming up an instant later, got hold of the mantle and, although struck by Bruce, retained his grasp and fell, gripping the cloak with his brooch, called now the Brooch of Lorne and still in possession of the descendant of the chief who on that day came so near to saving King Edward from the disgrace of Bannockburn!

It was a goodly cave, for it was forty-five feet broad, with a recess where one or two horses could be kept and crevices on each side like guard chambers and a chair cut in stone. As soon as they ventured north of the long headland of Kintyre they encountered their enemies the Macdougalls where they least expected them. Thinking there were unknown, they entered the house of a chief who was celebrating a wedding in his family. They were not aware of the company hidden to the feast.

"No one shall be turned from my door," said the chief, when they asked for a night's lodging. But as they talked the chief thought he knew them. He ushered them into the hall and bade them be seated, and there on the opposite side of the table were their foes, the Macdougalls! But the Bruces were not recognized, and, haggard with privation, they were not likely to be.

The Macdougalls gazed curiously at Robert and his brother Edward. Whence have you come?" they asked the brothers. "We have come from the south." "And whither are you going?" Edward Bruce answered: "We are going north to visit the Western Isles."

"Have you heard if the traitor Robert Bruce has passed?" asked one of the Macdougalls. "Robert Bruce is not a traitor. He is the lawful heir to the crown of Scotland," replied Edward, boldly. Each speaker rose and drew his sword, and the company rose with them, but the host took Bruce's part, and the Macdougalls, seeing themselves outnumbered, left the hall, and so the wedding feast was spoiled. But the host, who was one of the MacDonald clan, acknowledged that he knew them and saluted with them, helping them, and was able to guard them against several attempts on their lives. At one time they were attacked while sleeping at night in an outhouse. At another they were lured by false fire signals and narrowly escaped from enemies too numerous to

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Children's Corner

A LITTLE KICKER.

I don't kick and romp with glee 'Cause the summer days are here, I'm not filled with joy to see Scented flowers all appear, And the balmy atmosphere Doesn't make me hop with vim, What's the matter? Ma jest said: "Don't you dare go down to swim."

Merry thoughts don't rise in me, As the daisies they come out, I'm not filled with ecstasy As the bees they buzz about: I'm not filled up to the spout With a lot of lazy wishin', What's the use? Ma jest said: "Don't you dare to go off fishin'!"

I don't dream the livelong day Underneath a shady tree, And if winter'd cared to stay 'Twould have been the same to me; Summer don't fill me with glee And I wish that it would pass. What's the use? Ma jest said: "Don't you lie on that damp grass." -F. P. PITZER.

Many years ago I heard a very pretty legend which I will try to repeat for you from memory. In northern Italy there was a band of robbers who had their hiding place in a cave in the mountains. Their captain was a bad man as you may well imagine, but remembering one lesson his mother had taught him, he used to say an occasional "Hail Mary."

One day he heard that a rich traveller was on his way through the mountains and he determined to waylay and rob him. So he took his station in a clump of trees and watched hour after hour for his victim to appear. Just before dark, he heard a voice as if some one were praying out loud. He softly crept near and there he saw the village cobbler who had gone to the forest to pour out his sorrows and troubles to the Blessed Mother.

The half-starved cobbler had a large family of children, the youngest one a wee babe of a few days old, and he was begging Our Lady to inspire some one who might be able to relieve the family in its poverty and distress, to stand as god-father to the baby who had not yet been baptized.

The robber chief was at first amused then touched by the man's evicted faith in the Blessed Mother's intercession, so he pulled his cloak about him (for you know Italian brigands always wear cloaks) and bringing up to the cobbler, said, "My good fellow, I will stand god-father to your little one. When is it to be christened?"

The cobbler joyfully told him that on the following Sunday afternoon at the village church after Vespers the ceremony would take place.

"Then," said the robber chief, "I'll be there waiting for the christening party. Here is my purse. Go and make your good wife and the little ones happy."

Such a well-filled purse the cobbler had never seen before, and away he hurried home after thanking the stranger for his generosity. You may imagine with what joy the hungry ones in the humble cabin ate a great supper that night and blessed their unknown benefactor.

Sunday came around and the christening party with the cobbler proudly in the lead was at the church punctually. There standing behind one of the pillars was the stranger who quickly stepped up to the baptismal font.

The ceremony was soon over but no one knew that the god-father was the dreaded robber chief for whose head the Government had set a great price.

Before departing he gave the happy cobbler another purse, then he was off and way to the mountains to join his band.

The story goes, and of course it must be true, that that very night the baby died, its sweet pure soul winging its flight to the very portals of Heaven, where it stopped and asked St. Peter to have the Blessed Mother come to the gate, which, of course, St. Peter did very promptly.

When the Blessed Lady came to the gates she smiled on the babe and said, "Come in, my little one, and be welcomed." But you would hardly believe it, the little one replied, "Dear Mother, I want to wait here for my god-father and take him in with me." "Why you dear child," said the Blessed Lady, "your god-father is a bad man and a robber and Heaven isn't made for such people, so come in, my dear."

