

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest"—BALMEZ

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TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Some Correspondence About Buffalo Friends—Life of Right Rev. John Timon, First Bishop of Buffalo—"The Catholic" Newspaper of Hamilton and its Editor, Very Rev. William Peter Macdonald, V.G., Who Baptised the Late Queen Victoria of England—"The Liberal" Newspaper, which Contained Reports of the Irish State Trial of 1844—Sir Charles Metcalfe's Charity—"Ten Days' Later News From Europe" via Steamer "Hibernia."

I have to acknowledge the receipt of several kind communications from Buffalo and elsewhere regarding some of my recent items, which I have pleasure in acknowledging. Mr. John McManus, in a postscript, writes: "There are a few pardonable inaccuracies in your otherwise charming and exceedingly interesting story. The 'Sister of Charity' whom you quote, was indeed a 'young girl,' but is now a venerable matron and the mother of 'our' thirteen children." Mr. John W. Lewis says: "Do you know Mr. Severance, secretary of our Historical Society? You would be of great value to him in some of his work, writing up interesting events of years ago." He informs me that Mr. and Mrs. Dormer (whom I mentioned) are now in France. Dr. Park Lewis and family met them at the Parliament House in London. The latter sailed from Liverpool on the 7th of September, and are now, in all probability, at home in Buffalo.

In my recent remarks about the late Bishop Timon, the first bishop of Buffalo, I said I was not aware of that ecclesiastic's nationality, and Mr. James Pierce of Dublin, Ontario, kindly writes to enlighten me with full particulars of his nationality and life, which I gladly present here, as follows:

"Dear Sir,—In reading over Old-Timer's reminiscences in a late number of the Catholic Register (which, by the way, we take great pleasure in reading), I notice you are remiss in your remarks about the late Bishop Timon of Buffalo, N.Y., especially his career as a missionary in the Western States, Texas and Mexico; his birth, nationality, etc. Allow me to give you some information regarding him taken from 'The Life and Times of Right Reverend John Timon of the Diocese of Buffalo, N.Y.," by Charles G. Deuther, his friend and college companion.

"Bishop John Timon was born at Conevaga, Adams Co., Penn. His parents were James Timon and Margaret Leddy, who were born in Belurbet, County of Cavan, Ireland. John was born on the 12th February, 1797, soon after his parents had landed in America. His sponsors were John Kuhn and Christina Wolf. A few years later the family removed to St. Louis, Mo., and the father entered into the dry goods business there. As John grew up his father took him in as assistant, but his mind led him to the church. In April, 1823, he joined the Community of the Lazarists. He entered to deaconship by Rt. Rev. Bishop Rosetti. Soon after he joined the Order of St. Vincent de Paul. On Sept. 5th, 1847, he was appointed Visitor of Congregation; was next sent to Texas as envoy of Rome; next he was offered and refused the Episcopal See of St. Louis. He was offered and accepted the appointment of Bishop of Buffalo, N.Y., the same year. Between the years 1842 and 1847 the Bishops of Cincinnati, Louisville, Philadelphia and New York, urged him to take charge of their respec-

tive seminaries. As to his labors for the Church in Buffalo, there are lasting memorials, such as the erection of St. Joseph's Cathedral, for which he was impelled to travel as a missionary through Mexico in order to collect funds for its completion, and brought home \$26,000. Here let me relate what encomiums he bestowed on the Mexicans: "These people," he said, "are represented by writers and travellers as a vile and despised race, but I would sooner lay down my lot among them than any other class of people I ever visited. The carillon of bells (43 in number) in the city of Mexico, is the second best in the world." The writer of this letter is a Timon by descent, as my mother was a first cousin to the bishop. My father spent twenty-two years in the English army. He was a color-sergeant and received as trophies two medals; one for honor and one as a gratuity for long service and good conduct in the 29th regiment of foot. As I am now in my 80th year, you will please excuse my poor calligraphy."

When I next visit Buffalo I will surely see Mr. Severance, Secretary of the Historical Society, and ask him to secure a copy of this life of Bishop Timon for the library of the Association. I was not aware of the existence before of such a valuable book, which should also find a place in the public library, and in all Catholic libraries.

During the visit of the children, parents and trustees of the Separate schools of Hamilton, and priests of several parishes, on an excursion to Centre Island, Toronto, a few weeks ago, Mrs. C. J. Bird, wife of the secretary of the School Board, presented 'Old Timer,' who was a guest, with a loan of a copy of 'The Catholic' newspaper, dated 'Hamilton, Gore District, May 17, 1843.' The Catholic was the first Catholic newspaper published in Upper Canada. It was printed and published every Wednesday morning, at 21 John street, or the north-east corner of John and King William streets, which was then occupied by a two-story frame building. The editor and proprietor was the Very Rev. William Peter Macdonald, V.G., who was the first Vicar-General of Hamilton, and I believe the first regular parish priest. He was then a very old man and was familiarly known as 'the old Vicar.' The Catholic was first published in Kingston, where Father Macdonald resided before his appointment to Hamilton; but 1843 was its last year. The editor had grown too old and feeble and was unassisted in the arduous work of publication. John Robertson, the printer, was not a Catholic. He changed the name of the paper to that of 'The Liberal,' and continued the publication of that paper for a few months of the year 1844, at his office, which was removed to the south-east corner of King and Hough streets, over Oliver's auction rooms. Father Macdonald, in a short time was called to Toronto by Bishop Power, to reside at the Palace, and died there in the year 1847, the same year that Bishop Power died, having exposed himself and caught the terrible enflaming fever, of which thousands died in Canada the same eventful and disastrous year, greatly mourned and sorrowed, Vicar-General Gordon of Niagara was Vicar-General Macdonald's successor in Hamilton.

A good many anecdotes have been told of 'the old Vicar,' as he was often affectionately called. Bishop Macdonald, the first bishop of Upper Canada, brought him to this country to take charge of his seminary at Alexandria, Glengarry County, for the education of priests. He was a Highlander and had been a chaplain to a Highland regiment in the British army, and I believe the Duke of Kent was his general. The Duchess of Kent, Queen Victoria's mother, was a Catholic, and Father Macdonald was a frequent visitor at her palace. On the occasion of one of those visits the Duchess asked him to administer the Sacrament of Baptism to one of her young children, and this he did. The child that was thus baptized was afterwards Queen Victoria, the gracious mother of our present beloved sovereign, King Edward. This anecdote was discussed at the late meeting of the event was vouched for by Mrs. Bird, who said the Vicar was a frequent visitor at the house of her father, the late Mr. John Brick, where he told the story himself in her presence. But there is another version of it that was communicated to me by Mr. Wardell of Dundas, at whose house the Vicar was also a frequent visitor.

(Continued on page 8.)

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DEFINE SOCIALISM

Dr. Barry, the English Writer, Calls for more Precise Information from those who call themselves Socialists—They Don't Agree.

Dr. William Barry, the English writer, takes to task through the columns of the Liverpool Catholic Times "A Catholic and a Socialist," one, James Murphy, who had invited the attack by an article in a previous issue. Father Barry's article is of interest to readers in America as well as England for here also we occasionally encounter the "Catholic and Socialist," though the combination usually results in a hazy sort of creature that cannot well be defined as either the one or the other. Father Barry writes:

Like Mr. James Murphy of Liverpool, I am an Irishman and a Catholic. It happens also that I am a priest, and by Roman diploma may term myself a theologian. All these words in common use are clearly defined. But what is socialism? What, again, is democracy? These, the shibboleths of a "new dispensation," bear many meanings. To Mr. Murphy, one article which they cover is, I conclude, that "private" property was never intended to exist. But in Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward" every citizen has a large private income which he can spend as he chooses. Yet "Looking Backward" expressed the convictions of many socialists and democrats. Moreover, the scheme which is technically described as "collectivism" does not propose to do away with individual possessions. It would abolish private capital, not private property. Under it I may hold movable goods to any extent, so long as I do not use them as my stock-in-trade. Will Mr. Murphy draw up a series of propositions on which all who march under the flag of socialism are agreed? Until that is done, we cannot from the name itself get any light on its relation to Catholic doctrine. For we know that there are Christian socialists in England, who quote Holy Scriptures as he does. And there are anti-Christian socialists here and abroad, to whom the Catholic Church is an abomination, the Bible a parcel of legends, the supernatural a myth, and religion a disease. Which of all the kinds now going about are we to welcome as Catholics and Irishmen?

I will put a few more questions to Mr. Murphy. How does he propose to secure freedom of conscience in a state which owns everything? Under officials who control the resources of wealth, every foot of land, every brick and stone and tree, every machine, every book, and the service of every human being that is able to work? These bureaucrats, elected by ballot, if you please, will be masters of the food, clothing, shelter due to citizens. They will lay down laws for education, labor, marriage, divorce—possibly Malthusian limits to the birth-rate quite conceivably no limits to "free love." Where is the guarantee of the citizens' freedom? He will own nothing whatever, least of all himself. Let Mr. Murphy answer this one note of interrogation. How am I to be free, in a country where I possess neither house nor land nor money, where I must submit to the government mould in the school, the field, the mine, the workshop, the playground, the camp, and even the church? For the church belongs to the state and can be shut up any moment as being public property. Where, I ask, will freedom be when it has no weapons of assault or defense against an all-pervading, all-embracing tyranny such as this? Now we groan under many masters; then we should be throttled by one master, the so-

cialist Nero of Caligula, omnipotent over mind and body.

"A concerted union of the peoples of Europe endowed with universal intelligence," says Mr. Murphy, would prevent what he calls "democratic failures," i.e., more Jacobin French revolutions. Are we really to guide ourselves by dreams? It would appear that we may expect "upheavals" of a disastrous kind until Europe is concerted on a popular basis and "universal intelligence" prevail. But a universal proletariat (which is the basis of collectivism), however intelligent it might be, would be helpless at the feet of bureaucracy, armed with power to which the sole bound was exhaustion of the public resources. How could resistance begin? Any partial strike would be suppressed, as the other day in France by M. Clemenceau, precisely after the fashion of old times, "with instruments of human slaughter." And a strike all round would starve the strikers. No, socialism spells despotism. It means absolute government by officials. It would be a tyranny established and endowed as no church, no state ever was since the world began. Bad enough in one country, what measure of justice would it deal out to an individual who should object to violence done him, were Europe confederated? Does Mr. Murphy assure us that the Catholic religion would be permitted to breathe in a system constructed on these lines? If he does, he stands alone. The Church knows better. So do the "leaders" who tell us that clericalism is the enemy.

Socialists, yes, we have heard of them before. But how about anarchists? The considerations on which I have been touching are so patent that revolutionaries as determined as Prince Kropotkin and his predecessor Bakounin have set up their cry—just the state which Mr. Murphy seems to contemplate with satisfaction. They declare it to be the least endurable of tyrannies. I have spoken with philosophic adherents of this "new dispensation." To the ablest among them—for example, Mr. G. B. Shaw—it would appear that all these collective schemes are so many stages of transition, ending in some Utopia where the state has ceased to govern. I do not feel by any means clear that Mr. Murphy is not in the long run, a supersocialist. If he is, let him say so. But, then, what becomes of the logic and his labels? Whenever, in conversation, I have raised these difficulties which the notion of an absolute state brings with it, my socialist friends have encouraged me with an assurance that it would not be so absolute, after all. This, being interpreted, can but mean that a certain degree of independence, founded on possession, would be left to the individual and to groups.

I strongly advise our Irish brethren to stand by liberty and the Catholic Church. We do not require to be taught the meaning of brotherly love by strangers to our faith, our ideals, and our creed. The Church rises far above socialism, far above anarchism. She denies no rights, she inculcates all duties. She did not create the social misery which drives men mad to see it. She condemns all sweating, usurious bargains, sacrifices to Mammon of the mother and the child. She declares that covetousness is the root of all evil. But she believes in the life to come. Therefore she cannot agree with revolutionaries who bound their horizon by the grave. She fears nothing; she hopes all good things. And she knows the heart of man, as they do not who flatter him with pericious dreams. I commend to Mr. Murphy these words written by the great American, Lowell: "We have begun obscurely to recognize that popular government is not in itself a panacea—is no better than any other form except as the virtue and wisdom of the people make it so."

HALIFAX ARCHDIOCESE GENERAL OF THE JESUITS

Consecration of Most Reverend Dr. McCarthy on Sunday Last

Halifax, Sept. 9.—Ideal September sunshine lent added glory to the grandeur and solemnity of the consecration ceremony of Archbishop McCarthy at St. Mary's Cathedral to-day. The vast cathedral was filled to its utmost capacity. The scene was one of the grandest of its kind ever witnessed in this city. The gathering of prominent Catholic clergy was notable, American dignitaries being among the number. The interior of the Cathedral had been renovated and decorated, and while marked by no lavish display, all the adornments were in keeping with the chastened surroundings. The sanctuary and main and side altars were a profusion of snow white flowers. The sanctuary was filled with long rows of surpliced priests and acolytes, and Archbishops and Bishops with their robes of purple and their mitres. Monsignor Sbarretti was the consecrator, and among the other prelates present were Bishop Casey of St. John, Bishop Emard of Valleyfield, Bishop Cameron of Antigonish, Archbishop Duhamel of Ottawa, Rev. Dr. Shahan, Rev. Father Pace, Catholic University, Washington, and Dr. McGoldrick, Brooklyn, who presented the Archbishop with the episcopal ring.

After the ceremony Archbishop McCarthy made an eloquent and touching speech in reply to an address and a purse of three thousand dollars presented to him by the laity of the diocese.

Father Xavier Wernz Elected Last Week—Choice Gives Satisfaction.

Rome, Sept. 8.—Francis Xavier Wernz, a German, was to-day elected General of the Society by the Congregation of the Company of Jesus, in succession to the late Father Martin, who died last May. Following the election a messenger was immediately dispatched to the Vatican to inform the Pope of the choice, which, to become effective, requires the Papal sanction.

"He is just the man fitted for the position," said the Pope. He charged Father Maertens to take to General Wernz the apostolic benediction and also an affectionate letter of greeting which he wrote to the General.

Father Francis Xavier Wernz was born at Rothwell, Wurtemberg, on December 2, 1842, and at the age of fifteen years entered the society of which to-day he was chosen head. In 1883 he received an appointment as professor in the Gregorian University and has been rector of the university since 1904. He is a consulting member of the Congregations Ecclesiastica, Extraordinary Affairs and Index Council, and is recognized as a progressive man of present-day ideas and extremely energetic.

The meeting to-day of the Society of Jesus was opened after a short prayer, with a speech in Latin by Father Wernz, the newly elected general of the society, who summarized the programme of the order in its complex fields of religious, moral and educational work. Father Wernz ended his address by conveying to all present the apostolic benediction, as he had been charged to do by the Pope.

The Halifax Recorder gives this sketch of Archbishop McCarthy:

Dr. McCarthy, as a boy, gave promise early of a brilliant career. In his college days he was conspicuous as an athlete and scholar, and as manhood developed, he took up the more serious side of life. Among his school mates were the present Rev. Gregory O'Brien, S.J., of Montreal, Father Underwood, Father Grace, Father Manning, Father Scott, Father Driscoll, J. C. O'Mullin, James J. Hopewell and many others who have earned a reputation in Church, state and the community in which we live, and among his teachers was the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Daly, V.G., administrator of the diocese. He was ordained at St. Mary's Cathedral by the late Archbishop Connolly.