"No," said the little one, "I must have my god-father brought here or I can't go in." Then the dear, good Lady gave the child a golden goblet and told it to bring it back when filled with the penitential tears of the brigand. Swiftly at the light travels, the child was at the robber's side whispering thoughts of repentance. The unhappy man was on his knees, weeping and sobbing out a "Hail Mary." Suddenly there dawned upon him the thought that he must repent and be saved, and he prayed with increasing fervor, while tears streamed down his cheeks. And the little Angel god-child was there all un- seen catching every tear in the precious cup, which at last was filled to the brim. Then it winged its way to the Jasper gates and the Bless-

ed Mother seeing it coming hastened to welcome it. It pleased God just at that time to send a sudden death to the robber chief, and as no priest was near to hear his confession, his tears and his sighs were accepted and so his soul, cleansed from all sin, was accompanied into Heaven by the dear little god-child. It has been many a long year since I heard that story, but thinking it might please you in this beautiful month of Our Lady, I have tried to tell it as I remembered it from my childhood.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

We are but little children weak, Nor born in any high estate; What can we do for Jesus' sake Who is so high and good and great?

We know the Holy Innocents Laid down for Him their infant life, And martyrs brave and patient saints Have stood for Him in fire and strife.

We wear the cross they wore of old, Our lips have learned like vows to make; We need not die; we cannot fight; What may we do for Jesus' sake?

O, day by day, each Christian child Has much to do, without, within; A death to die for Jesus' sake, A weary war to wage with sin.

When deep within our swelling hearts The thoughts of pride and anger rise, When bitter words are on our tongues, And tears of passion in our eyes;

Then we may stay the angry blow, Then we may check the hasty word, Give gentle answers back again, And fight a battle for our Lord.

With smiles of peace and looks of love, Light in our dwellings we may make, Bid kind good humor brighten there, And do all still for Jesus' sake.

There's not a child so small and weak But has her little cross to take, Her little work of love and praise That she may do for Jesus' sake.

A FAIRY TALE.

Once upon a time, as most fairy stories begin, there lived in a large city a little girl who was very much dissatisfied because she could not have her own way in everything. And she was very selfish, too, giving no thought to the comfort of others until she was first tended to. One day she came to her mother and said: "Mamma, I want a new cloak, for you see it is getting cold and the snow will be here before you know it."

"But I cannot afford to buy you a cloak," said the mother. "Why not?" asked the little girl, pettishly. "Because I haven't the money to spare; besides your brother needs an overcoat. Wear your cloak for a while longer, my dear."

"Well, I won't, and so there!" The little girl had no sooner uttered these words than she slammed the door and went upstairs to her room. For a long time she lay on the bed crying with vexation. Finally she arose and went to the closet where she kept her clothes and took down the old cloak.

"Hateful old thing!" she exclaimed, flinging the garment across the room. "I'll never wear you again."

At that moment she caught sight of her own reflection in the looking-glass over her bureau, and she was startled at beholding such a face that she did not recognize herself at all. "Keep on, keep on," said a tiny voice. "You'll soon make yourself old and ugly."

The little girl was surprised, but not frightened, for the voice did not sound harsh. "Speak again, please," she begged, "and let me see you."

"Not until you smile," said the mysterious voice. "I don't like smiling, for I am very much vexed," said the little girl. "Are you a fairy?"

"Yes." "Oh, come quickly and let me see you." Then she smiled very sweetly, and the fairy showed herself—a tiny creature, all dressed in white—and she stood on a pin cushion.

"Pick up your cloak, little girl, and hang it on the hook." The little girl obeyed. "Now, then, listen to me," went on the fairy. "Remember that cloak you so much despise has given you so much warmth. Yes, but it's old now," said the little girl.

"True, but not too old to give you still more warmth. Would you have your little brother go out without an overcoat and freeze?" "Oh, dear, no!" "Then have patience. Think of your mother and your brother, and not of yourself. Above all things, don't get angry again."

"Why not?" asked the little girl. "Anger brings wrinkles and unhappiness. Shall I come again?" "Yes, indeed. Come often. And, dear little fairy, forgive me for acting upon him the thought that he must repent and be saved, and he prayed with increasing fervor, while tears streamed down his cheeks. And the little Angel god-child was there all un- seen catching every tear in the precious cup, which at last was filled to the brim. Then it winged its way to the Jasper gates and the Bless-

said as she entered the room: "Mamma, why, my cloak isn't so old as I thought. I'm not going to get angry again, because I don't want to be naughty and have wrinkles before I get old—truly old—you know." And the little girl kept her promise and was very happy, because she thought more of others than she did of herself.

BE BRAVE CHILDREN ON ALL OCCASIONS.

No boy or girl likes to be called coward and yet nothing is more common among boys and girls than a sneaky little fear of saying a brave "No." Strength is admirable. You know how to help torment or ridicule some poor child or animal may be called "goody-good," and be sneered at for the moment, but he may be sure of his companions' respect in the end; and even if he is not sure of that, he has done a manly thing, and laid one stone in the foundation of a strong character.

Girls are smaller than boys in their cruelties, and it is hard for them to stand bravely up for the "queer" girl whom everybody snubs, but the right act at the right moment is the crown of a noble girl. As tiny insects build the beautiful coral islands, so little acts of kindness, bravery, or self-denial form the structure of a strong and beautiful character.

A Pardonable Deception

(By Lady Gilbert.)

Two young married women were sitting by the fire in a dressing room of an English country house at the hour of 1 o'clock in the morning. The elder had beauty expressive of a strong, tender character. The younger, a rag-featured, piquant little creature with eyes full of curiosity, was speaking.

"So you married a poor man?" "A distinguished soldier." "I know; still—"

"Exactly; I will gratify you, for if I do not tell you the truth you will invent a fiction." The inquisitive one laughed and nodded. She who was willing to be communicative continued:

"You know I was without family or kindred, heiress of a large income and a beautiful old home. After my school days I attached myself to a good lady who travelled with me over a great deal of the world, for I felt unbearably solitary in this place, and I had a lively desire to visit other countries and have the experience of other lives besides my own. After some years, my dear companion having died, I found myself here, alone except for servants and the neighbors and acquaintances, who made me an object of their attentions."

"I wonder you did not marry at once," interrupted the inquirer. "Many wondered; but partly because my friend had warned me, perhaps too urgently, against mercenary men, a good deal because I had not been edified or attracted by any of the marriages I had seen, and I suppose, with a sudden smile, "because I had not met with the man who was happily my fate. I shrank from all suggestions of the kind and held on with both hands to my liberty."

"After a season or two of pleasure in both town and country, I craved for another change. Ungrateful for my endowments I envied some others their poverty, and at last resolved to taste an experience which it seemed that Providence had hardly ordained for me. I allowed my friends to suppose that I was bent on further foreign wanderings, wound up my affairs in preparation for a long absence, committed my home once more to the guardianship of my trusted housekeeper, and departed this (society) life."

"Imagine me then in St. Thomas' Hospital, in cap and apron, studying hard to fit myself for first-class work as a nursing sister."

"Oh, that was what you did, was it?" broke in the listener. "How quiet you kept it! My dear, I wish I had seen you in the cap; it must have been so becoming to you."

"It was different from this," said the narrator, touching the diamond star in her hair, "but I liked it well. There was no time to think about being conspicuous; I was thoroughly sick of all that, and had left it with my laces and jewels at my banker's. What I wanted was work worth doing, and assurance that my suffering fellow creatures were ever such a little bit the better for my existence."

The listener made a little grimace and smiled. "You were always so odd, dear," she said indulgently. "Just as I finished my term and received all my qualifications, the war broke out, and I was soon in the thick of it, for I was of the very first band of nurses dispatched to the front."

"I can't believe it. You were not afraid of being shot, or blood poisoned, or terrified into fits?" "I just felt that I was living in earnest."

"Come to the point, however. Where did you meet him?" "I think the very first time I saw him was when he lay in the hospital bed in Pretoria covered with blood. You shrink at the thought. I did not at the sight. I went to work to help the surgeon and to make the patient as comfortable as I could after a cruel operation."

"And he fell in love with you on the spot?" "He wasn't in a condition for any

such prompt proceeding. He required all his energies to wrestle with the fever through which I nursed him. The first time I spoke to him about anything beyond his medicine and nourishment and the ease of his pillows was after he had been some time convalescent—one day when I saw a particularly sad look on his brown face and asked if I could do anything for him; perhaps write a letter to his friends. He thanked me and said he had no relatives, no one would be specially interested in hearing about him; and I thought it a pity that somebody should not be glad of his recovery as well as of the distinctions that awaited him."

"So you began to be glad yourself?" "I did my best to cheer him, and on the long, hot summer evenings while I was fanning him we had many a quiet conversation. He was much interested in all the nurses, was always admiring their skill and gentleness, deploring their fatigues, which he considered more to be pitied than the sufferings of their patients."

"And you were jealous?" "No. I thought of him only as a sick man under my care, and was pleased to amuse him with whatever discourse he might fancy. One day he gave me his ideas about the nursing vocation, which included the opinion that ladies with home, money and position ought not to forsake their more immediate duties for the hospital, but that the career of the care of the sick should be left open to those women who needed an occupation and the means of obtaining a livelihood. I thought it for the moment a profane and disappointing theory, but on reflection I admitted that it was a kindly one with regard to the less favored by fortune of our sex. I felt from that moment, however, that if he knew my little history I should be under his disapproval, and I allowed him to rank me among the mercenary to whom he had given his sympathy."

"So you already felt—" "That he was going to love me if I did not take pains to disenchant him; and partly because he was a sick and lonely man, partly for some other reason that I could not quite understand. I felt no inclination to do any such thing. I knew he was a poor soldier and that he thought I was a poor nurse, and I thought if this man is going to love me, why, I shall not allow the dross of the world, which is, unfortunately, mine, to hinder him. I kept my dreadful secret, and long before he was fit to leave the hospital he had asked me to be his wife and I had accepted him."