Dr. McCarthy celebrated his first Mass at Mount St. Vincent, and it was served by the present Sir M. B. Daly. Shortly afterward he was sent to Kentville, the parish of the late Rev. Father Holden, and it was here that the latter became so warm a friend of Dr. McCarthy. He spent three years with Father Holden, and upon the occasion of his transfer to Chester, Dr. McCarthy was presented with an address and a horse and wagon. The parishioners at Kentville and surrounding districts reluctantly parted with him, and it was upon this occasion that Father Holden, whose veteran service in the priesthood won for him the esteem of the whole province, predicted a brilliant career for Dr. McCarthy.

Before parting from him Father Holden said: "Keep on, young man, and one day, though I may not live to see it, you will be Archbishop of this diocese." In after years Father Holden repeated this expression, and the words of the old priest have been justified.

At Chester Dr. McCarthy spent about six years, in charge of a parish that was almost a diocese, covering, as it did, New Ross, Dalhousie, Mahone Bay, Lunenburg, Bridgewater, New Dublin and Chelsea. For his splendid work in this parish he was selected for the more important charge of Yarmouth, where he spent some years. Here he continued his brilliant career, and besides winning the hearts of his people, built the present beautiful church, as fine as there is in the province, and one which will stand as a monument to his energy and work for years to come.

Upon the death of Monsignor Carmody he was transferred to Halifax and made rector of St. Patrick's Church. Before leaving Yarmouth he was presented with an address, a gold headed cane and purse of money. These came not only from the parishioners but from the Catholic societies of that place, among them being the A.O.H., for whom he has always had the kindest regard. Coming to Halifax, he soon won the admiration of St. Patrick's parish, and organized

Guelph Church

For the purpose of decorating the interior and securing new stations of the Cross, marble altars and stained glass windows, the congregation of the church at Guelph are now collecting \$10,000. The church now enjoys the reputation of being one of the grandest in Canada and with the additional decoration it will be taking another step to the first and grandest.

The Sisters of St. Joseph of Brooklyn, N.Y., celebrated the Golden Jubilee of their advent into the Diocese on Saturday, August 25th.

one of the finest and most successful fairs held by that parish, realizing some \$7,000, with which he purchased the magnificent organ now in St. Patrick's Church.

After spending six years at the latter place, he was transferred to St. Mary's upon the death of the esteemed rector, Rev. E. F. Murphy, D.D. In the Cathedral parish he has continued his splendid work, and by his earnestness and scholarly traits, his great devotion to the people—especially the poor—he has won the hearts of his parishioners, and the respect of all with whom he comes in contact.

Dr. McCarthy is a scholar and orator of the superior class. His sermons at the Cathedral rank him among the most able ever heard there, and he has the reputation of never preparing a discourse. He speaks from inspiration, and having history at his finger tips, is able to quote from the important events of any age in a manner that at once proclaims him well-read. His language, too, is always strikingly good, and there is soundness and conviction in his pulpit discourses. As a lecturer he is one of the most successful in our midst, and taking a sample, "Monumental Rome," which he delivered before the Art School and before the A.O.H. in this city, he must be classed with the most finished and interesting ever heard in Halifax.

He is also a splendid Greek scholar, an astronomer of repute, and one of the best mathematicians in this province, and combined with these qualities are tolerance and diplomacy, which have made him so popular, not only with his own, but with people of all denominations. He is an earnest and approachable pastor to the poorest in his flock, and a clever business man with great executive resources.



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SUNDAY REST.

General Intention for September, Room... and Blessed by His Holiness, Pius X.

God, who is not only our Master, but also our tender and provident Father, commanded us, by the mouth of Moses, to give to His exclusive service at least one day out of every seven.

Under the Christian dispensation, the Sabbath was changed to Sunday, out of respect for the great event of the Resurrection of Our Lord, which occurred on that day.

With true Catholics the spirit of God's law, and not the letter, vivifies their attitude towards Sunday.

The care of the soul is the primary object of the Lord's day. A secondary object is legitimate rest and recreation for the body.

Unhappily, in these days of feverish activity, many of God's laws are ignored, or have, by man's perversity, been deprived of their early rigor.

If this assertion were true of individuals only, there might be some palliation of the offence; for individuals may remain Christians amid their excesses; they may repent of their sin and return to a better life.

A nation that ignores the law of Sunday rest and sanctification is a nation that does not pray. It is hard to believe that citizens who will not give at least one day out of seven to God, are going to give time night and morning to prayer.

to fix their minds on the things of earth; there is no longer any moral restraint to hold them back from social, commercial, political, personal corruption.

Under these conditions, we can appreciate the anxiety which far-seeing statesmen feel regarding the non-observance of the Lord's day and its effects upon public morality; and we can understand why they try so often to legislate in favor of its observance.

After all, it is the individuals that form a nation. If we work perseveringly on the minds and hearts of individuals, sooner or later our labor will bear fruit on the community at large.

With regard to servile work, the Church interprets her law for us. She tells us that what is forbidden on Sunday is work in which the body is engaged more than the mind, as in the case of the day-laborer.

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"It gives me pleasure to testify on behalf of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. For many years I was seriously afflicted with kidney and liver troubles. At times my back would ache so bad I could not rise from a chair, and then again I would be confined to my bed. I was treated by the medical profession, but they all failed to understand my case.

"About the time I was most discouraged I heard of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and they were so strongly recommended that I decided to try them. Before I had used all of five boxes my old trouble had entirely left me, and I was again as healthy as in boyhood. I freely give this testimony for the benefit of those who suffer as I have."

Sunday, it is in the spirit of the Church to take both rest and relaxation. Moreover, the pleasures of social life are limited for a workman who is absent during the week-days from his family.

Similar considerations may be made with regard to our neighbor. We are social beings who should find our delight in living in peace and good will with our fellow-men.

These are a few of the reasons, founded on the well-being of men and nations, why we should observe the law of Sunday rest. The fact, also, that it is a pledge of our union with God, both in time and eternity, should be a sufficient reason for all who have any generosity left in their hearts.

But there is another reason which should urge us, both individually and collectively, to keep the Lord's Day holy. Of all the precepts of the divine law, that of Sunday sanctification and rest is the one that has attached to it the greatest number of temporal promises, just as it is the one the violation of which is threatened with the direst chastisements.

Not only are individuals rewarded for their compliance, and punished for their non-compliance, but for the same reason, society in its collective existence, will also receive its due. The Jews were reprovved for neglecting to build the temple, and God said to them by the mouth of His prophet Aggeus, "You have sowed much and brought in little; you have eaten, but have not had enough; you have drunk, but you have not been filled with drink; you have clothed yourselves but have not been warmed; he that hath earned wages put them into a bag with holes. You have looked for more and behold it became less. Why? saith the Lord of Hosts. Because my house is desolate. Therefore, the heavens over you were stayed from riving dew, and the earth was hindered from yielding her fruits."

This is a fact that is frequently turned against the Church by the enemies of Catholicism. We hear a great deal about the worldly prosperity and superiority of Protestant countries. There are many reservations to be made in this matter; but, if we were to look for some sort of explanation for this pretended superiority, could we not find it in the greater fidelity of some non-Catholic peoples in their observance of the Lord's day.

We Catholics should give no ground for reproaches of this character, for we owe too much to God; and we should show our gratitude to Him by obeying this salutary law. There are to many attractions nowadays to draw our minds and hearts from Him on His own day that we should be ever on our guard. If we have in the past been remiss in our duty to Him, especially in neglecting Mass and in doing servile work on Sundays, our duty is plainly to reform our lives. Let us, then, resolve to gather round the altars of God on that blessed day, to make reparation to His outraged Majesty and to ask His mercy and compassion. The members of our League should give the example of fidelity in this respect. To whom if not to us may both pastors and people look for the strict observance of the laws of God and His Church? After all the favors and indulgences that the Church showers down upon us, surely this is not asking too much.—E. J. Devine, S.J., in Canadian Messenger.

RICH MEN'S SONS.

Father Placian of The Western Watchman, wants to know what becomes of the sons of the Catholic millionaires in New York and San Francisco, where for years they have grown up in great numbers. We have often heard of their fathers, but never of them. Their fathers were noted for their generous support of the Church and her charities, and they were edifying members of society.

"Where are all the young Mackays and Kellys, and Crockers and Pchelans and Oliviers and O'Briens and Floods and hundreds of others that we might name? They have dropped out of the Church and dropped into the polluted 'swim.' The clergy of San Francisco tell the world that the benefactors of the Church of other days have left no heirs, and there are only the very poor left to rebuild the ruined structures of the past. The young Catholic millionaires have no money to spare, as their style of living demands every penny of their income. But it would be bad enough if this was all that could be said to their discredit. These Catholic young millionaires are as corrupt nearly as their Protestant companions, and are doing their full share towards corrupting the rising generation of boys and girls. Their life is a round of dissipation, and the trail of their immorality is drawn over the five continents."

LITTLE SINS.

It is not the great sins that mar us. Most people pass through life with no great stain on their reputation. It is the little sin that eats into the character and causes a gradual disintegration of moral fiber. It produces a loss in spiritual vigor. Christian enthusiasm collapses under its insidious influence. We grow morally weaker year by year, yet scarcely notice the progress of the baneful work. We are told that build-



Proclaims Its Merits.

It is with gratitude and heartfelt thanks I pen these lines: My wife had lost all control of her nerves and could only speak at times, and was in a very low condition generally. She commenced using Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic August 10th and a few days afterward she could come into the parlor and sing to the music and execute the solo part of hymns alone. It is so wonderful to me that I did not hear of this wonderful remedy sooner for I could have bought twenty-five or more bottles for what I paid the doctor here, just to come and look at her, for he did no further good whatever. Pastor Koenig's Tonic will be a blessing to all, and I can strongly recommend it. I send to day for another bottle for my wife, and also for one for another lady whose nerves are weak, and whom I told what your Nerve Tonic had done for me.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nerve Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the REV. FATHER KOENIG, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, 6 for \$5.00. Agents in Canada—THE LYMAN BROS. & CO., 117 TORONTO. THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., LTD., MONTREAL.

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SEASONABLE RECIPES

Egg Toast.—Poach the egg in boiling milk; remove when done, and thicken the milk slightly with a little flour smoothed with a small piece of butter. Have ready a slice of hot toast, pour over it the thickened milk, place the egg on top, and garnish. Serve hot.

Potato Cheese Cakes.—Beat well together four mashed potatoes, two tablespoons butter, two teaspoons sugar, one egg, a sprinkle of currants and candied peel, and a pinch of baking powder. Line patty pans or gem tins with paste, put a spoonful of above mixture into each, and bake. Serve hot.

Spanish Puffs.—Mix one-half pint of milk with two eggs, add slowly one tablespoon of sugar, and one grated lemon peel. Beat till light, and bake in buttered gem tins in quick oven twenty minutes.

Tomato Scramble.—One cup of fresh tomato, skinned and rubbed through a sieve, five well-beaten eggs, handful of broken crackers; mix well and add two tablespoons of melted butter. Scramble and serve on toast.

Tomato Omelet.—Make an omelet after the usual recipe. Spread on the outermost half one-half cup fresh tomatoes skinned and strained, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and fold.

Baked Tomatoes.—Choose small, ripe, well-shaped tomatoes. Cut off the blossom end, scoop out the pulp carefully, sprinkle the inside of the shell with salt, and drain for a few moments upside down. Cover bottom of shell with a tablespoonful of seasoned bread crumbs, break onto this a fresh egg, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and place in a hot oven until the egg is set. In another dish bake a mixture made of the tomato pulp, one beaten egg, some chopped celery, and bread crumbs. Season with pepper, butter, and salt, and just before serving, lay a spoonful on top of the baked egg.

Boiled Tomatoes.—Slice large fresh tomatoes, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dip in bread crumbs, spread with butter, and broil. Serve immediately.

Griddle Cake.—One cup flour, one heaping tablespoon Indian meal, one egg. Mix with milk to a thin batter, add salt to taste. Just before baking add two good teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Serve hot with syrup or butter and sugar.

Celery Toast.—Cut the crisp pieces from the heart of a stick of celery into portions of about two inches long, shred very fine, and lay in ice-cold water for two hours. Butter squares of toast, cover with the shredded celery, and pour over it whipped cream flavored with salt and a little cayenne. Garnish with parsley.

Wear Trade Mark D. Suspenders, guaranteed. Price, 50c.

THE PICKLES TEST.

There has been an epidemic of mumps in Denver, and every afternoon brought to the health department a number of children seeking permission to return to school. Sometimes no doctor was present and they had to wait. So, says the "Republican," Dr. Carlin devised a means by which his secretary, Miss Carrigan, might test the applicants. "Pickles are the thing," said Dr. Carlin. "If a person with the slightest trace of inflammation in the thyroid glands takes a bite of anything sharply sour, the face is instantly contorted. In extreme cases the pain is extreme." So a bottle of mixed pickles was added to the pharmacopoeia of the office. Now, when there is no doctor in the

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Cowan's Cocoa The Most Nutritious and Economical. office, Miss Carrigan lines up the applicants for certificates and goes down the line with the bottle of pickles. If the child takes the pickle and smiles as a healthy child should, he may go back to school again; but if he scowls in pain, he is condemned to stay at home. There is nothing equal to Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator for destroying worms. No article of this kind has given such satisfaction.

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The

Children's Page

THE BOY WHO LAUGHS.

I know a funny little boy,
The happiest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

BOB'S WISH.

Bob was a very small boy for his age,
which was eight, he had dark black hair,
big brown eyes, a rather short nose and was very fat.

THE WISE MAN AND THE FLY PAPER.

There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise;
He got some sticky paper which
He spread out for the flies—

CASTLES IN THE FIRE.

"Sweet Norah, come here and look
into the fire;
Maybe in its embers good luck we
might see;

GOOD MANNERS.

There is no better evidence of ill-breeding
than the practice of interrupting another
in conversation while speaking or commencing
a remark before another has fully closed.

THE MAKE-BELIEVE MAN.

Dame Nature lights her candles in the
caverns of the sky,
With a twinkle, twinkle, twinkle,
and a yawn heigh-ho!

THE MAKE-BELIEVE MAN.

When every little sleepy head is
cuddled by the pillows,
A funny little man appears from
out among the willows;

THE MAKE-BELIEVE MAN.

Whatever you may want to do,
or know, or have, or see,
With a twinkle, twinkle, twinkle,
and a yawn, heigh-ho!

THE MAKE-BELIEVE MAN.

A General Favorite.—In every place
where introduced Dr. Thomas' Electric
Oil has not failed to establish a
reputation, showing that the sterling
qualities which it possesses are
valued everywhere when they become
known.

Various ailments, such as rheumatism,
sciatica, neuralgia, headache,
toothache, sore throat, etc.,
may be treated with this oil.

THE PAPER-MAKERS.

Wallace and Rob were cousins whose
birthdays were the same day.
Wallace lived in the city and Rob lived
in the country.

Both boys were delighted when
Wallace and his mamma came to pay
a long-promised visit to Rob and his
parents.

Everything was new to Wallace.
He thought the large white house on the
hill, with vines running over it and
flowers at the sides, and the large
sloping lawn in front, a palace fit for
a king.

It was great fun for Wallace to run
and play on the soft turf with his
feet bare, and together the boys explored
the orchards where the apples,
pears and peaches were ripening.

There were many things to see about
the mill, and Wallace was very
impressed with the machinery.
He saw a large millstone and a
waterwheel, and many other things.

Wallace was very much interested
in the paper-making process, and
he saw the paper being made from
wood chips and water.

Rob was very much interested in
the paper-making process, and he
saw the paper being made from
wood chips and water.

Wallace was very much interested
in the paper-making process, and
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CURES
Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Cramps, Colic,
Pains in the Stomach, Cholera, Cholera
Morosa, Cholera Infantum, Sea Sickness,
Summer Complaint, and all
Fluxes of the Bowels.

Has been in use for nearly 30 years
and has never failed to give relief.

They Never Knew Failure.—Careful
observation of the effects of
Parnell's Vegetable Pills has shown
that they act immediately on the
diseased organs of the system and
stimulate them to healthy action.

These Pills have been long
seated and does not easily fly
to medicine, but even in such cases
these Pills have been known to bring
relief when all other so-called
remedies have failed.

These assertions can be
substantiated by many who have
used the Pills, and medical men
speak highly of their qualities.

It was a remarkably cool and
pleasant room. A gentle breeze
flattered the white muslin curtains
and the roses on their tall bushes
nodded across the window-sills at
the caller.

He was a young man who liked
roses and green fields and the
charm of the countryside. And he
liked the restful quiet of the little
sitting-room.

He arose quickly as a lady
entered the room.
"Good morning, madam."

She was a slender lady of
perhaps sixty, a gray-haired lady
of old-fashioned type, a lady of
much dignity of movement, and
yet with a quick manner that
at times suggested the sprightliness
of a bird.

She pressed her gold-rimmed
glasses a little closer to her nose
and carefully surveyed the young
man.

"I trust you are quite well,
madam?"

"Quite well."

She drew her thin lips together.

"If it's books," she said, "there
isn't any use of your staying a
minute longer."

The caller smiled.

"I'm not a book agent," he
told her.

"Is it apple corers?"

"I'm not a peddler."

"I bought an apple corer of a
young man who was something of
your build most three years ago.
It broke on the second greening.
He was a mite stouter, perhaps."

She paused and again regarded
him attentively.

"If you are neither a book agent
nor an apple corer," she said, "you
may take a chair."

"Thank you, madam."

He seated himself in the
straight-backed chair she pointed out,
and then the lady took the rocker,
placing herself where she could study
the young man's face.

"Is this a business call?"

"Yes, madam."

He had been instructed how to
meet the lady's advances. He was
to remain strictly on the defensive
and let her cross-examine at her leisure.

"Wait. It isn't lightning rods?"

"No, madam."

"Nor windmills?"

He suddenly smiled, and there
was no doubt his smile added to his
agreeable appearance.

"That's a little nearer the truth,
madam."

She looked at him sharply, with
her gray head on one side.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I only mean that I am a lawyer,
madam."

There was a little silence, during
which the lady regarded the young
man with a steady gaze.

A Most Appetizing Beverage



Stimulating, Refreshing, Delicious

Lead Packets Only. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, and 60c per lb.
At All Grocers. Black, Mixed or Green

Highest Award St. Louis, 1904

which the lady regarded the young man with a steady gaze.

"I haven't much to offer her," he said; "at least at present. I'm young and I'm making my way, and my chances seem good. I can give Clare a modest home in a nice neighborhood, a home in which there will always be room for you, dear madam."

The lady slightly sniffed. "You are getting ahead a little too fast, young man. I've no thought of moving just at present. Does Clare know about this—this delightful arrangement?"

"Yes, madam."

"It's all settled, then?"

"No, madam. It all depends on you."

Again the lady slightly sniffed.

"My niece was in New York just a month. During that month you contrived to persuade yourself that she was the only girl in all the world you could ever care for. Did you, or did you not?"

"I did, madam."

"Seems nonsensical, doesn't it?"

"No, madam."

She shook her head at him reprovingly.

"You look like a fairly sensible young man. Does my niece reciprocate this—this fanciful attachment?"

"Yes, madam."

"And she sent you to me?"

"Yes, madam."

"But why come to me if you are both agreed?"

"Clare owes you too much, madam, to do anything contrary to your approval."

"Hoity-toity! And suppose I refuse?"

"We can wait, madam."

"That's just what you should do. How silly this seems. You have met my niece twenty times, we'll say, and no doubt think her the one perfect flower of all girlhood. Do I use the right expression?"

"Yes, madam."

She drew the gray shawl a little closer.

"Do you appreciate what you are asking of me?" she suddenly flamed out. "What do we know about you?"

"Very little, madam. I can only tell you that I am clean and honest, and have a good profession."

"That is what you say." Then her eyes suddenly twinkled behind her glasses. "I'll admit that I'm a little prejudiced in your favor, although you certainly are not as good-looking as Clare would have me believe. And I like your letters."

"Did Clare show them to you?"

"How else could I have seen them? They were not nearly as slushy as might have been expected."

"Thank you."

"That one that told about the Italian child in the police court was as good as a book. I'll admit that Clare and I both cried over it." She paused and drew a long breath. "It's very silly in me, I know, but never having had any love affair of my own, it is natural I should feel an extra interest in Clare's."

She took off her glasses and again wiped them with much care. He looked at her curiously.

"I begin to have a suspicion," he said.

"That you knew me all the time." The lady laughed softly.

"This is wonderful," he said. "Tell me about your brother."

"He was older than I—nine years older. He was a wayward boy, and greatly worried my father. When he was eighteen he ran away from home and shipped on a whaler. The ship was lost in the Pacific and all the crew were reported drowned."

"Your brother escaped," said the young man. "He was picked up by a Russian sealer and landed at a Siberian port. He found his way to Australia and roughed it as a sheep herder. There, through some mad fancy, he changed his name. He was no longer Arthur Holt; he was Henry Harlan. He became a trader and prospered; he prospered greatly. Finally he made his residence in New York. He lived there twenty years. He died there seven months ago."

The lady, a strange look in her eyes, stirred suddenly.

"And that man was my brother?"

"Yes."

She sighed. "My poor brother. The young man leaned forward."

"Oh," he said, "we have searched for you in so many places! The head of our firm was your brother's attorney and one of the executors of the estate. The matter of finding the heirs was placed in my hands. I have travelled many miles on false clues; I have advertised in many sections—and now to stumble on you like this."

"Then we are heirs to his property?" said the lady.

"He died without a will. You and Clare are his only living kin."

"Does that mean we are rich?"

"Very, very rich."

They were both silent for a moment or two. Then the lady sighed.

"That comes a little late for me," she softly said, "but it will be beautiful for Clare."

A troubled look crossed the young man's face.

"Clare," he murmured. "This changes everything."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't you see? Clare is now a great heiress. A new world opens before her. She can choose where she will."

"True," said the lady.

"It puts me in a painful, a false position. 'Why, even you might believe that I knew her relationship to Henry Harlan, before I asked her to be my wife.'"

"True," said the lady again.

"Such a suspicion is shameful," she went on. "The only manly thing for me to do is to release Clare from her promise."

The lady arose and went to the window. It was plain that she was agitated by his startling news.

Presently she beckoned to him.

"Here," she said. "Do you see that young woman coming up the roadway? That is the great heiress. And she's something much better than that. She's a sweet and lovely girl, whose womanly heart can't be spoiled by any amount of money. I know her better than any other living person, Richard Barclay, and I tell you you have nothing to fear."

She turned and looked at him and laid a slender hand on his shoulder. "Besides," she began.

"Yes, dear lady."

She softly laughed.

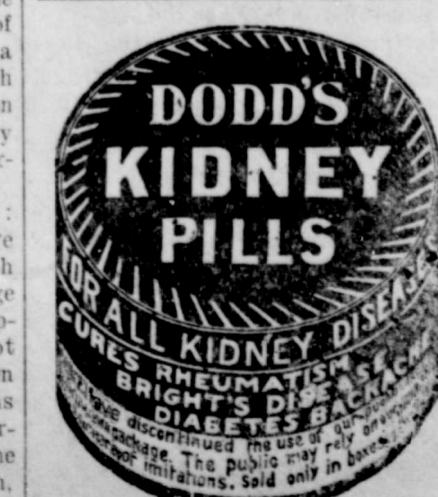
"It really looks as if we ought to have a lawyer in the family."—W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Holloway's Corn Cure is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the small sum of twenty-five cents.

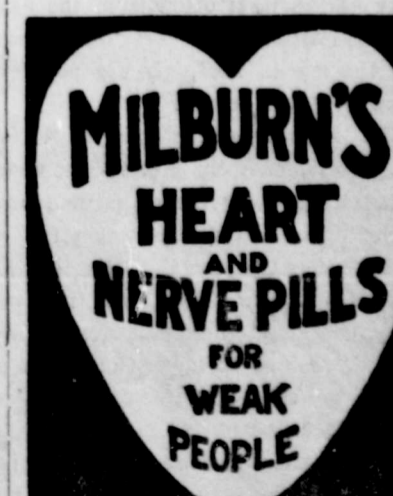
A Medical Mamma

Pedestrian—Madam, a boy who I am told is your son has just thrown a stone at me, causing a wound that is very painful. What are you going to do about it?

Mother—I don't know. Have you tried arnica?



DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
GOUT, RHEUMATISM, BRONCHITIS, DIABETES, GRAVEL, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY SYSTEM.



MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS FOR WEAK PEOPLE
These pills cure all diseases and disorders arising from weak heart, worn out nerves or watery blood, such as Palpitation, Skip Beats, Throbbing, Smothering, Dizziness, Weak or Faint Spells, Anæmia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Brain Fog, General Debility and Lack of Vitality.
They are a true heart tonic, nerve food and blood purifier, building up and renewing all the worn out and wasted tissues of the body and restoring perfect health. Price 50c. a box, or \$1.25, at all druggists.

The Catholic Register

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T. E. KLEIN
 Business Manager

TEL. MAIN 489

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 13, 1906.

HIGHER EDUCATION FOR ENGLISH-SPEAKING CATHOLICS.

Perhaps in the long, but never sufficiently earnest, discussion of the subject of higher education for the English-speaking Catholics of Canada, and of the place of the University of Ottawa in the aspirations of our English-speaking Catholic people, the teaching order in charge of that institution has not, after all, been adequately heard. It has sometimes occurred to us that the true remedy for the complaints so often raised with regard to the University could be suggested by some responsible and experienced member of the Oblate Congregation.

We have now before us a pamphlet entitled "A Searchlight, Showing the Need of a University for the English-speaking Catholics of Canada," the manifest object of which is to put the Order upon the defensive and thus open the door to discussion so fully that the people whose educational interests are at stake may themselves perceive where and why actual conditions fall short of the requirements of the university and of the English-speaking Catholic community.

There is no occasion at this time of day to prove the need for Catholic higher education. Let the fact be admitted. Then let the pivotal proposition of this pamphlet be put, Is the University of Ottawa alone available for the centralization of the educational units of the English-speaking Catholics of Canada? If this is the sole proposition we have to discuss as English-speaking Catholics, we must be quite frank and say that the community interested has never been sufficiently canvassed. Nor will it do to affirm that French-Canadian influence inside the University has rendered English-speaking Catholics indifferent about their birthright. If English-speaking Catholics throughout this Dominion, knowing as they do that higher education is their birthright, ever felt the pressure of a conviction that the University of Ottawa was alone available to them, the question of higher Catholic education would have been taken up amongst them years ago as it has been taken up in Ireland, in England and in the United States.

We do not say that the University of Ottawa in its original plan and character was not intended to forestall the proposition stated above, or that a national Catholic University is outside the desire or beyond the attainment of English-speaking Canadian Catholics. Although the University of Ottawa was founded for English-speaking Catholics and the expectation of its earliest directors was that it should fill somewhere in the future the place of a national university, as does Laval, the practical question is, What has been done? Has the university been directed to a national destiny? The pamphlet before us, insofar as it deals with the history of the institution from the date of its charter to the restoration after the fire in 1903, gives a negative answer at all points.

The authors of the pamphlet, for their part, scarcely rise to the viewpoint from which the magnitude and importance of the great question of higher education for Catholics can be fully embraced. That their motives are sincere and their purposes plainly stated, no one will question. But if they would deal with the issue so well raised and stated in the opening pages of the brochure, one essential above all others to be complied with was not to have lost sight for a moment of the importance of that issue. The interests of the English-speaking Catholic community throughout the Dominion must be exhaustively consulted at every point of investigation of the case, and in doing this it may be very much the better way to forget the conflicting opinions and interests in the immediate vicinity of Ottawa. An educational crisis is

something that cannot be settled by a pamphlet. The settlement of the educational interests of a growing and influential people scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific cannot be arranged quite satisfactorily either in Ontario or Quebec. Perhaps if the University of Ottawa has failed to realize hitherto the influence to which it should have aspired, or to bring nearer by degrees the early hopes of its English-speaking Catholic friends, it was because its interests have been too much associated with the educational frictions of Ontario and Quebec.

The writers of this pamphlet have at least made it evident to the bishops, clergy and laity of Canada that the higher education question in this country, as in all countries, irresistibly forces its way to the front. Indeed the time may have arrived for the English-speaking Catholics of Canada when it must be taken up decisively. What is needed is to canvass the issue with due regard to the vital and far-reaching forces that unite necessarily in so grand an effort.

THE JESUITS.

Last week's election of a new General of the Jesuits in Rome provided a bountiful occasion for the spreading of newspaper light upon the religious field at large. The press of the world has been supplied with more or less startling information of the mistakes and shortcomings of high ecclesiastics from Cardinal Merry del Val down; and it is consoling to read that sundry conspiracies to upset the ancient plan of things at the Vatican have far the moment at least failed.

In Canada the daily press has not been particularly venturesome, doing little more than rehabilitating public knowledge of the identity of a General of the Jesuits and a Black Pope. This all important point has been well attended to by the headline writers, so that they at least have performed their duty.