"You—you didn't mind at all about his being lame?" "Mind it? Yes, I did. I loved him the more for it. Loved him the better, because, though brave and distinguished, he was no longer fit for service. He had the vaguest ideas of how we were to live. We had very little money between us when we went on board ship to return to England, for my bankbook was buried deep in the bottom of my trunk, and I did not dare display more money than just as much as I had earned by my labors in the hospital. I urged him not to think about money, as I was a capital manager and knew how to make a little go a long way. I was exceedingly happy, knowing all that I was able to do for him, yet I found myself in a serious dilemma. The question was, How could I break the news that I had deceived him?"

"I had been humored to the top of my bent in marrying a man who loved me for myself, in ignorance that I possessed a fortune. He must be a strange man, indeed, I thought, if later on, when the truth came to his knowledge, he were to prove displeased or disappointed. But the fact remained that I had married him under false pretences, and I felt ashamed of it."

"I felt also unwilling to hasten the inevitable moment which should see me even in seeming loss the enviable position of a woman who has been sought by the man she loves for love and love alone; and so too short passed without my having said one word to enlighten him as to the future of ease and luxury which I had provided for him."

"While he took his convalescent nap on deck in the afternoons I paced up and down thinking out my difficulty. The time was coming when I must have my mind made up as to what steps I was to take, for I had resolved not to allow my whim or mistake to cost him one day of less comfort than I was able to bestow on him. At last I hit on a plan. You know Beatrix. She is my dearest friend, so much so that she might have kept me from the hospital experience if only she had not always been so bent on marrying me to some one of her acquaintances. I wrote to her and posted the letter at a convenient moment to travel by a faster going vessel than our own. The letter ran somewhat like this:

"My Dear Beatrix: I am travelling to England with my husband, a distinguished and at present invalid soldier, who is under the impression that he has married a penniless nurse. You can help me to break the truth to him gracefully. I know your husband is spending the summer in his yacht. Will you take possession of my house and invite me and my husband to spend some weeks with you? I shall rely on you to act well the hostess, and when I see you I will tell you the sequel."

"The result of this stroke of genius was an invitation from Beatrix which awaited us when we arrived at our hotel.

"He was a little unwilling at first, but I overruled all his objections, and as soon as possible we were established as the guests of Beatrix here in our own comfortable home. "Of course I found my way to my wardrobe, and it was sweet to see my husband's surprise when he saw me dressed for dinner. I had put on the first pretty gown I found; it happened to be a white satin, and naturally it made a change in my appearance. "This is charming, Marv," he said, "but, my dear—"

"I knew what he meant. "Beatrix had done me my old frocks in charge," I said, "You know I am a lady—"

"That I always knew," he said gravely, but I saw by the slight cloud on his face that he feared I had a taste for expensive things which he could not give me. "You were good not to ask any one to meet us," I said to Beatrix at table. "Max is hardly ready for society as yet."

"I guessed you would not care for a house party at present," she said, "or else I should have gratified some friends who are anxious to see you." "Quiet, happy days went past. It was delightful to see Max enjoy his comforts, to hear him admiring our surroundings of park and woodland, or commending the good taste of Beatrix in the arrangements of her house. "Once I ventured to say to him, "Wouldn't it be nice if you and I had a home like this, all to ourselves, every bit our own?" "Don't let us covet our neighbor's goods," he answered playfully. "We had been here six weeks and the time had flown. Every morning when I arose I made a half resolution to tell him the truth before that day wore out, and yet somehow a nice opportunity never seemed to offer itself. Dear Beatrix was very patient, and I knew that her sense of humor enabled her to enjoy a situation which many would have thought a bore. Still, she warned me that her yachting husband would soon be on the return way, and that her own home would claim her. As the leaves began to turn yellow on the trees I pondered my dilemma and acknowledged that I had only deepened my difficulties by my cunning plot. "It had come to this, that I feared nothing except lowering myself in my husband's estimation by confessing that I had deliberately deceived him. "Meanwhile I was recklessly airing a variety of pretty frocks, and even some of the old family jewelry. Max said:

"Mary, you look charming in all these pretty decorations, yet sometimes I think regretfully of my white-coiffed maiden." That was both hard and sweet to hear. He also said: "I begin to think you must have belonged to people who were once exceedingly well to do. And I fear—"

"That I am one of those rich women whom you dislike, who left their luxuries for the hospital."

"I did not mean to say that," he said, but he began to appear troubled and restless at making so long a stay in the hospitable house of another. I felt that matters were coming to a crisis, and yet I do not know how I should have acted, for I was growing more and more nervous and demoralized, had not Beatrix suddenly at breakfast one morning cut the knot by saying:

"Now, Mary, I shall really be obliged to leave you to-morrow. I have enjoyed my visit extremely, but will be coming home and I must be there to welcome him."

"Max raised his eyes and looked from her to me, then quietly went on with his breakfast. He had seen us both smile and thought we were making a frivolous joke which seemed to him rather meaningless. But Beatrix was desperate. "Have I not done the honors very nicely?" she said, looking full at Max. "I have played housekeeper to Mary in her own house that she might imagine she was somewhere else passing her second honeymoon."