Among the many editorial references to the subject, the Montreal Gazette perhaps alone discloses an acquaintance with wide reading. Although the writer picks his steps with more circumspection than modern freedom and fearlessness of discussion calls for over the troubled places in the history of the order, we can only welcome such writing as the following in a leading Canadian paper like The Gazette:

"The year in which the Company of Jesus had its birth was a year memorable forever to Canada, through Jacques Cartier's first voyage. It was on the 15th of August in that year, the very day on which Cartier set sail from Blanc Sablon on his return to Saint Malo, that Inigo and his young companions took their solemn vows in the crypt of Notre Dame de Montmartre. The little company consisted of men whose names are deeply inscribed in the pages of the world's religious history of ardent aspiration, of heroic achievement, Loyola himself was in his 41th year—20 years older than the most mature of his chosen co-workers. He was the son of an old house of Gascon noblesse, who after some years of military service, had been wounded at the siege of Barcelona. During the confinement of recovery he was converted, and, resolving on a religious life, set out in pilgrim's garb for Manresa. There he is said to have drafted the Spiritual Exercises that were destined to prove so fruitful. Thence, by way of Italy, he visited Jerusalem, whence, after some disappointment, he returned to Spain, and after some harsh experiences at Barcelona, Salamanca and Alcalá, he sought refuge in Paris, early in 1528. First at the College of Montaigu, then at Ste. Barbe, in the university he was a student. Not without opposition, which in men less sure of their vocation would have aroused bitterness and disgust, did he reach the goal already mentioned, which was to be the starting-point of his great work. Among his colleagues, Pierre Lefevre (Faber), though still under 25 years, was a man of learning. At the time of the primary organization in N. L. de Montmartre, Faber was the only priest in the little company. Francois Xavier (a name even more familiar in Canada than that of the founder) was by origin a fellow-countryman of Loyola. His life is one of the most devoted in the biography of modern times. One follows him to the East to India, to Japan, to the bourn from which he never shrank, passing away in his seeming desolation with the words of hope—In Te, Domine, speravi—upon his lips. There were three other Spaniards—Diego Laznez, Nic. Alfonso de Bobadilla, and Alfonso Salmeron. Laznez and Salmeron (as well as Lefevre), were among the theologians of the Council of Trent. When the letter summoning Lefevre to the Tridentine assembly reached him, he was in the throes of a fever. His pupils besought him to spare and excuse himself, as otherwise he would risk his life, but he replied that, whereas it was not necessary to live, obedience was essential. Rodriguez, who was a Portuguese, had been destined for the heathen mission field before the Society was formed, but found other employment. The first addition to the seven consisted of Claude de Jay, Jean Codure, and Paschase Brouet. In 1541 Loyola became first general of the Company—his repeated refusals having finally been overruled. He died in 1556. By that time the importance of his company had been recognized

in missionary zeal and energy, in eloquence, in learning, in controversy, in higher education. In 1548 the Company received an addition that increased its strength not a little—Francisco Borgia, Duke of Candia. It is vain to attempt to sketch the work done, even in the life-time of the founder. It was only to be expected that much of the Society's activity should be directed against the aggressive growth of Protestantism. Salmeron and Paschase Brouet found a task of restoration and consolation in England, Scotland and Ireland. While others found plenty to do in Germany, Bohemia and Hungary, the universities of Coimbra, the German college for poor nobles' children, and the Collegio Romano, instanced what was effected in other ways. Besides the Far East, Abyssinia and Brazil became the scenes of missionary labors. On Loyola's death, Laznez took his place at the head of the Company, and Borgia followed. After Borgia's death, no Spaniard was general until Gonzalez (1687-1765). Ten generals have been Italians; two Germans; four Belgians and Netherlands. During the Russian exile, the vicars-general were Poles. Neither France nor our other motherland has yet been honored by the post of general."

ART AND MORALITY.

We are glad to see that a stand has been taken by the President of the New York Society for the suppression of vice in seizing and suppressing an art journal because it contained alleged indecent pictures. This position is important because it condemns what is most loathsome in modern art. Although adversely criticized, Mr. Comstock comes out bravely and expresses his personal views upon the evils arising from the disregard of laws of modesty in art. It is a web in which many a youth has been ensnared to his or her ruin. Such is the stand taken by the Church, although there have been historical occasions in which artists have but half-heartedly yielded. As developed by pagan painters and sculptors, who disregard the principles of shame, art debased the communities in which it flourished most. In proportion as art advanced Athens fell. Ephesus was another centre of art in the most refined period of Grecian art, yet it was a city of the most degraded immorality. Recent excavations at Pompeii and Herculaneum record the debasement to which art reduced the people of these cities. "Wherever," says Mr. Comstock, "they have violated the laws of modesty the morals of the people have gone down—cursing the community." He compares these artists to the savage wild beasts and venomous serpents let loose from their cages and dens in Central Park. It is justifiable to kill them. So must the indecent conception of debauched imagination be prevented from endangering the morals or searing the conscience of the young and the innocent. Art is not above morals. He might have added that it is not independent of morals. The revolting feature of modern art is that it has sought this independence, that it has placed no end to itself. It has been its own end, its own morality, and its own religion. As a result it has degraded when it should have elevated; and where it should have striven for the ideal it has given the coarsest expression to sensualism. The artist goes beyond the mere doing; he must have an end, and a good end, an end which lies in the moral order and is referable to God, the supreme good and ultimate end of all things. To separate art from morality is to make a cleavage in man's very nature, whose adoption has no foundation but which is disastrous in its consequence. It may be the mark of the age, but the age is none the better for that. Whether art appeals to the intelligence, the will or the imagination, as the expression of the beautiful it demands truth and goodness as its basis of operation. And just in proportion as art, be it painting or sculpture, has wrought with these purposes in view, it has gained immortal glory for itself—pointing its index finger to a beauty beyond what eye has seen or hand can portray. Art long before Christianity did much to lead men astray. In modern times, and with irreligious promptings, it is turning its power to greater injury and worse corruption. Separated from the influence of religion, stepping down from the pedestal of morality, earthly and sensual in its scope and view, it panders to the basest passions; and it is leaving to other generations memorials which will stain heart and mind whilst art, growing weaker by reason of the food it lives on, will never rise again to ideals of the great Christian. We welcome the criticism made by Mr. Comstock as evidence that purer ideals will prevail in a too rapidly declining art.

EDUCATION.

Now that vacation is ended, the usual sequence follows, school with its work, its discipline and its influence. The small boy may not care about the change from boating and playing to study and class. He natu-

rally pleads for an extension of time. Too often he wins—for parents do not see the harm of a few days. Exhibitions have to be seen, classes are hardly started, and neighbors' children are not going yet. So the boy, or the boy and the parent between them—staves off the evil day. When it does come the scene of the battle shifts from home to school. It is no longer the parent whose gentle strokes of discipline have to be parried. It is the schoolmaster who is certainly to be pitied. The ranks of his classes have been slowly filling up, so slowly that it has been impossible to prosecute the work with earnestness and success. Those who entered promptly find themselves without companions and without work. They store it up in memory for another year, considering that they have acted foolishly. The long vacation, without a single act which showed a desire for preserving what they had learned the year before, has had a serious effect upon their mental energies. A review is necessary, not only to sharpen the rusty memory, but to recover lost ground. Thus time is employed in back work which should be devoted to new. All our schools suffer from such easy ways.

The parents are the most guilty in the matter—but the boy struggles against the preparation of class as long as he can. His excuses are multitudinous and dialectic. He pleads, he reasons, he claims ill health and change of air. It is too bad that his youthful talent is wasting itself upon his lazy promptings of self-love. But it comes largely from the fact that he gained from his parent. He has a faint hope that he may win from his master. The latter finds it difficult to be more severe than the father has been. To have better results parents should act more in touch with those who are in charge of the education of their children. More promptness and discipline from home will quickly find a response from teachers. If all this be true of day-school education, it is especially true of college and boarding-school work. These are voluntary institutions which suffer in this country from a complication of ailments. To remedy all their needs, to put system into the secondary education, to develop what is best in the institutions and to expunge what may be objectionable, would require uniformity of action and generosity which are not in sight. But we do think that parents' better discipline is at hand; and that they ought, if they desire satisfactory results, to send their boys on the opening day. The scholastic year is short, rather than too long—and all interested, parents and educationists, should keep it intact, and prevent it being encroached upon.

THE STANDARD OIL.

In storms it is conceded that oil poured on the troubled waters quiets them. We have a peculiar contrast presented by the Standard Oil Co. in which case it is the oil which is grievously troubled and which needs some quieting influence. To find such a liquid one must look to the very founts of public opinion and justice. Ten indictments are brought against the company for rebates in freight charges. And though they practically are but one, yet they constitute the longest charge known in the history of law in the United States; for they contain over six thousand four hundred counts. The penalty for each offence is a fine of not less than \$1,000 nor more than \$20,000. Should the company be found guilty on all there is the aggregate fine of anything ranging from \$6,420,000 to \$128,400,000. The American papers differ as to the effect such a tremendous muleting would have. Some maintain that heavy as the amount is it is nothing compared to the wealth acquired by this company through rebates and the damage inflicted thereby upon competitors. Fines hardly reach a principle. And in the case of a monopoly which has never shown delicacy of honor, whose history is one of selfish greed, it is not likely that fines will change their mode of action. The rebating will continue and grow more aggravated according as the fines become heavier. But something is making an impression: the hostile attitude of the press. This seriously affects the company's export trade. And their officials complain that the attacks upon the business methods of the company reflect upon the quality of its product. Upon this the Boston Herald remarks that notwithstanding the callousness of this the most successful of industrial combinations, events prove that public favor is an asset the loss of which may prove of serious detriment to its business. Nor is there a desire to cut off the foreign trade or interfere with the legitimate profits of the company, a large portion of which come from the intelligent, industrious and proper use of their opportunities. All that the press complains of is that rebates are a fraud and illegal. It is a pity

that public opinion in the States is so long-suffering, so slow in forming. We see very little difference between rebates from competition. Governments do not lay down a scale of value. Selfishness takes advantage of the situation, to sell at a reduced price so as to have the district, and eventually the country, for the operations of the ever-reaching monopoly. Intelligence and industry may work very fast along these lines, and succeed beyond all primary plans or expectations; but they are so stamped with selfishness that they must ever stand at the bar of public opinion degraded, condemned and ostracized. Society must be more or less unselfish; whilst monopolies such as the Standard Oil are essentially and economically grasping and selfish. No fines can repress their doubtful methods; public opinion may reach them, and be instrumental in bringing them to a sense of responsibility and honor.

A PALPABLE HIT.

Brawn's Iconoclast has reopened a fresh crusade against the ex-priest fakirs of the United States. Talking of the notorious Slattery it says:

"Slattery assures us that the number of Irish Catholics on the police force of our great cities is evidence that the Church of Rome is on mischief bent. I am not surprised that an Irish Catholic with a club in his hand should prove rather alarming to Bro. Slattery. But, although he says, 'meet a policeman and you'll see the map of Ireland in his face,' those same policemen have several times saved his worthless bacon. When he was mobbed in St. Louis for defaming Catholic nuns, the police formed a cordon around his infamous carcass and saved him from a well-merited trouncing at the hands of the slandered women's relatives. Probably the police did not relish the job overmuch, but they had sworn to uphold the laws, and although Slattery insists that a Catholic oath amounts to nothing they risked their lives in his defense."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The following is an accurate record of an incident at the Exhibition. A child breaking away from its prosperous-looking and well-dressed mother, at sight of Jules Breton's great picture, "The Communicants," exclaims, "O how beautiful!" The mother, seizing the little one, replies: "Come away, child, that is only a Roman Catholic affair."

That is a neat expression by Mr. Goldwin Smith in this week's Sun (Toronto): "Both employer and employed are laborers in their different ways, part of the great industrial system; and if they could see it, the consumer who buys the goods is the real master of them both."

Here is some plain talk from the height of land. Rev. G. A. Rix, a clergyman of Dufferin County, preaching on race suicide, left no room to his hearers to doubt that he understood his subject: "There are cultivated, refined women in our land who do not hesitate to break that commandment which says: 'Thou shalt not murder.'"

The awful condition of things in this respect was revealed to the Canadian people a couple of weeks ago when we were informed that over two hundred of Toronto's women, mostly married, to whom it should have been a joy and regarded as an honor, sought the service of a creature, who bears the semblance of a woman, to be relieved of the responsibility which God has placed upon every married woman. They walked out of the presence of that female medical fakir with the mark of Cain as clearly seen by God upon their brow as she who would take the life of the babe after it is born into the world. And are the whispers true that even out in quiet country towns and villages medical men are constantly approached by married women that they might not have this that was a joy to the ancients, "That a child should be born into the world?"

Make no mistake about it. This is a mighty sin which God cannot overlook either in this world or in the next. How shall Herod one day meet Bethlehem's children rise up against him in judgment? And how shall the false mothers of the world stand before God when the slaughtered unborn children rise up against them?

The only fault we have to find with Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Hamard Greenwood is that they have paid entirely too much attention to an inconsiderable though arrogant element in Canada—the element that believes Colonial opinion is still the same, old-time, unreformed Tory echo of British class doctrine.

A little girl of four years old was called as a witness in a police court, and in answer to the question as to what became of little girls who told lies, she innocently replied that they were sent to bed.

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JOTTINGS

General regret is evoked by a despatch from Gananogue that Father O'Gorman is ill.

Division No. 1, A.O.H., Carleton County, held a most successful picnic at Bayswater Grove last week.

The death occurred last week at Arthabaskville of Mr. Henri Laurier, brother of the Premier of Canada.

The election of the new Superior General of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate will take place in Rome this month.

We hope that many of our readers have taken advantage of the Exhibition to study the fine old portrait of John Philip Curran.

The opinion is attributed to Archbishop Keane of Dubuque, Ia., that the Pope cannot live long and will not hold a consistory.

Rev. Father Rouillard, formerly parish priest at Perkins' Mills, has been appointed pastor of the newly created parish of St. Therese de Marionville, near Embur.

Mr. Hamar Greenwood, M.P., has been banquipped by the citizens of Whitby, his native town. Mr. Greenwood is the first real Liberal who has voiced Canadian opinion in an English constituency.

The report of the People's Association presented to the German Catholic Congress at Essen showed that the members had increased from 470,000 at the end of June, 1905, to 510,000 at the close of June this year.

Names are suggested in the cable despatches to succeed W. T. R. Preston as Commissioner of Emigration at London. Mr. Oliver is determined to see the reform of the London office an accomplished fact before his return to Canada.

The Orange Sentinel does not trust the Grand Master of the Independent Orangemen of Belfast because the Catholic Register finds space for his speeches. Its distrust is the real measure of the Orange Sentinel's place in the community.

On August 7th, at St. Mary's Academy, South Bend, Ind., twenty-two Sisters of the Holy Cross were presented with bronze medals by the Grand Army of the Republic, in recognition of their services as nurses during the war between the States.

At the annual general meeting of the Reform Association of Ontario, Hon. G. W. Ross expressed his confidence in the old party and principles of Liberalism. Mr. Aylesworth said the passage of the Sunday Observance Bill was possible only under a French-Canadian Premier.

In his address before the convention of the Wisconsin Funeral Directors and Embalmers' Association, at Milwaukee last week, Rev. J. J. Keogh called attention to the danger

A STRUGGLING INFANT MISSION

IN THE DIOCESE OF NORTHAMPTON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

Where is Mass said and Benediction given at present? IN A GARRET, the use of which I get for a rent of ONE SHILLING per week.

Average weekly collection, 3s. 6d.

No endowment whatever, except HOPE. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader. Ah, well! Who knows? Great things have, as a rule, very small beginnings. There was the stable of Bethlehem, and God's hand is not shortened. I HAVE hopes. I have GREAT hopes that this latest Mission, opened by the Bishop of Northampton, will, in due course, become a great Mission.

But outside help is, evidently, necessary. Will it be forthcoming?