"Max looked at her silently and gravely. "If this jest amuses you," he said, "I can make no objection to humor one who has been so kind to us." "Oh!" said Beatrix, "this will never do. Mary, speak out. Colonel Max, your wife has no courage."

"At the word 'courage' my husband's eyes, which had been fixed on me sternly, softened. "She has courage," he said. His thought had gone back to the hospital. "Oh, Max!" I said, and I began weeping like a calumniated child, "I am really that dreadful woman you disapprove of."

"Beatrix was gone and I was in my husband's arms. It took us a month to talk the matter out, but after that he became reconciled to the inevitable. "You lucky woman!" said the inquisitive one, putting her handkerchief to her eyes as the clock struck three in the wintry morning.—The Sphere.

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Sunlight Soap will not injure your blankets or harden them. It will make them soft, white and fleecy.

McClary's Mammoth New Foundries Formally Opened

Over 5,000 Employees and Their Friends Join in a Huge Picnic Given by the McClary Co.

The mammoth new addition to the plant of the McClary Manufacturing Company, at London, Ont., was opened on Saturday, June 6th, by a picnic and banquet, over 1,600 people sitting down at one time at the latter.

The story of the growth of the McClary Manufacturing Company is inseparable from the history of London in the last fifty years. To-day it is the most important industry in that splendid city. It altogether eclipses in magnitude any other concern in the west. The value of the vast works to the municipality is not easily to be estimated. Consequently, every citizen is interested in knowing, that immense as are the present proportions of the plant, they have not reached the climax of expansion.

Saturday's festivities but marked another epoch in the history of the great company. It was as the passing of one more milestone in the leap forward toward yet greater magnitude. The merry-making of hundreds upon hundreds of employees, with a grand gathering of their friends, seemed as the heralding of a works of the near future beside which the plant of to-day will pale much of its present impressiveness. All the elements which make for growth are wrapped up in the McClary Company, its strength is enormous. Its foundations are laid firm and deep in the hearts of the Canadian people.

The McClary works of to-day practically sprang into being in 1847. The original proprietors were Messrs. John and Oliver McClary, who began as manufacturers of tinware. John superintended the manufacture and Oliver of the sales. The goods were disposed of through peddlers. Interesting stories might be told of the difficulties which confronted the earnest business men who probably little thought of what the future had in store for the industry they were inaugurating. Cash transactions were very few. Nearly all trading was done in sheepskins, wool, beeswax, dried apples, maple sugar and similar commodities. Subsequently the firm went into the manufacture of agricultural implements, but discontinued it in 1875.

The plant which now occupies the greater part of the large block bounded by York, Clarence, King and Wellington streets, was comparatively insignificant in 1876. Still, there was then in active operation a blacksmith shop, foundry, japan shop and tinware factory. To-day the opportunities for growth in this quarter have been exhausted, and the circumstances find the company compelled to inaugurate a new plant where they may grow to their heart's content. The present plant is in no sense to be deserted. It is far too important for such contemplation, even in the distant future. But it will be devoted to the production of certain lines, while the new plant will be directed more especially toward the turning out of the heavier goods, principally for the stove department. In all kinds of tinware and enamelled goods the McClary Company are doing an ever-increasing trade, and the centralization of the stupendous plant upon their production will greatly facilitate matters.

It is chiefly with regard to the new plant that this story has to do. Practically it is as if a new industry had been inaugurated here. The stove works which the company, because of press of business, were compelled to undertake in Hamilton not long ago, will be closed up as soon as practicable, and the whole work of manufacturing will be carried on in this city. The stove department will be pushed as it perhaps has never before. With the huge facilities which are now at the disposal of the company it is easy to see how they will reach out and capture yet more and more trade. Their stoves and products of all kinds need no introduction to the market. Already the McClary Company have branches in all important centres, and their goods are found in the uttermost parts of civilized Canada.

THE NEW WORKS.

Description of the Magnitude of the Plant Just Added.

The casual visitor to the south side of the city, where the Port Stanley tracks shoot out for their run toward the lake, will meet a pleasant surprise should he journey that way any day now. He will see where but recently were goose pastures a series of imposing brick and cement and glass buildings. A little closer inspection, and he will notice that they are a veritable hive of industry. Could he but obtain a glance within doors

anywhere he will see myriads of men at work. All is rush, but all is order. Industry's sons are busy. Some are doing this, and some that, but the resultant whole is the production of goods that shortly will be speeding away upon trains to distant points, east, west, north and south. Already trains are being loaded with the finished product. A train of freight cars is at this door taking on a load of goods ready for the retail shops of the country and town and city. In fact, the grounds are a network of railway tracks. Switches seem to run here, there and everywhere. Cars that bear raw material run to this door, while the goods complete are taken from another.

As has perhaps already been made plain, the new plant is designed chiefly to meet the demand for McClary stoves. It is a huge stove works, having moulding shops and finishing departments second to none anywhere, as regards size, completeness or viewed from any standpoint whatsoever. The new moulding shop is one of the most extensive and complete in the country, and is the largest in Canada devoted to the stove and furnace business. The greatest effort was put forward by the company in undertaking its construction to ensure its being in every particular, great and small, the most convenient and modern moulding shop possible for human brains to produce.

The shop has a dimension of 200 by 220 feet. It is built on the "saw-tooth" principle, which is the acme of modern architectural skill in the matter of furnishing light to the shops without permitting the direct rays of the sun to enter at any point. In a moulding shop this is a very decided advantage, as were the hot rays of a summer day sun to shine into the always intensely warm moulding department life would be unbearable for the workmen. The new shops are expected to afford a wonderful degree of comfort to the hundreds of men who in the succeeding years may be expected to be kept busy in this great hive of industry.

The manner by which the direct beams of the sun are excluded and an abundance of light yet admitted is very simple. The "saw-tooth" construction is so arranged that by making the north side of the series of roofs of the building entirely of glass the interior of the shops are practically as well lighted as if they were roofless, while the glass adds in no degree to the temperature of the interior.

An enormous quantity of glass is consumed in the construction. There are seven sides of roofs built entirely of glass set in frames. Each has a dimension of 12 by 160 feet. The opposite sides of the roofs are prepared asphalt. In addition to the glass roofs there are sixty-five large windows in the walls of the building. The moulding shop proper is 200 by 180 feet, the balance of the building being required for what is known as a "scratch" shop, where castings are sent immediately upon being made to be cleaned up. The moulding shop is in one immense room, its huge proportions striking the visitor very forcibly upon entering.

The foundations of the moulding shop are of Portland cement concrete, and the outer walls are of brick. The roof is supported by iron columns as well.

A very economical arrangement in reference to the operation of the cupola has been possible owing to the fact that the land at the north side of the buildings is at such a height, coal and iron may be brought in at a level with the cupola door, sixteen feet above the floor of the moulding shop. The advantage of this will at once appear evident to all who are familiar with the operation of a work of this description. The iron may be raised so that it will run out of the lower opening of the cupola at the floor level of its own accord. The cupola is placed in the centre of the building to facilitate the handling of the iron. The floors are arranged with division walls three feet high, with shelves for flasks and patterns. When the iron has been deposited upon the moulding floors it is gathered up by means of railways, and is then conveyed to the scratching shop, where it is deposited into cleaning and tumbling mills operated by electric motors. The whole plant is operated practically by electricity. The blower for the cupola is placed on the floor adjoining the cupola, and is operated with a fifty horse-power motor. The upper end of the scratching shop is fitted up with storage rooms, lavatories, closets and dressing rooms for the workmen.

FIRST CEMENT FACTORY.

Stove-Mounting Building Indestructible by Fire.

The stove-mounting building is next in importance to the moulding shop. It is a construction unique as yet in the city. Built entirely of concrete, from the ground to the roof, it has a substantial appearance. The exterior of the walls is faced with plaster and ruled off to represent the jointing of a stone structure. The building is two stories in height and has dimensions of 82 by 307 feet. The interior is finished in smooth plaster. The ground floor is of concrete. The first floor is supported by iron columns and wooden beams. There are no joints. The upper floor is of expanded metal, imbedded in concrete. Danger from fire is practically eliminated. The fire underwriters declared that fire protection within the build-

ing was unnecessary. The roof is constructed upon what is known as the mill principle. It is covered with two-inch planking, matched and dressed, and is then covered with prepared asphalt. The lighting is a feature of the building. There are altogether 275 windows and four thousand lights.

The power house for this immense plant is necessarily an important part. It is built of brick, with stone foundation, and has dimensions of 104 by 52 feet. The roof is also of mill construction. There are no rafters, and no place for fire to fasten itself. Installed in this building will be four boilers, of 150 horse-power each. The fuel will be fed by Jones' patent underfeed stokers, which is said to be a great fuel saver. The steam plant is declared by experts to be one of the most complete in the Province, and is not equalled in the west. Two large Leonard-Ball engines will be placed in the engine-room, with direct connecting dynamos. These will produce the electricity for operating the machinery in the foundry and stove-mounting buildings. There is also an air-compressing plant, for special use in the stove-mounting building and for the elevators. In the basement of the engine room there is located the pumps and condenser apparatus. The water feed will be taken from a collecting pond close by the river. The condenser water will be secured from the spring which was unearthed when the foundations for one of the buildings was being taken out. City water is supplied for drinking purposes.

To the firm of Moore & Henry, architects, belong the credit of having designed and superintended to completion the whole of the construction work.

As has been already said, the plant is in all respects a model one. It opens up a new section of the city to manufacturing purposes, and some day not far distant, there will be many additions thereto, in all probability. The railway connection makes it possible to reach all lines running into the city except the C. P. R., and it is hoped that before long a line will connect with the railway on the north side.

THE MARKET REPORTS.

British and Canadian Live Stock Quotations—Wheat is Firm.

Tuesday Evening, June 9.

Toronto St. Lawrence Market.