I have noticed how willingly the CLIENTS of ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA readily come to the assistance of poor, struggling Priests. May I not hope that they will, too, cast a sympathetic and pitying eye upon me in my struggle to establish an outpost of the Catholic Faith in this—so far as the Catholic Faith is concerned—barren region? May I not hope, good reader, that you, in your zeal for the progress of that Faith, will extend a helping hand to me? I cry to you with all earnestness to come to my assistance. You may not be able to do much; but you CAN DO A LITTLE. Do that little which is in your power, for God's sake, and with the other "littles" that are done I shall be able to establish this new Mission firmly.

DON'T TURN A DEAF EAR TO MY URGENT APPEAL

"May God bless and prosper your endeavors in establishing a Mission at Fakenham.

"ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton."

Address—FATHER H. W. GRAY, Hempton Road, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with it acknowledgement a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart.

This new Mission will be dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua.

Advertisement for Double Sighted Glasses, featuring an illustration of a pair of glasses and text describing the benefits of the product.

of suspended animation, which sometimes occurs in cases of apparent death.

In an essay contest into which some 6,000 pupils of the public and parochial schools entered at Buffalo, N.Y., the first prize of the dollars was divided between Master John Nugent, a boy of ten, and a girl of sixteen or seventeen, both pupils of the Catholic schools.

Sir Joseph Ward, who has become prime minister of New Zealand, in succession to the late Mr. Richard Seddon, is a Catholic. He was born in 1857, and has been Minister of Railways, electric telegraphs, industries and commerce, colonial secretary and postmaster-general.

According to a despatch received at the Foreign Office, London, from the French Consul at Valparaiso, the persons of French nationality killed by the earthquake there on August 16th were one man, six women and three children. Of the women five were members of the Sisters of the Poor.

Such was the interest taken in the Irish song contest at the Ottawa Ancient Order of Hibernians' picnic last week that the donor of the prize, Mr. Lou O'Donnell, has decided to offer four prizes at the next Irish picnic for a similar object. Mr. C. Conwell is the winner of the prize Labor Day.

What is probably the greatest sale of a Catholic book in a given time is the result of the Catholic Church Extension Society's effort to spread the "Faith of Our Fathers," Cardinal Gibbons' remarkable work. To make the wonder greater the work had already had a sale running into hundreds of thousands.

Acting upon a resolution adopted by the American Federation of Catholic Societies, which "denounces all public advertisements or posters which tend to corrupt public morals," the national secretary addressed a letter to Mr. Charles Bernard, national secretary of the Associated Billposters and Distributors of the United States and Canada.

His Lordship Bishop O'Connor of Peterborough has started on his annual episcopal tour of the northern part of his diocese. He will be away for a week or ten days during which he will visit various parishes administering confirmation wherever necessary, and in other ways administering to the spiritual welfare of those in his charge. His Lordship will first visit the parish of Byng Inlet.

Of Mr. Bernard E. McGale, a Catholic citizen of Montreal who died last week, The Montreal Star says: The business men who dealt with him and were his contemporaries in the marts of Montreal, the friends who knew him and loved him for his kindly, honest soul, mourn to-day the passing of Bernard Ewan McGale. What of the hundreds of humble folk who remember his response to the voice of their need in the past, and who met to-day, when the body of "Barney" McGale is borne to its last resting place?

A September Wedding

Carleton Place, Sept. 5.—St. Mary's church was the scene of a quiet and pretty wedding this morning at 7 o'clock, when Mr. J. Boyle, merchant of Alexandria, Ont., and Annie, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Angus McPhee, were united in marriage, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Father Meagher in the presence of a few immediate friends of the bride. The bride, who was given away by her father, was neatly gowned in a tailor-made costume of navy blue chiffon broadcloth, with hat to match and carried a shower bouquet of cream roses. She was attended by her sister, Elizabeth, who carried a bouquet of pink roses and maiden hair fern. The groom was supported by Mr. Alexander McPhee. After the ceremony the wedding party returned to the bride's home, Moffatt street, where breakfast was served by Mr. Jenkins. The nuptial couple left on the noon train for a two weeks' trip to Albany and New York and other American cities. On their return they will take up their residence at Alexandria, Ont. The bride received many gifts from a number of friends, showing her popularity in the community.

Father Vaughan's Accusations

Father Bernard Vaughan, who is taking the waters at Harrogate, stated in an interview, published by the "Yorkshire Evening Post," that he had not made any statements in his recent sermons without having first obtained the fullest evidence and satisfied himself completely of their truth. Had he not, he remarked, lived and moved among the people whom he had described? Every doctor and every lawyer of experience would say the picture he had drawn was not exaggerated. He wished he could be shown that his impressions were wrong, but the few who said that they were must have lived very godly and secluded lives, and have been spared the pain of the knowledge of the sin around them. He had no ambition in the world save the good of his fellow creatures.

A NEW CATALOGUE.

We have just been favored by our friends Jules & Charles with a copy of their new catalogue of Hair Goods, etc. It is handsomely illustrated, well designed and neatly printed. Containing, as it does, a complete list of all kinds of hair goods, preparations, etc., and rules for ordering them, anyone can obtain by mail the desired article of hair dress. Intending purchasers should write to Jules & Charles for a catalogue.

PERSECUTION MEANS CIVIL WAR

Abbe LeBel, of Chartres, Discusses the Religious Crisis of France

"If the present persecution of the church in France continues," said Abbe L. L. LeBel, of Chartres, France, to a representative of the Montreal Star, "I feel certain that it will result in civil war in two-thirds of the country. In the remaining portion, however, the departments of the centre, the people are indifferent to a greater or lesser degree in matters of religion and the probability is that they will not take steps of any kind. The ultimate result will be nothing less than entire victory for the Church and a new ardor of faith amongst the people."

As this statement shows the Rev. Abbe, while pessimistic in regard to present conditions, is decidedly optimistic about the final result. He is an honorary canon of the cathedral at Chartres, and is also a professor at Ottawa College, and was on his way to that institution from a recent trip to France.

In reply to a question regarding the present assembly of bishops at Paris and its probable result, he answered:

"It is difficult to say just what line of policy they will adopt, and I do not feel warranted to give expression to mere surmises. But of one thing I am absolutely certain and that is that the assembly will result in the formation of a definite policy for the church in France, and that this policy will be carried out in its entirety by the French Church as by one man. The spirit of discipline is still strong amongst French Catholics and they will certainly obey the orders of their bishops and priests."

The Abbe was reminded that the charge of religious laxity had been brought against the Catholics of France in general.

"It may be," he replied, "that they are not such practical church-goers as the people are in this country, but when it is clearly brought home to them that their faith is being attacked there will be no hesitation on their part. When they see their schools and churches closed and their priests driven into exile, they will take action and to the purpose. In fact I don't believe that the government will venture to carry out its iniquitous programme in its entirety. The people will never permit them to do so without civil war."

"Is there anything in France at the present day of the nature of a movement of return to the Catholic Church?"

"There certainly is, and the movement is seen amongst the most intellectual classes. The conversion of such men as Ferdinand Brunetiere, Paul Bourget, and Francois Coppee is significant of this movement of return to old principles. The movement, too, is rapidly extending down to the masses and has already effected surprising changes. A remarkable thing about it is the number of government officials who are among the converts. These men, while obeying the orders of their superiors, are still filled with a distaste for much of the government's policy, and if their sense of justice is outraged much further they will revolt. The large centres, such as Paris, Bordeaux, Marseilles, and others, are also strongly Catholic, and in these places the persecution of the church is meeting with greater and greater opposition from the people. Open rebellion can be the only result of its continuance."

In conclusion, Abbe LeBel stated that while the troubles between the Church and State in France had already caused much injury to the Church, and were likely to cause still more in the next three or four years to come, he had no doubt whatever as to the result.

"I say this," he added, "not only from my belief in the supernatural nature of the Church, but also from my knowledge of present conditions amongst French Catholics. The Church is becoming stronger every day, as her children turn to her in her hour of trial with a new and more ardent faith, and in the end she will gain a glorious victory."

BOOK REVIEW

The narrative of a simple but heroic life is that entitled an Imperial Love Story. The subject of the story is the young French Prince Imperial, who after passing the most of his life in England, at length ventured far afield to fight and at last to die for her sake. The story is true to history and as far as fiction can be true to fact is so, the details of everyday events being very true to life. The plot centres round the young hero and Cecilia, the daughter of an English officer, and details their intercourse at Hazelhurst, ending with the sad death of the Prince, leaving Cecilia a benediction to the community among which she resides after being tried in the crucible of sorrow and found not wanting. Besides the historic value of the work it is one of the most attractive of the newer Catholic stories. The publishers are R. & T. Washbourne, Ltd., 1, 2 and 4 Paternoster Row, London, and Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

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Advertisement for British American Business College, featuring the text "BEST RESULTS" and "Are secured by a course of training in our well-known and reliable institution."

Bishop-Elect Walsh of Portland, Maine

Bishop-elect Walsh, says the Pilot, is a native of Salem, Mass. He made his preliminary studies at the local schools, graduating from the high school in 1876, at the age of 17. He continued his studies at Holy Cross College of the Jesuits, at the Grand Seminary of the Sulpicians, Montreal, at the Grand Seminary of the same order in Paris, and finally in Rome, where he was ordained to the priesthood in 1882. After two years at St. Joseph's Church, West End, Boston, he was appointed to a professorship in the just opened St. John's Seminary, Brighton.

Nearly ten years ago Archbishop Williams, anxious for the progress of the Catholic school system of the archdiocese, appointed Dr. Walsh as its first supervisor. A task of no ordinary difficulty awaited the young priest, as the schools were numerous and a great variety of religious communities, with considerable difference in methods, were represented among the teachers. Dr. Walsh's kindly tact and firmness, however, accomplished the desired unification, and the Catholic free schools of the Boston Archdiocese can successfully challenge comparison with any in the land. There are now nearly 47,000 boys and girls in these schools.

Dr. Walsh is president of the parochial school department of the Catholic Educational Association. He is a fine linguist, especially proficient in French. There is a large French-Canadian element in the diocese.

The Diocese of Portland covers the entire State of Maine—an area of 29,895 square miles. The Catholic population is 110,321. It has 121 priests, 378 religious teachers and a total of 10,433 young people under Catholic care. The Catholic history of Maine is long, going back full 300 years to the expedition of the Sieur de Monts, under Henry IV. of France, and including the successive missions of the Recollets, the Capuchins and the Jesuits, with the martyrdom of Father Sebastian Rasle, of the last-named order, and that of seven converted Indians who sought to save him at the cost of their own lives. So the soil of Maine should be fruitful in true Christians, as indeed it has been. There are still flourishing Indian missions in that State, in charge of devoted Catholic priests and religious.

An Outside View of the Federation

Among the many complimentary comments from outsiders on the late Confederation is the following from the Buffalo Commercial:

The American Federation of Catholic Societies does not hesitate to grapple with live problems—to take hold of issues that clamor for action if this is to remain what it is now, a free government, and if what has been regarded as the strength, the sacredness and the permanency of the family relations is to be made all potent and engrossing in the action and the consultations of good citizens. Mr. Nicholas Gonner, of Dubuque, Iowa, described boldly the growing power of socialism, he minced no words in warning his hearers what this would lead to, unless they met the Socialists in open conflict, and stood man to man in defence of the sound principles that are the basis of this united and free government. Judge Kenefick's presentation of the startling, ominous facts in the increasing disregard for the sanctity of the marriage contract, and in the facility with which it is set aside by the courts and by legislation, was in every degree masterly and convincing. Noticeable in both of these addresses is the fact that neither orator made even the most remote appeal to what may—for lack of a better word—be called the sectarian or denominational allegiance or prejudices of loyalty of the hearers.

All good citizens will be grateful for the impetus that has been given (by the meeting) to the cause of happiness, freedom and purity in the home, and of sound Christian conversation in the councils of legislation and administration of government. So much for the alarmists, the "stand-patters" and the facing-both-ways advisers of the Catholic press.

All Cannot Succeed

Everybody can't succeed, but a great many more can succeed if they only had the ginger to try. The failures have not learned to help themselves, and some of them do not want to learn; and as long as Pa gives them pocket money, they are at peace with the world. The best thing for the young graduate is to get to work as soon as he can and earn a dollar that he can call his own. It is all right to take up a profession if the profession gives them a living, but many times they have the profession and not the living. It is a foolish idea to think that earning a living outside a profession is undignified. How many young men finish college with two or more degrees attached to their name, have entered some profession or other, and after a short time abandoned the chosen profession and built up a career in other lines. But there was this about their building—they started in the right way, and they saw early that they had made a mistake and began all over again.

Advertisement for O'KEEFE'S PILSENER LAGER, featuring the text "NEW BUT OLD" and "Just out. Fully aged. And O! What a delicious satisfying flavor. Be good to yourself. Order."

Advertisement for THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., Limited, featuring the text "MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED White Label Ale TORONTO, ONTARIO"

"The Irish Cardinal."

(By Rev. J. P. Conry, in September's Donahoe's.)

No account of the Irish College could be considered adequate, if mention of Ireland's protector in Rome, Cardinal Vincenzo Vanutelli, were omitted. He may be said to come of a family of cardinals. Cardinal Serafino Vanutelli is his brother, two years his senior. Cardinal Vincenzo may well be called "Hibernior Hibernis ipsis," for there is no prelate in Europe, Irishmen excepted, as devoted to Irish interests. So public is this fact in Rome, that his brother-members of the Sacred College jestingly term him "Il Cardinal. Irlandese"—"the Irish Cardinal." Of tall stature—six feet six inches in his stockings—and lithe, well-proportioned form, "the Irish Cardinal" makes a striking figure at the St. Patrick's Day banquet, held each year at the Irish College. His bunch of shamrock, worn on his purple robes, is always double the size of that carried by any other guest; and His Eminence takes a mischievous delight in telling the Hibernians he believes "he is a better Irishman than themselves!" His enthusiasm for Irish faith is unbounded. Speaking in Italian in the name of Pius X. to an assembly of archbishops, bishops, and distinguished laymen of different nations, gathered last St. Patrick's Day at the table of the Irish College, Cardinal Vanutelli said:

"I have been sent on various missions by the Holy See to several countries, in the Occidental, as well as in the Oriental, Church; but I have never witnessed anything to be compared with the deep love of religion and attachment to the Rock of Peter that I found in the Green Isle (l'Isola Verde)."

Mr. Clarke Wallace and the Gaelic League

The following appears in the Ottawa Journal:

In your issue of 17th July, I wrote as a fact that a son of the late Hon. N. Clarke Wallace had joined the Gaelic League in Toronto.

Some three weeks later (in your issue of 3rd August) a writer signing himself "Fair Play" called in question the correctness of my statement, and in support of his view had you reproduce the reply of Mr. Tom Wallace (eldest son of the late Hon. Mr. Wallace) to a query put to him by the editor of the Orange Sentinel. Mr. Tom Wallace's reply (rather ambiguous, it strikes me), was that "no son of the late N. Clarke Wallace is a member of any Gaelic League."

Many reasons, including a serious illness of some weeks, have hitherto prevented me from giving the matter proper attention; and I therefore request that by inserting the present letter you will afford me the opportunity of setting myself right before your readers.