The total grain receipts amounted to 1,850 bushels. Wheat—Two hundred bushels of white sold at 75c per bushel, 300 of red sold at 74c and 200 of goose sold at 77c. Oats—Six hundred bushels sold at 50c to 55c per bushel. Dressed Hogs—Continues rather quiet, with quotations unchanged. Light weight hogs are quoted at 77.50 to 78 per cwt. Heavy hogs at 76.50 to 77.50. Butter—There was very little offering, not more than one or two farmers having stores for sale. Quotations are steady at 16c to 18c per pound. Eggs—Offerings were light and trade was quiet. Prices continue about steady at 15c to 17c per dozen. Hay—About 20 loads were on the market. No. 1 timothy is quoted at \$12 to \$13 per ton, and mixed or clover is slightly firmer at \$7 to \$8. Straw—Four loads were in, and all sold at \$5 per ton.

Cheese Markets.

Ingersoll, June 9.—Only one lot of 120 boxes offered to-day, 3 to 7 June make, which sold on the board at 10c. First week of June about all sold through the week, and some even having the present week sold, at prices ranging from 10c to 10 1/2c. Campbellford, June 9.—At Campbellford Cheese Board meeting to-day, 1,500 boxes of white Bales—McGrath 350, Cook 400, Alexandria 120, Hodgson Bros. 330, Brenton 250, all at 10 1/2c.

Toronto Live Stock.

Trade was decidedly dull and draggy at the Toronto Cattle Market to-day. The demand for both butcher and export cattle showed less activity, while the run of cattle offering was heavy, totaling 135 cars. This condition of affairs resulted in a drop in prices to the extent of about 10c per cwt. in the case of cattle, and even at this reduction in the prices asked a number of the offerings were left unsold. Drivers are thus losing money on their stock, and unless there is a very much better tone to Thursday's trade they stand little chance of evening up. The 18 car lot on the market included 1,832 cattle, 1,290 sheep and lambs, 822 hogs, and 36 calves. Export Cattle—On the news of a decline in the English cattle market, coupled with the fact that present wants are pretty well supplied, 88 cars of heavy cattle having passed through here Saturday on the way to England, dealers felt very little buying to-day, and then took only the best cattle offering. The demand therefor was weak. To make matters worse, the run of cattle was heavy, and quite a few of the cattle were left unsold. Prices declined about 10c per cwt. Choice cattle sold at \$4.50 to \$4.90 per cwt, and medium grade at \$4.30 to \$4.40. A large percentage of the offerings were of poor to medium quality, and many of these were sold as short feeders. Butcher Cattle—The demand for cattle was easier, especially in the heavier grades. Light cattle were in moderate demand. The run of cattle offering was large, and on account of this trade was a little slow, some cattle being left over at the end of the market. Prices showed a decline of about 10c per cwt. The picked lots selling at about \$4.70 to \$4.90. Choice cattle ran at about \$4.50 to \$4.60, and fair to good at \$4.20 to \$4.40. Stockers and Feeders—There were few cattle of this class offering, and trade was slow. A few short-keep feeders were picked up from among the lighter exporters, but there was practically nothing done in other kinds. Prices all round continued unchanged as quoted. Milch Cows—The market was fairly active. A number of good cows were offered, and trade was good. The range of prices continued about steady at \$27 to \$35 each. Calves—Trade had a firmer feeling on account of the light run. Prices, however, are unchanged at \$7 to \$10 each, and 45c to 50c per pound. Everything was sold and trade was good. Sheep and Lambs—The run was heavy, but trade was fairly active, and nearly everything was sold. The offerings of spring lambs were too heavy, and trade in this line was little dull. Export sheep were plentiful, and somewhat draggy. Quotations all round are unchanged. Hogs—Despite the moderate run prices declined 10c to 15c per cwt. Selects are now quoted at 5c to 6c and lights and fat at \$5.50.

The great deeds of history have always been men of faith. Honestly coupled with beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar. A house is never perfectly furnished unless there is a child in it.

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PENITENTIARY SUPPLIES

SEALED TENDERS addressed "Inspectors of Penitentiaries, Ottawa," and endorsed "Tenders for Supplies," will be received until Monday, 22nd June, inclusive, from parties desirous of contracting for supplies for the fiscal year 1903-1904, for the following institutions, namely: Kingston Penitentiary, St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary, Dorchester Penitentiary, Manitoba Penitentiary, British Columbia Penitentiary, Regina Jail, Prince Albert Jail.

Separate tenders will be received for each of the following classes of supplies: 1. Flour (Canadian-Strong Baker's). 2. Beef and mutton (fresh). 3. Forage. 4. Coal (anthracite and bituminous). 5. Cordwood. 6. Groceries. 7. Coal oil (in barrels). 8. Dry Goods. 9. Drugs and Medicines. 10. Leather and Findings. 11. Hardware, Tinware, Paints, etc. 12. Lumber. 13. Tea.