My authority for the statement I made in July was an article in the Toronto News of the 29th June, which gave an account of a meeting of the Gaelic League in that city on the previous evening, the concluding paragraph of which reads as follows: "The objects of the League are the revival of an interest in the language, games, history, music and literature of Ireland, the encouragement of Irish industries, and the wiping out of religious bigotry. . . . Among the new members appears the name of Mr. James Wallace, son of the late Hon. N. Clarke Wallace."

It will thus be seen that I was justified in my statement, relying on the veracity of the newspaper report, so that the matter is now between Mr. Tom Wallace and the editor of the Orange Sentinel on the one hand and the Toronto News on the other. But could not Mr. James Wallace settle the matter once for all. M. F. WALSH.

CATHOLIC FORESTERS HONORED

Ottawa, Sept. 5.—Ald. C. S. O. Boudreault, who for years was the provincial chief ranger of the Catholic Order of Foresters in Ontario, has been enrolled in the Legion of Honor in the highest degree. Michael M. Quinn, ex-high chief ranger of the same order, has been similarly honored.

Advice, like snow, the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into, the mind.

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Through the energy of Rev. Bishop Scollard of North Bay and Bishop of the Diocese of Sault Ste. Marie, a new convent is being opened in the former town. The people there have been anxiously awaiting this important movement and through the request of Bishop Scollard, Rev. Mother Clotilda, superior general in charge of the congregation, with six of the sisters from Mount St. Joseph the Mother House of the Sisterhood, will open the establishment at once.

IN THE SEAWAY

"And one of the most intolerable consequences is a class of young dilettantes, a suckling aristocracy, guided, dominated by gold, reared upon gold, thoughtless, hopeless and in many cases worthless," and thus concluding his testy philippic against the modern worship of Mammon, old Judge Riggs, retired, banged his fist upon the table and looked hard at young Sturgis, who sat opposite him.

Elizabeth Lorimer, who had been watching Sturgis throughout the judge's attack, flushed slightly when he evaded the clumsy thrusts, and seemed about to say something when the captain laughed in his bluff, hearty way and held forth at some length upon the illomened myths with which the superstitious have peopled the deep.

In the main, they were a congenial crowd at the captain's table on board the Union liner Housatonic, and they had a great deal of fun with their arguments—save when the judge took a hand. They were rather glad that Sturgis had ignored him.

Elizabeth Lorimer, on the contrary, could not stifle a strong feeling of irritation. She had once known Sturgis very well—so well, indeed, that she regretted the coincidence that had brought them together as fellow-passengers on the Housatonic.

At all events, what he said or what he did or did not do was no concern of hers—now. And yet, the more she thought about it the more convinced was she that in the light of the past, upon which the incident at the table bore with peculiar emphasis, she had the right to be irritated, or at least annoyed. When next they met—it was on the hurricane deck the following morning—she told him she was.

"Harry," she said, "are you proud of the showing you made last night at dinner?"

Sturgis smiled and looked puzzled. "Proud!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, Harry, I suppose I have said this a thousand times, but is anything serious or sacred to you?"

Sturgis flushed and looked at her meaningly. "Ah, don't," and the girl half raised her arm in an involuntary gesture of deprecation. "Not that. You know what I mean. If the judge—"

"Oh!" laughed Sturgis, "the judge? You wished the champion dilettante to take a fall out of him. Do you know, I believe I quite agree with his sentiments."

"There," cried Elizabeth, "that is just the trouble. You don't care what any one thinks of you. That is the life you are making—a laugh and a joke—as though the fact that you are the son of a wealthy father absolves you from the necessity of taking a place in the world. And that is not the worst," added the girl quickly, as Sturgis seemed about to speak, "for you have ability; every one says that, and you could make a place for yourself that mere money could never buy. All you lack is the inclination, but you lack that terribly, Harry Sturgis."

Sturgis' face was nothing if not serious. "Bess," he said, "may I ask what right you have to talk to me in this way? You simply haven't the right, that's all. When you—"

"Ah, let's not go over all that again," interrupted Miss Lorimer. "That is all out of the way and settled."

"It is not settled. You asked me if nothing is serious or sacred to me. That gives me the right to tell you I love you—that is serious and sacred."

"Yes, you love me! How much, I wonder? Perhaps you do, in your own peculiar way—as a girl to amuse you. We women may be queer, but we demand a different sort of love. Ah, Harry, don't interrupt me. What is the use? I wonder if you really know what you ought to mean when you say you love me?" Her eyes were suffused as she paused a minute. "Haven't I suffered? It was all so beautiful at first. I thought the serious, deeper things would come—the vital things; but they did not. I failed to call out your best, failed to arouse one single dominant emotion, failed to exert the slightest upward influence. Why, Harry, in all the time we were engaged you simply utilized your mental attainments in turning my words and arguments against myself and making me ridiculous even in my own eyes. Yet I was right and you were wrong. Perhaps some other woman, some other person or thing may arise to influence you in the way I could not. I hope so, for your sake."

Sturgis looked at her without replying, as though waiting to hear her out.

"But it is not all wounded pride," she went on. "It is very little of that. Oh, Harry, you know my feelings. I gave you everything, or was willing to, only asking that you prove your willingness to give, too. And you did not care sufficiently to jar yourself out of the rut of your clubs, athletics and other idle pursuits to which, apparently, you have given up your life."

"Bess, if you weren't so hysterical, such a blue-stocking, I'd answer you. Think a minute. You know better."

"I know what I know," flashed the girl. "I tell you, you always turned my deepest emotions into jests, and you were never so delighted as when applying a shoddy sophomore cynicism to shatter my ideals and make them appear foolish. Harry," she cried with sudden force, "I have only

begun to realize recently how I was cheapened all last year, simply—well, never mind. You cannot cheapen any woman for any length of time with impunity. You, you injured my self-respect, and I almost hate you."

Her voice quivered at the end, and if Sturgis had understood women he could have terminated everything in a most happy manner right then. But instead he became angry; a steely light flashed from his eyes, calling from her eyes an answering light which dried the gathering tears as the sun dries the dew.

"Hate!" he exclaimed. "You use that word to me. Then please let me alone hereafter, if I am nothing to you, if you hate me—"

"I didn't say I hated you. I said I almost did."

"A nice distinction. Please don't bother about me in the future."

Sturgis was a young person of very tender pride, and Miss Lorimer was, too. This was bad for both.

"Very well," she replied, and then both turned abruptly in opposite directions.

Perhaps the attitude of both was somewhat influenced by the weather, which, being ominous when the great liner breasted out of the Channel, had grown more unpropitious day by day, until finally all the good-fellowship, the deck billiards, "spoo!" and all the easy table talk disappeared, all minds centred in a grim, irritable desire for land. There were high, combing head seas that tossed and buffeted the brave Housatonic, so that passengers moved about with the greatest difficulty, groping along the sides of saloon and corridor, falling, stumbling into all sorts of things. But whatever the primary cause, Elizabeth Lorimer at least confessed to a sharp irritation against Sturgis out of all proportion to the root of it, and she had no cause to doubt that Sturgis' state of mind was reciprocal. Twenty-four hours passed, and even the captain's table was affected by the attitude of the two young persons.

Big, serious things sometimes have their inception, or are marked rather, in ways seemingly so unimportant as to escape notice altogether, at first. The Housatonic had been tossing so fiercely and constantly throughout the fourth day that few noticed a peculiar quiver, a lunge and sort of a dull crash shortly after sunset. It is true that one woman uttered a suppressed scream. But that was nothing; some one always screamed when the vessel took a header. And that was all—except that the liner rolled more heavily and erratically than usual. There was no throb of the engines, either; evidently they had been stopped. No one thought much about it then.

They all thought a great deal about it at dinner, though; for the vessel had been tossing in the trough of the sea for more than an hour, and the hiss of escaping steam and the eternal scuffling of feet on the deck overhead, the hoarse orders and the thunderous impact of the waves were becoming unbearable.

"What is the matter?" asked Elizabeth Lorimer, turning suddenly to Sturgis, sitting at her left.

"I'll go and see, if you wish," he replied.

"Please don't on my account." "All right, I won't." Nevertheless he rose from his seat, a movement followed by not a few of the men. But they were all ordered back to the saloon by seamen stationed at the entrances to the deck.

It was certain now that something had happened. But what? Was there really no danger, as the sailors had said? The captain stumbled in his great slicker, his sou-wester dripping in his hand. He raised his hand to still the tumult of questions, and when there was silence he said in his thick, gruff voice:

"The ship is in a disagreeable plight. A derelict got caught in our screws and twisted them both off. How she did it I don't know. But she did. The only thing to do is to hold the boat together until we get a tow. That'll come all right; we're in the transatlantic lane, and there is danger. We could last a year out here. Now, it ain't necessary for me to tell you all to be brave. It'll be a good story to tell ashore." The captain turned abruptly and went above.

The passengers sat and looked blankly at one another. Of course, they felt that the captain had made the situation brighter than it really was. They felt as the strong man does who is told by his physician that his days are numbered. They just sat there quietly and smiled foolishly; gritted their teeth or worked their fingers, or laughed, or cried, according to their various temperaments. Miss Lorimer turned from her aunt and plunged into conversation with Dr. Remington with feverish energy, leaving her dinner untouched. But all were doing that; most all, at least. Sturgis gazed at the girl's back in silence for some minutes; then he arose and looked about him with a smile.

"Bing!" he said in a way so lugubriously funny that several of the passengers laughed. He made his way down the aisle to a door leading on deck.

Peering out, Sturgis could see that they were burning a great red light in the bow, and the flame cast a baleful glow upon the yellow deck furnishings and the black sea. At frequent intervals a great rocket went hissing skyward, and the wind spread the star-like fragments all over the heavens.

"What are those, Harry?" Miss Lorimer touched Sturgis on the shoulder from behind.

"Distress signals," said Sturgis simply. He did not turn, but continued to look out into the darkness. So dark it was that the great waves rolling into the liner were indefinite shapes—fantastic, rocking shadows which seemed, left loose from the enshrouding veil to work their harm. Occasionally on the up-roll the vessel's lights would quiver along the waters, lighting a foam-crested comber for an instant, when a side-

long plunge and all was blank again. The voices of an officer and some of the crew floated back; some one was hitting something with an axe.

"Are you afraid?" Miss Lorimer spoke in a low voice.

"Why—not afraid. Are you?" "Yes, I am afraid," she said. "It is horrid."

"Is that the reason you came to me?" "Fairy!" "Forgive me, Bess, but honest, is it not?"

The girl did not answer, and Sturgis laughed mirthlessly. She stepped towards him, put her hand on his shoulder and looked in his eyes.

"Listen," she said. "You talk and laugh that way. Think a minute, Harry. Cannot you see, now, what I meant? What I have felt? Doesn't it strike you now?"

"Bess," and he reached up and took her hand from his shoulder and held it. "Bess, is it possible, in the face of disaster, you are willing to keep up this foolish misunderstanding? You know I love you. I followed you half around the world because I loved you. Do you suppose it was by chance we met on this ship? And now you act as though I were low and unworthy. Let me prove whether or not I love you—"

"You told me that before—that you loved me, and, oh, you know how I felt—and you laughed at me. You made love to me an idle freak. It probably amused you to follow me to Europe, as you say. It was romantic. You were having lots of fun. It's beginning to end seriously—your romantic summer chase through Europe," and she snatched away her hand and, in a way in which no one had ever spoken to him, bade him leave her.

As Sturgis jerked away from the girl, she wondered how she could let him go, for her soul gravitated, whether she would or not, towards the calm, cheerful assurance of the young thoroughbred. For the most part the girl's mental condition was that of the passengers. Through their minds ran a series of impressions in the days that followed—impressions of a wallowing vessel, of heavy, black hissing seas; of fearful wrenchings and poundings; of daylight and darkness. Yet Miss Lorimer tried to smile cheerfully, as she saw other passengers do; but they were all wintry smiles. They watched the captain and crew like children.

One day, two days, three days. The liner had drifted out of the track of westward traffic.

"Help must come soon," said an officer. "Not even a breakwater could long stand the pounding we're getting, sea anchor or no sea anchor." And several passengers heard him and, of course, they spread the evil word.

At noon, the fourth day after the accident, Sturgis saw Miss Lorimer in the library, her face pressed against a port light. She turned as she heard his steps, and her eyes were brilliant with joy. His heart gave a great bound, and for the first time he realized how little he had cared about the plight of the liner in the face of the loss of something which he learned to know was dearer than his life. In the alembic of misfortune his soul had been distilled into maturity, and with the maturer vision of deep things he had come to know his eyes flamed to meet hers, and then she spoke:

"See! Smoke on the horizon. I heard the sailors cheer on deck. I heard our whistle—and there she is out there. Oh, Harry, isn't it glorious?"

Sturgis stopped as though he had received a blow, and without a word turned and left the apartment. Elizabeth Lorimer had no thought of him. Her discovery made her the heroine of the saloon. The big vessel trembled with the import of the news. The passengers crowded about her or jostled at the port holes. Help was at hand! They were to be saved. Miss Lorimer was like a girl possessed. She was the life of the good fortune, the announcer of it. Her eyes were the first to detect the white blotch of upperworks as the vessel climbed over the horizon, and she screamed when a great black hull rose above the waters.

Evidently the liner's distress signals had been noted. For the tramp, a big, bulged-nose German tramp, was plainly heading for the disabled liner. Joy, relief were electric vibrant elements that thrilled all hearts. Some fell on their knees and gave thanks to God; others crowded the smoking-room and drank to their good luck—every one was happy, each in his or her own way.

Sturgis, who had avoided Miss Lorimer with dogged persistence, stationed himself at a port hole with an international code-book in his hand, and, interpreting the tramp's signals, announced to the passengers that she would stand by until morning. A deep groan trembled among the anxious passengers. Delay might mean—well, anything. Why not be saved at once? There were grumbings and premonitions. They all spent the night together in the saloon, spent the terrible sleepless night together; for hope darkened by doubt is as bad as no hope.

And all through the darkness more than two hundred pairs of eyes looked out across the dark to where a few faint, pitching, reeling lights told them that the succoring vessel was still at hand. The dawn came like a wan smile. The crew of the tramp were bustling astern preparing two long cables. Their vessel rolled heavily, and several times combers broke over her. One of them carried away a portion of the bridge. But each time she righted nicely and then receded over on the opposite side.

Miss Lorimer, in her excitement, had crowded close to Sturgis, peering out of a port hole over his shoulder. The liner pitched and threw her against him, and she smiled.

"I beg your pardon," she said perfunctorily. "Oh—see—see that vessel go way over—why, she never—"

never will come up. Yes, there she comes—partly. Why, look; she's hanging on her side like a bird with a broken wing. What can be the matter?"

"Something was the matter. The passengers could see the men who had been at work astern run forward, and the stout German captain was plainly visible on the shattered bridge, yelling through his trumpet to a group of seamen below. What was it?"

"She's sending up signals," cried Sturgis, whipping his code-book from his pocket. The passengers gazed at him dazedly. Slowly he read the terrible import of those wiggling pieces of bunting.

"Cargo," he read. "Cargo shifted. Help—impossible. Will—report—you."

The words—each word as it fell from Sturgis' lips came as a knell. But no one moved nor spoke. All stood still, looking at one another until, ten minutes later, with a good-by shriek of her siren the tramp turned painfully to the westward and hobbled slowly away over the tumbling combers.

No one started it, but by a common impulse there was a general movement towards the saloon. Perhaps some passing sailor was responsible, a sailor muttering that God alone could save the ship now. The failure of the tramp was a fearful blow. No wonder was it, that men turned pale and women wept? Men wept, too. For it seemed as though that lumbering freighter carried away their very lives. Help had been so near at hand, and then so suddenly snatched away—the hand stretched out to grasp the prize, the prize withdrawn. There was little strength, either physical or mental, left to the passengers of the Housatonic, and with child-like dependence they hurried to prayer.

Miss Lorimer had utterly broken down. She did not show it; her white lips were set, but, oh, how she longed to lean on some one and cry, cry, cry! But who was there? She looked about as though to answer her question, and saw Sturgis enter the saloon with calm, impassive face. Against her will her lips framed his name. She uttered no sound, though.

There was no clergyman aboard, and when many had assembled, the passengers gazed questioningly at one another. Who was there? An elderly man arose and began to speak just as Sturgis, with sudden resolution and a foolish smile, ran from the saloon into the library. He returned in a second with a little red prayer-book, and found that the speaker, unable to embody his hopes in adequate phrase, had broken down and was standing there silent, gazing at his fellow-passengers.

Sturgis hurried to his side and placed his hand on his shoulder for support. His eyes were bright, his lips tightly closed. He faced them all—and all were there, churchman, scoffer, agnostic, all. It was Sunday morning, and the sunlight stole through the port-holes and rested on their faces, turned silently, strangely towards the young man, now the one dominant personality in the room. Miss Lorimer leaned forward. In his face she seemed to read the new, the higher nature to which, through all the darkness and distress, he had attained—the augmented manliness and breadth.

But Sturgis did not see her. He was gazing at the passengers collectively. He appreciated the different elements there, but he also realized that all were one in the throes of a great fear, which fused every personality into a whole—and that whole was Terror. And so he spoke slowly, in a deprecating way that Miss Lorimer knew so well. But withal there was an underlying cadence, suggesting that every word was the result of inward struggling against the danger sense, the final triumph of youthful optimism, of youthful tenacity of life and hope and courage.

"It's all right," he said. "There's more than one ship on the ocean, and you'll see." Then, with a half laugh, he added: "Of course, I'm no parson, but some one has to be kind of a one this morning, I guess," and he opened the prayer-book and read:

"O most powerful and glorious Lord God, at whose command the winds blow and lift up the waves of the sea, and who stillest the rage thereof, we, Thy creatures, but miserable sinners, do in this great distress cry unto Thee for help. Save, Lord, or we perish. We confess that when we have been safe, and seen all things quiet about us, we have forgotten Thee, our Lord, and refused to hearken unto the still voice of Thy words and obey Thy commandments. But now we see how terrible Thou art in all Thy works of wonder, the great God, to be feared above all, and therefore we adore Thy divine majesty, acknowledging Thy power and imploring Thy goodness. Help, Lord, and save us for Thy mercy's sake. Amen."

Sturgis raised his eyes from the book, and a long sigh fluttered through the assembled petitioners. As he stood there with his arm still on the old man's shoulder, with a smile so strong, so confident, they clung to him with their eyes; for it was good to read the light of assurance therein. It was the majesty of the human will, risen calm and serene.

Suddenly, in a tone ringing vibrant with relief and new courage, a voice arose out of the silence:

"Good boy, Sturgis! Bully!" A strange break in the mental trend, and yet how natural. There came another break; a group of passengers cheered, and then followed a strange, nervous chatter of conversation and laughter. Still smiling, Sturgis passed among them and entered the corridor leading to his stateroom. With lips half-parted, hardly knowing or caring what she was doing, Miss Lorimer followed him. As he turned she uttered a

(Concluded on page 7.)

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Table for the month of September 1906, showing days of the month, days of the week, color of vestment, and corresponding feast days such as Elizabeth of Portugal, Thirteenth Sunday After Pentecost, etc.

Mission Goods advertisement with address: W. E. BLAKE, Church Supplies, 123 Church St., Toronto. Long Distance Phone Main 2453.

HOUSEKEEPERS advertisement for EDDY'S WARES, featuring WASHBOARD AND AN EDDY FIBRETUB and PAIL. Text: "Your washday labor can be reduced to a minimum and your comfort correspondingly enhanced."

RING UP PARK 553 FOR TOMLIN'S BREAD advertisement. Text: "If per chance the phone is in use, ring again. Success in the battle of life is won by persistence; and with good bread as the leading article of diet you have ten chances to one against your opponent—the uses poor bread." Includes address: Office address, 420 Bathurst Street.

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This is the Time to Organize
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Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.

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ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE
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COMMERCIAL COURSE; With modern Business College Features. HIGH SCHOOL COURSE: Preparation for Matriculation.

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

The course of instruction comprises every branch suitable to the education of young ladies. Circular with full information as to uniform, terms, etc., may be had by addressing
LADY SUPERIOR, WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO.

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Young Man or Woman
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CANADA'S HIGHEST GRADE

Business School
is sure of a good start in business life. Our Booklet tells why our students start at salaries of \$45 and upwards a month. Get it. The

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PAINTING
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Plain and Ornamental
For Good Work at Moderate Prices
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Estimates Cheerfully Given.

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GRANITE and MARBLE MONUMENTS
Most Artistic Design in the City. PRICES REASONABLE WORK THE VERY BEST

McINTOSH-GULLETT CO., Limited
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EMPERESS HOTEL
Corner of Yonge and Gould Streets
TORONTO
TERMS: \$1.50 PER DAY

Electric Cars from the Union Station Every Three Minutes.
RICHARD DISSETTE - PROPRIETOR

Church Bells
Memorial Bells a Specialty.
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Does Your FOOD Digest Well?

When the food is imperfectly digested the full benefit is not derived from it by the body and the purpose of eating is defeated; no matter how good the food or how carefully adapted to the wants of the body it may be. Thus the dyspeptic often becomes thin, weak and debilitated, energy is lacking, brightness, snap and vim are lost, and in their place come dullness, lost appetite, depression and languor. It takes no great knowledge to know when one has indigestion, some of the following symptoms generally exist, viz: constipation, sour stomach, variable appetite, headache, heartburn, gas in the stomach, etc.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

is constantly effecting cures of dyspepsia because it acts in a natural yet effective way upon all the organs involved in the process of digestion, removing all clogging impurities and making easy the work of digestion and assimilation.

Mr. R. G. Harvey, Ameliasburg, Ont., writes: "I have been troubled with dyspepsia for several years and after using three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I was completely cured. I cannot praise B.B.B. enough for what it has done for me. I have not had a sign of dyspepsia since."

Do not accept a substitute for B.B.B. There is nothing "just as good."

low cry and threw her arms about her neck and hung, quivering. "Harry! Harry! Harry!" she cried. "You come to me now," he said slowly. "Now! Why?"

"Harry! Oh, I didn't know you until, until—"

"You come—are you afraid?" He stopped as she swayed dully, with a hunted look in her eyes.

"You!—then something snapped in his head, and with a cry he drew her to him, and the girl sighed, clinging desperately. They had forgotten about the ship, about everything. They simply looked at each other wonderingly.

When the Housatonic, in tow of the Gilson liner Colorado, rolled in past the Sandy Hook Lightship, Sturgis and Miss Lorimer were so deeply absorbed in each other that they did not hear the judge until he coughed right at their shoulders.

"Say, Sturgis," he said, "you helped us out in a mighty tight pinch back there, and—and I didn't mean what I said that night at the table." —Lawrence Perry in the New York Evening Post.

No person should go from home without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial in their possession, as change of water, cooking, climate, etc., frequently brings on summer complaint, and there is nothing like being ready with a sure remedy at hand, which oftentimes saves great suffering and frequently valuable lives. This Cordial has gained for itself a widespread reputation for affording prompt relief from all summer complaints.

Arise! Arise! Ye Men of France

Arise! Arise! Ye men of France! What means this long delay? Thy churches closed, thy priests expelled, Thy children led astray? Oh, is the knightly queneched That throbbeth within the breast Of the de Nevers and the de Vienues. Now taking their last rest?

Or must the dead arise to life To show these men of France How their ancestors fought to save The cross, with shield and lance? Oh, must the long, long dead arise, Come forth and gather round to save

The temples, where last was sung The requiem, o'er their graves? Or, must another Joan-of-Arc Be born to save the Faith: And lead the men of France to fight Before it is too late?

Oh, woe be to the craven band, If they stand by and see Dishonor payed unto the cross, Their priests compelled to flee.

Oh weep, ye maidens of fair France, And weep ye matrons too, And kneel unto an outraged God, With tears, for mercy sue, For pain it is to God and man, All honor, pride has fled From out the breast of every Frank, Not numbered with the dead.

Then bring ye forth the mourning palls, And sing the Requiem Mass, For soon God's sentence, stern and just, O'er wretched France shall pass. Then, woe be unto them that scorned To honor Him and pray, For like the ashes of the past, Shall they be swept away.

—Mary Grace O'Carroll. August, 1906.

Practical Work of a Chicago Priest

Single-handed and alone, and within the space of one year, the Rev. D. J. Crimmins, of St. David's Catholic Church, Chicago, says the Record-Herald of that city, has accomplished a reform in the district about his church which all the police of the locality have been unable to carry out in the entire course of their existence.

But a little more than a year ago Archbishop Quigley decided that a church was necessary for the religion in the vicinity of Emerald avenue and Thirtieth street, and when finally a site was secured at Thirty-second

street and Union avenue, the head of the Archdiocese of Chicago cast about for a suitable man to be put in charge of the parish.

At that time Father Crimmins was located in Irondale, where he had been for two years or so, but the news of what he had accomplished in that abode of the rolling mill men and the harvester works employes called attention to the strenuous methods it was found that Father Crimmins which he had adopted. In two years had done more to bring about peace and quiet in that neighborhood than had ever been done by any of the citizens in the secular walks of life.

Probably the district in the vicinity of St. David's Church is as near the heart of Chicago as any that can be found. It was not a slum district, but it had been allowed to fall into devious ways. Fully three-quarters of the people in that neighborhood owned their own homes, but he had come to be a custom of the householders to oppose all local improvements, such as sidewalks, paving and other things which are considered as a necessity in other parts of Chicago.

The trouble with you people down here is," said Father Crimmins to the obstinate residents of the district, "that you have always stood in your own light. The money you will be assessed for paving and other improvements will all come back to you in time in the increased value of your property. What we want is pavements down here, asphalt if we can get it, but any kind of pavement to get rid of the mudholes which have existed here for so long. In fact, there's no reason why Union avenue shouldn't be a boulevard in time."

The sentiments of Father Crimmins appeared almost revolutionary at first, but as the priest had a brand new parish house fronting on Union avenue and a church and school which promised to be a credit to the neighborhood, the people were stirred up and the paving soon became a reality.

But the reforming of the streets and the physical condition of the environments of his church was not the only improvement aimed at by Father Crimmins. The saloon is one of the neighborhood institutions down there, and night after night the pastor of St. David's saw children with pails and cans and pitchers going in the various saloons to bring beer home to their parents.

The police had seen these things happening for so long that they had come to look upon it as a matter of course, while the parents of the children made no efforts to do anything to stop it. In his early days Father Crimmins had been a base ball pitcher, and a good one. For six or eight years he had been a twirler on his school and college team when he was training for the priesthood, and the training had left him a vigorous constitution and a bodily activity which are not the possessions of the average priest.

So now it is a rare spectacle to see a child carrying beer in the neighborhood. But the hardest fight Father Crimmins had on his hands was when he came to deal with the gangs of men and boys who congregated in the alleys nights and laid the foundations for criminal careers by insulting passers-by and acting generally as hoodlums. This was a common and growing evil in the neighborhood of his church, and he aimed particularly to put a stop to it. The police promised him their co-operation, and some of them did the best they could, but accomplished little. Rushing the can was one of their favorite diversions, and there were many neighborhood gangs which defied the efforts of the police to break them up.

So Father Crimmins constituted himself a patrol guard of one, visiting the alleys by nights and dispersing the gangs of reckless and disorderly young men which had terrorized the neighborhood. If any of them refused to move on, they found the father as ready to act as to talk, and on many an occasion they have found it best to move rapidly when they found he was in sight.

And so the people of the vicinity of St. David's found themselves living in a new era when they were confronted with a live magnetic force that would compel them to look after their own interests. And meanwhile

the church of Father Crimmins had prospered also, with some 500 families on its rolls. But crime still exists in the neighborhood, and the efforts of Father Crimmins are at present devoted to ridding the neighborhood of several disorderly saloons in which crooks and pickpockets congregate. He is working hand-in-hand with Captain Hayes, of the Thirty-fifth street police station, to accomplish this, and there is prospect that they will succeed, although political influence has intervened more than once to nullify their efforts.

A recent arrest made by Officer Palmer called attention to the condition which Father Crimmins has so strenuously fought.

"Such episodes as this are due to the political influence that is brought to bear upon our Justices," said Father Crimmins in discussing the case. "The police find themselves greatly influenced in all they try to do by some petty politicians who wield a greater influence than the good respectable citizens. Captain Hayes is doing all he can to rid this neighborhood of criminals, but he can accomplish little when his policemen make arrests and then the Justices turn them loose."

"But this is not what might be called a disorderly neighborhood, although there have been several burglaries and hold-ups about here. I don't suppose it is any worse than other quarters of the city. But I am determined to go to the front and call attention to the evils which I have been fighting against so long. I have succeeded in getting pavements and other improvements which our people need here, and next we are going to have an orderly place where it is safe to go about at night."

"I adopted the same methods in Irondale that I have done here, and they were successful, so I know what I am talking about. I tried to keep the children off the streets nights, stopped can rushing, and got the young men and boys to go to church. It was a different neighborhood when I got through with it from what it was when I began. When I found the young men idle and unemployed I tried to get them something to do, and usually succeeded. I have done the same thing here. They have found I will not put up with the gangs that hang round in the alleys nights, and there is no more can rushing in this part of the district."

"And all this has been brought about in a year. I am in hopes in time to see some of the disorderly saloons around here closed up, and they will be if the authority of the police is not overridden. I succeeded in having Officer Palmer retained on duty down here, and he alone has accomplished wonders. Captain Hayes also deserves praise for what he has done, but I recognize how he is hampered by the politicians down here who seem to be in league with the rough element which hangs out at some of the neighboring saloons."

Foreign reports state that violence against the Italian missionaries in Nan Chang continues. It is said that a number of the natives decry a missionary into their village, where he was assailed. Other missionaries going to his aid met death in a barbarous manner.

Father Crimmins is well known in Chicago. For ten years he was attached to St. Ann's parish, and has had several independent charges of his own. He studied for the priesthood at St. Francis' Seminary, in Milwaukee, and was one of the leaders in sports and athletic games during the days of his studenthood. The class of which he was a member produced a number of priests who have risen to high positions in the council of the Church.