Details of information as to form of contract, together with forms of tender, will be furnished on application to the Wardens of the various institutions. All supplies are subject to the approval of the Warden or Jailor. All tenders submitted must specify clearly the institution, or institutions, which it is proposed to supply, and must bear the endorsement of at least two responsible sureties. Papers inserting this notice without authority from the King's Printer will not be paid therefor. DOUGLAS STEWART, GEO. W. DAWSON, Inspector of Penitentiaries, Department of Justice, Ottawa, May 29, 1903.

TRIED AGAIN AND WAS CURED

A Bailey, after Repeated Disappointments, used Dodd's Kidney Pills. And now his Old Pain is Gone for Good and he Can do any Kind of Stoopng or Lifting Work.

Winnipeg, Man., June 8.—(Special).—So many deaths are now charged to Kidney Disease and ailments resulting from disordered Kidneys that the cure of Mr. H. Bailey, of 256 Patrick street, of this city, is being widely discussed. Mr. Bailey says: "Some time ago I suffered a lot with pains across my back and in the region of the Kidneys. I had spent considerable money in England treating this ailment, but got no permanent relief. "All by chance I read of some wonderful cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills and though my previous failures made me hesitate I finally decided to try them. It was a fortunate thing for me that I did. "After taking three boxes, I found myself perfectly free from any pain whatever, no matter what stooping or lifting work I do, I never have the old pain. "It is now two years since I was cured, and I think in justice to Dodd's Kidney Pills, I have the right to recommend them to anyone suffering from Kidney Disease."

Portrait of Pope Leo XIII.

Magnificent Reproduction of Molthe's Celebrated Work

An EXCEPTIONAL OFFER to readers of The Catholic Register.

So general is the interest taken in the character and person of Pope Leo XIII., who has now exceeded the days of Peter on the Pontifical throne, that a faithful and authoritative picture of His Holiness is demanded in every Catholic home. The Register has entered into a contract for a large quantity of the reproduced magnificent portrait made by the celebrated artist, J. A. Molthe, who, in the execution of this work, has had the advantage of constant criticisms and advice of high dignitaries of the Church, the latter devoting unusual time in going over the details of this painting with the artist, so that it would be as near perfection as anything that has ever been brought out. Those who have been favored by His Holiness with an audience, exclaim over the remarkable likeness in this painting, "It is, indeed, a portrait absolutely true to life."

RICHNESS OF THE WORK REPRODUCED. The work has been gotten out at an expense of over \$5,000, the lithograph being finished in twelve separate printings on the highest grade of chromo paper, and has been treated in a very artistic manner. The value of this picture is almost beyond calculation, since it is the very latest, and in all probability will be the last picture ever gotten out from such authoritative sources as have been used in preparing this picture. And the remarkable strength of body, as well as of mind, of Leo XIII. is now the subject of universal comment, making him one of the most interesting men of our time. So faithful a likeness and so magnificent a work of art as the present picture is, therefore, of incalculable value to everyone.

THE REGISTER'S SPECIAL OFFER. The exact measurement of this magnificent picture is 28x22 inches. It has been sold in Canada at \$1.00, and in connection with some Catholic newspapers at 50 cents. The Register offers it: To all New Subscribers at... 25c. To all Renewals paid in advance... 25c. Together with a Copy of the Canadian Catholic Directory for 1903, we will give this beautiful picture for... 35c.

Such an offer will never be duplicated. Send in now and secure the most faithful and authoritative picture of Pope Leo to be had, and address The Catholic Register, 9 Jordan Street, TORONTO.

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The best bread in many different varieties can be sampled by telephoning us to send you a sample for 5c. Our Phone is Park 553. The Toronto Bakery, 420, 422, 424, 426 & 428 Bathurst St.

Advertisement for Sunshine Furnace and McClary's Common Furnace. Includes illustrations of the furnaces and text describing their benefits and availability.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM Tourist Resorts

The famous Muskoka Lakes, Georgian Bay, Kawartha Lakes, Lake of Bays, etc. are noted for their excellent and healthy climate. Up-to-date hotels. Grand Trunk trains make connection at Muskoka Wharf for all ports on Muskoka Lakes, at Huntsville for all ports on Lake of Bays, also direct connection to ports on Georgian Bay and Kawartha Lakes. "Love each other." For our neighbor's sake? He is so unlovable! For our own sake? He is so unloving! For the sake of God, the only lovable, the only loving. Modesty is one of the sweetest and most desirable qualities one can possess, and yet too much modesty hinders advancement. When this quality is over-developed, it antagonizes aggressiveness, without which no great success can be attained. A man who is honest and virtuous only by the exercise of an iron will may command our respect, but he never has our love. The one out of whom goodness is reflected like a light is the one who inspires love. It is not enough to be good; to be beautifully good is necessary to make virtue attractive. In judging others, a man labors to no purpose, commonly errs, and easily sins; but, in examining and judging himself, he is always wisely and usefully employed.

THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories, excepting 8 and 28, 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 for 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

Under the present law homestead duties must be performed in one of the following ways, namely: (1) By at least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years, or— (2) If the father (or the mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of the law as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother, or— (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by himself in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements of the law as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

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 the Dominion Lands Office in Manitoba or the Northwest 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 Northwest 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.

W. E. A. FANNON Optical Doctor

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