Captain Hayes, of the thirty-fifth street police station, has declared he will do all in his power to assist Father Crimmins in his work, and he was out of the city at the time Officer Palmer made his arrest. No disturbances have been reported in the neighborhood recently.

"Ring the Bell Softly."

The following is inserted at the request of a "Constant Subscriber":

Some one has gone from this strange world of ours, No more to gather its thorns with its flowers; No more to linger where sunbeams must fade, Where on all beauty death's fingers are laid; Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet, Weary with parting, and never to meet,

Someone has gone to the bright golden shore, Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door! Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!

Some one is resting from sorrow and sin, Happy where earth's conflicts enter not in, Joyous as birds when the morning is bright, When the sweet sunbeams have brought us their light; Weary with sowing, and never to reap, Weary with labor, and welcoming sleep.

Some one's departed to Heaven's bright shore, Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door! Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!

Angels were anxiously longing to meet One who walks with them in Heaven's bright street; Loved ones have whispered that some one is blest, Free from earth's trials, and taking sweet rest.

Yes! there is one more in angelic bliss, One less to cherish, and one less to kiss, One more departed to Heaven's bright shore, Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door! Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!

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—Dexter Smith.

An Event of Peculiar Interest

An event of peculiar interest in the history of conversions, says the August Missionary, was the celebration of the first Mass of Rev. Stephen W. Wilson at the Church of St. Thomas Aquinas, in Cleveland, a few Sundays ago. He stood at the altar for the first time to celebrate the divine mysteries, there were grouped about him a number of converts. The celebrant had just been ordained, after his four years of seminary course at St. Mary's, Baltimore. Before his conversion, Father Wilson had been pastor of the neighboring Episcopal Church of the Redeemer. He was known as an earnest, zealous young preacher, and it was with surprise and dismay that his congregation accepted his resignation when they learned that he had determined to become a Catholic. Shortly after his own conversion both his mother and his father followed him into the Church. They, too, were present at the Mass. Gathered in the Church were a large number of Father Wilson's old parishioners, many of them with strong leanings towards the old Mother Church.

Alongside Father Wilson, as his deacon, was Rev. Alvah Doran, of Philadelphia, also a convert from the Episcopal ministry and doing admirable work in the priesthood, and finally the sub-deacon was Mr. Marchand, who is now studying for the priesthood in St. Mary's, Baltimore.

A Purely Vegetable Pill.—Parnee's Vegetable Pills are compounded from roots, herbs and solid extracts of known virtue in the treatment of liver and kidney complaints and in giving tone to the system whether enfeebled by overwork or deranged through excesses in living. They require no testimonial. Their excellent qualities are well known to all those who have used them and they commend themselves to dyspeptics and those subject to biliousness who are in quest of a beneficial medicine.

Foreign reports state that violence against the Italian missionaries in Nan Chang continues. It is said that a number of the natives decry a missionary into their village, where he was assailed. Other missionaries going to his aid met death in a barbarous manner.

The following observations by the "Episcopal Recorder" should be read and digested by Catholic parents who have sent, or may be tempted to send, their sons to non-Catholic institutions of learning.

"Religious life in colleges is coming to the front in this country as it never has before. It is represented officially and unofficially. Unofficially it may be said to be in the hands of the Y.M.C.A. This association has done a marvellous work amongst college students, and the value of it will never be known until the great day. Officially, the religious life of the colleges centres in the chapel and in the work of the chaplain. In our state universities, religious life centres in the Y.M.C.A. on the inside and in the pastors of the churches in the university town on the outside. The college is a strategic point in the campaign for the spread of the kingdom. Too much thought and prayer cannot be put into the work."

President Suspenders. Style, comfort, service. 50c. everywhere.

A Hint to Catholic Parents

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President Suspenders. Style, comfort, service. 50c. everywhere.

"Royal Crown" Witch-Hazel Toilet Soap

The name tells —quality Crown —perfection in making Witch-Hazel—soothing, healing, refreshing, beautifying Soap —cleaning

A perfect complexion soap, a perfect toilet soap, 10c. a cake. 3 cakes 25c. At Druggists Everywhere.

Kidney Disorders

Are no respecter of persons.

People in every walk of life are troubled. Have you a Backache? If you have it is the first sign that the kidneys are not working properly.

A neglected Backache leads to serious Kidney Trouble. Check it in time by taking

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

"THE GREAT KIDNEY SPECIFIC." They cure all kinds of Kidney Troubles from Backache to Bright's Disease.

50c. a box or 3 for \$1.25 all dealers or THE DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO., Toronto, Ont.

In and Around Toronto

AT ST. FRANCIS.

As a result of the meeting of gentlemen of St. Francis' Parish, held on Wednesday of last week, a committee of twelve was nominated to wait on the parishioners for the purpose of ascertaining what each would do in the matter of financial aid towards the erection of the new presbytery for the parish.

WOMEN'S BUILDING AT THE EXHIBITION.

While much praise has been given our late Exhibition, and deservedly so, there was one point on which some adverse comment might perhaps be judiciously passed with a view to improvements in the future. This is the building allotted to the work of the women of Canada, and which in the present instance also contained some valuable selections from places distant.

OLIVER-O'BYRNE.

On Saturday, the 8th inst., the Church of St. Francis was the scene of a quiet but interesting wedding, when Miss Edyth Maud, third daughter of Mr. B. O'Byrne of the Public Works Department, became the bride of Alexander Ernest Oliver of Toronto.

SODEN-BULGER.

St. Helen's church was the scene of a pretty wedding on Monday morning of last week, it being the occasion of the marriage of Mr. Joseph Soden and Miss Anna Bulger, eldest daughter of Mr. John Bulger, Van Horne street.

DEWAR-QUINN.

At 8 a.m. on Monday, the 10th inst., at the Church of the Holy Family, a quiet but pretty wedding took place, the contracting parties being Miss Helen M. Quinn, eldest daughter of Mrs. T. Quinn of 31 Beaconsfield Ave., of this city, and Mr. Frederick Duncan Dewar, son of Mr. D. Dewar of Milton.

ST. MICHAEL'S SANCTUARY SOCIETY.

St. Michael's Sanctuary Society held their annual elections yesterday and the following members were elected to office: President, Serafino Castucci; Vice-President, Ernest J. Ewing; Secretary-Treasurer, George O'Leary; Recording Secretary, Frank Ungaro; Librarian, Bartholomew Long; Assistant Librarian, Alexander Dear; Sacristan, James Kelly; Assistant Sacristan, Bernard Doyle.

ST. MARY'S SANCTUARY BOYS.

At the initial meeting held yesterday the following were elected as officers for the ensuing term: President, James Carolan; Vice-President, John Witmer; Secretary-Treasurer, John Byrne; Librarian, Louis Murphy.

A MAGNIFICENT OPENING.

Wednesday and Thursday of this week the W. A. Murray Co. hold their fall millinery opening. As usual, great preparations have been made for the occasion and the show-rooms are teeming with the latest and best, the product of Murray's work-rooms and importations from Paris and New York.

Black and white predominates this season, while the other colors most in vogue are the empire, asinthe and fern greens, blue and brown. The small toques will be much worn, while the prevailing style is the extremely large picture hat with narrow brim in front, bent down at the side and very high in the back.

Among the many creations, we observed the Empire, of three pieces—hat, cape and muff. The hat is of a very wide mink brim trimmed with tucked chiffon, bell crown of tucked chiffon with four white demi-plumes across the back and finished off with a very stylish hem-stitched bow of chiffon.

Another set of two pieces, hat and muff, in green, is also of marvellous beauty. The hat is a turban shape, the crown trimmed with pheasant wings of green shading to blue, and the brim with empire green velvet and frills of black lace. The muff is of pheasant dress trimmed with deep tucked pieces of empire green velvet edged with frills, while in the back is a large and convenient pocket to replace the hand-bag.

There are many beautiful styles of the favorite Gainsboroughs, picture hats, toques and mourning hats in silk. The line of ostrich feather boas is again a leader. Murray's always had the best and at prices from \$15.00 to \$75.00.

The children's hats are not forgotten either. From the plain sailors with hand to the beavers and velvets a full line is shown.

To complete the display there is a large showing of trimmings and specialties.

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

(Continued from page 1.)

"The Liberal," the successor to "The Catholic," was, I believe, edited by Mr. John Robertson, the printer. It was published at the time of the great Irish state trials in Dublin, when Daniel O'Connell, Tom Steele and several other gentlemen prominent in the Repeal movement, were arraigned for high treason by the government of the day.

On a margin of one of the pages of the copy of "The Catholic" now before me, are written some lines that are signed with the name of Philip McMahon of Dundas, father of Judge McMahon, and that renders the paper more interesting and valuable.

The paper consists of eight pages, each page being 15 inches long and 10 inches wide, with considerable of a margin top and bottom. The subscription price was \$3.00 per year, payable half-yearly in advance, including postage; but those who failed to pay in advance were charged with the postage at the rate of four shillings a year, additional. The advertising rates were: Six lines and under 2s. 6p. first insertion, and 7d. each subsequent insertion. Ten lines and under 3s. 4d. first insertion, and

10d. each subsequent insertion. Over ten lines 3d. per line first insertion, and 1d. per line each subsequent insertion. The currency then in use was "Halifax currency," which was 20 per cent. less than the sterling or English currency, in value. A liberal discount was made to merchants and others who advertised for three months or more. Produce was received in payment at the current market prices.

The principles of the paper were the simple explanation and maintenance of the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church, and subjects of a religious, moral, philosophical and historical character. The editor was a poet and the paper always contained a long continued poem. That in the number before me was on "Disappointment and Consolation," of which the following few lines are a sample:

"What melancholy gloom heightens my soul; As through the wilderness of thought she strays In mazy error lost! While haunted close By fiercest spectres of still crowding woes; She knows not where to turn her frightened steps Or seek for comfort, where naught but despair?"

"O, for such peaceful scenes of rural bliss As Nature then for me delightful spread, Amid my Caledonia's shel'ring hills, Far from the tumult of the bustling world, The din of war, and Discord's dire alarms!"

There is a long, selected article on the first page on the "Slave Trade." The second page is the editorial page and over the editorial heading is a cut of a cross in the clouds. In this number, however, the editorials are short and scarce. One of those is a favorable notice of the then Governor-General, Sir Chas. Metcalfe, who for the time he was the chief executive presented so strong a resistance to the principles of Responsible Government, as advocated by the Baldwin and Lafontaine Administration. The article is as follows:

"The liberality of Sir Charles Metcalfe seems to have no bounds. We understand that in addition to the sums already enumerated as being given to the Barrield church and the Mechanics' Institute, he has bestowed fifty pounds on the Roman Catholic Church of this place, and ten on the Female Benevolent Society. Neither has his Excellency been wanting in the exercise of individual charity. We have heard of several instances of this, but have no right to enter into details." Although in the editorial columns of "The Catholic," I find the item is credited to the "Canadian Loyalist," a paper which I have no recollection of, and do not know where it was published. Then there is a selection headed "Declaration of the Catholic Bishops," which was first published in 1822, in England. Next follows an account of the horrors of a religious revival in Ross-shire in Scotland, among the Covenanters.

"Extracts from a Discourse Delivered by William Wallace, Esq.," has a prominent position on the third page. This has reference to ill-treatment of the Irish in their own country. Who this Mr. William Wallace was and where he lived, is not stated, but it is a powerful arraignment of the British government's policy towards Ireland. Then there is a controversial article on the merits of the reform doctrine of "Imputation," by Vanburgh Livingston, Esq., recently a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, with an introduction by the Rt. Rev. John Hughes, D.D., Bishop of New York.

"Ten days later from Europe" is the heading of a column on the 4th page, and containing some interesting items, as follows: The new and beautiful steamer "Hibernia," Capt. Judkin, arrived at Boston Thursday morning at five o'clock.

Disturbances have taken place in some parts of Ireland, especially in the neighborhood of Monaghan, with a view of obtaining a reduction of rents.

Ireland appears to be in a state of feverish excitement on account of the continued and in some cases successful resistance to the poor rates. In Waterford county the resistance was so formidable that the 10th Hussars at Clonmel were ordered out, and in proceeding to Waterford were hissed at, and in one instance were pelted with stones.

The cause of temperance in Ireland, instead of dying away, has received a new impetus by several eminent Catholic clergymen publicly devoting

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themselves to the assistance of Father Mathew.

The grand invention, the aerial carriage, is said to have been realized. It was to have made a trip from Paris to London soon.

Accounts of earthquake shocks over nearly the whole of the continent of Europe, in Africa, and in Asia Minor, were at hand. In Palestine, as usual, the shocks, it was stated, were quite severe.

The troubles in the Kirk of Scotland still continued. WILLIAM HALLEY.

Rev. Father Curtin on Education

We clip the following from the Daily News of Uniontown, Pa., as it tells us something of a young priest whose home is in the city, and whose activities come to us from time to time through the medium of the press:

In St. John's church Sunday at the 10.30 service, Rev. William Curtin, acting pastor, preached, and his subject was "Educational Ideals." "When President Roosevelt last week told the Long Island Bible Society," said Father Curtin, "that there was no more abused word in our language than education, that education does not consist in the mere acquisition of secular knowledge, but rather in adorning oneself with these qualities which find their expression in the Decalogue and Golden Rule, he but repeated the immortal teaching of the Catholic Church." Father Curtin went on to explain the advantages of the Catholic educational system which so many non-Catholics have admired, and for the maintenance of which Catholics of these United States gladly pay out millions every year.

He gave quotations from representatives of the Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational denominations, all lamenting the lack of religious instruction in our public schools and approving the educational policy of the Catholic Church. Concluding, he said: "If American Catholics of to-day are conspicuous, among our Christian people, as a class of church-goers, and are vitally interested in everything pertaining to their religious welfare, they may thank the atmosphere of religion that pervaded their primary education in the parochial school."

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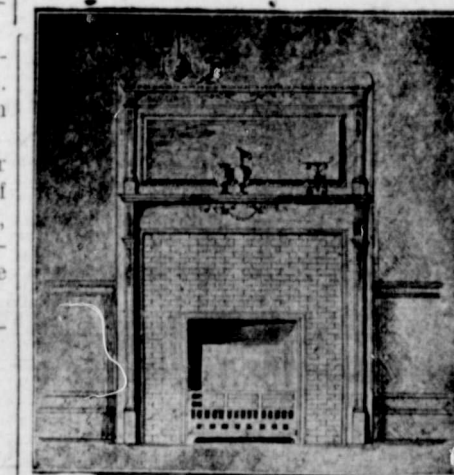
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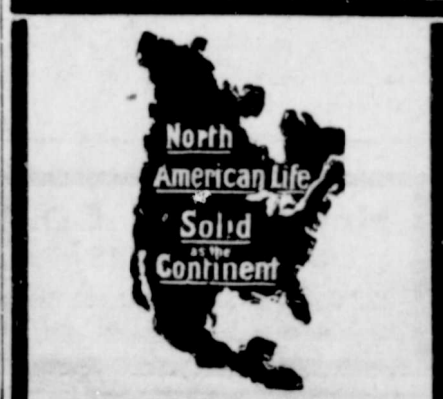
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